### PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, ..... EDITOR.

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Discontinuan es. — Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped a the time paid for. Discontinuances made by paying arrears at the rate can only made by p

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

# ST. JOHN, N B. SATURDAY AUGUST 24

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13 64).

ADVERTISING THE CITY.

The question of whether an exhibition will pay or not is one which does not admit of debate, St. John exhibitions must pay, no matter what the immediate results may seem to be, for it is not by immediate results they are to be judged. It is, of course, desirable to have as large a balance as possible on the credit side of the account, but even with a definit, the truth still remains that an exhibition will pay the citizens, and that it will continue to pay them even a'ter its doors are closed

and the buildings deserted.

There are a good many who look at such affairs from the narrow standpoint of what they yield at the time. They calculate that a certain number of visitors will be attract. ed to the city and will spend a certain amount of money. Some of the exhibitors expect to be repaid for their time and trouble by orders from new customers, and by the direct opening up of new markets for their goods. They are disappointed if this is not the case, as are some merchants who do not take in as much cash as is anticipated during exhibition week. They expect too much at once, and forget that exhibitions are to the city just like sy tematic advertising is to the man who seeks patronage in any line of business, It must pay, sooner or later, though it may be difficult to trace the direct result of this or that advertisement at the time.

For a number of years St. John has been advertising itself in various ways. Some of the advertisements, such as the grain elevator, may have been money squandered where it could have been applied to better purpose, but everything which has served to make the city more widely and favorably known has tended to good results. The exhibitions have played no mean part in this respect, and even their direct and perceptible results have been so plain that they are no longer considered doubtful investments. With added experience, each of them should be an improvement on the preceding one. There is a certain standard below which they must not go, and above which they should be raised as much as circumstances will allow

Apart form the occasional exhibition, St. John has been doing a good deal of advertising in other ways, It is becoming known better year by year, as a summer resort. Despite the fact that travel in the United States has not been up to the expectations this year, St. John has of late had a vast number of strangers at the hotels, and had the season been a more favorable one all over the continent, the tourist travel in this direction would have been enormous. Each season, under ordinary conditions, sees an increase, and much of this is undoubtedly due to what the city has done, and is doing to advertise itself. We have better hotels, and more of them, for one thing, and our city is in many ways more attractive thau it was in what some people call the good old days. Our streets and highways are as good as need be, our suburbs are year by year becoming more attractive, and there are hundreds of ways in which the whole city has improved so as to be more inviting to the summer visitor. Those who came this | North Wilkesboro. In some instances, the year may, it is true, go somewhere else idea may be a good one to follow, and it is next year, but they will have carried away | really followed in Cana da, now and then, such good impressions that their friends | in such names as Springhill. To fancy a will be induced to come and see what they | Saintjohn, a Mucashay, a Painsecjunction, have seen, and thus season by season St. John will be found more and more in favor good of unpoetic imagination. as a place worth visiting.

It would have been otherwise had nothing been done to make the city attractive and to cater to the comfort of the best classes of travellers. All that has been done had its effect, and as the city continues to be improved the results will be still more clearly discerned. The same line of Advertising pays, with cities as well as with New Brunswick. individuals.

#### ABANDONED CHURCHES.

The idea of abandoning church edifices to be used for all sorts of purposes seems to be thoroughly American, and is rarely found in other parts of the world. One reason for this is that, on the other side of the ocean the churches are either old and honored structures or bave been built in later times with a view to being permanently devoted to religious uses. In America, very often, a wooden church is built, according to the means of a congregation, with the idea that a better building can be put up when the finances are in better condition. Another reason, in growing cities, lies in the fact that as the population increases old time localities either become devoted wholly to mercantile purposes or are too unfashionable in other is that in such places as New York and Philadelphia a constant move uptown is with as little regard to sentiment as if they were old clothes.

The same conditions are found in Canada in a much less degree, but a recent sketch in the Toronto World shows that city to be as free and easy in regard to secondhand churches as even New York, in proportion to its population. At the present time, in buildings that were once churches there are the following kinds of occupants: a printing office, carriage works, hospital, salvation army barracks, tenements, residences, law chambers, corset factory and stores. Some of these buildings have had other queer kinds of tenants since they ceased to be places of christian worship. One of them became a Jewish synogogue, and two others were turned into theatres.

Such instances are not common in the lower provinces, though they have occasionally occurred. It may be that our rather than from any current sentiment that a building once devoted to the worship of God should be esteemed holy for all time. In many of the denomiations there is simply an opening of the church or a dedication which has not the solemnity of a consecration, and the idea is that when the building no longer serves its purposes fully, if may be left, just as a man may leave his house when it suits him. This is the view a good many people may take of the question.

#### NUISANCES IN NAMES.

The United States post office department has began to make havoc with some of the familiar names of cities and towns. The aim is to secure a uniformity of writing and spelling such names, and while this result may be reached, the effect so far is rather startling. One of the rules which has something in its favor is that of using "boro" instead of "borough," a practice which everybody will be glad to see offically recognized. As a matter of fact, this method of spelling has long been in use even in this appearance, three warships are among the more conservative country of Canada, and the old names of Hillsborough Parrsborough and the like are not known to the present generation.

Another rule is that such words as "city," 'centre," "station" and "court house," following a distinctive local name, must be omitted. This must necessitate a total change of name in some instances, or bring contusion to the senders and receivers of etters. Taere are many places in the provinces where there are common local names for several distinctive post offices miles apart, and where the leaving off of 'centre" and the like would bring all sorts of trouble. Now and then the people of some much named district secure a total change of name for their post office, as was done when Hopewell Corner had to contend with Hopewell Hill and Hopewell Cape, and the name of the former was transformed to Albert. The reason for this was that many people at a distance would a ldress letters merely to Hopewell, so that a man at the Cape might find his mail at the Corner, or even at Hopewell, Nova Scotia. The change of the name of the Corner was a move which should have been followed by many other places.

The most remarkable of the new posta rules of nomenclature in the United States is that which directs that, in general, where a name consists of two words it should be written as one. This may not result in a "Newyork," a "Sinfrancisco," or a "Saintlouis," but it already applies to such places as Three Rivers, Bunker Hill and or an Abou shaganroad, would require a

The one crying evil of names of places, both in the United States and Canada, is the duplication of names. There are more Washingtons and the like than can be easily counted, while we have St. John, St. John's and St. Joseph's in great profusion. There are six settlements named Salmon River in Nova Scotia and two in reasoning applies to exhibitions, in making New Brunswick. We have two villages of our resources better known and leading to "Kingston, K. C.," but one is in Kent and incressed avenues of trade. They are the other in Kings. Each province has a long mysterious express robbery; and worth much more than they cost, even Sackville, and Nova Scotia has two Port much other readable matter.

when there may be a de cit in the funds. Royals. There are three St. Mary's in VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

How a remedy is to be found for this would be hard to say, but there ought to be a remedy of some kind. As each place grows more important the nuisance of being confounded with some other place must become more apparent. When such confusion results from duplicate names of streets in a city, changes are easily made, but in the country at large the matter is one not so easily mended. Some day, it may be, the trouble will become the subject of legislation.

The accepted theory that abstinence from flesh meat tends to make men and lower animals more docile fails of corroboration in the ease of the Vegetarians of China. Their name is derived from the fact that they do not eat meat. They also abstain from opium and doubtless from wine and yet their recent massacre of missionary families shows them to be a most cruel and respects for wealthy worshippers. Thus it bloodthirsty band, the members of which hesitate at nothing to carry ou: their objects. The Vegetarians are a secret society, being made, and old churches are sold bound by oaths as terrible as those used by some of their more civilized secret society brethren in christian countries, and much more in accord with the purpose of their organization. Their aim is to destroy the ruling dynasty and they have a membership of 12,000, which is steadily increasing. It looks as though the future had some dark days in store for the emperor and his followers, as well as for missionaries and other strangers within the gates.

The sound common sense of the British public declines to be led into a Trilby craz . Despite of vigorous efforts to force a sale of the cheap edition of the book, it falls flat, and is bound to stay so. Nine out of ten, of the people who have talked of Trilby, in this country would have thought the book remarkable only for its coarse suggestion, had they read it for themselves and heard nobody's opinion on cities do not move ahead fast enough, it. Trilby as a book, bids fair to be forgotten at an early date and it deserves to be.

Rubinstein by his will left money for a prize to be awarded every five years for the best pianoforte concerto, which must be performed for the first time in public by the composer himself. The first competition will take place at Berlin on the 20.h of this month, before a jury selected by the directors of the principal conservatories of Europe. The second competition will be at Vienna in 1900, and the third at Paris in 1905.

The Lord Chief Justice of England has recently revived the old custom of the judges riding on horseback from one assize town to another. The judges in this part of the world prefer railway trains, on which they ride as deadheads. Some of them might cut queer figures, either on horseback or astride of the bicycle.

According to the Chronicle, Quebec is a happy city, save for one thing. The weather is beautiful, the place never presented a handsomer or more picturesque attractions, but in the midst of all this peaceful scene the water supply is sandy and there is urgent need of a filter.

It seems quite in line with the general tenor of the life of CORBETT, the champion plug-ugly, that he should further offend public decency by marrying the woman who was the cause of the divorce recently granted to the fighter's unfortunate wife.

In common with citizens of every class, PROGRESS joins in congratulations to Dr. BAYARD on the attainment of his eightyfirst birthday in a hale condition of mind and body which younger men might envy.

## BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

One of the best of ideas in journalism is exemplified in "Information" published by the Transatlantic Publishing Company, New York and London. It is issued weekly and is just what the name implies, a cyclopedia of current events, arranged in alphabetical order. Short summaries are given of all the leading questions of the day in all parts of the world, notices of prominent people are given, and there is a running record of scientific and industrial progress. Each uumber has a continuous index, referring to articles in all previous numbers, making it most convenient for ready use. "Information" is a great publication for busy people who want to keep abreast of the times. It is sold at five cents a number or \$2,50 a year, and should have a large

Of the manuscripts left unpublished by Robert Louis Stevenson at his death the first to reach the public is a collection of very original "Fables" in the September number of McClure's Magazine. In the same number Anthony Hope relates another adventure of the Princess Osra. There is also a tale of court intrigue by Stanley J. Weyman, and a new Drumtochty story by Ian Maclaren, the author of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps supplies an admiring review of an earlier story of Ian Maclaren's, "Afterwards," which appeared in McClure's last spring. Of the illustrated articles are Cleveland Moffett's account of the artist Will H. Low, and his work, and Mr. Garrett P. Serviss's account of the experiences of an amateur mountaineer in climbing the Matterborn. In addition to these, there are authoritative articles, with plenty of pictures, on the America's cup and the contests over it, past and soon to come; a story from the Pinkerton archives of a

Jacqueminot Song. I sat and heard a summer rose. Sing in a dream of fame: But fame can ne'er to me disclose, A glory beyond one name. O Jacqueminet in love's sweet song, That name seems dear to you; You cannot sing it to me too long, Dear heart of the red rose true. A dream of fame is nothing more, Than dreaming apart from love; Than walking along a summer shore, With beautiful stars above. Though summer shores and silver rays; There beauty keep forever; They are but darkness on ours days, It faithful hearts must sever.

No more the rose its sorrow tell, If one dear heart has flown. Ob Jacqueminet best rose of all. When twilight lingers nigh; For your sweet song I ever call, For you is music's sigh. Oh Jacqueminot while roses stay. And still their love song sing; With your voice some summer day, Hope must in tears take wing. Sing me no parting song fond heart,

While time and memory flows;

No more can true hearts say farewell,

Than roses bloom alone;

And as love's golden dreams depart, I'll bless the loveliest rose. I love full well a Marechal Niel. American beauties too; The Dinsmore's bloom I won't conceal, Nor Sweden King undo. But though the host of them may try, A love song sweet and low; To them I breathe a fond good bye, I love my Jacqueminot.

CYPRUS GOLDE. Rose Dell, Aug. 1895.

Old, but Worth Reading. About the year 184) there appeared in the London 'Morning Chronicle' a remarkable poem entitled 'Lines to a Skeleton.' Extraordinary efforts were made to discover the author. Finally a re ward of fifty guineas was offered to any person who would reveal the author, but in vain. All that ever be ame known was that the poem, in a fair, legible hand, had been left near a skeleton of unusual

beauty, that hung in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeous, London. LINES TO A SKELETON. Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull Once of ethereal spirit sull. This narrow cell was life's retreat, This space was thought's mysterious seat What dreams of pleasure long forgot! Nor hope, nor love, nor joy, nor fear, Have leit one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy Once shone the bright and busy eye, But start not at the dismal void-It social love that eye employed, If with no lawless fire it gleamed But through the de as of kindness beamed, That eye shall be forever bright, When stars and suns are sunk in night. Within this hollow cavern hung The ready, swift an I tuneful to igue; falsehood's honey it disdained, And when it could not praise was chained; If bold in virtue's cause it spoke, is silent tongue shall plead for thee When Time unveils Eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with its env ed rubies shine? To hew the rock or wear the gem, Can little now avail to them. But if the page of truth they sought, Occomfort to he mourner brought, These hands a richer meed shall claim than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avail it whether bare or shod. These feet the path of duty trod? If from the bowers of ease they fled To seek affliction's humble shed; It grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned, And home to virtue's cot return These feet with angel's wings shall vie And tread the palace of the sky.

Love is Never Lost.

What was the song we sang together,
You and I in the long lost June? Something today in the dreamy weather
Brought back a strain of the tune;
And it carried me back to a moon-lit even, Roses, mu ic, beautiful eyes; You seemed in angel out of Heaven,

I think it was so nething that night we were sing ing
About the sea—I cannot say,
For only a strain of that song comes ringing Into my life today, Our barks on the sea of life have drifted Widely asunder since that June night, And clouds have gathered, and clouds have lifted And days have been dark and bright. But I think of the love that brightened our May

Though lost and forgotten in time's swift flow, Has been with us always in night time and day I think it is always so; Is never wasted or thrown away;

ome part of it lives and comes back to us sweetly Words we forget, but a strain of the measure In days of labor, or hours of pleasure, As we move about with men. And our steps keep time to it, beating, beating Into our lives the measured time: So ever and ever we go on repeating

The song of our youth's glad prime.

-ELLA WREELER. Beautiful Things.

Beautiful faces as those that wear-It matters little if da k and fair-Whole souled honesty printed there. Beautiful eyes are those that show, Like crystal panes where heart fires glow, Beautiful thoughts that burn below. Beautiful lips are those whose words Leap from the heart like the song of birds, Yet whose unterance prudence girds. Beautiful hands are those that do Work that is honest brave and true. Moment by moment the long day through Beautifu feet are those that go Oa kindly ministries to and fro, Down lowliest ways, if God wils it sc. Beautiful shoulders are those that bear Ceaseless burdens of homely care With patient grace and daily prayer. Beautifu! lives are those that bless-Silent rivers of happiness, Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Sailing on a summ r sea; Floating eastward, floating westward, Borne by breezes light and free. Would that life were endless music. Music pulsing from the heart, That might soothe us, lift us, waft us, Bear the soul to realms apart. Would that life were endless slumber Slumber with a sense of rest; Lulled by dreams that gently lead us To the things we love the best. Would that life were endless living
With the one I love the best;
That were music, sweetest dre ming—
That were life, and that were rest.

Would That Life.

Would that life were endless sailing,

Sorrow and joy. Deem not that they are blest alone Whose days a peac ful tenor keep; The anointed Son of God makes known A blessing for the eyes that weep. The light of smiles that fills again The lids tha overflow with tears; And weary hours of woe and pain, Are promises of happier years.

Nor let the good man'a trust depart, Though life its common gifts deny, Though with a pierced and broken heart, And spurned of men, he goes to die. For God has marked each sorrowing day, And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all all his children suffer here.
—William C. Bryant. THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Few Comfortable Moments in the House of a Connecticut Yankee.

"One hot night," said the retired burglar. "I went into a house in a town in Connecticut. It it was hot outside I don't know what you would call it inside. All the windows in the lower part of the house were shut tight, and the house down stairs was just stifling. The prespiration just dropped off my chin into the sideboard drawers when I was bendin' over 'em; and to tell you the truth I was glad there wasn't any more in 'em to keep me down, When I had got the last spoon into my bag I swabbed my face off with my handkerchief and started up stairs.

"Goodness! What a relief it was to get up where there were some windows open and a little life in the air! And the very first room I turned into up stairs, the principal chamber, had something better than that, it had fine, a cool, steady breeze from somewhere that was most refreshing. I went into this room carefully, and before I'd gone far I heard a gentle little steady to the speaker's face. whir and I turned my light in that direction and saw standing on a table a simple. home-made machine that had a fan, a revolving fan, that was something like a propeller wheel with straight blades, or more like a paddle wheel with three or four blades, set on the end of a shaft and turning away steady, and making a nice cool little breeze all through the room. Well! There was a chair settin' near the table, looked as though somebody might have been sittin' near the fan reading before they went to bed; and I just set my bag down on the floor and sat down in the chair and let that fan blow me cool.

"Well, I'd been sittin' there very comfortable for maybe ten minutes when the tan began to go slower, and very soon it stopped altogether; and I got up to see what was the matter. The matter was that the dumb thing had run down. 'Twas 3 o'clock in the morning, and the owner hadn't made it to run all night, though ne might have done it easy; he had set it to run through the earliest and hottest part of the night. It was a very simple but very ingenious contrivance. There was a framework to begin with, and resting in this, on a journal at each end, was a wooden cylinder, maybe a foot long and six inches in diameter. There was a cogged wheel on one end of this cylinder, the cogs turning in the cogs of another much smaller wheel near the end of a smaller cylinder or shaft that rested in the frame on journals like the big cylinder, and parallel with it. On the end of the little shaft was the fan. The fan was set in motion and kept going by a weight hanging from the big shaft. This weight was attached to a cord which was wound around the cylinder as a well rope winds around a barrel or cylinder in some wells; you turn a crank to raise the bucket, and if there was no ratchet or catch on the cylinder, if you should let go the crank the bucket would drop and the crank would fly round.

"On this fan the weight was made to fall very slowly and so to keep the fan in motion a long time, by means of a sort of friction brake made of a stout, adjustable spring, one end of which was attached to the trame of the contrivance, while the other end rested on the big cylinder and made it go slow. As I said before, the fan had stopped going now simply because it had run down. One of the journals of the big cylinder was carried out beyond the frame with a square end to set a wrench on. I turned my light on the table again and found, as I expected a wrench. I tried the wrench, but it wound very hard with the brake on, and so I threw that off while winding. I'd got the fan about three-quarters wound up, and was reaching over to get ready to set the brake again and let her buzz once more when all of a sulden the wrench slipped off, the machine whizzed round, and down went the weight, kerbang!

"I heard a rustlin' over in the bed and I turned my light over that way and saw sittin' up in the bed a big gaunt grizzley looking man, the inventor of the fan, no doubt, who was calmly pulling the bolster over with one hand and reaching under it with the other. I didn't know what sort of a death-dealin' implement a man of that sort might pull out, and so I thought that mebbe as good a thing as I could do now would be to se i it hadn't grown cooler outside.' -e N. Y. Sun

THE SEA SERPENT AGAIN.

It Now Appears in the Province of Quebeand is a Horrid Thing.

According to a Quebec despatch to the N. Y. Sun, the latest Canadian sea serpent story shows a change habitat on the part of the monster. From Black Lake, on the south side of the St. Lawrence, the source of the reports has been transferred to Lake Wayagamack, situated between the Lake St. John Railway and the St. Maurice River, and well within the region visited by so many American anglers every summer. The truth of the last report is vouched for by L. E. Roy, who is well known in scientific circles, and by two guides, Mercier and Marcheterre. All three are regarded as well worthy of confidence.

The three men say that while they were fishing in the lake, large bubbles rose to the surface, the water became foamy, and then there appeared at the centre of the troubled expanse an ernormous snake-like head. This was followed soon by a long, sinu ous body, fully three feet in circumference and seventy feet long. Mr. Roy stopped fishing. Although the canoe was some 200 yards from the monster, the occupants could discern plainly the open mouth, the glittering row of teeth, and the vicious eyes. The creature evidently was discom- to restore to every man his vein, energy posed by the presence of the canoe, for it immediately gave vent to a serions of hissing sounds, reared its crest, and thrashed the water with its tail.

Mr. Roy ordered his men to return to camp. Bending to their paddles, they made the little craft spin toward the shore. The serpent rushed after them. When the as the excited condition of his nerves & Co., St. John.

permitted, he fired shot after shot at the reptile. One shot only seemed to take effect. As it struck the serpent it gave a louder hiss than usual and sank out of

The lake near the shore soon after became discolored with blood. Roy and the guides remained watching for hours, hoping that the dead body of the monster would rise to surface. They were doomed to disapoint-

The incident has given rise to great excitement among the scattered people of the St. Maurice region, and some of the older inhabitants recall legends of ling ago when Lake Wayagamack was believed to be the home of a water demon.

WHY HE SLEPT SO WELL.

Time Was No Object When He Could Beat The Railway Company.

"What station was that?" demanded the passenger in the rear seat, suddeuly rous. ing himself, straightening up, and projecting his voice through the dimly lighted

The conductor who was coming down the aisle stopped and held his lantern close

"It was Bragdon." he replied. "Ain't you the man that wanted to get off at Small-

"I am." rejoined the passenger ."I asked you to wake me up when we got there, and you said you would." "I did wake you up."

"Oh, you did, did you" How far have we gone past Smallville?" "Fifty five miles."

"And you waked me? Strange I di in't know anything about it!"

"I shook you, called out the name of the station, and you said 'all right,' and reached for your hat. I supposed you were wide awake. Several passengers got off there and I took it tor granted you were one of

them. "Well, I wasn't. I'm very hard to wake up. You ought to have been sure about it. I had triends waiting for me at the station. It'll make an awful mess. I wouldn't have had this happen for a thou-

sand dollars !" "You can telegraph them, can't yeu?" "I suppose I can. What's the next station?"

"Does the next train back stop there?" "Yes."

"Well, you give me a note to the conductor, can't you, telling bim to pass me back to Smallville? It's as little as you can do. It wasn't my fault that I got carried past."

The conductor scribbled a few lines on a piece of paper and handed it to him. "We're coming to Flaxwood now," he said, looking at him sharply. "Are you sure you're awake?"

"I'll get off here, anyhow," responded the passenger, grabbing his valise and starting for the door, "whether I'm a wake or not.

As the train pulled out of Flaxwood the brakeman standing on the rear platform of the last coach heard a voice calling out in the darkness:

"Hello, old fellow! I was afraid you wouldn't be here to meet me. I came all the way on a 50-cent ticket. There's more than one way to beat a railroad, b'gosh!"

Gulls as Carriers.

With the approach of the yacht racing season, when carrier pigeons are in request for the transmission of the results of contests, the old question of 'carrier pigeons tor sea service' is revived. A correspondent insists that gulls, which are more powerful birds than pigeons, might be efficiently trained, and used to much greater distances than are practical with the latter. In some parts of the country it is a common sight to see tame sea gulls around the fishermen's cottages, and even in tarmyards miles from the sea. They live and feed with the domestic towls and learn readily to come when called. It is suggested that if the 'homing' instinct could be developed in the gull to the extent that it is possessed by the pigeon, it would be invaluable for the work of carrying messages from vessels far out at sea. Its powers of vision are much greater than those of the pigeon, and there would be no limit to their range of flight, since they can at any time rest on the water; moreover, their greater strength would enable them to carry bulkier messages.

Where He Got The Jawelry.

Some 19 years ago there was interred in Windfall Cemetery a handsome lady who died young. There were several gold rings an i earrings on her when buried. Her husband shortly married again. Wife No. 2 also died and was laid to rest in Windfall Cemetery. The husband got a young housekeeper, whom he fell deeply in love with, and proposed married and was accepted. His affianced wife wanted ewelry; her affi inced husband had her ears pierced for rings, but owing to the scarcity of money he could not get the jewelry that would-be wife No. 3 so much wanted. He went one night about three weeks ago and dug up the grave of his first wife, took up the coffin and atter a careful search found the gold rings and earrings and gave them to his affianced wife. We withhold the names, but the facts are true. - Woodstock Ont, Times.

Mr. Feeney's Experience.

It is said that "Tom" Feeney of the Boston Herald who has been spending a short time in invigorating and beautiful Gagetown is now prepared to rival any alderman of his own town so far as magnificent proportions go. At any rate he is a splendid advertisement of the ability a pretty country place in New Brunswick possesses

Autumn Delineator.

The September number of the Delineator, called the Autumn Announcement number, has been received and is as full of interesting matter as the previous numbers canoe grated on the beach Roy hastily dis- have been. The subscription is \$1 a year embarked. He can to the log camp and or 15 cents a number. Delineator Pubsecured his rifle. Taking as careful aim lishing Co., Toronto, or Macaulay, Bros.