

THE BOYS DISAPPOINTED.

WARDEN FOSTER DID NOT BELONG TO THE CIRCUS.

Neither Was He a Member of Moncton's Cornet Band—He Was Simply Warden Foster, Arrayed in the Imposing Uniform of the Office He Fills So Well.

MONCTON, Aug 8.—Mr. J. B. Foster, warden of Dorchester penitentiary, was in town last week, and his arrival was duly noted by the daily papers. Warden Foster's commanding form is quite frequently seen on the streets of Moncton, so there was nothing unusual in his being here last week, but there was one little circumstance connected with his visit which was rather unusual, and which it is reserved for Progress to note, as it probably failed to reach less important journals, and which afforded the hero of the occasion a good deal of amusement.

Warden Foster is, as everyone who has ever seen him knows, a very fine-looking man, and when arrayed in the uniform of his office, he presents a sufficiently imposing appearance to attract some attention, when he strides up Main street.

Whether his uniform was newer, or his gold plated buttons brighter than usual, last week, I know not, but certain it is that before he had traversed half the distance between the station and the post office, on his way down town, he had become the object of admiring attention from several small boys, who first gazed with dazzled eyes at the splendor of his apparel, then whispered together and finally joined him at a respectful distance. But the warden strode on, all unconscious of his train.

"Hi Chimney" yelled one of the satellites to a chum across the street, "Come across, great sport!" Chimney came, saw, was congratulated, and immediately joined the procession.

"Say Chimney, you ast 'im?" "No I want, you do."

"Oh go on, ast 'im yerself." "I dasn't, Johnny'll ast 'im, I guess."

Johnny accepted the office after much nudging and shoving. He forged ahead, ran along abreast of the unconscious warden for a few steps and finally looking up into the tall man's face with an affable grin he remarked confidentially:

"Say, mister, is the band goin' to play tonight?" "I don't know, sonny, I am sure," answered the warden pleasantly.

A baffled silence ensued and the interlocutor of the party fell back a little to consult with his followers. Under pressure from his constituents he renewed the charge a moment later in this wise.

"Is the circus comin' today, mister?" The warden stopped short, turned, and beheld his retinue.

"I don't think it is, my boy," he answered. "But what are you asking me about it for?"

"Well we fellers thought there must be somethin' comin' or you wouldn't be so dressed up," explained the spokesman apologetically. And the crowd dispersed regretfully, while the warden proceeded on his way in solitary grandeur, undecided whether to be pleased at being mistaken for a member of Moncton's far famed cornet band, or indignant at being taken for the advance guard of a circus procession.

IS HE GREATER THAN EDISON?

Nikola Tesla, an Electrical Phenomenon who Will Duplicate the Sunlight.

Nikola Tesla is today said to be foremost among electricians. He was born in a part of Serbia called Lika, and is thirty-seven years old. He lives and studies in New York, where he is a leader among scientists and an interesting figure in society. In personal appearance he is serious-looking, tall and thin, with light eyes sunk deeply in his head, and large hands. His head is curiously shaped; it is very large at the top, while the mouth is small and the chin sharply pointed.

Mr. Tesla is a great favorite, and at Delmonico's, in New York city, where he dines, he has many auditors. Men like to hear him talk about mysterious subjects and handle figures which stagger ordinary minds.

Mr. Tesla's biggest undertaking at present, and the one to which he is devoting much attention, is the production of light by the vibrations of the atmosphere. The light of the sun, according to Mr. Tesla, is the result of vibrations in 94,000,000 miles of ether which separate us from the centre of this solar system. Mr. Tesla's idea is to produce here on earth vibrations similar to those which cause the sunlight, and thus to give us a light as good as that of the sun, with no danger from clouds or other obstructions. Mr. Tesla has already achieved decided success in this line. He takes in his hand a long bar of glass, which, by vibration alone, lights up into most amazing brilliancy. He himself comes out of his experiments a most radiant creature, with light flaming at every pore of his skin, from the tips of his fingers and from the end of every hair on his head.

"It is difficult for me," he said, "to give you an idea that you will readily grasp about this question of vibration. In ordinary life our minds do not deal with the figures that come up to such investigations, but take a 5 and put after it fourteen zeroes; then you will have the number of vibrations which occur in the ether every second and which produce light."

"All I have to do," said Mr. Tesla, "to duplicate the sunlight is to get this number of vibrations to the second with my machinery on earth. I have succeeded up to a certain point, but am still at work on the task."

One of Mr. Tesla's greatest discoveries

was the rotating magnetic field. Mr. Tesla invented this when he found that he could get a magnet to use its force in such a way as to cause a piece of iron to spin round and round. He expects to see this principle employed in making use of the strength of the Niagara Falls electric current at a distance.

Electricians think that Mr. Tesla's greatest work is a machine for the production of electrical force. In speaking of the production of electricity, the great inventor said:

"We get electricity by causing a wire to revolve near a magnet. The stronger the magnet the faster the revolutions of the wire, and the bigger the wire the more electricity."

"Why we get electricity in this way, and what electricity is are different questions. Every electrician has his theory."

"I have one which I think I can demonstrate mathematically. There is no accepted explanation of the most extraordinary phenomenon in nature."

Mr. Tesla looks forward with absolute certainty to the sending of messages through the earth without any wires.

That he is an electrical expert may be judged from the fact that on one occasion he let 25,000 volts of electricity pass through his body. The safety, he says, depends upon the rapidity with which the current vibrates, say half a million times to the second.

Mr. Tesla's greatest pleasure is hard work. He is unmarried and thinks that love and marriage interfere with success.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S DREAM.

The Night Before His Death He Dreamed He was on a Rolling River.

This story of President Lincoln's last dream has been often told in various ways. The following, however, is the version given by the late Edwin M. Stanton, a member of Lincoln's cabinet. I merely publish the story in answer to a question, without expressing any opinion on it. Here it is:—On the afternoon of the day on which the president was shot there was a cabinet meeting at which Mr. Lincoln presided.

Mr. Stanton was late, and on his entering the room the president broke off in something he was saying and remarked: "Let us proceed to business, gentlemen."

Mr. Stanton then noticed with great surprise that the president sat with an air of dignity in his chair, instead of lolling about in ungainly attitudes as his custom was, and that instead of telling irrelevant stories, he was grave and calm and quite a different man.

Mr. Stanton on leaving the council with the attorney-general, said to him: "That is the most satisfactory cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day. What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln!" The attorney-general replied: "We all saw that before you came in. While we were waiting for you, he said: 'Gentlemen, something very extraordinary is going to happen and that very soon.'"

To which the attorney-general observed: "Something good, sir, I hope," when the president answered very gravely, "I don't know; I don't know; but it will happen, and shortly, too." As they were all impressed with his manner, "Have you received any information, sir, not yet disclosed to us?"

"No," answered the president, "but I have had a dream and I have now had the same dream three times—once in the night preceding the battle of Bull Run, once on a night preceding such another," naming the battle not favorable to the north. His chin sank on his breast again, and he sat reflecting. "Might one ask the nature of the dream, sir?" said the attorney-general.

"Well," replied the president, without lifting his head or changing his attitude, "I am on a great, broad, rolling river and I am in a boat and I drift and I drift—but this is not business—suddenly raising his face and looking around the table, as Mr. Stanton entered, "Let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton and the attorney-general said, as they walked on together, that it would be curious to notice whether anything ensued in this, and they agreed to notice. He was shot that night.

James Payn Was Down on Greek.

Our neighbors—not very numerous—were chiefly clergy. One of them, unusually learned, was much given to Greek quotations. I was learning Greek at that time—a language which I was glad was dead and wished was buried—and those sonorous lines of his, to which the ladies listened with reverent awe, irritated me extremely. One of them asked me once, in a hushed whisper, the translation of one of these quotations. "You are at school," she said, "and ought to know." I gave her to understand, with an opportune blush, that it was scarcely meet for a lady's ear.

"Good heavens!" she cried, "you don't mean to say—"

"Pray don't quote me in the matter," I put in pleadingly; "but really—no, I really couldn't tell you," which was quite an answer and told all her lady friends that Mr. C. indulged in quotations which were not such as could be translated to modest ears. It injured his character for a long time, but cured him of a very bad habit. It was my first appearance in the role of a public benefactor.

A School Boy's Idea of Faith.

The amusing story of the school boy's answer when catechized on the subject of "Faith" is confirmed by Mr. T. F. Dale, of Bledlow Vicarage, Bucks, England, late chaplain at Lahore in the Punjab. Mr. Dale writes to The Spectator to say that it was given to him quite recently by a European boy in an Indian school. "What do you mean by Faith?" was the question.

"Please sir, when you believe anything you are quite certain is not true," was the prompt answer. "But the story on this subject I delight in," says Mr. Dale, "was that of the little boy who asked his mother what faith was, and received the not very judicious reply that faith was believing in something you could not see, but which was told you by a person whom you could trust. 'For instance,' she continued, 'I told you there was a chair in that corner, you would have believed it. 'Yes mother; but should I be bound to sit in it?' Mr. Dale thinks it would be curious to how many people do really think that faith is believing something that they know is not true. More, he fancies, "than we imagine."

"WHAT QUEER THINGS WE ARE!"

The Interesting Results of Self-Examination by the Man in the Topcoat.

Two men were riding down town one morning recently in an elevated train. The man with the silk hat had made a discovery, and he questioned his friend thus:

"Are you right-handed?" "Yes," said the man in the topcoat. "Right-legged, also?" "Right-legged, no."

"Why, of course I'm sure. I have more power and accuracy and dexterity in my right arm and hand than in my left arm and hand. But as for my legs, I can and do use one the same as the other."

"How about your ears?" "Same as legs."

"Eyes?" "Each equal to the other in all respects." "Sides to your jaws?" "Why are you asking me such questions? If there's a joke in prospect, let's have the laugh now."

"No joke. All sincerity. Wanted to know how well you knew yourself. See you're very slightly acquainted. Just watch yourself for a few days. The proper study for mankind is—goodby, here's my station. You'll be the most surprised man." "Step lively, please," called the guard—"in the world." And the inquisitor just managed to get upon the station platform as the iron gates banged behind him.

"You're right," said the man with the topcoat, a couple of mornings later.

"Dead right. I've kept tab on myself. Noticed when I used the telephone I always put the receiver to my right ear. Tried my left ear and got all mixed up. Found I always put my right foot first into an elevator, and always took the first step with it when I went up or down stairs. Started to go down some steps with my right foot leading, and nearly had a tumble. Then I'm right-jawed. I always chew my food on the right side of my mouth. Never thought of it before, but things do not taste as good on the left side. They do not taste so much either. Queer, isn't it, how the sense of taste will become more highly developed in one part of the month than in another by use and force of habit? I'm left-eyed. You know I'm interested in botany and use a microscope a great deal. Well, I invariably look through the instrument with my left eye. For ordinary purposes my right eye seems to be as keen as the left one, but I found that it was not satisfactory when I applied it to the microscope. I'm right-handed, left-eyed, right-jawed, left-legged and right-eared. I suppose I'm right or left a good many more things, but I haven't had time to discover them yet."

"What queer things we are!" said the man with the silk hat.

The Burglar and the Knife Thrower.

"About as uncomfortable an experience as I ever had," said a retired burglar, "I had in a small town in the interior of this state. I had gone into a house very late so as not to disturb the people, but just as I turned into one of the rooms the light was turned on suddenly, and an instant later I was pinned to the door by a knife through my coat sleeve. By this time my eyes had got accustomed to the light, and I could see a man sitting in bed. He had a row of knives sticking in the headboard of the bed over his head and another knife in his hand. It seems that this man was a professional knife thrower, who made his home in this town, and who always came there when he wasn't on the road. I had happened to find him at home, and here I was within five minutes after entering the house standing up against a door while he threw knives at me. It was a most unexpected and most uncomfortable experience, and besides not getting anything I was actually out the cost of a suit of clothes, for the ones I had on were never fit to wear afterward."

Intellectual Circus Horses.

"A good circus horse is a most expensive purchase," said a trainer to a writer, "as you may judge when I tell you that I frequently pay as much as \$1,500 for a single animal before it has been trained. I have one black horse now in my possession which I would not part for \$2,000, although it is only employed in the ring. Last year when I was exhibiting near New York city, a New York millionaire, an exhibitor visited my exhibition, and was so much impressed with the beauty and grace of this noble animal that he offered me \$1,800 for her, but I declined the offer. An ordinary thoroughbred Kentucky horse bought for \$1,500 is worth to me when trained for the circus ring anywhere from \$2,500 to \$5,000. A American thoroughbred horse, although they are more difficult

to train by reason of their fine organizations and excitability, and far and away the best for performing purposes. They stand work and are fit to be put in harness soon after going through their tricks. I am the owner of 300 horses and I guarantee that every one of them are sound and perfect. Remember a horse for my purpose has to be sagacious, and I reject an endless number before fixing on a clever one. Horses differ entirely as regards intellect. As an instance, I may tell you that two and one-half years is occupied in training some horses, while two and three months suffice for the thorough tuition of others. I took nine months by the way, to teach a horse to catch a ball in his mouth, but by far the hardest task is to induce a big horse to jump over a pony. I expect to give this act during the coming season."

A Learned Elephant.

"Speaking of animals, in my experience the elephant is the smartest of them all," said the ex-circus man. "I remember that in '56, when I was with Wombwell, Old Emperor showed me one day that he could read."

"Oh come now!" "I'll prove it to you in about two minutes. Well as I was saying, the old fellow got into a scrape with the Royal Bengal tiger, and before we could get them separated he got his trunk pretty badly clawed. After the scrimmage was over, Emperor he breaks loose and starts down the street fast. 'He's goin' wild,' somebody hollers. 'Don't you see, it says I. Now, where do you suppose that elephant went to?' "Went to the surgeon's, I suppose. Can't you get up a better yarn—"

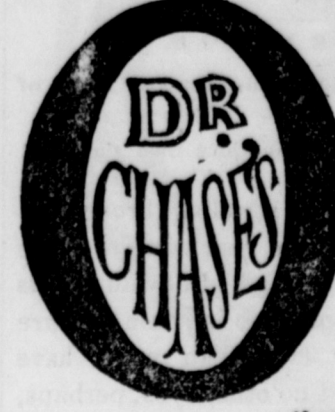
"No he didn't go to no surgeon's, either. He went straight to a little shop which had a sign out that said, 'Trunks repaired while you wait.' Of course, he had made a mistake; but what do you expect of a poor dumb brute?"

A Last Resort.

A Scottish minister made the following announcement from the pulpit: "Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and, as we have failed to get money honestly, we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."

ITCHING AND PIN WORMS. PILES

No More Misery.



Gives Instant Relief.

ITCHING PILES is an exceedingly painful and annoying affliction, found alike in the rich and poor, male and female. The principal symptoms are a severe itching, which is worst at night when the sufferer becomes warm in bed. So terrible is the itching that frequently it is impossible to procure sleep. Often the sufferer unconsciously during sleep scratches the parts until they are sore—ulcers and tumors form, excessive moisture is exuded. Females are particularly affected from this disease, causing unbearable irritation and trouble. These and every other symptom of Itching Piles or irritation in any part of the body are immediately allayed and quickly cured by Chase's Ointment. It will instantly stop itching, heal the sores and ulcers, dry up the moisture.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

PIN WORMS is an ailment entirely different as to cause than Itching Piles, yet its effects and symptoms are exactly the same. The same intolerable itching; the same creeping, crawling, stinging sensation characterizes both diseases. Chase's Ointment acts like magic. It will at once afford relief from this torment.

REFERENCES. Newmarket—J. T. Bogart, Mr. Kiito, Sutton—Mr. Sheppard, Mr. McDonald, Belleville—R. Templeton, druggist, Tottenham—James Scanlon, J. Reid, Barrie—H. E. Garden.

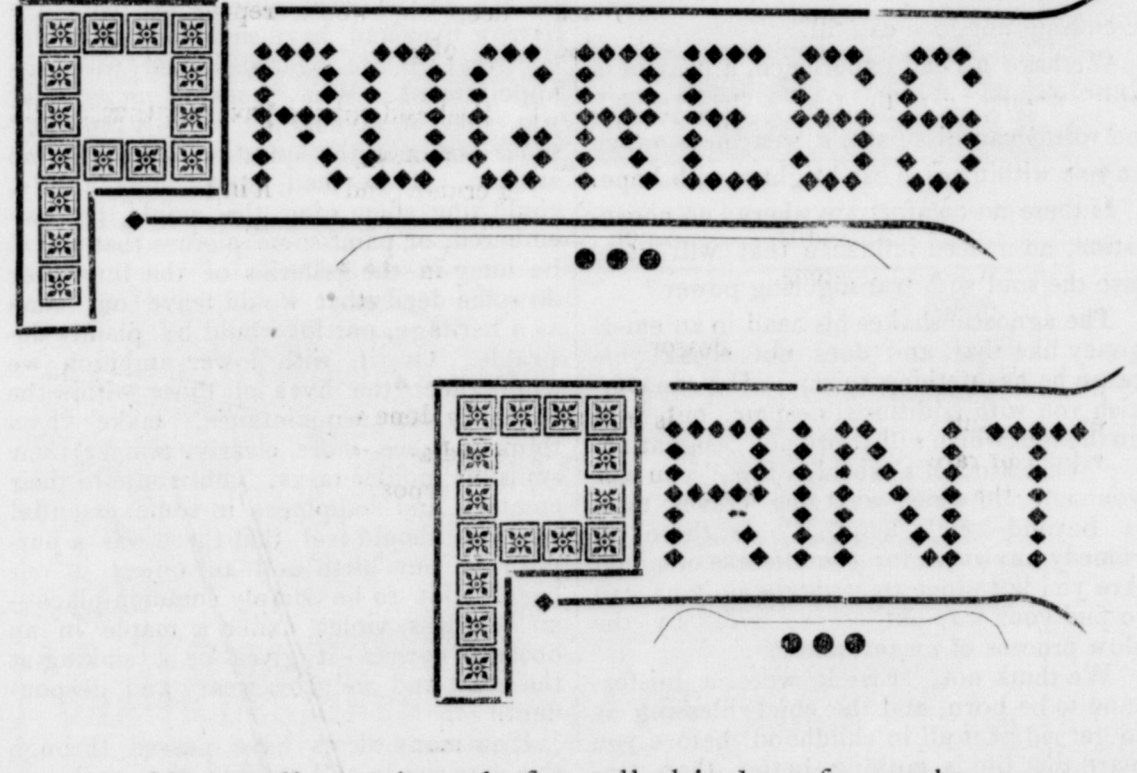
The celebrated Dr. Chase's Ointment is made expressly for Itching Piles, but it is equally good in curing all Itchy Skin Diseases, such as Eczema, Itch, Barber's Itch, Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, etc., etc. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 CENTS. Mail address—EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto, Ont., Sole Agents for Dominion of Canada.

The Improved "RIDER" Compression Hot-Air Pumping Engine.

These Engines are Used for Pumping Water for a Great Variety of Purposes. FOR CITY HOUSES, where the water from the mains does not rise sufficiently high to supply the upper floors. For this purpose the Engine is placed in the cellar and the tank on the roof; the water is pumped directly from the mains up to the tank. This arrangement furnishes running water on every floor of the highest houses. FOR SUBURBAN RESIDENCES they are invaluable from a sanitary point of view alone, and the luxury of having plenty of pure running water on the several floors of a country home cannot be over-estimated, and is a very great protection in case of fire.

Advantages. Absolute safety. No steam. Valveless. Practically noiseless. No exhaust. Economical. No licensed or experienced engineer required—gardeners and ordinary domestic help can regulate them. Do not affect insurance. Extremely simple. Can be used where steam would be objectionable. All parts of Engine and pump can be examined without difficulty. Can replenish the fire without stopping the Engine. Can be arranged to pump out of deep wells, either dug or artesian, or driven wells. WRITE FOR CIRCULAR.

J. S. CURRIE, - - 41 Dock St.



Charles Dickens' Complete Works—15 vols



We have no premium that is so great a bargain as our Set of Dickens in 15 volumes; handsome cloth binding, plain large print with 257 illustrations. This set of books is listed at \$15, but usually sells for the bargain retail price \$7.50. Our price to old or new subscribers with a years subscription is \$6.50.

Thackeray's Complete Works—10 vols.

Thackeray's works, 10 volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, library edition, with 177 illustrations for \$2.90 is an unequalled offer. We do not think it will last long because our supply is limited, and we may not be able to duplicate our orders at the same figure. The retail bargain price is usually \$6.00. The set is listed at \$10.00. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HEDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. Now I weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is AYER'S Sarsaparilla. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you

DISSOLUTION.

THE FIRM OF J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. was this day dissolved by mutual consent, T. ARMSTRONG retiring. Business continued at old stand by J. S. ARMSTRONG, who assumes liabilities and collects accounts due.

SPECIAL TOUR Around the World

100 DAYS FOR 100 GUINEAS or \$510.00. 5 Continents Visited. EUROPE, AFRICA, ASIA, AUSTRALIA, and across AMERICA by the CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Steamship "MIOWERA" leaves Southampton, England, about Aug. 27th. For particulars apply to

Full particulars of Ticket Agents. D. M'NICOLL, C. E. M'PHERSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt. Montreal, St. John, N. B.