

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 30.

INDEPENDENCE IN THE AIR

Independence is in the air in St. John city and county. It is met everywhere. It is talked about constantly and is the most popular movement that has started in many years.

The people are weary of machine rule. They have been patient, but their patience is exhausted. They have waited to have a voice in the management of their own affairs, but in vain.

They have listened to promises from the government, from the candidates, and from prominent supporters of both parties but they have yet to see them fulfilled. Country is above party when men are roused and St. John is stirred to its depths today by the injustice done to its interests by the government.

Men of all shades of opinion are flocking to the machine parties and joining the independent movement, which has for its standard bearers two men who have hitherto been on different sides of politics but whose first thought now is to help their native city. Both of them had opportunities to represent the old line parties—Mr. McLaughlin was asked to become a liberal candidate for the city and county but he refused.

Mr. Pugsley was chosen as the conservative candidate for Kings county but he retired. Both of them have come forward now in the interests of their city and province. We believe they will be elected; but if they are not they will have done their simple duty and taught the machine parties and the government the lesson they deserve—not to trample upon the rights of the people—not to make pie crust promises—not to delude the electors with false statements.

This movement is not a break in the conservative ranks any more than it is in that of the liberals. Because a few of those prominent at first were conservatives it must not be thought that a great body of liberals are not with the independent movement, heart and soul. This is a movement not of parties, but of the people, for the people and by the people. The people will win.

ON THE ROCKS.

One of the most remarkable accidents that has occurred in this harbor is that of the Anchor Line steamer Belgravia, which is now hard and fast on the rocks of Black Point. Very little is yet known of the real facts of the case, but for some cause the sailing course of the vessel was almost directly reversed after the pilot left her and the consequence was that a few minutes steaming put her where she lies at present, and where there is a probability her remains will rest a toy for the waves and breakers of the bay.

Opponents of St. John and those whose chief business it is to belie the port, either from pure malice or to aid the nefarious schemes of some other city whose natural position is far from equal with ours, have made much of the fact that the Belgravia met with mishap in the approaches to this harbor; but their intention was so apparent and their spleen so exposed that their object completely failed. It was no fault of the harbor; the vessel had reached her place of shipment here safely, she had received her cargo, and was well on her way down the bay—a prosperous voyage was before her, and everything when the pilot left betokened a very successful trip. She was below the island, part of all that might be termed obstructions; and the pilot felt satisfied that all had been done to assure safety that was possible. He had hardly reached the wharf when the word was received that the Belgravia was aground at Black point. For a time no one could believe it. It was so completely out of the direction she had been sailing, so far away from what might naturally be

expected, that all refused to believe the report and it was only after the pursar had reached the city that any credence was accorded. An investigation is now in order and one will probably take place next week, when the most rigid scrutiny, the greatest care to secure facts must be the aim, so that the truth will be learned, and a complete defeat of the detamers and opponents of St. John accomplished.

COLLEGE TRAINING.

This is the period of school and college closing and our students and graduates have many of them completed their special training and are now fairly launched forth on the sea, which all men must venture on, whether willing or not, the sea of self support. It is often urged that the college bred man, using a homely but expressive phrase, because of his studious life is ill-fitted to rush into the vortex of active life, in the line of business or any of the avocations open to the professional career. He has been taught along lines that fit him rather for a theoretical than practical life. While he has been drinking from the spring of booklore he has not noticed the pure waters of actual business or professional fact that are absolutely necessary to success in life.

Opponents of the higher education, and there are many, say a business man is only handicapped in the race who has a college education. He has become imbued with ideas too lofty by far for the position he will occupy behind the merchants' desk; his ideas of men and their methods are crude and unformed, he has been trained in a different atmosphere from that breathed by those he must now come in contact with and he feels that for some reason or other he is not a success as a business man; and this very feeling, adds to his chances of making shipwreck of the prosperity that would otherwise be his. Men will tell you that the most successful business and professional men have not been "college bred;" they are educated, but it is that education that experience and rough contact with the world alone can give. These arguments are well enough so far as they go, but they are seen to be very superficial when compared with the fact that the successful men, not college bred, are the few, not the many; and that the mind training a college education bestows must be of immense advantage in all walks of life. It is true a business man may be successful without it—he may in fact far exceed his rival, who has received this special training; but no one will dispute that he would have been a much better man had he got that educational drill and teaching a college life bestows. The world has little if anything to show along the lines of scientific research, it has in fact nothing to offer that has not been unearthed, prepared, or invented by a man drilled in an institution where the higher education was aimed at. What instances occur, only demonstrate the fact that a special training would have achieved grander and greater results, more beneficial to man and of more intrinsic value to the world in general. The day has gone by when the outcry against secondary education can be effective. The people have become awake to the fact that a farmer is better for it, a lawyer better for it, a merchant better for it, all walks of life better for it; and so we find everywhere a greater readiness of the people to provide the funds necessary to endow colleges, maintain professors and establish an opportunity for the young that will make them better citizens, both business and professional men, than would otherwise prevail.

ALEXANDER the boy king of Serbia

wants one very badly indeed and the only requisite is millions. He also needs ready money and he has decided that marriage with an American heiress will solve all the financial troubles of his kingdom. A throne is therefore waiting an American girl with wealth enough to meet the requirements. This is probably the first time in the history of America that such an opportunity has been offered to her monied daughters, and that all efforts to secure an European bride for him have failed before this last idea suggested itself does not in the least detract from the brilliancy of the alliance. Going with the title of queen is a palace, a crown, and a collection of royal jewels of stupendous antiquity and a number of castles, in good repair scattered throughout Serbia. After all the enterprising heiress who decides to make a bid for the title will get quite a good return.

The cyclist is having things pretty much his own way these days and his "demands" are very numerous. It would not be surprising to hear of an ordinance compelling pedestrians to wear helmets so as to warn wheelmen and wheelwomen of their approach. The reckless way in which pedestrians monopolize the thoroughfares to the great danger of riders of the silent steed is a matter demanding immediate legislation. The old fashioned people who walk must not be permitted to get in the way of the car of progress.

The present political crisis is productive of at least one thing and that is a crop of anonymous newspaper correspondence condemning in no uncertain voice the methods, policy and morals of one party while it lauds the other far beyond its merits. A man who has not the courage to back up

the sentiments expressed in a letter, with his name, should not be permitted to use the newspaper to express his views.

It is to be hoped that the CZAR who crowned himself on Tuesday last will subsequently crown himself with mercy, and justice, befitting his great opportunities for good. The country over which he rules possesses boundless possibilities of development and perhaps no civilized country needs it more, both in a moral and civil sense.

It is related that upon the occasion of a recent late session in the English House of Commons the hungry M. P.'s cracked and ate somewhere in the neighborhood of one thousand eggs. Under similar circumstances certain New Brunswick politicians would have found water good enough.

King square is beginning to assume a very summer-like appearance but the beds of spring flowers are in great danger of despoilment from the dogs which daily deposit themselves on the grass.

Apparently nobody would object if Messrs. HAZEN and CHESLEY want to secede. They don't seem to be creating the usual amount of enthusiasm necessary to secure the expected victory.

The ubiquitous small boy gave ample proof of his loyalty on the Queen's birthday if the number of exploded crackers and torpedos decorating the sidewalks may be accepted as such proof.

As for CZAR TUPPER's coronation "that's quite another story."

EVERYBODY RIDES A BIKE.

Halifax has the Fever Very Bad and Over 2,000 Bicycles are in Use. HALIFAX, May 28.—The bicycle craze has not yet reached a crisis in Halifax. The fever is still rising. The ladies are outstripping the men in their eagerness to obtain wheels. Ranging in all from fourteen to forty men and women, boys and girls, are getting bicycled. The number of lady riders in Halifax now number a couple of hundred. Considerably more than 2,000 bicycles are in use in Halifax. One of the victims of the wheel fever this season is the rector of St. Luke's cathedral and his accomplished wife, who now has a bicycle. They have been learning to take them for the past few days, and notwithstanding, several falls the Rev. gentleman especially, has now become, comparatively speaking, an expert. He is not yet a scorching though.

The youths, who must be earning very small salaries, yet are obtaining very expensive wheels, for they will have, but the best, constitute a condition of affairs that is causing some alarm to employers, parents and dealers. Where do they get the money? Do they pay for their wheels? Predictions of disaster to many of the buyers in the autumn, and especially to dealers who trust them on the instalment or other plans, are frequently heard. Dealers may have some big losses to figure up at the end of the season. Caution is a good watchword, if it is not too late to utter it.

Election Bets are Unsafe.

HALIFAX, May 28.—There are rumors of election bets in this city. The Recorder the other day incidentally mentioned that a shipping man and another citizen had wagered \$100 on the result of the voting on June 23rd. It may be a rather dangerous business, the betting on the election, and doing it so openly that the papers get hold of the news, for a bet on the result makes the vote of the wagers illegal. Possibly some zealous representative of the candidates, at the polling place on election day may be placed in such a position that he can object to one of the votes, and thus a ballot will be lost to one or other of the standard bearers. Yes, the safest way to do, in case there must be betting, is to keep it quiet, at least so far as to keep the fact out of the papers.

An "Adam Tree" in the Sky.

In parts of Germany, when the evening clouds mount high and become narrow and many branched, so as to bear some resemblance to a gigantic tree, the peasants speak of this phenomenon as being an "Adam tree" or an "Abraham tree." How or where the curious superstitions about these fleecy aerial trees originated no one knows, but the stories which are told regarding them are many and varied in character. The "bloody Adam tree" is supposed to appear before any great national disaster, just as the "white lady" makes her appearance prior to a death in the royal family. Before the great famine of 1193 the "Adam tree" appeared "in all its parts like a gigantic tree, but with withered leaves and dead and decayed fruits seemingly hanging from its branches." In 1348, when the plague was raging throughout Europe, "Adam trees of awful portent appeared in the skies and were seen from Italy to France, and in all cases grinning skeletons, and friends appeared hanging to or sporting in the branches." In modern times the "Adam tree" regulates nothing but the weather. When the German, Russian or Italian peasant sees what we call "mackerel sky," he says: "We shall have wind. Adam's tree is putting forth leaves." If the "leaves" appear white and are seen in the morning, rain may be looked for. If the branching and leafing out takes place in the afternoon, it is a sign of fine weather.—St. Louis Republic.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Handmaiden.

My love's handmaiden comes to me— Ere long, I know full well, By leaves in the blue sky I see And birch buds in the dell. I hear her footstep on the hills, Beneath the white robed moon; I hear her singing by the rills, My love's handmaiden, June.

Forget me not she brings me true, Dark velvet pasties wise, In thoughts I read as lovers do, My love's dark thoughtful eyes. The lily of the valley fair, Her happiness returns; A red moss rose bud is in her hair For love's contentions years!

Sweet lilies white to my love's face, Her true handmaiden holds; And asks me which most tender grace, Of loveliness unolds. My love's dear saintly face I draw, In dreams so close to mine; While blue without flock or flew, Ye both have grace divine.

Handmaiden of my love be thou, Gay June like these thy flowers; Wreathe thy crown of roses for her brow Through all thy golden hours. They grace her head, her cheeks, her lips, And thrill our spirits through; Our love shall be the bird that tips, Their fragrance in their dew.

Bring sweet abyssum, her true worth, No beauty can outvie; The trust she of all the earth, The truth can never die. The heliotrope bring her this, Devotion is her breath; It is herself her parting kiss, Is faithfulness till death.

Omnithful brook what budding charm, Your meadow margins deck; White orchid blooms are her fair arms, Thrown fondly round my neck. Where golden cowslips o'erflow, And sweet ferns wave their hands; Handmaiden bring one flower you know, Is sweetest in all lands.

East Hill Woods. A Prize Poem. O, the fresh valley and frozen hills make a ceiling wide and deep, And the dead river lies, its laughter stilled, within it, fast asleep. The trees that have played with the merry thing and freighted its breast with leaves Give never a murmur or sigh of woe; they are dead—so dead thing grieves.

No carol of love from a song bird's throat; The world lies naked and still, For all things tender and all things sweet have been touched by the grewsome chill. Not a flower, a blue forget-me-not, a wild rose or jessamine soft, To lay its bloom on the dead river's lips that have kissed them all so oft.

But, look, a ladder is spanning the space, 'twixt earth and the sky beyond— A ladder of gold for the Maid of Grace—the strong, the subtle, the fond. Spring, with warmth in her footsteps light, and the breeze, and the fragrant breath, Is coming to press her radiant face to that which is cold in death.

Spring, with a mantle made of the gold held close in a sunbeam's heart Thrown over her shoulders, bonnie and bare—see the sap in the great tree start. Where the hem of the flowing garment trails, see the glow, the color bright; A shimmer and spreading of something fair—the dawn is chasing the night.

Spring, with all love and all dear delights pulsing in every vein. The old earth knows her and thrills to her touch as she claims her own again. Spring, with the hyacinths filling her cap and the With the crocus hiding its satin head in her bosom warm and fair.

Spring, with the daffodils at her feet, and pansies bloom in her eyes; Spring, with enough of the God in herself to make the dead to arise. For, see, as she bends o'er the coffin deep—the frozen valley and hill— The dead river stirs. Ah! that lingering kiss is making its heart to thrill.

And then, as she closes and closer leans, it slips from its snowy shroud, Frightened a moment, then, rushing away, calling and laughing aloud. The hill where she rested is all abloom—The wood is green as of old. And wakened birds are striving to send their songs to the Gates of God. —Mrs. Jean Bl-wett.

A Mother. Could I but have my baby back again From the dim vastness of the great unknown, How would it ease my poor heart's silent pain As I sit here in shadow and alone! That heaven is vast but makes me more afraid, Who shall I trust to lead my footsteps guide? Far easier the nest my love had made, Or to my heart feel, since my baby died.

Cold was the night it left my bosom warm— A night of wintry tempest harsh and wild; Into that world of darkness and of storm Went forth alone my little toddling child. I say alone, for who hears angels' feet Pause at the threshold, though we dream they come? We hear not even death, the Robber flee! We only know a void is in our home. Mother! the very name is sorrow's own, A synonym for heartache and for trial; 'Tis she who tread the wine press all alone, And when the tears would start must wear a smile.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

MUSIC AT MOUNT ALLISON.

An Interesting Account of the Closing Musical Exercises. SACKVILLE, May 27.—A few words on the musical features of the closing exercises at the Mount Allison ladies' college will perhaps not be devoid of interest to the readers of the musical columns of PROGRESS. The closing exercises are yearly attracting more and more the attention of the public. This year, the crush in Lingley hall has been so great that it has been found necessary to take steps for the enlargement of the building, and the sum of \$1200 was raised for that purpose last night.

Most of the visitors of course have relatives attending the various institutions or are drawn thither by the recollection of old associations. Others, however, come simply to hear the music and see the crowds, and the musical features are so varied and so excellent that these closing exercises may be regarded as to some extent filling the plan held by the May festivals which are an annual occurrence in so many New England towns.

The concerted work by chorus and orchestra with piano and organ did not assume the prominence it has had on some former occasions. The orchestra which has for some years taken so important a part in the Sunday evening service was this time conspicuous by its absence. The conservatory choir on this occasion rendered a chorus from the Hymn of Praise which was somewhat beyond their powers, and "I waited for the Lord" with Miss Hamilton and Miss Black as soloists. The latter work was again given on Monday evening, this time with the orchestra in addition to the organ and piano, and went very well indeed. The Director's predilection for Mendelssohn was very apparent in all the proformances. As Mr. Wootton is an Englishman and received his musical training in Leipzig, his preference is easily accounted for. Mr. Wootton had two graduates on the pipe organ, Mr. Frank Harrison of Sheffield and Miss Mary Rowle of Maryville. Mr. Harrison took a prominent part both in the church and in Lingley Hall, and he displayed a mastery of his instrument, and a skill in the training and direction of the University Glee Club which will doubtless make him a success in the church which is fortunate enough to secure him.

The piano department is of course the most important and under an excellent showing. Miss Malina Bohl, daughter of the postmaster of Sussex, gave her graduation recital some weeks ago, and was heard in one of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies on Monday evening. She also played a number of the accompaniments, and in this respect as well as a soloist is one of the most capable students the school has ever sent out. She intends, proceeding still further in her musical studies. There were too many Liszt numbers on the programmes. Liszt's Rhapsodies and Rigolotto Fantaisie should be left to concert artists and are too much to expect of conservatory students. The interpretation and rendering of Liszt's Eight Rhapsodies, however, by Miss Laura Newman of Moncton, shows that she is something more than an ordinary student and processes real genius. She was also heard in a Moscheles Concerto accompanied on second piano by the director, and made a profound impression on the audience. Among the other girls who showed good execution on the piano were Miss Burbank, Miss Polly Dickie of Shediac, and Miss Sadie Borden of Moncton.

The most noticeable progress during the year has been in the violin department, under Prof. Chistom. The ensemble work was excellent, and the playing of several of the soloists most admirable. A St. John audience had the pleasure not long ago of hearing two of the Misses Webb, and Miss Bruce, and Miss Bruce also played in Fredericton. All of those rendered solos during the various exercises of the past few days, and the audience Monday morning had the pleasure of hearing the Webb string quartette four sisters, all of whom have equally distinguished themselves in their literary work as well as their music. The violin player, Miss Florence Webb, also played the piano accompaniment for her sisters, and though only a child is in the art of accompanying. The quartette, instead of giving a series of concerts at various towns in the provinces, and will doubtless meet with the reception their talents and industry deserve. Miss Bruce received a most enthusiastic encore for her rendering of Chopin's Nocturne in E flat, arranged by Mr. Chisholm. Miss Hertz, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Hertz, the only graduate in the department this year, gave the audience great pleasure at her several appearances.

THE LAMP AND ITS SHADE.

An Effective Ornament That Has Become Indispensable. Lamps grow more artistic every day, and in most homes a standard lamp for the floor seems almost a necessity. The lamp itself is nothing, but it is the shade which gives it beauty. Quite new ones are those made of plain muslin, one of pale yellow looking exactly like a huge yellow poppy. Plain silk shades, having wreaths of flowers as a border, with a soft frayed out trim beneath, are very dainty. A pale green one shows up most flowers well, and may be bordered by a fringe of buttercups, clover or roses. Pink silk shades look best with a border of violets, pansies or clematis. Shades of silk gauze in stripes of various colors like green and yellow, green and pink, or a mixture of all the three, should have various colored silk pompons sewed round the edge.

Many lamps that are made to fasten to the wall are in lantern form, with frames of scrolled ironwork hanging from an arm of the same. With amber or pink colored hammered glass globes they are effective additions to a dining room or a hall. A most artistic shade is made of white satin cut to plainly fit the frame and then painted with scenes or flowers in transparent colors.

With the electric light most beautiful effects can be obtained, but it should be kept in mind that pink is the only shade that is becoming to the complexion when used over such a brilliant light. Lovely shades made of the petals of pink roses are most dainty for these lights, and shades of pink silk covered with grasses are pretty and fresh looking. Whole flowers are made of silk and tinted to look exactly like a huge rose, and fit over the light so that none of the glass is seen. The prettiest shades for candlesticks are large-petaled flowers, like pink poppies or huge pansies made of soft silk, and fastened to the candle by means of a clip.

The Conductor of The Philharmonic Society Prof. G. Couture, Conductor of the Philharmonic Society, and of the Symphony Orchestra, Montreal, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for his private use.

She sang Liszt's wonderful "Lorelei," a song which admirably displayed her dramatic force, as well as her beautiful voice and artistic temperament. The difficult accomplishment showed Mr. Wootton to be a masterly pianist. Among Miss Fanning's pupils, Miss Jennie Hamilton of Pictou has perhaps the best voice. Both she and Miss Black of Richibucto did splendidly in "I waited for the Lord" Miss Tremaine of Cape Breton and Miss Nan Thompson of Fredericton also deserve special mention. All the exercises, though lengthy and in crowded halls, were much enjoyed by the audiences, and the whole occasion has been a rich musical treat to those who love that divine art.

TWO HARD-LOOK STORIES.

Chequered Experiences with Twenty-one Meals Tickets. "Yes," said the reformed miner, "I'm back from Cripple Creek and that is the best of my luck. I got away. Here is a sample of the ill-fate I had to contend with: I struck the camp without a cent, for I hadn't done anything but loose all along the line. I hunted up Johnny Cosello, and the best he could do was to get me a meal ticket at the Blue Bell—ore of those twenty-one meals for \$4 affairs—and every time you eat they punch a figure. I wasn't long using it, and stepped out on the sidewalk containing the first resemblance to a square feed I had held for some days. A gust of wind came down from between Tenderfoot and Mineral Hills, where all the puffs originate, and blew the meal ticket out of my hands. It landed face up on the sidewalk, ten feet or so away, and before I could recover it a big 200-pound Cornish miner stepped on it. He wore heavy boots, with hobnails in 'em, and as sure as I'm a living man the nails in his heel punched out the remaining twenty squares."

A similar melodrama, whose plot swung and rattled about a restaurant ticket, had the scene in Chicago. It was before the days when gold curs offered temporary relief to those addicted to the rosy. One young man, naturally of a thrifty habit, reached a point in his life when he learned that if he became thirsty he became very much so. In quelling this thirst he was apt to squander all the money he had saved since the last time. So it came that, being philosophic, he rose superior to his propensity for thrift and disposed of his salary as fast as he earned it. Thereby he got due and proper action for his money, and also appreciably shortened the length of his drinks. Having no reserve fund, he could not continue his liquor-consuming career for long. One Monday he detected the stealthy approach of the thirst. He had become so parched that he could tell it eighteen hours away. It was his salary day, and knowing full well his weakness, the first investment he made was in a meal ticket.

On the Thursday following he next saw the sun. The interval was part blank and part confusion of red lights, cabs and schoolers. He had not a cent in his clothes, and was as hungry as a shipwrecked sailor. He dug up his meal ticket and went around to Colburn place—but Colburn place was blockaded. Firemen were half way up the alley playing their hose on the encumbering ruins of the restaurant—Chicago Time-Herald.

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