

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 19.

WHERE MILLIONS GAMBLLED.

A good many readers of PROGRESS know something about the Louisiana Lottery. Some of them have tried their luck in it now and then, and once in a while a cash prize, usually of rather small proportions has been received. The majority of tickets, however, have drawn blanks, and this has been the case with men who have invested a dollar, month after month, for years in the hope that a fair sized prize would make them more than square with the lottery at last. Now and then a new man has got something fairly substantial as a return for his first investment, but in the subsequent trials he has more than expended his gains in the hope of still better fortune. It is probable that persistent buyers of the lottery tickets have been more numerous than most people suspect, and it is quite certain that if the names of all who have dabbled in tickets were made public, there would be a decided sensation in various walks of life.

Let it be said for the credit of our common humanity, however, that a good many citizens of St. John and other places, see no moral wrong in patronizing a lottery so long as they are not known to set a bad example. It is easy enough for a good man to feel that his investment of a dollar wrongs nobody, that if the money is to be distributed he may as well seek for a share of it, that if he won a fortune it would benefit others as well as himself, and so on through a course of reasoning very easy to be understood by every weak mortal who has to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Above all, in this case, was the belief that the lottery was a fair one, and that investing in it was merely a legitimate form of speculation.

It is not the intention of PROGRESS to discuss the morality of lotteries in the abstract. There are too many fine points involved, when the premises is admitted that a lottery can be conducted honestly in the commercial sense of the term. That the Louisiana lottery was so conducted, in the way of giving its patrons chances to draw something and that it distributed a good proportion of what it received, seems pretty clear. It was a part of its policy and to its interest to do so. As a matter of gambling the lottery was productive of much less mischief than stock speculation. It did not have the tendency to make men thieves in an insane desire to get even with it, and as much cannot be said for a good many other kinds of speculation which the law does not prohibit.

The Louisiana Lottery has been ruled out of legal existence, however, though it will probably be heard from again in due season. It is understood that its owners are now proposing to contest the law by which its letters are excluded from the United States mails. They have plenty of money to carry on the fight. They have the proceeds of twenty-four years of an existence in which it made a profit of millions every year. Twenty-five million dollars is the estimated fortune of JOHN A. MORRIS, the head of the concern, and this figure is quoted by some as a good deal under the actual amount.

The story of the lottery is an interesting one. The idea originated with one CHARLES T. HOWARD, an adventurer with plenty of ideas but no money. The latter was supplied by MORRIS and others, and in the motley legislature which Louisiana had in 1867, money did its work in buying a state charter. This charter finally expired at the end of 1893, all efforts for its renewal having failed.

The concern had all the privileges it wanted. It was exempt from taxation because it paid \$40,000 a year into the educational fund, though it did a business of from twenty to twenty-eight million dollars every year. This was divided between HOWARD and MORRIS, who succeeded in freezing out the other owners early in the history of the concern. HOWARD died a few years ago, and MORRIS is now the main John Glazier. He is said to be in a retired part of Florida devising a new plan of campaign. Several western lotteries purporting to be the Louisiana reconstructed are frauds of the first water.

On the plan by which the lottery was run, supposing all the tickets to be sold, nearly half of the money taken in would be paid out. In this event the owners had a clear profit of over thirteen million dollars a year, but they really had much more. Each ticket was divided into twenty parts, and the lottery kept some of these itself. The twentieths were distributed all over the country, and there is said to be no instance of any outside person or set of persons ever drawing the whole of a capital prize. The best that anybody could hope for was to get a fraction of a big prize, however fairly the drawing might be conducted. The lottery itself was always in competition with the public as a winner.

With an immense corruption fund at its disposal, the lottery had everything its own way as regarded legislatures, officials and newspapers. It saved the state for the democrats in the time of President HAYES, and was altogether a very important factor in politics. In time its dangerous character was recognized and the process of legislating it out of the legal

existence was begun. The federal government refused to allow it the use of the mails, and the legislature, despite a proffered bribe of \$1,250,000, declined to renew the charter. So the lottery is in liquidation, and is reported to be returning the owners seven hundred dollars on each dollar invested. A Honduras-Florida lottery is said to be its successor, but as has been said, a strong effort will be made to resume the business in Florida.

Public sentiment is against it, however, the law is against it, and even a mint of money is not likely to bring back the old-time prosperity of the biggest lottery on earth. The millions of people who want to get rich in a hurry, must look for some other hole into which to throw their dollars.

Letters from two correspondents, in this issue of PROGRESS, treat of the case of BRUCE McDUGALL, from different points of view. Both seem to agree, however, in attributing prosecution to personal animus, and leave the impression that there would have been no prosecution had not certain people been hit by the Plain Dealer. So long as the attacks were in this or that direction nothing was done to prevent them, but when they were directed to other quarters, there was a sudden spasm of virtue which resulted in the law being invoked. If this is the case, the parties to the prosecution stand in a less dignified light than guardians of public morality, to say the least. McDUGALL seems to have been arrested on a very sweeping accusation, and so far as appears, no specific charges have yet been made, though he has spent some time in jail. Under such circumstances he is pretty sure to gain sympathy, whether he deserves it or not.

Home Secretary ASQUITH seems to have married a lively maid when he became the husband of Miss TENNANT. She has already figured as a character in a novel, and all sorts of anecdotes are told of her vivacious temperament. One of these is that once, when there was a hunting party, she had mustard plastered down inside the dress shirts the men would put on when they returned to dress for dinner, and that the guests being in a hurry, did not notice the plaster, until they felt them beginning to bite. This may be a true story, but if so, it leads to the inference that the gentlemen must have been heavily loaded when they dressed.

America is not a land of antiquities, and thus it was that President CLEVELAND had a laugh turned on him when tried to add to the historic value of an old bedstead the other day, by stretching his executive bulk upon it. It was an old fashioned four poster supposed to have belonged to the WASHINGTON family, and was used in the recent anniversary ceremonies. After CLEVELAND had lain upon it, he was told that it was a modern affair, got up to imitate what the original furniture was supposed to be like. That took all the poetry out of the case.

The United States government does not always seem inclined to deal lightly with bondsmen. A certain Captain HOWGATE, who stole \$100,000 from the signal service department, escaped more than ten years ago, and has never since been found. A Washington merchant, who was one of his bondsmen to the amount of \$12,000, fought the government's claim, and has succeeded in keeping it at a distance until now, when his estate has been compelled to make good the sum due. The law is slow, sometimes, but it can get there when it takes the notion.

The influx of the modern novel has thrown the old fashioned romance into the shade, and there is little demand for the broad Saxon of FIELDING and SMOLLET. There is likely to be a rush for them if a few more cranks in office, like ANTHONY COMSTOCK, assert that "Tom Jones" is unfit to be read and attempts to prevent its sale. The ridiculous part of the matter is that COMSTOCK admits he has never read the book. Such men are apt to make anybody tired.

Loyalist day may be held as much in regard as it ever was, but the people are a good deal less demonstrative about it. Much as the memory of the Loyalists may be honored, the work of St John to day seems to be largely done by those who are not their descendants. How many of the reform common council are of Loyalist stock? Perhaps they would be better if they were such, but the fact is patent that the majority are not.

Several unusually large fires in New York and Boston this week bring to mind the unexplained fact that casualties and crime seem to go in lots, as it were. This may be noticed with fires, railway accidents and marine disasters, as well as with murders, suicides and the like. The coincidences are sometimes very singular.

A cheerful church was the subject of TALMAGE'S sermon last Sunday, and an hour later the edifice was making the biggest blaze Brooklyn had seen for many a day. The preaching of the celebrated talker seems to be pyroelectric from more than one point of view.

Considering the amount of scare there was over the first case of small-pox at Sussex, the authorities seem to have been free and easy enough in taking for granted

that the man hired to attend Dr. BYRNE had been vaccinated, as it now seems he was not.

The state of Connecticut has come to the front with the strikingly original idea of hanging a man on a gallows operated by water power. Perhaps it will be in order to speak of the process as a hydraulic hoist.

The Royal Society of Canada may not be very much of an affair, but those who are most conspicuous in sneering at it are said to be men who have been anxious to get into it and are mad at being left out.

All correspondents will oblige by sending in their matter early next week, so that the workers in PROGRESS office may have the chance of a little rest on the Queen's birthday.

It is not always the hurt hog that squeals. This time the merchants and consumers are alike making a noise over the viciously protective duty on pork.

Boston has one of the best fire departments in America, but it would seem that a blaze can get ahead of it even in broad daylight.

Nature may be said to be performing an acrobatic feat this year, in the way of a backward spring.

Amateur Photography.

PROGRESS Job office has just completed for Mr. LeB Robertson manager of "The Robertson Photo Supply Co.," a handsome book entitled "How to make Photos." Some 20 pages are devoted to the A. B. C. of Photography, hints to beginners, besides valuable formulas for the more advanced amateur. The book is illustrated with cuts of all the newest Cameras and prices of outfits from \$4.50 to \$100.00. Being the first and only stock house in the provinces this Co's. enterprise has been recognized to such an extent that a Book of general information became a necessity, especially in view of the fact of their being daily applications from all parts. Visitors to St. John should visit their handsome store in Masonic block, where everything in the photo line can be had. How to make Photos will be mailed on receipt of stamp on application to 94 Germain St.

To Advertise Beautiful Nova Scotia.

PROGRESS is in receipt of an illustrated pamphlet entitled "Beautiful Nova Scotia," which is being distributed by the Yarmouth Steamship Company. It is illustrated with half tone engravings, splendidly engraved and carefully printed. The letterpress is a well written description of the beauties and attractions of the province of Nova Scotia for tourists. Such a book as this cannot fail to appeal to anyone in search of a delightful trip for the summer, and its cost will be repaid a thousand fold to the province of Nova Scotia by the people it is bound to attract there.

Base Ball on the Twenty-Fourth.

With a view to revive the interest in base-ball, Mr. Frank White and others have arranged for a match here on the twenty-fourth with a team from the state college at Orono, Me. The St. John team will be a picked nine from the Y. M. C. A., Shamrock and St. John clubs, and there is the certainty of some playing which is likely to bring back the enthusiasm of a few years ago. There ought to be a big crowd on the grounds next Thursday.

A Public Recital.

The closing exercises of the St. John Conservatory of Music will be held in Mechanic's Institute, Wednesday evening, May 30th. One of the most attractive features will be the Greek drill, by sixteen young ladies in costume. It consists of Serpentine movements, forming of squares, triangles, crosses, and other beautiful figures. Programmes may be obtained at the Conservatory.

Where to Learn to Play.

The advertisement of Miss Armstrong for pianoforte teaching appears elsewhere in these columns. The reference printed there is an excellent one and could only have been secured by undoubted merit.

Styles for the Summer.

The Delineator for June has been received at the American Department store, 19 Charlotte street, and is as usual full of life information for the fair sex as to fashions and household matters.

Think He is Not Clerical.

Some of the parishioners of a Portland (Me.) Methodist clergyman have formulated charges against him. Among other things, they say that he once went to a picnic wearing a pair of "white pants," that he played baseball while at the picnic in a way that indicated his enjoyment of the game, and that he once drank half a bottle of ginger ale and remarked that he would like some more. The accusation of wearing "pants" is most serious one, and it is to be hoped that the matter will be sifted to the bottom.

Origin of Spinsters.

The fleece which was brought home by the Anglo-Saxon in summer was spun into clothing by the female part of the family during the winter. Alfred the Great, in his will, called the female part of the family the spindle side; and it was a regularly received axiom with our frugal forefathers that no young woman was fit to be a wife till she had spun for herself a set of body, table and bed linen. Hence the maidens were termed a spinner or spinster, and the married woman a wife or one who had been a spinner.

Signor Salvini is in Florence. He never acts now, but he takes the keenest interest in all the theatrical affairs of London and elsewhere. He is reputed to be very rich.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Gaces Ajar.
Tonight while I was reading,
And my aching eyes were pleading,
For the rest, they were so needing,
And my brain was in a whirl;
I discouraged, and disponding,
Looked up at the faint stars gleaming,
And while lost in mystic dreaming,
Saw the "gaces ajar" of pearl.
Dear loved faces were me sending,
Glances, that while death's veil rending,
Lured me, from my sad despairing,
By the beauty of each smile;
While I heard such wondrous singing,
Through the vaults of Heaven ringing,
That I questioned 'em the seeming,
Thus, this dream did me beguile.
Now the moon is brightly shining,
From my brain dense clouds are gliding,
While I, like the earth, am bathing,
In a flood, of Heavenly light;
And I seem non-realizing,
That the sands of time are passing,
That my work on earth, is waiting,
And that Heaven, is without night.
And I feel a deeper longing
For a brighter, clearer dawning,
Of the love, my soul is wanting,
The true love, for all being;
That I may go forth uplifting,
Those, who are through sad scenes drifting,
Whisper, that in Heaven there's resting,
T'was for this; Christ suffered so.
And I know that strong enduring,
I can conquer earth's alluring,
It sometimes, the boon securing
Of a glimpse, through "gaces ajar,"
See sometimes those smiles so winning,
Hear sometimes the angels singing
Gain sometimes the needed strengthening
By this vision from afar.
Ah! may I, when calmly sleeping,
When death's chill, is o'er me creeping;
Friends perchance around me weeping,
Enter in, through "gaces ajar,"
Dear loved ones be closely clasping,
Be through faith, this great truth grasping
That your soul, redeemed; is resting
Safe within, the "gaces ajar."

Moncton. ALLIC.

The White Breath.
A white breath came from the secret lie,
In the thought of a deathless God;
Blown on the beam of an infant sun
To the mist born shape of a cloud.
Pale breath with motion unending still,
Down a dark deep night void hurled;
For three hundred million flying years,
Was the growth of this rolling world.
Oh, white breath tanning the pink spring skies,
Or wooing the summer sea;
Velling the purple mountain peaks,
As far as the stars are free;
My thoughts on the jewelled wings of night,
Know where thy sweet vales lay;
And with thee walk in violet lanes,
Fall many a mile away.
Oh, white breath reaching through boundless space
And vent'ling dust wafting down,
To his enchanting meadow lands,
Watching the utmost star;
My spirit follows thee free as light,
Walking in fields of spring;
Where the ceaseless sorrow of burdened hearts
Unfold no trailing wing.

The dead past rustles its leaves no more
No pale arms in my sight,
Are lifted out of the surging sea,
In the land of the no more night.
There love and peace together walk,
There sweet dreams blend in one;
And never a day has a mournful cry,
In the shade of a setting sun.

White breath of neither morn or night,
Thy last work is begun
To cast the round earth melting back
To the mist from whence it sprung.
All light shall die in the heart at last,
Of fire and air and flood;
Till the sun be the dew of a tear; the morn,
A dream in a drop of blood.

Oh, white breath reaching through boundless space
And vent'ling dust wafting down,
To his enchanting meadow lands,
Watching the utmost star;
My spirit follows thee free as light,
Walking in fields of spring;
Where the ceaseless sorrow of burdened hearts
Unfold no trailing wing.

When we came to our present abode, a shy girl,
With a testy look and the habit of retirement,
fancied one of the members of our household,
and showed her marked attention. She soon discovered
to us her aptitude for verse by writing the following,
which came into our possession through an older
member of the family.—[E.]

Can the dew-drop on the grass-blade
Shine more brightly than her eyes?
Or can bluer than their blueness
Be the smiling summer skies?
Can the golden summer sunshine
Be more golden than her hair?
Than her smooth and snowy forehead
Can the lily be more fair?
Fresh and fair the flowers are blowing,
In the garden and the field;
Summer's treasures, wildly scattered,—
Hottest, sweetest, she can yield.

But than flowers to me is dearer
Sweetest darling little Grace;
For 't is no single blossom
Sweeter than thy baby face.

A Crafty Trader.
A youth to the good parson did display
A Maltese kitten that he sought to sell;
And said: "she's purely bred; and truth to tell
A protestant;" the shocked divine cried; "say
Not one word more, but take thy cat away;"
Then to the priest who did not distant dwell—
And both the parsons knew each other well—
Poor puss for sale was offered the next day.

"Sir, here's a fine Maltese; her breed is good
And orthodox; the very sort you want;"
You rogue, 'twas yesterday you said her blood,"
Laughed the kind pere, "was purely protestant;"
And right I was, for then, Your Reverence
Her eyes were shut, but they've been opened since."
St. John, May 1894.

Truth, like a crystal sphere within the soul
Complete and flawless, shines and gives light,
Then comes some subtle question like bright,
And we in frenzy break the perfect whole
Into small fragments, dragging each to sight,
Interrogating each for answer plain
Until the beautiful thing is all made vain.

Faith, like a precious jewel in the heart,
Flashes its rays of comfort and of cheer,
Lightening and warming all and making clear;
Then comes darksome doubt with throbs and smart,
Biting us, test the thing we hold so dear.
And we essay to prove and analyze
Till all our priceless treasure shattereth lies.

Life, like a beaker brimmed with golden wine,
Into our childish hands is softly laid,
We peer within it, dazzled and afraid.
"Quaff it," a voice says, "make it wholly thine;
For drinking and for thy pleasure it was made,"
So drinking, squandering, spilling the sweet store,
We drain the cup and vainly plead for more.

O, precious sphere, so perfect and so fair!
O gem divine, of pure, unstained ray!
O, drops of life, so rashly flung away!
What shall thy wasted loveliness repair?
What bring back morning to the expended day?
God gives us heavenly gifts, we break and mar,
And cursons and wauton even as children are.
Susan Coolidge.

INSTRUCTION IN TECHNOLOGY.

How It Will Be Easy to Establish a School in the City of St. John.
To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—I learn that through Mr. J. Douglas Hazen M. P., an application has been made to the Minister of Marine for the use of the Marine Hospital and grounds for the purpose of establishing a school of Technology in St. John. This is undoubtedly a move in the right direction. The industrial facilities in the maritime provinces have never been properly utilized, and are open for great development. There is not any doubt whatever, that we must look largely to our manufacturing and industrial pursuits generally for the future development of the maritime provinces. A number of our work shops and factories have already turned out some of the best mechanics, many of whom have at once taken leading positions in the United States, Western Canada and elsewhere. We have at the present time the masters of many of these establishments who might be utilized to impart their knowledge to the rising generation in a much more effective and extended way than they are able to at present. Without any invidious distinctions, I take the liberty of particularizing a few of the parties referred to. Aid. G. H. Waring when in business in Indianapolis, and afterwards as a member of the firm of Waring & White, did many a good turn for our young men by allowing them to serve as apprentices under him, and has turned out some very fine machinists, foundrymen, etc. He was always ready to offer any young man wishing to learn the business, an opening where it was possible for him to develop any mechanical skill that he might have. Why would it not be possible to utilize Mr. Waring's services in charge of one of the mechanical departments of this proposed school?

Mr. John D. Howe, of the firm of Messrs. J. & J. D. Howe, has not only given much time in developing mechanics in his own furniture factory, but also has been instructor in mechanical drawing for the school under the Y. M. C. A. in which he was associated by Mr. John Rogerson, and has given a helping hand to a great many of our rising mechanics. If we are to have iron ship building in these provinces—and if not, why not? we could not utilize better skill than that of Mr. David Lynch, he is always willing to offer any assistance in his power to anything for the public good.

In the chemical line, we have a young man in Mr. Alfred McInyre, undoubtedly one of the leading authorities in Canada, and with his local and foreign experience, he would be a great acquisition to the staff of our college. There are a large number of other mechanics as well as professional men who could quite readily be utilized in this connection.

We have in the city of St. John, the very best advantages both as to access to raw material of all kinds, cheap living, facilities of transport both by land and sea, in addition to the finest climate on the continent, and all the necessary elements to make an industrial centre.

A great many industries have been started in this city which have failed largely through the fact of their being undertaken by people who did not understand the business which they were working up. Our capitalists have been frightened by the repeated failures in their attempt to help such enterprises, and they cannot well be censured to be unwilling to put their capital in any undertaking of such an uncertain nature.

If our people can be thoroughly trained in the different mechanical branches, so that establishments might be controlled by our own people, worked by our own operatives, and generally made solid local institutions, all these difficulties will be overcome. As it is now one draw back to our city as an industrial centre, is the fact that there are so small a number of skilled operatives available. As soon as a man begins to develop any great skill, there are so little inducements held out at home, that he almost invariably goes to other places. In addition to this fact, if a young man has any tendency for mechanical pursuits, the facilities offered for apprentices in our local establishments are so limited, that it is almost a necessity to send our young men away to learn their trades. As a general thing they do not return after having perfected their training.

If this school of technology can be organized and carried out, it will undoubtedly be the means of overcoming many of these difficulties and be the first step to establish in St. John a network of industrial works that will in a few years astonish ourselves. I trust that this matter may be agitated by the press, and that it may be carried to a successful issue.

A Word for Our Boys.
To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—If you will allow me to make a suggestion, I think that I can give you a topic that will be interesting not only to our boys, but to their parents, and sisters, cousins and aunts, to say nothing of their sweethearts. The great question at the present time is to know what to do in order to keep our boys at home; nearly all of the learned professions being over-run. As an illustration, a paragraph in one of the local papers stated that somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty lawyers were interested in a single case of litigation now going on in this city, will give some idea of the small scope that any of our boys would have in that profession. Very many of the boys are brought up with the idea that they cannot undertake any work which will necessitate their selling their hands without selling their social reputation. Having resided in a country where at one time all that was necessary to drive a man from society was to state that he was either a mechanic or engaged in trade, I have recently found that this feeling is very rapidly dying out, and the people are beginning to realize that there is just as much scope for ability in the mechanical world as there is in the professions. We find now in England (the country referred to), that a large number of the younger sons of the nobility are not only coming out as farmers, but are being apprenticed among all the mechanical establishments in Great Britain.

If our boys can be once thoroughly imbued with the idea that it is not a disgrace to a man, but very much to his honor, to turn his attention to any branch of mechanical work, and that the business does not make the man, but the man the business, we will then make the first step towards turning the energies of our young men in the right direction.

I would like to see this matter dealt with by some pen more able to handle the subject than I am, and I trust that this may simply be the means of starting a discussion on the subject.

HONEST TOLL.
ST. MARTIN'S.
MAY 15.—Mrs. John Baird of Moncton, spent last week here, the guest of Mrs. George S. Parker. Mrs. R. D. McCa. Murray has returned home after making a pleasant visit in St. John. Mrs. S. K. Daly left for her home in St. John on Saturday. While here she was the guest of Mrs. J. Carson. Mr. Fred McLeod spent Sunday here with Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Skillen. Mr. Robert Bowyer is confined to the house through illness. Mr. and Miss Scott left this morning for their home in Yarmouth, N. S. Mr. and Mrs. A. Skillen spent part of last week in St. John the guests of their daughter Mrs. D. Brown. Mr. Ward Morrison left last week for Boston on a visit to his brother. Miss Maude Weir spent Sunday here.

Many of the large sheep farms of Australia are divided by stone and wire fences, and the iron wires have now been utilized as telephone lines, enabling the stockmen to communicate with headquarters and relieve the loneliness of their lives.

THE STORY OF HIS REFORM.

How He Escaped The Morphia Fiend.

WITHOUT A BIT OF PAIN.

Dr. E. A. Preston Writes a Frank and Interesting Letter Regarding his Experience of the German Remedy for Morphia—He is a Changed and Thankful Man.

In a quiet but effective way the Bellingerman Remedy Co. at 78 Sydney street of this city is doing very successful work. The Record has spoken of this before, of facts that were within the personal knowledge of the writer since he knew the patients under treatment, but nothing that has appeared in these columns concerning this marvellous remedy for the liquor and morphia habits approaches in interest the letter of Dr. Preston which he sent to Dr. Adams, the physician in charge of the sanitarium. It is an "open letter" and as such can be published. There are few men and women who have not some friends whom they would wish to see cured. To these especially this brief story will be of peculiar interest.

An Open Letter.

247 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B., May 7 1894.

DEAR DOCTOR ADAMS—A little over two months ago, I placed myself under your care for the cure of the Morphia Habit. For about fourteen years I had been addicted to the use of this most terrible drug, and during that time I had made several attempts to free myself, one of which at least, I think I may truthfully say, was most heroic. Each effort towards freedom resulted in the most unmistakable failure, and I had arrived at the despairing conclusion that I would have to continue using morphia to the end, and that end was ever before my mind's eye as likely to come at any moment.

I must confess that while I never for a moment doubted that the promises you made me were given in good faith on your part, I began the treatment doubtfully, and with very little hope as the satisfactory result you so confidently assumed me of. To be cured of this habit, to which I was so completely a slave, even with considerable suffering, would have been hailed as a priceless boon, but it was very difficult for me to believe that you could cure me as you claimed—without pain or suffering.

Let me say that every promise you made me was fulfilled to the letter, although during my treatment I was forced to attend to quite an arduous medical practice, I never for one moment suffered pain of any kind. As an old morphia habitue I say without fear of contradiction that in the Bellingerman treatment an absolute, painless and perfect cure has been discovered. As a physician I do not hesitate to endorse the said treatment as the only one known by which freedom from the drug can be obtained, without the most distressing suffering and physical weakness. As a grateful man, once more restored to himself, and with the possibilities of a happy future in view, I write you this open letter hoping and praying that it may be the means of inducing some other unfortunate to place themselves under your kind and patient care, knowing as I do that in any case you undertake the same release is certain.

From the day and hour I took your first dose of medicine I have not had or desired the least particle of Morphia, and although during treatment, the drug was constantly in my possession, I have never had the slightest temptation to use it. The dreaded insomnia, the unbearable uneasiness and unrest, always experienced—even during moderate reduction, I have not suffered from, at all, but instead have had refreshing sleep, which has indeed proved itself "nature's sweet restore," and today I stand a living example and proof of the efficacy of the Bellingerman treatment.

I wish to say, also, from close and continuous observation of other patients undergoing treatment for the disease of alcoholism, I am prepared to state that the cure of the Whiskey Habit is just as sure and certain.

If at any time by the use of my name or by referring any of your prospective patients to me, you may persuade them to place themselves under your care for treatment, I shall esteem it as a favor to have you do so. I repeat that in every case you undertake the issue must be the same as in my own case, viz., a perfect cure.

With many thanks for your kindness and sympathy, allow me to subscribe myself, Yours most gratefully,

EDWARD A. PRESTON, M. D.

"Progress" is on sale in Boston at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.