

MONCTON'S SMALL BOY.

HE IS SOMETIMES THE STUFF WHICH MAKES HEROES.

THE STORY OF Two Little Lads Who Had Lion Hearts in Frail Bodies—Their Trip to the Gorge for Ferns and the Excitement It Caused in the Household.

The Moncton small boy is not as a rule a loveable being. In fact, he is much the reverse that, except to his own immediate family, his value is greatly below par, and his reputation is so unpleasant that the law-abiding, and peace loving citizens of the round-way town who are tired of hearing about the sweetness and loveableness of happy innocent childhood, and of listening to the disgusting obscene and profane language which is the common vernacular of the small male children in Moncton, are taking into serious consideration the idea of taking King Herod for their patron saint, as a sort of tacit protest against the existing order of things.

The juvenile son of Adam who is indigenous to the soil, is admitted by all students of nature to be the very worst of his kind, but as the jewel shines more brightly by contrast with the meanest surroundings, so the few exceptions to this rule stand out in bold relief, when contrasted with the rest and there are about half a dozen small boys in our boys whose presence goes a long way towards redeeming the Moncton citizen's faith in the beauty and goodness of childhood.

There are two small men in particular, one of whom I know very well, and another whose acquaintance I have not the pleasure of having, but who have so much of the stuff of which heroes are made, in their composition that I shall be surprised if the world does not hear something of them in the future, and whatever that something may be, I am sure it will be to their credit. Neither of these lads is much over eight years old, but if ever lion hearts beat in frail little bodies I think those bodies belong to Jack Wilson, and Jack Gordon. Those are not their real names, but they will do well enough for the purpose.

These little fellows who are just of an age and who rejoice in the same christian names, belong to the same class in school and are devoted chums. Just before the public schools closed for the summer the teacher requested the children of her department, especially the boys to go into the woods after school, the next day, and bring her some ferns to decorate the school-room for the closing exercises to be held on the next day but one. Jack Wilson is one of a very large family, so large indeed that his father declares he is obliged to call the roll every night at bed-time in order to be sure none of his flock are missing. On the eventful Thursday before the schools closed he found that he was one short, and a hasty investigation assured him that Jack was the missing one. It was after ten o'clock and as Jack had been missing at bed time once before, and been solemnly warned that a reputation of the offence would be attended with unpleasant consequences for Jack, the matter looked rather serious. None of the children remembered seeing him after school, or knew anything about him, but at last a sleepy little sister was aroused sufficiently to collect her senses a little, and she remembered that the teacher had asked the scholars to go out and get ferns for to-morrow, and Jack, and Jack Gordon had said something about going to the Gorge after school to get them. Now when I explain that the Gorge is eight good miles from Moncton, that the time was twenty minutes past ten o'clock at night, and that nothing had been heard of those eight year old travellers since they had been let out of school at three o'clock it will go without saying that Mr. Wilson lost no time in getting off his slippers, and on his boots.

He had scarcely completed the operation when a subdued whispering in the direction of the side door attracted his attention; one of the older boys opened the door gently and in another moment a little draggled forlorn figure, carrying his boots in his hand crept softly up the stairs and in his absorbed anxiety not to be seen, walked into his father's arms! None of the Wilson children are cowards however; it is not in their blood to be afraid, so Jack made a clean breast of it. Jack Gordon and he had borrowed a two wheeled push cart after school, and started for the gorge; it was a long way, and they were pretty tired pushing the cart uphill, but teacher had asked them to get her some ferns, and he knew there were good ones out at the gorge so he did not mind. Jack was more tired than he, he tumbled down before they got to the gate and didn't think he could get up again, but they had the cart full of beautiful ferns, and he wouldn't do it again but he would like something to eat very much.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the unpleasant consequences were indefinitely postponed, and neither of the Jacks got into any trouble through their adventure. Those two little bricks had walked sixteen miles with perfectly empty stomachs, as they had not had time to think of providing anything to eat, and the search for the ferns had been up the side of a steep mountain, the walk back had been over a rough country road, in absolute darkness, for there was no moon, and they had been cumbered with a heavy push cart loaded with ferns, but they had never complained, and never

dreamed that they were doing anything out of the ordinary.

Perhaps the sequel to their expedition is the most extraordinary part of it! I certainly hope that it is the most unusual. Those two boys were the only scholars in the whole school who had paid any attention to the teacher's request, but yet when the little heroes proudly laid their tribute at her feet next morning, she declined to make any use of the ferns because they were all the large Osmundas, and bracken, and she had wanted finer and more delicate ferns.

It seems to me I had been that teacher, and the boys had brought me alder bushes instead of ferns, I would have used every leaf, but then it takes all kinds of people to make up a world, and there is no accounting for individual opinions, so I suppose she acted according to the light which was given her.

Heroes have not met with much gratitude from the people they sacrificed themselves to save, from Joan of Arc down to General Gordon, but I hope the ingratitude with which the brave little men see rewarded will not have the effect of quenching their brave spirits and I am sure the readers of PROGRESS will appreciate their bravery and accord them the praise they so justly deserve.

GEORGE CUTHBERT STRANGE.

STRANGELY REUNITED.

John Sammons' and His Lost Finger Find Each Other Again.

John Sammons is a responsible man, a good farmer, who stands high among his neighbors, and whose reliability has never been brought into question. He was a brave soldier of the Confederate army, and was one of those who participated in that bloody tragedy on the banks of Chickamauga Creek on the 18th of September, 1863. During the hottest of the engagement Sammons found himself in an exposed position, with shot and shell playing high level around him, and he sought shelter as was afforded by a large oak tree which was in direct line of fire. While holding his piece a bullet struck his gunstock and cut off the two first joints of the forefinger of his right hand as clean as a knife would have done it. The dismembered finger dropped among the leaves, and as he was more particular about saving the balance of his body than about rescuing as little a thing as a missing finger, he made the best of his way out of the fight, standing his bleeding hand as best he could.

The war was fought to a finish and Sammons came back home and went to work, charging up his maimed hand to the losses of the Confederacy. Some time ago he decided to revisit the battlefield, which he had not seen in thirty-two years nearly, and so betook himself to Chickamauga and started to stroll over the battlefield. The tree where he stood when wounded occupied such a conspicuous position that he found little difficulty in locating it, with all the scars and knots on its rugged trunk caused by the flying missiles of death. Having found the tree he put himself in the same position in which he was standing when wounded, and then it occurred to him to look for the missing finger. Scratching around among the leaves, much to his astonishment he found the bones where the finger had fallen, and they corresponded exactly with the finger he had lost. They had lain there undisturbed, ever since that dread day, and it was with a strange feeling that he took them, and after establishing their identity to his perfect satisfaction, wrapped them up and took them away with him as a strange souvenir of his war-time experiences. Mr. Sammons has them in his possession now, and will preserve them as an evidence of the fact that he found them on the battlefield after the lapse of so many years—Atlanta Constitution.

Sells Brothers' Circus.

America's largest, oldest riches and best show on earth will tour the leading cities throughout the province of Canada for the first time in twenty-four years, and will exhibit in St. John Monday and Tuesday July the 22 and 23.

The title of Sells Brothers' enormous enterprises is not an empty name. Its claim is just: it is truly "The Big Show of the World." There is not now, there never has been, there never can be a like opportunity of witnessing so surprisingly great and superlatively attractive an aggregation as Sells Brothers' enormous united shows in all its positively undivided and undiminished excellence, with no feet or feature, no attraction subtracted, but on the contrary vastly reinforced by all that is superbly amusing and instructive. The glorious three-ring circus presents every act and feature as represented, embracing all of the celebrities of the arena world.

Three hundred startling acts in three separate rings and two elevated theatre stages. In the menagerie fifty mammoth cages filled with rare wild beasts, every captive animal known to exist, including the only pair of trained hippopotami, educated seals and sea lions, stately flock of ostriches, the first ever publicly exhibited, trained kangaroo, lordly lions, tigers and marvelously trained wild and domesticated animals of all descriptions.

The gala hippodrome is an imposing and stupendous revival of ancient Rome's chariot races, donkey races, pony races, thirty-six-horse riders. The triple circus includes an exceedingly formidable array of equestriennes, equestrians, jockeys of all nations, educated horses, trained ponies, comical clowns, jolly jesters, acrobats, aerialists, gymnasts, riders, charioteers, gladiators, bicyclists, roller skaters, leapers and in fact all the champions from every land under the sun grouped in an unprecedented programme alone worth a dozen times the price of admission.

Wait and watch for the elaborate, attractive, resplendent street pageant that ever visited St. John, and judge for yourself as to its magnitude. Remember the day and date. Special excursion rates will be issued on all lines of travel.

WEDDINGS BROKEN UP.

INSTANCES WHERE MARRIAGES WERE INTERRUPTED.

One Case Where a Bride Found a Substitute To Marry a Man She Disliked—A Bridegroom Who Repented in time and Flew Through a Graveyard.

A fashionable church was crowded with an expectant assembly some years ago, a rich gentleman being about to lead a young girl to the altar. The attachment, in the eyes of the world, was accepted as purely a matter of business, the girl's parents being responsible for the satisfactory turn affairs had taken—facts that caused the event to be all the more interesting to those who had come to witness the ceremony. When the bride entered the church on her father's arm it was noticed she was closely veiled, the white tulle hanging in such abundant folds that her face was not discernible. When the ceremony was about to commence, the groom that was to be started violently, appeared miserably embarrassed, and walked into the vestry, while the figure in bridal robes fainted at the altar rails.

Her veil was quickly removed, and the face revealed was not that of the girl to whom the groom was intending to be wedded, but a cousin of hers who had been violently in love with the man. Of course, the wedding-party disappeared and the church doors were closed, while the assembled people went home with but a slight grasp of the true nature of affairs—the general belief being that the girl had turned obstinate at the last moment, and as such the tale was twisted and elaborated to suit individual requirements. So determined was the betrothed girl not to marry the man of her parents' choice, that she persuaded the cousin enamoured of him to don her bridal robes, and as the two were extraordinarily alike in form and figure, there was little difficulty in such metamorphosis—the love-lorn maiden being only too ready to secure him at any sacrifice.

The reason why the girl's father did not discover the change was, no doubt, owing to the closely-veiled face, and to her refusal to talk; which he would, no doubt, attribute to sulkeness. The groom, however, was more quick at detection, hence his abrupt departure from the altar. The ingenious maiden remained firm in her resolve not to marry her lover, and it was deemed convenient to remove from the scene so much unpleasantness. Soon after the family left the neighbourhood.

Another wedding that was on the point of solemnization was prevented in a manner quite startling. The groom stood with the bride awaiting the commencement of the solemn service, when, on glancing down the aisle, it was observed he paled visibly, and clutched the rails for support. All eyes were turned in the direction of his gaze, and a well-dressed woman—an absolute stranger to those parts—now that she was the observed of all the assembly, left her pew, and approaching the trembling man, addressed him as her husband.

Of course, he denied the relationship, called the woman an impostor, and requested that she be put out of the church. Seeing that she was obstinate, he entered the vestry, the strange woman following with the whole wedding party in her wake. What revelations were there made were apparently satisfactory, for the man and his deserted wife were never seen again; while the lady of his affections went on to the Continent.

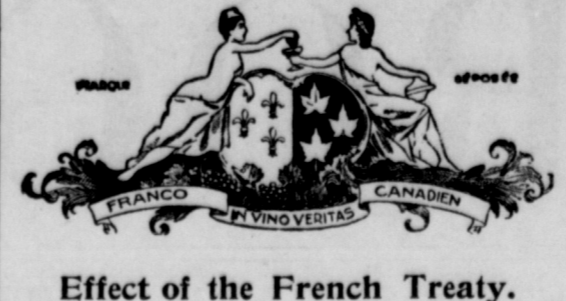
An elderly bear, possessed of considerable wealth, was about to be married to an attractive but penniless widow. Unlike most ancient moneyed lovers, he was anxious to learn whether madam was willing to be coupled with him for the affection she bore him, and had reasons of attachment other than the filthy lucre with which he was over-blessed. He arranged with some distant acquaintance to send him a telegram dealing with the loss of the whole of his investments—this to arrive at the church before the nuptial knot was tied.

But for the delay caused by the bride, the despatch would not have reached him in time as he arranged, owing to dilatoriness on the part of the messenger at the scheming one's hotel. Her unpunctuality of half an hour just insured the success of the arrangement, and the telegram was delivered precisely as he desired; though he must naturally have experienced some qualms of nervousness at the non-appearance of message and bride.

He hurriedly consulted the contents of the orange-colored wrapper, to the vestry, followed by the daintily dressed widow a few moments later. She pretended to be so seriously indisposed that the wedding was put off, and the party set out for the lady's home; while the sight-seers were displeased because of so unsatisfactory a termination to the much-talked of proceeding.

As the man expected, the fickle widow severed the engagement, and would not consent to be his wife under any conditions. When, some time after, he explained to her that he had been merely testing her affections, she assumed exasperation, declaring she would never forgive such deceit, secretly hoping, however, that he would make up to her, when of course, she would relent and exhibit a pretence of forgiveness. This her conduct proved, but he did nothing of the sort she anticipated, marrying another lady six months later, to the widow's chagrin and disgust. The whole story taking out, the characters immediately concerned in this little comedy found it necessary to their comfort to seek fresh quarters—the fickle widow crossing the Atlantic to try her luck where pastures were new.

A somewhat mysterious affair happened years ago in a small village in the north of England. The groom awaited his bride



Wines at Half Price.

The Bordeaux Claret Company, established at Montreal in view of the French treaty, are now offering the Canadian connoisseur beautiful wines, at \$3.00 and \$4.00 per case of 12 large quart bottles. These are equal to any \$6.00 and \$8.00 wines sold on their label. Every swell hotel and club are now handling them and they are recommended by the best physicians as being perfectly pure and highly adapted for invalids' use. Address:

Bordeaux Claret Company
30 Hospital Street, Montreal,
Bordeaux Office: 17 Allee de Boutant.

by the altar, and the church was thronged with villagers. Half an hour passed, and the lady did not appear; so the weary waiter, to avoid the embarrassment of being an object of criticism, adjourned to a small room under the gallery stairs. Then there was the hush that told of her arrival, and the eyes of admiration wandered from her to the tiny room where the hero was expected to emerge. But when the best man went in quest of him, he was nowhere to be found, and an awful interval followed, during which the bride betrayed extreme nervousness.

He was never seen or heard of after, and the locality being quiet, his departure had been effected unobserved. A small window looking over a remote corner of the graveyard, was his means of exit, and it was surmised he had gained the road by leaping a wall. This wight apparently repented just in time.—English Paper.

What Did She Mean?

A country-woman, who was visiting her married daughter in a large city, wrote home that she was 'living on a flat.' A family council was held to determine what the phrase meant. The oldest son, who had been to the city, said it meant that she was 'living in a great big house.' But the majority came to the conclusion that she meant that she was living on her son-in-law.

Easy Enough to Do.

Stout Lady (at street crossing, to policeman) Could you see me across the street, officer?
Policeman—Sure, ma'am, I could see ye tin times the distance, aisy.

WANTED
Seven Bright Men

for two or three months for a personal canvass on a semi-political issue. From \$50 to \$100.00 per month, according to the volume and value of reports. Address for full information.

POLITICAL BIORAPHER,
DRAWEY 29, BRANTFORD, ONT.

WANTED
Young Women and Men

or older ones, if still young in spirit, of undoubted character, good talkers, ambitious and industrious, can find employment in a good cause, with \$60.00 per month, and upwards, according to ability.

Rev. T. S. LINSFORTH, Brantford, Can.

WANTED
TO PURCHASE

Cancelled postage stamps of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Canada such as were in use before Confederation; also New Zealand and others. Address giving full description, etc. A. F. HANSMAN, 19 LEADER LANE, TORONTO.

ABOUT BOOKS. Really good business books. Not a poor one in the lot; the best I can find. I guarantee everything I handle, or money back. Business correspondence, 60c. Plain English, \$1. Vest Pocket Speller and Dictionary, 30c. Snell's Pens \$1 a gross.

S. A. SNELL, TRURO N.S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS HASTINGS having moved to No. 27 Dorchester St., can accommodate a few Boarders permanent or transient. Also a few table boards.

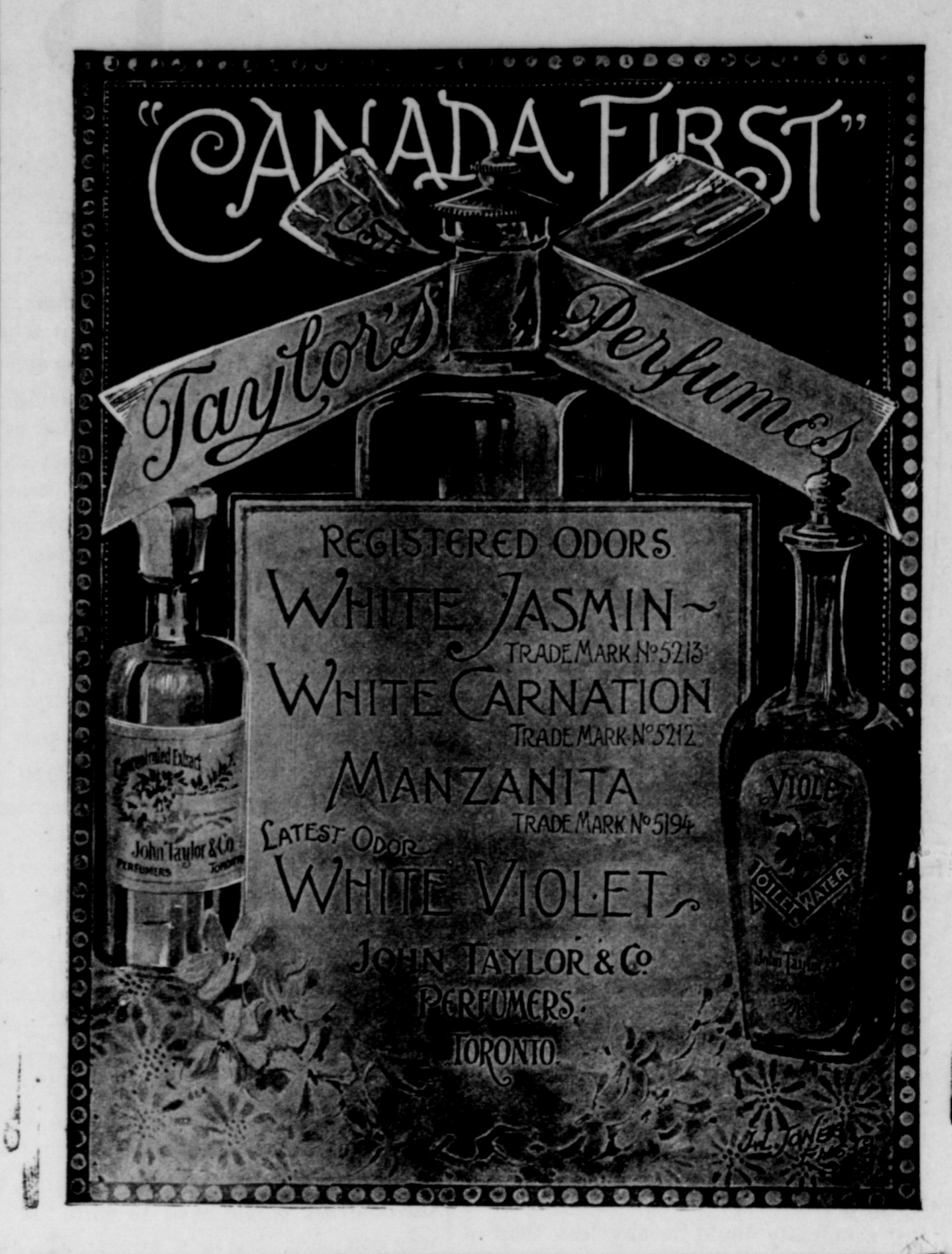
WANTED HELP.—Reliable men in every locality (local or travelling) to introduce a new discovery and keep our show cards tacked up on trees, fences and bridges throughout town and country. Steady employment. Commission or salary, \$65 per month and expenses, and money deposited in any bank when started. For particulars write The World Med. Electric Co., P. O. Box 227, London, Ont., Canada. 68 Smos

PHOTO Outfits and materials, Kodaks and Cameras from \$2 to \$100. Practical information ensuring success, free. Save time and money by consulting us. ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY CO., Main Centre Building, St. John, N. B.

STAMPS For Hand Printing, Banks, Railways, Mail and Merchants supplied. Lin on Markers, Monograms, Scientific, Seals, etc., so order. ROBERTSON PRINTING STAMP WORKS, St. John, N. B.

RESIDENCE at Rothersey for sale or to rent for the summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Rothersey Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec, cash Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenwick, Barrister-at-Law, Pugleley Building. 24-6-95

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Envelopes, touting and fixing solutions for sale. LITTON PHOTO STUDIO, 38 Charlotte St., St. John N. B.



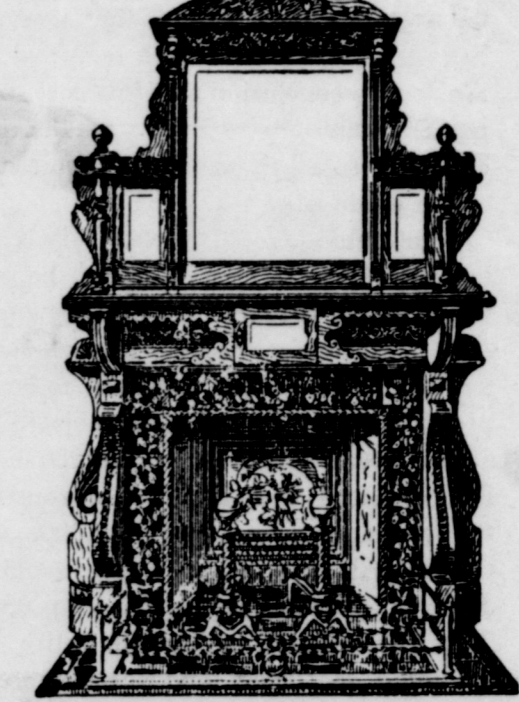
WEDDINGS

Thousands of useful and inexpensive articles and very attractive for WEDDING PRESENTS. SOLID SILVER, SILVER PLATED, LAMPS, DESSERT SETS, KNIVES, CARVERS, WATER PITCHERS, CAKE BASKETS, CRUET STANDS, GRANITE WARE, ICE CREAM FREEZERS. Bear in mind we keep the largest stock and variety to be found in the Lower Provinces.

W. H. THORNE & Co., LIMITED, Market Square, St. John.

If You are Interested

Wood Mantels, Slate Mantels, Register Grates, Plain and Fancy Tiles, Brass Andirons, Fenders, and Artistic Open Fire Place Fixtures. Prices lower than ever. Send for photos and prices.



EMERSON & FISHER.

THE GENUINE WHITE MOUNTAIN

Ice Cream Freezer, The Leading Freezer of the World.

Improved for 1895, with which the finest quality of cream can be produced in four minutes. Positively the only freezer in the world having the celebrated "Duplex" Dasher, with self-adjusting wood scraping bar by the use of which cream can be frozen in less time, yet finer and smoother than can possibly be produced in any other freezer now in use. By using the White Mountain you run no risk of being poisoned, as the cans are made of Best Charcoal Tin Plate, and the Beaters of Malleable Iron, Tinned.

T. M'AVITY & SONS, 13 to 17 King St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

CELEBRATED ECONOMIC BOILERS, Monarch

Robb-Armstrong Engines.

Full equipment for saw mills. Complete stock of General Mill Supplies:

J. S. CURRIE, Agent for Robb Engineering Co, 57 WATER STREET - - SAINT JOHN, N. B.