

IT IS A CHESTNUT NOW.

GOING TO THE WORLD'S FAIR HAS BECOME VERY COMMON.

People Who Stay at Home Are Tired of Hearing of It—One Who is Exclusive Has Something to Say About the Matter—How to Spend Thirteen Cents.

I scarcely know whether I shall be expressing a popular sentiment or merely courting unpopularity if I venture to say that most of us are getting very tired of the World's Fair? Of course I don't mean to assert that those who have been there, or are there now, have grown tired of the great exposition because I have not had much opportunity of judging, but I mean we who are staying at home, and looking after the interests of Canada, from a short instead of a long range, are getting very weary of being asked if we have been there, and if not, when we are going, or, most aggravating query of all, "Why are you not going?" just as it people had nothing to do in this world but decide where they wanted to go, and then go!

A story is told of a lady who suffered much at the hands of her friends during the Centennial exhibition some years ago, because her means would not permit her to indulge in a trip to the Mecca of '76. People who had been there gave her quantities of excellent advice as to what she should wear, when she went, how many clothes she ought to take, which was the best, and cheapest hotel to stay at, and many of the more kindly disposed insisted on presenting her with a sheaf of cards setting forth the advantages of the particular hotel they had taken under their especial patronage, generally adding—"just show one of those cards to Mr. Fleecem the proprietor, and tell him you got it from ME! He will be sure to do everything in his power for your comfort then because I told him when I was leaving that I would be sure to send all my friends to his house, and he said I might rest assured that they would be treated as if they were presidents of the United States. So just mention my name, and you will be certain of the best of the house contains."

People who were on the verge of departure invited this long suffering woman to join them and come right along without even waiting to pack up; and those who were not going until later in the season recommended her to wait, and join their party. So at last patience ceased to be a virtue, and forbearance did not count at all, and when the next person asked the sorely tried woman if she had ever been to the Centennial, and when she was going and why she was not going: she looked quietly into her tormentor's eyes and answered haughtily "because it is getting to be so common, that it is really like going to the theatre on Saturday night, positively vulgar! The really exclusive people are those who stay at home, and I have no idea of lowering myself by following the common herd." Didn't the visitor wilt? she simply collapsed and left her stay at home neighbor complete mistress of the field; why she was almost ashamed to say she had been at the fair, after that, and the heroine of the occasion pursued the same policy on several subsequent occasions, with triumphant success.

Now I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am exclusive too, and I am not going to make little of myself by going to the World's Fair! I shall stay at home and be aristocratic even if I don't have a very good time, and I would advise all the other maids and matrons who cannot go to do the same, it will be so much more distinguished than a mere vulgar enjoyment of the beauties of the Fair, and we should be perfectly certain to be disappointed because we have heard so much about it, and everyone knows that no reality ever quite fulfilled the anticipation of it.

Of course you will laugh girls, and want to remind me of a fox, who lived in ancient history, on account of his philosophic views about grapes which grew just out of reach. But I have always thought poor Reynard taught us a valuable lesson on contentment, which entitled him to more honor than he has ever received, he could not get the grapes and so he resolved not only to take his defeat cheerfully, but actually rejoice over it and make it a subject of congratulation.

Remember that we, who are condemned to remain at home are spared the trial of seeing many lovely things we could scarcely afford to buy, and even if we bought we could never carry home. Remember that physicians say their visiting lists are crowded with the names of women who have come home from the Fair worn out mentally, and physically with the over fatigue they have willingly endured, in their efforts to see everything there was to be seen, during a brief visit to the White City; and that these medics also say, their trade will be brisk for months to come, in repairing the ravages which the World's Fair fever, has wrought upon many feeble constitutions. Remember also that if you are a Canadian you stand an excellent chance of bringing home a choice sample of malaria amongst the other souvenirs of your visit, because over fatigue and a low state of vitality, are just the most favorable conditions for catching it. And last of all, remember that there are numbers of others besides yourself, who cannot go, and that it always pays better in the end to make the best of things, and, like the genial old gentleman who was prevented from going to the Centennial, comfort yourself with the reflection that you are not able to attend the next one yourself, your great grandchildren will probably be there to represent you.

By the way, anyone who has not been to the great Fair and who wishes to obtain the best idea of it which I have yet seen, will do well to invest thirteen cents in the September number of the "Cosmopolitan Magazine," which is the World's Fair, number and has been devoted almost entirely to giving it's readers the best possible description of the great Fair. Articles from such distinguished people as Walter Besant, Julian Hawthorne, Murat Halstead, and ex-President Harrison, present vivid word pictures of the chief points of interest while nearly a hundred fine illustrations give so clear an idea of how everything looks,

that one can almost imagine herself on the spot. I have just finished re-reading this delightful number. So it is no wonder I am inclined to wax enthusiastic on the subject, and while I am upon it, perhaps it might be as well to remind all the readers of PROGRESS that this excellent magazine may be had for the trifling sum of 85 cents a year, provided it is taken in connection with PROGRESS. Just think of it! a magazine which some years ago would have been impossible to obtain under four dollars a year, and which is almost a liberal education in itself, for such a trifle! so try and get some friend who does not take PROGRESS now, to give you a subscription for it, add 85 cents of your own and you will secure one of the best magazines published in America.

EMIN'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

What Has Become of the Child Around Whom All His Affections Clustered?

When it seemed no longer possible to hope for the safety of Emin Pasha, the first thought in the minds of many people must have been: "What has become of little Farida?" This was Emin's little daughter, and she was idolized by her father and accompanied him in all his journeys.

While Emin was Governor of the equatorial province of Egypt he took unto himself as wife a beautiful Abyssinian woman. He was a devoted husband, and his wife was worthy of his affection. She was a woman of gentle nature and of superior position in her own country, and she had the famous Governor lived happily together.

Two children were born to them, a boy and a girl. The boy died soon after he was born, and, to the great relief of Emin, the mother died soon after giving birth to the little girl. When Emin welcomed Stanley and his relief expedition, on the shores of Albert Nyanza, Farida was about four years old. One of the best and smartest of the hundreds of Egyptian women in the province was her nurse and guardian; but all the time that Emin could spare from public affairs and his scientific pursuits was given to his little girl. Though she was living in the depths of Africa, there are many little girls in civilized lands who might well envy some of the educational advantages of Farida; for her father was a man of rare qualities and much learning, and Farida benefited by them when a little older, as far as a child could.

Mr. Mountney-Jepson, who lived long with Emin before they went to the coast, says that Emin was very much devoted to the child, and was still feeling deeply his wife's death. "The little Farida is all that is left to me in the world," Emin said. Jepson says that Farida was a very pretty little girl not darker in complexion than her father, and greatly resembling him. She lived in a large, comfortable, and nicely kept hut, surrounded by a pretty garden, in which were many orange and custard apple trees in full bearing.

Farida was a happy and contented little girl as long as her father had no great troubles to bear him down. But the day soon came when rebels arose in the province, and they finally took Emin prisoner, and for weeks they debated the question what they should do with him. It was in those troublous days, when the Governor was not permitted to send any word to his little daughter, that the poor child went to see Jepson, accompanied by her nurse.

"Why have you not brought my Baba to see me?" she said in her childish distress. She knew that something was wrong, but could not understand what it was.

A few days Jepson, who had been released by the rebels on parole, was about to return down the Nile to the place where Emin was imprisoned, and Farida came to say good-by to him. Taking a necklace of beads from her neck she gave them to Jepson.

"Take them to my Baba," she said. "They tell Farida that bad men down in Dufile do not give my Baba much to eat. Tell him to take these beads and buy chickens with them."

"Poor little thing!" said Jepson. "What European child 4 years old would have thought of such a thing?"

Emin asked Jepson later if anything happened to him to take care of Farida. In the end, however, a part of the rebels relented and Emin was released, and soon after, with a small party of his followers he started with Stanley for the coast. A hammock was extemporized out of two blankets, which were slung on a large tight bamboo and carried by two men. In this conveyance the child was carried all the way to the coast. While Emin was preparing to start he wrote a letter to Jepson, in which he said:

"I am greatly obliged for your kind remembrance of my girl; she is of course, here and kisses your hand."

"Two of the most respectable Zanzibari chiefs," says Jepson, "had the honor of conveying Emin's daughter in a hammock to the coast, and several armed porters were detailed to help his servants to carry his luggage."

After Emin had begun to recover from the effects of his serious accident at Bagamoyo, Jepson went to the hospital to bid him goodbye. "We sat and talked," he says, "over the experiences we had passed through together, of his future and that of the little Farida. Emin said he had decided to remain in Africa, and that he would keep his daughter with him. He would like to educate her in Germany he said, but nothing would induce him to part with her. There was time enough yet for her education, and, meanwhile, he would superintend its early stages himself."

So when Emin once more set his face toward the great lakes the little girl went with him; and, indeed, it would have broken her heart to be left behind. Central Africa was the only home she had ever known, and her father, though too overwhelmed with cares to give all the time he would have liked to his child, yet filled the most of her world. Emin took the little girl to Bukoba, the station he founded on Victoria Nyanza.

Did Emin leave Farida behind when he started on that last fatal expedition? There may be persons in Europe who know, but the facts have certainly not been published. If Emin left her at Bukoba it was the first time in her life that he voluntarily separated himself from her. If he took her with him, no one can tell what her fate has been. She may have been killed with her ill-fated father and the rest of the caravan, or her life may have been spared, so that some day she may grace the harem of one of the Arab murderers. Perhaps her fate will never be known. If Farida is alive to-day she is about nine years old.

59 AND 18.

TWO EXPERIENCES IN KEMPTVILLE OF INTEREST TO OTHERS.

Mr. Hugh Brownlee Tells How He Was Cured of Sciatica After Much Suffering—Miss Delia Mains Suffered From Trouble Incident to Girlhood—Her Case Critical—How She Found Release.

(From the Kemptville Advance.)

One of the best known men in the county of Grenville and the adjacent county of Carleton, is Mr. Hugh Brownlee of Kemptville. Mr. Brownlee was born in Carleton county in the year 1834, and until about five years ago resided in the township of North Gower. Having by industry and good business ability acquired a competence he determined to retire from the somewhat laborious life of a farmer, and taking up his abode in a beautiful home in the village of Kemptville, has since continued to reside here. It is well known to Mr. Brownlee's friends and acquaintances that he has suffered for years from Sciatica of a violent form, and it has lately been understood that he has at last been relieved from the pangs of this excruciating disease. Recently while in conversation with Mr. Brownlee, a reporter of the Advance asked him to give his experience for the benefit of other sufferers, which he gladly consented to do.

"You are aware," said Mr. Brownlee, "that most of my life has been spent upon a farm, and in addition to farming I followed the business of buying cattle, sheep and lambs. In doing so I was exposed to all sorts of weather and over-exertion, which brought on severe attacks of sciatica. I suffered for about ten years, trying all sorts of powerful remedies, but without doing me a particle of good. During this long period of suffering I was deprived of much sleep and many a night I tumbled about in bed nearly all night long suffering the most excruciating pains. In fact I was rapidly approaching the condition of a chronic cripple. I had tried so many remedies that I was becoming discouraged, and almost despairing of obtaining relief. While in this condition I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took the pills for some time without any noticeable results, but feeling as it were a last resort I continued their use. Then came a slight change for the better, and every day added to my steady improvement, until now after the use of about eighteen boxes I am nearly as well as I ever was, being almost entirely free from pain. I am still using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and feel confident that my cure will be permanent. You may be sure that I am grateful for what Pink Pills have done for me and I am only too glad to bear testimony to their merit. Indeed I believe they are deserving of every good that can be said of them."

Mrs. Brownlee was present and said that she, too, could vouch for the beneficial effects derived from the use of Pink Pills. She had suffered for nearly four years with terrible soreness and pains in the back of the head and neck, accompanied by frequent attacks of dizziness which caused great distress and inconvenience. Having observed the beneficial effects Pink Pills had upon her suffering husband, Mrs. Brownlee determined to try them, and from the outset found relief, and after the use of four boxes found that the soreness was all gone and for the past three months she had been almost entirely free from pain. She has the greatest confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and believes them the greatest medicine of the age.

A YOUNG LADIES EXPERIENCE.

Having heard that Miss Delia Mains, a young lady who lives with her parents not far from Mr. Brownlee's residence, had also been greatly benefited by the use of Pink Pills, the reporter next called upon her. Miss Mains is a handsome young lady, eighteen years of age, with the glow of health in her cheeks. In reply to enquiries, Miss Mains said that some two years ago she began to be affected with weakness peculiar to many young girls. Her face was pale, she was troubled with heart palpitation, and the least exertion left a feeling of great tiredness. She had good medical treatment but without getting relief, and at last her condition became so bad that her parents and friends feared she was going into a decline and almost despaired of her recovery. At this juncture Miss Mains was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are an untailing specific in cases of this kind. Having lost all confidence in medicine, Miss Mains took Pink Pills irregularly at first, but finding that they were helping her she began to take them regularly according to directions. From this time out improvement in her case was steady and rapid, and after the use of a dozen boxes she found herself fully restored. "I believe," said Miss Mains, "that it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would not be alive today, and I strongly recommend them to all girls who find themselves in a condition similar to what mine was."

Miss Mains' mother was present and fully endorsed what her daughter said, adding that she fully believed Pink Pills had saved her life.

Mr. Angus Buchanan, druggist, who is also reeve of the village, was asked if many Pink Pills are sold. His reply was that they have a larger sale than any medicine, and still the demand steadily increases, which is the best evidence that Pink Pills are a great remedy, and there can be no question of the great good they accomplish.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an untailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, restores the glow of health to pale and sallow complexions, and relieve the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from

mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes covered with the firm's wrapper and trade mark, (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the 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.

Long Sentences to Prison.

The longest period of imprisonment to which a prisoner has been sentenced is three thousand and thirty-eight years, that having been the sentence upon Don Jose Galinda, Mayor of Alba, who had been convicted of falsifying public documents and of forgery. The trial took place at Palencia in July last, and the prisoner, having been convicted of the offences charged against him, under 21 separate indictments, was sentenced to 217 terms of fourteen years each, making in all the very formidable total of 3,038 years. It will certainly puzzle the officials how to make their prisoner serve even a hundredth part of it. If the convictions had taken place in this country, the whole of the sentences, or all but two of the terms, would have been directed to run concurrently; but either this was not allowable under Spanish law, or it did not occur to the judge to see direct. In Texas, recently, a man was sentenced to ninety years' imprisonment for the murder of a city marshal. Major Bernard, who conspired against the life of William III. of England, passed upwards of forty years in gaol and died there. A longer instance, however, occurred in the Colony of Victoria, in Australia, where a man died in prison in 1891, aged 101 years, who had spent the last seventy-one of them in gaol.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Love is the charm of life wherever found, whether in cottage or mansion.

I was cured of lame back after suffering 15 years by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

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I was cured of diphtheria after doctors failed by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Antigonish, N. S. JOHN A. FOREY.

I was cured of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Dalhousie, N. S. MRS. RACHEL SAUNDERS.

Faith overlooks the difficulties of the way, and bends her eye only to the end.

There's a Bridge of Sighs at Venice, At Montreal a Bridge of Size;

But Putnam's Emulsion is the Bridge of Health.

Which all sick men should prize.

A loud hallelujah shout does not glorify God half so much as a quiet smile bestowed upon some unfortunate one.

Misplacement of a Comma.

A popular captain's wife was more than usually anxious over the safety of her husband, and accordingly handed a parish clerk a slip one Sunday morning, bearing the words "Captain Wilson, having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of this congregation on his behalf." Unfortunately, by the misplacement of the comma after the "sea," the congregation were told that "Captain Wilson having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation on his behalf."—Cornhill Magazine.

The Lovely Closets.

Mrs. B.—"Dear me! What lovely closets this flat has!" Agent—"Madam, those are not the closets. They are the bedrooms."

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EQUITY SALE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, ON SATURDAY, THE SEVENTH DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday, the 25th day of July last past, in a cause in said Court pending wherein J. Douglas Hazen and George F. Smith, Trustees of the Estate of Francis E. and Ellen Murray, under the last Will and Testament of the Honorable William Board, deceased, are Plaintiffs, and James C. Lawton and Annie E. Lawton, his wife, are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises in the Plaintiffs' Bill, and in said Decree of the Court mentioned and described as:

"ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR parcel of land, situate in the City of Saint John, being known and distinguished as all that part of Lot No. 20, Class M, in the partition of the Estate of the late Honorable William Hazen as lies on the Northern Side of the Strait Shore Road (so called)."

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, heretofore sold and conveyed by Charles Edward Scamell and Anne Maria his wife to Benjamin Lawton, by Deed recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the City and County of Saint John, in Book P, No. 5 of Records, pages 414 and 415, and therein described as situate lying and being in the Town (now City) of Portland, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province aforesaid, known and distinguished as Lot number eighteen (18) on a plan of division of land between the late William Hazen, Esquire, and the late James White, Esquire, having a front on the Strait Shore Road (so called) of one hundred (100) feet or thereabouts, commencing at low water mark and extending back, preserving the same breadth, until it meets the line of lands owned by the heirs of the said William Hazen, Esquire, and further referred to and described in a certain Indenture of Release or Partition, dated the eighth day of February, A. D. 1860, registered in Book Q, No. 4 of Records, pages 205, 206, 207 and 208, for the City and County of Saint John, and made between John Howe, of the City aforesaid, Esquire, and Mary, his wife, of the one part, and Georgiana Wilson of the other part, as the land and premises recently in the tenancy of Messrs. Short and Estey, and afterwards occupied by Nathan S. Demill."

For terms of Sale and other particulars apply to Plaintiff's Solicitor, or to the undersigned Referee.

Dated the 5th day of August, A. D. 1893.

J. TWING HART, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

CHARLES DOHERTY, Referee in Equity.



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COMPARING BABIES



is apt to result in a difference of opinion, but all nurses agree that the only safe Soap to use for the babies' delicate skin is **BABY'S OWN**. See that you are not imposed upon by any of the imitations extant which your grocer may be dishonest enough to say "are just as good."

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