

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 12.

IT IS A WISE CHANGE.

The change in the jury system under the amended law, is sure to commend itself to everybody who has anything to do with litigation. It provides that in civil suits, except those brought for slander, libel, seduction and ejectment, no cases shall be tried by a jury, unless notice is given by one of the parties to the suit, fourteen days before the time of trial. This is the main feature of the new law, which is, however, qualified to meet certain possible contingencies. The general principle is that juries shall be had only when really required.

They are required in actions such as those in which exceptions are made, and are needed in all actions when the question of the amount of damages is determined. In cases where only matters of law are involved no juries are needed, and just that much expense is saved. Heretofore there have been juries in very many instances where they simply entailed an additional expense and were of no possible use. A man might be unable to pay a promissory note, for instance, and an action would be brought in order to secure judgment and issue execution against him. He would have no defence to the action but would allow it to go through the process of trial merely to gain a little additional time. There was nothing for the court to do except to learn the amount of the note, and perhaps that it had been properly presented for payment at the designated place. A judge with a pencil and paper to figure up the principal and interest is really all the machinery that is necessary, but in the past the presence of seven able bodied jurors at a dollar a head has been unavoidable. Hereafter the jury costs will not add to the expense of such cases.

The change seems to hit a happy compromise in the long mooted question of the abolition of juries in civil cases. It allows for juries where they are really needed and dispenses with them where they are useless. The change is a good one, as is any change which decreases the cost of litigation to unfortunate defendants.

THE COLLAPSE OF COXEY.

It is very clear that the days of chivalry are past. In days of old, when knights were bold and barons held their sway, an army of men with a purpose could console itself with the reflection that its toilsome march in strange countries had some elements of heroism about it. There might or might not be success awaiting the crusade, but in either event the knights errant were conscious that the world would regard them as heroes, and that when they were opposed it was by those who viewed them as foemen worthy of their steel. Clad in iron coats, warranted not to shrink or fade, with "pants" to match, and with hats which were proof against truncheons, swords and brickbats, they made history as they marched. When they reached a city which gave them cold welcome, they proceeded to make themselves at home by removing obstructive citizens and appropriating such convenient collateral securities as came in their way. When they were opposed they hewed their way to victory or death. Only a few of them finally returned to their ancestral halls; the others furnished themes for historical liars and poets by decently dying in battle or languishing as prisoners in exile.

Yes, the days of chivalry are past, and though the cast off iron clothes of some of the knights of old may be found in the museums and castles of Europe, the heroes themselves have vanished. They have left no successors in the same line of business. Chivalry, as an occupation, is played out. And COXEY and his army have collapsed. The successor of PETER THE HERMIT is out on bail for five hundred dollars, for making a disturbance and tramping on the grass.

When PETER THE HERMIT set the fashion in crusades, he was living in an age and

country where district regulations and municipal bye-laws had not been very clearly defined. The sign of "Keep off the grass" had no terrors for men. There were no policemen, no district courts and no juries to discuss the question of trespass. When they did encounter opposition, which was not seldom, it was from men who entered into the spirit of the game and fought them as they wished to be fought. To have preserved the parallel, the president and members of congress should have sallied forth from the capital to meet the advancing army, with a brass band, banners, heralds and such like pretty things. They did nothing of the kind. They simply sat still, while their vassals, the police, were instructed to arrest the advancing army if it made a noise or tramped on the grass.

Then what happened? Why, COXEY and his army of cranks, tramps and congress, marched to the capital to repeat the scenes of the crowded forum in Rome after the sudden death of SIR JULIUS CESAR. The sight of a cop with a club was sufficient to alarm many of the army and they fled. COXEY and two other crusaders were arrested, and after a severe scolding in a common court have been convicted of misdemeanors which any school boy might commit. Now the three heroes are out on bail and are consulting the lawyers as to the best way of getting out of the scrape. The deluded youths who took part in "the greatest march of the nineteenth century" have skipped to more hospitable quarters. The rag tag and bobtail of tramps who thought their harvest had come have sought fresh fields and pastures new. COXEY has collapsed.

Meantime, with the honest, industrious wage worker the world wags as it did before. There is much that he needs, much that he deserves in the recognition of his position as a maker of wealth for others. His day is to come, and in the providence of earthly events justice must be done him. His victory will be a rational one, and it will not be heralded by a crank convention, or the march of an army of vagabonds.

Mr. A. B. SHERATON recently took the trouble to write a letter to a Halifax paper, asserting that the correspondence in PROGRESS of April 28, in regard to the Queen hotel, was "absolutely untrue from beginning to end." He further alleged that his relations with the directors were "of the most cordial and friendly nature." Unfortunately for Mr. SHERATON's contention, the events of the last week as partly chronicled by the daily papers and pretty fully told in another column of PROGRESS to-day, show that the correspondent had a very clear idea of the situation. It is now in order for Mr. SHERATON to apologize to the correspondent for impugning that gentleman's veracity. Mr. SHERATON has many friends in this Province, who will be as sorry as is PROGRESS that he has had so much trouble in connection with the management of the hotel.

It would seem that the grab of the pilot commissioners for a salary of one hundred dollars a year apiece, has been successful, and the Dominion government will allow their claim. The sum is not large, and it is averred that the fund is amply sufficient to allow the salaries without injury to the pilots and their families. The point about the matter is that the commissioners all accepted office with the distinct understanding that they were to receive no remuneration, and under the circumstances it seems a rather small thing for them to clamor for a paltry one hundred dollars a year as pay for what they agreed to do for nothing.

The Sun did not do a very smart thing the other day when it took a story from PROGRESS and tried to give it an original flavor. PROGRESS had announced that Messrs. RUSSELL and TROOP had begun a suit against Manager HARVEY, and the Sun tried to go one better by interviewing some of the parties for their opinions. The story appears to have fallen heavily on the toes of somebody who has something to say about the Sun management, and hence an apologetic explanation was made next day. The Sun would have done better to have been less ambitious by simply taking the story of PROGRESS and giving credit for it.

The municipal council affirmed a sound principle in exercising its discretion as to the granting of licenses in the county. The idea that a license should be given to any sort of a person who had the accommodation, lest he should seek to force one by a mandamus, would lead to no end of abuse if carried to its logical conclusion. The council has no business to give legal sanction to a place of notoriously bad repute, and the principle that it should say no in such applications seems to be both morally and legally sound.

The new tariff has increased the duty on pork a dollar a barrel. It is four dollars now where it used to be three. Probably the government thinks there are hogs enough in Canada, and no doubt there are. They come to the front with their demands every time the tariff is amended.

A sad feature of the tariff changes this week is the imposition of twenty four cents a dozen and twenty five per cent ad valorem on linen collars. The only way the WARD McALLISTERS of the country can get even with the tariff is to add another inch or so

to the height of their collars. The oppressing government will get no more out of a collar that comes up to the ears than from one only a couple of inches high. It is a great thing for the dudes that the duty was not made proportionate to superficial area.

The notorious Col. BRECKENRIDGE has been making a campaign, in which he quotes a good deal of scripture to show that he should be forgiven and go to congress, because he has acknowledged his sin and is sorry for it. He omits to state that he continued a scandalous life as long as possible and only expressed his penitence when he was forced to tell the truth under oath. The world will probably forgive him, if he will stop parading his indecency and retire to private life.

"Gen." SWIFT, a Boston agitator who did not get to Washington in time to be scooped up in the net which caught COXEY, has declared war on two of the Boston newspapers. If SWIFT knows when he is well off, he will tell the newspapers alone.

Anybody might know that such a name as ADALBERT O. BREWSTER pertained to a Boston man, but everybody is not aware that the owner of the name is a notorious crook, whose game is the passing of worthless orders.

England's home secretary appears to have had no foolish fear of bad luck from being married in May. As for the bride, all accounts seem to agree that she is not one of the kind who have superstitions of any sort.

The Telegraph has retrained from any further attempts to assert the dignity of individual members of the bench of the supreme court of this province. The judges should be thankful.

Everybody who is in business says that collections are slow and money hard to get, but it seems easy enough to fill the opera house every night there is a show with any fun in it.

The Czar of Russia is said to have an affection of the lungs. Russophobists will be glad to learn that he has any kind of affection.

Congratulations to Warden McCARTHY, and to the municipal council as well for their choice of such a competent presiding officer.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

The question of whether popular government is to fail in America is discussed by a number of representative American educators in Donahoe's Magazine for May, and all the other papers of this number are up to the usual standard. The Romance of the Telegraph is by John N. Taylor, who used to be one of the most expert operators in Boston when he sat in on the United Press wire in the old news room of the Globe office, taking by the Phillips code; while James Morgan had charge of the changes and George Dickinson was learning how to edit copy. Portraits of these lightning slingers who have since become prominent in Boston, and New York journalism adorn the article, which is full of interest and of information as well. All lovers of catholic church music must be pleased by an article by that recognized authority, Rev. Gustave Grat, who tells of how Palestrina saved figured music to the church. The May number of Donahoe's is fully illustrated and as usual fully up to the mark. Boston: Donahoe's Magazine Co; \$2 a year, single copies 25 cents.

The Cosmopolitan has so high a record for popularity that it is scarcely necessary to do more than announce that the May number has appeared. It is full of good things, of course, to suit all kinds of taste and is as usual beautifully illustrated. Lovers of the drama will find it especially interesting. The frontispiece is a good portrait of Ellen Terry, while Frederick Schwab's illustrated article on A Year's Amusements will be read with pleasure and profit. England's Latest Conquest in Africa is another illustrated article which will be helpful to those who follow the news of the day in regard to acquisitions on that continent. Among the more notable writers in this number are W. D. Howells, who treats of Plutocratic Housekeeping, and St. George Mivart, who treats of God's will and Human Happiness. Among the poets are Whitcomb Kiley and Edith M. Thomas. The departments of Science and Letters will be read with profit. This number begins the 17th volume. New York: the Cosmopolitan Magazine; \$1.50 a year, single copies 15 cents.

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

Among the Breakers.

The St. John Conservatory Club will give a dramatic performance in the Mechanic's Institute next Tuesday evening, as a complimentary benefit to the St. John Conservatory of Music. The piece selected for presentation is a two act drama entitled "Among the Breakers," and it will be given with every attention to detail. Mr. Will Thompson, who is a well known amateur, will have charge of the production. Besides the young ladies and gentlemen in the cast other local talent will contribute to the evening's pleasure. Harrison's orchestra will be in attendance.

An Elocutionist's Portrait.

A late number of Werner's Magazine published in New York, contains a splendid half tone portrait of Mr. Fred Adams, now in this city in connection with the Bellinger German Remedy Company. Mr. Adams is a talented elocutionist who has made his mark in this direction in the New England States.

INTERESTS OF PRINTER SEATON.

Now Being Looked After by Alderman James Seaton.

Alderman Seaton has suddenly come to the conclusion that it is not good for PROGRESS or for the city, to say nothing of printer Seaton's interest, that the mayor of the city should give any more printing orders to this office. He has made up his mind since the election because while the civic contest was on, Candidate Seaton did not show any such unfriendly spirit. In fact he was as cordial to PROGRESS as any of those on the ticket and it is only fair to say that this paper gave him as much support as any of the T.R.A. men. He was also a member of the printing committee of which the publisher of PROGRESS was chairman, and when the consideration of where the printing was to be done came up, Mr. Seaton was one of those who suggested and agreed that the work should be done by PROGRESS.

This line of conduct does not agree with that he is pursuing now. In fact, alderman Seaton is now the only printer at the board, and his own interests must be looked after. So he takes an early opportunity to strike PROGRESS over the Mayor's shoulders. The facts are that the few licenses in the office and other printing incident to the change of officials, was divided among the offices of the Globe, The Telegraph, Barnes & Co., J. & A. McMillan and PROGRESS. Mr. Seaton was overlooked, but so were other good printers, who will, no doubt, get their share.

Not long ago PROGRESS commented upon the fact that alderman and printer Seaton had secured a job from the common clerk without tender. He was made official ballot printer. He charged the city \$2 per thousand for ballots that could have been printed for 75 cents per thousand if the work had been done by tender and the price he fixed for the city had to be paid by all of those who procured ballots. The list stood about as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Name, Amount, Total. Includes City (\$10,000), T. R. A. (\$15,000), Geo. Robertson (\$5,000), T. W. Peters (\$10,000), Opposition (\$10,000), Mr. Davis (\$5,000), and a total of \$55,000.

The above is an incomplete list and far within the actual figures. Perhaps there were fully 75,000 printed which would mean \$150. Any printer would undertake to do them for 75 cents per thousand and make a respectable profit. It will thus be seen that it is to Mr. Seaton's interest to see that he is not interfered with too much in the city printing.

A Second, David Kennedy.

Clan Mackenzie, O. S. C. has arranged for the appearance here on June 4th and 5th in the Opera house of Mr. and Mrs. Durward Lely, whose recitals of Scottish Song and Story have charmed the people of many cities of the old and new countries. Mr. Lely was the great Scottish tenor who sang in the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, London, who was in America with Adelina Patti afterwards, but the greatest success has been his recitals of Scottish song and story in which he was assisted by his talented wife. Scotchmen the world over regard him as a worthy successor to David Kennedy.

"Live Matter" from Boston.

"Live Matter" is the title of a new paper published in Boston by Welsh, Freeman & Co. Mr. Welsh was formerly the Boston agent of the Cranston Printing Press Co. and as such was well known among the printers of this city. His paper is bright, full of good things and a sturdy antagonist of the type trusts. Not the least interesting feature of the first issue are portraits of the new firm with sketches of some incidents in their lives. Success to the new venture and the printers' supply firm of Welsh, Freeman & Co. is PROGRESS' best wish.

Has Husted For a Story.

Mr. Bates, manager of the W. S. Harkin's company, who is in the city arranging for its appearance, is an old newspaper man. He was in the maritime province some years ago in connection with the seizures of American fishing vessels and the piratical stories he sent the Boston Herald are still remembered. The newspaper men assigned to cover the fishing seizure of those days often laugh now of the fishing smack newspaper war for which they were responsible. The man who relied upon facts for his story was not in it.

Everybody Knew Him.

Fred Melville died last Sunday at the age of 68, having spent most of his life in St. John without many people knowing much about him. Everybody knew him as a curious character, who did all sorts of chores, and he had a reputation as a splendid swimmer. He was brought here from England probably nearly half a century ago, and appeared to belong to some high family in that country. There was a belief with some that he was a brother of Lord Melville, but Fred never told the story of his early years.

An Attractive Bill.

The three sheet bills that decorate the bill boards of the city for the boxing tournament were done by PROGRESS print. The large engraving in the centre was furnished by PROGRESS Engraving Bureau. The use of it can be secured by any others who wish printing of the same description.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Look and Live.

Lightly blow the breezes, Softly falls the rain, Snow and frost have vanished, Spring has come again. Smiles the sun above us, Warms the earth below Trees put forth and blossom, Plants their beauties show. Now the roadside brightens With its flowers fair,— Arbutus and buttercup, Dandelions are there. All around is ready, Waiting to receive Heavenly showers of blessing, They but look and live. Why, O heart, art weary In this bright Spring-time, Do thy cares oppress thee, Canst thou not rest find? Heaven above is smiling On thee here below; Let the warmth rekindle Life that once did glow: Let the blossoms open, Spread their perfume 'round, Love to God and fellow-man In thy life abound. Make thy chalice ready Showers to receive; He will hear the needy; You but look and live. I. M.

The Lovers.

A red breast came today and swung In the spruce tree by the door; And whistled to let the poet know, He was there with his song once more. The poet heard the claxon call And knew it all sounds above, It echoed the words of his work that day For they both sang songs of love. The children ran from the passing road, Up by the dancing brook; The wind went down, the sea stood still, And the sky gave a sunny look. An invalid maiden rose from pain, And stood by the window white; A glow of hope came into her life Like the gleam of a star at night. The flowers beside the maiden smiled With her at the easement light. To enjoy the poet lovers song, After the winter's night. A crocus waking under the snow, Her night robe half revealed; And a four leaved clover stretched and drew, The white spread off the field. The robin is singing for this he knows, That building time soon will come; And cherry blossoms ere long will wave Over his pleasant home; The poet sings of the self same care, Of the Father who loveth all, And a brighter home in a fairer clime, When the leaves of Autumn fall. CYPRUS GOLDBE.

Lost From Home.

A white winged angel lost from home, I know it must be from mine; Is up backing of the drifting clouds, Where the warmest sunbeams shine, Watching, longing and waiting still, Ever from all the years; In April days the lost one calls, And the sky is filled with tears. Her blue eyes like the violets, Look into mine all wet; In tender language whispering, I hear her sweet voice yet. The darkest night that comes and goes, Can never remove from me, The trusting faith of her folded hands, And I forever her face I see. The crying win! o'er waking seas, Comes with a love song sweet; Seeking the way to my inmost heart, Where the lost from home we meet. The precious words are fragrant still, With hope's exhausted breath; When golden bloom crowned summer creeps In kisses o'er the earth. The troubling drops on eyelids bright Are pearls in April rain; A smile of peace is in them all, Welled in a soul of pain. And still from out the drifting clouds, With purple flash of spring, Love's deathless message finds me out, And loved and lost ones sing. CYPRUS GOLDBE.

Jean.

As one who doth the sky's realm survey,— Who hails in radiant constancy, afar O'er night's blue tower, the sailor-guiding star,— Is gladdened by Selene's silver ray, Risen o'er her hill upon some rippling bay; So he, whose post-eyes were wand'ring still, Where maiden charms his fiery soul would fill With passion to inspire his living lay,— To Carol love of Mary,—musing song Of perfect sorrow o'er her early tomb,— To chant his Ballechmye at dewy e'en,— Maria's call the twilight woods among,— Jessie and Nannie in their sweetest bloom,— Found cheer in the bright face of bonnie Jean. PASTOR FELIX.

The Christ-Light.

O, blessed thought! Lux Christi, Thou art mine! To Thee my heart, my life, I now resign. I see Thy face! 'tis radiant with light, Such as I never witnessed till this night. America! speak quickly! This is Christ? And will He condescend with me to tryst, Forgiving and forgetting all the past? And over my poor soul His mantle cast? Shine on, Lux Christi! in Thy glory mid Till darkest natures shall illumined be; Shine on dear Light, and learn of God through Thee. To quit their sin, and learn of God through Thee. REV. NORMAN LA MARSH. From "Lux Christi," an unpublished poem.

The Pilgrim Fathers.

They sang Old Hundred on the wave; Their halcyon tones resounded, Because the Lord their barque did save, And none of them got drowned. They sang Old Hundred on the sea, The fish's heard the racket, And wondered what the noise could be And who was in the packet. They landed shingles, boards and nails And leather for shoemakers, And pots and pans and tubs and pails And ropes for hanging Quakers. They felled of trees a countless host, With saws they did divide them, They reared a church and whipping post, And gallow close beside them. —Boston Transcript.

Whittier.

But twice the white snows drifting down, But twice the meadows blowing, Since last the sunshine touched his crown While autumn leaves were turning brown, And none could stay his going. Yet name and fame are dearer grown, And farther, sweeter rising, His words across the world have flown, On every wind of heaven blown The sweetness of his singing. While ages pass his royal worth Shall make sublimer story, And love untold shall bless his birth, And that white name be borne on earth, Shall gather more of glory. BENJAMIN F. LEAGUE T.

GOOD GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE.

Some of Them Show that the World Still Has a Good Many Cranks.

A Kansas wife recently secured a divorce from her husband because, as solemnly set forth in her petition, "the defendant pinched the nose of the plaintiff, causing it to become very red, thereby causing the plaintiff great pain and anguish of mind."

An Ohio man has secured a divorce because, as he declared under oath, "the defendant pulled this plaintiff out of bed by his whiskers."

A henpecked husband secured a divorce in a Pennsylvania court because, in the language of his affidavit, "the defendant struck this plaintiff a violent blow with her bustle."

A Missouri divorce was once granted because "the defendant goes gadding about, leaving this plaintiff superfluous, or if he gets any he has to cook it himself."

Out in Illinois a wife secured a decree because her husband threw the baby at her when she hit him with a coal bucket for spitting on the stove.

A Connecticut man got a divorce on the ground that "the defendant would not get up in the morning nor call this plaintiff, nor do anything she was told."

A decree was granted in a Massachusetts court because "the defendant keeps this plaintiff awake most of the night quarrelling."

A Wisconsin man gets a divorce because his wife keeps a servant girl "who spit on the frying pan to see if it was hot enough."

A Jersey wife secured a decision because "the defendant, the husband sleeps with a razor under his pillow to frighten this plaintiff."

A Virginia woman was set free because "the defendant, does not come home until 10 p. m., and then keeps this plaintiff awake talking."

A Tennessee court liberated a wife because "the defendant does not wash himself thoroughly causing the plaintiff great mental anguish."

In Illinois a decree was obtained because a long-suffering husband complained that "during the past year the defendant struck the plaintiff repeatedly with pokers, flatirons, and other hard substances."

In Minnesota a decree was given to a wife, because "the defendant never cuts his toe-nails, and being restless in his sleep, scratches this plaintiff severely."

Madame Kane's Millinery.

Madame Kane comes to the front as usual this spring with delightful novelties in millinery. Her reputation in this regard has always been excellent but this year she has excelled. The exquisite, tasteful, variety of it and its careful display make her store a popular resort with those in search of attractive millinery.

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

NEW ADVERTISEMENT INDEX.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Description. Includes CHASE & SANBORN (Java and Mocha Coffee), HAWKLEY MED. CO. (Testimonial), EMERSON & FISHER (Refrigerators), J. S. ARMSTRONG & BROS. (Dissolution Notice), LEBARON ROBERTSON (Linen Markers), T. McAVITY & SONS (Rat Traps), DR. WILLIAMS MED. CO. (Pink Pills), LEVER BROS. (Sunlight Soap), DANIEL & ROBERTSON (Dress Goods), PRICE & SHAW (Gladstone Carriage), AMERICAN CLOTHING HOUSE (Clothing), MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON (Silks), DOMINION CORSET CO. (Corsets), J. T. LOGAN (Soups), GROVER MED. CO. (Dyspepsia Cure), N. C. POLSON & CO. (Cora Extractor), K. D. C. CO. (Testimonial), S. GREENSHIELD SON & CO. (Priestley's Fabrics), GOULD BICYCLE CO. (Bramford Bicycles), GODSOL BROS. (American Laundry), MISS ARMSTRONG (Piano Teaching), C. I. HOOD & CO. (Sarsaparilla), W. TREMAINE GARD. (Jewelry), UNGAR'S LAUNDRY (Goods Dyed), H. CAMPBELL & CO. (Campbell's Quinine Wine), HAWKER MEDICINE CO. (Testimonial), HUMPHREY'S MED. CO. (Specifics), SOUTH AMERICAN MED. CO. (Nervine Tonic), WM. McMULLEN (Steamer May Queen), DR. J. C. AYER & CO. (Ayer's Pills), HAWKER MED. CO. (Nerve and Stomach Tonic), CORTICELLI SILK CO. (Silk and Twist), WATERBURY & RISING (\$2.00 Shoes), CANADA FEATHERBONE CO. (Corsets), W. C. R. AATHAN (Drugs), J. W. BRAYLEY (Turkish Dyes), HUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS (Acid Phosphate), SCOTT & BOWNE (Scott's Emulsion), CHOCOLATE MERISER CO. (Chocolate), FAIRBANKS' CEREAL COMPOUND (Testimonial), C. P. R. (Trans-Continental Lines).