## PROGRESS.

ED WARD S. CARTER, ..... EDITOR

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## ST JOHN, N B., SATURDAY, DEC.

THE DIRECTOR AND THE COUNCIL.

The reports of the meetings of the common council as they are regularly given to the public, are not infrequently considered uninteresting to the average reader. Such reading matter, it indulged in occasionally, would be found to have within it many elements that would entertain, interest and even amaze. These qualities would be more evident when the council was engaged in considering some phase of the Sand | the question of temperance he invites them Point improvements for instance. On such occasions opportunity is afforded the voters of this city to get some idea at least, if not to become familiar with the effect of the practical knowledge, the versalility and the intellectual calibre of the men who have directions and a prodigality in others that been selected by these same voters to do the duties that belong to "the Fathers of the City." It is when an immense project, an undertaking such as the building of a in the same line but it is an instance of series of wharves at Sand Point is deliberated upon that the genuis of this tory, the common council, shines brightest and when the wharves are half built and nature, which abhors a vacuum, says you are not doing this right and hurls it all overboard British travelers who have accomplished -a time that tries men's souls-how grandly they rise to the emergency. Each member of the body of contractors, being also not a little versatile, immediately and in some occult manner, develops all the attributes that are said to be the result of long and severe study with other peopleeach one becomes a civil engineer so to speak. Fertile in resources they are too, and suggestions for remedying existing evils, and too late discovered defects in method, are offered with the same sang froid as in private life ore might sella pound of sugar or perscribe a pill, or any simple thing of that kind.

Then there are others of the council who are not exactly in the council, in the sense of being elected, but, who though not directly responsible to the electorate, have more control than those who have sought and secured the suffrage of the people. Of these the director of public works is an instance. What a genius for management this official possesses! It is really refreshing to read in the reports referred to, how from time to time, he so blandly confesses, or volunteers as the case may be, that he has done thus and so, and how readily the council yields itself to the quality of mercy, and in respect to Mr Director says to him in effect you had no authority to do as you have done—it is true but you are more clever than we-you have been a member | nal call to duty, will doubtless see to it of the council during your career-we like | that none shall suffer who deserve to be your adv'ce you know. It is not neces- helped. sary for us to tell you what | we would like-you know what we want better than we do therefore, and only matter of form-of course you know we don't want to offend you -we approve of what you have done. We have increased your salary once already and if necessary we will increase it again-we would prefer postponing this increase-it does not cost you anything you know to cross the ferry whenever you think you ought to go to Carleton-yes we would like to postpone any substantial increase until the wharves of Sand Point are built. You cannot help knowing that for all the money expended in preparation for the winter port service this year we can only show just two new warehouses teside the ruins of what might have been a wharf if we had started right.

The citizens ought to know more about the severe labors of the director of public works. His bland like manner when after he does anything on his own authority, and then tells the council, is simply refreshing. He knows men, he knows the men he has to deal with and he pulls his little strings when and how he pleases. He is the official who in his control and management of the ferries and in his zeal for economy (?) in the public service, deprived children, newsboys and apprentices of the reduced fare tickets, and yet permits civic officials receiving good wages the year round to out and work and who gets paid about \$1 to | may be known, were removed.

\$2 00 per week must pay for this privilege Another instance of the stupendous genius of this director is found in the blowing of the whistle of the ferry boat before she starts on each trip, as a signal to the col'ector to permit no more persons to pass through the turnstile for that trip. At least this is the explanation given when one asks what that whistle is sounded for while in the dock and in clear weather. The supposition is that all persons who have passed through the turnstile before the whistle is sounded are taken on made by paying arrears at the rate | that trip of the boat. But this is only a supposition. If that be the extent of the rule it is very frequently violated, and of such violation it is presumed the director is not ignorant. Passengers are sometimes left on the floats, who have reached the head of the floats before the whistle. Great indeed is the director of public works in the city of St. John. His genius is

> There are a lot of people who preach economy and the doctrine that a penny saved is a penny made, but few of them practice it at all times. Perhaps it is just as well that they do not. A citizen walks through the country market in the morning and if he is unfortunate enough to have to buy dinner for that day he interviews the countryman and his produce. He will pass by splendid turkeys, plump, tender chickens and fresh eggs etc., with the hope of finding some cheaper and just as good further along. If he does so and saves ten or fifteen cen's on his shrewdness he feels better that day. Returning to dine off his purchase of the morning he meets a friend or two and if he is a man who is easy on to partake with him. Where does his economy come in? Perhaps he does not think of it, but the writer has heard more than one man remark on the same peculiarity. A tendency to save in certain astonishes even themselves. It may be that using a three cent stamp twice and paying ten dollars for the privilege is not what small economies may bring us to.

Once again the rare and perilous feat of crossing "the Roof of the World" has been successfully performed. The two daring this achievement are military officers and they arrived last week in Shangbai, after having traversed Tibet from west to east along a route considerably more to the south than that followed by Captain Bower on his famous journey. The result will undoubtedly be a most valuable addition to Central Asian geography and will perhaps shed a new light on the inhabitants of this queer land of prayer-mills and devil-

The late Coventry Patmore had earned for himself long ago the title of 'The Children's Laureate.' His memory deserves to go down in fame. All over America the title bas been bestowed npon EUGENE FIELD; but without underestimating the wonderful pathos of such a poem as 'Little Boy Blue,' FIELD is far below PATRORE in poetic rank. FIELD should have been pro. claimed the 'Minstrel of the Nursery: PATMORE has been the world's great 'Singr of Childhood.'

The cold wave this week did not get a warmer welcome from the coal trade than from the countless other lines of business which have been yearning for a good frost. To the very poor the coming of the inclement season will bring bardships but it may likewise bring work; and Charity which regards the cold wave flag as a sig-

The first true medical discovery made by means of the new Roentgen rays is now chronicled in the report from Berlin that the light has revealed the action of the heart, in case of asthma. It is declared that the right half of the diaphragm stops work during the attack and the left half is compelled to bear all the exertion. This revealation may lead to some new alleviative remedy for this distressing disease.

WHERE THEY MEET FOR PASTIME. Clubs that are Dangerous for Those that Frequent Them.

HALIFAX, Dec. 3.-PROGRESS two weeks ago had something to say about the physicians of Halifax. A few lines supplementary to that would not be out of place. It is in reference to a member of the medical fraternity, and in kindness the words are spoken. This doctor is not as careful in his habits as he should be. He frequents, so assiduously a certain saloon that people are beginning to talk about it, and shake their heads knowingly. Stop it doctor, while yet there is time.

Another caution that comes in appropriately just here is one to parents, and wives There are snch institutions in this city as small clubs and societies, some of them down town in respectable portions of the city that are little else than gambling places. Ayoung Barrington St. business man who recently get into trouble, assignpass to and fro over the terry without ed and fled to the States lost more than he be, as it is a material which collects and charge. This favored class includes police-men, Lancaster lands collector, and con-these resorts. Others are likely to follow. that it is a good one for wiping eye glasses stables. There cross the ferry without to our youth afforded by such minor clubs which are habitually wiped with a chamois- and you can't swear. charge, but the poor child that has to go or societies, under whatever name they skin "wiper" will soon be hopelessly

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Love's Immortal Sorg. There comes a time at eventide, The necklace of the day; When love's sweet star its jeweled crown; Shines forth with golden ray. It rises in youth's vernal dawn, And follows us along ; And opens wide the gate of life, To love's immortal song.

The spring tide of the blood's warm flow. The rose bud of our years; Has music in the wave and leaf, Of sunshine and in tears, O sweet is all the primrose way. In which light footsteps throng; Our brightest hopes are all attuned. To leve's immortal song.

There comes a time at eventide, When summer's bloom and shine; A garland on the brow of day, Has loveliness divine. The brightest birds of golden climes; There gayest notes prolong; And heavenly glory fills our souls,

With love's immortal song.

The poet's dreams, the maiden's vows, Are borne beyond the sky: The lover's longing spirit brings, One angel ever nigh, The world is all a paradise, The sou.'s high hope is strong; Enchantment leads the blissful way. To love's immortal song.

There comes a time at eventide, When autumn leaves array; In all their deepest golden tints. The rich red robes of day, A voice of sadness haunts the woods, Some thinhs seem ever wrong; But still the very trials lead. To love's immortal song.

A dark cloud hovers o'er the hills, And in the valleys green; The cherished dreams of vanished years, Like specters waik unseen, We look towards a brighter land, To which we all belong; Where faith now sweeps its magic harp,

To love's immortal song. There comes a time at eventide, When snow drifts wreath the day; And night tail hides its pallid face, In shadows dark and gray, After life's sorrows sharp and keen, With many a goad and thong;

We pass inside the shifted screen,

To love's immortal song. CYPRUS GOLDE. Laurel Wood, Dec. 1596

The Wind and the Leaves. There is a warfare in the garden, and the many are ontmatched In the struggle of the millions and the one; For the bitter wind is blowing, and the yellow

leaves are going. And the armies of the summer turn and run. Here they come, a flying legion, round the corner While they sek in vain a shelter from the foe;

torn and battered. Lost and ruined in the summer's overthrow. Time was when they were allies in the April after-When the winter and the snows were at an end;

For he touched the earth so lightly, that they issued green and sprightly, And they hailed him for their companion and their Then they loved him in the summer, and he kissed them as he passed.

When the uniforms they wore were fresh and An I they trusted in him blindly, for they thought his voice was kindly As he whispered through the coppice or the dene

But they found his rough advances on the gray September morn Very different from his geniel breath in June; For when the year grew older, his friendship it grew colder.

And he threatened and he piped a warlike tune.

So they fought him, and he beat them: and the garden paths doday Tell a sorry tale of ruin and defeat, For the cruel wind is roaring, and before him, whirling, soaring, Go the little weary soldiers in retreat.

Two Graves. A rich man died. They laid him down to rest Upon a fair slope, slanting toward the west, And cast about the silence of his tomb

A marble mausoleum's sacred gloom. Teey hung within its tower, tall and white, A chime of sweet-voiced bells; and every night, Just as the red sun sank below the swell of that green hill, they toll his solemn knell

Another died. They buried him in haste Within a barren field, a weedy waste. Rank nettles locked their arms, and thorns wer Above his bed, unmarked by cross or stone.

One lived on many tongues; the other fell From human memory; and both slept well!

- Catharine Young Glen.

Our Baby.

We have a baby, and he looks like me, Somebody said so one day; But that I have never been able to see, Though somebody said so one day. His beautiful eyes have the hue of the skies And mine of a ship-tossed sea, Neither blue, gray, nor green, just betwixt and between, still cur baby looks like me.

His bright tresses hold the lustre of gold, Somebody said so one day; And mine are as straight as the red man's of old, Somebody said so one day; His mouth's like a sweet little bursting pink rose There's a dimple in each round knee; He's as fair as the day, the neighbors all say,

Ie's as fair as the day, the me.
Still our baby looks like me.
—Cy Warman. At Parting.

The sky is dark today—a murky wall Shus out the blue; the icy drops of rain, Wind-driven, beat chil against the window pane And lie in frozen whiteness where they fall I heard a sound among the naked trees-

A tardy bird—his fellows south have sped, Why liggers he when summer flowers are dead And wintry blasts blow chill from over seas? Perhaps thou, too O wild, fond bird, Hath thine own bit er ruth of heart this day,

Ca ling to mind thy merry Junc-time lay When all the breathing flowers entranced heard: And my dear love! What if the white capped sea Where summer blue this day 'neath sapphire

I still must see sad teardrops in thine eyes, I still this day, must say "Farewell" to thee. A Save. Somebody touched me, as the crowd thronged by

A half averted face, a fla hing eye, An unframed word of bidding, and I knew The thing the plotting stars ordained is true. I am a slave! yet would not sell my chain For all the gold of Africa or Spain I stand a watcher, by that power held, I mrk, a shadow, by that will compelled Scanning the multitude with eager eye, Se king my master, where the crowd thronged by

How to Use Chamois, Never use a dry chamois for rubbing polished wood, no matter how soft it may

scratched.

-- Catherine Young Glen.

THE MORALS OF THE BATH.

The Americans are a Bathing People and the Faculties Afforded. More and more the Americans are tecoming known as a bathing people. The most moderate house of the 'working man now has its bathroom. In homes of more

liberal outlay the bathroom connects with the sleeping-room. Servants. in such homes are also given their own bathroom. Old-fashioned houses are having a bath put in. New hotels are built with bathrooms attached to the majority of their bedrooms. On every hand, the bath is becoming a national institution. Greater strides have been made in sanitary plumbing that in any part of the domestic machinery. The influence with us has been for good, and it is extending to other nations. While the English still use the 'hip-baths' in their rooms they are gradually beginning to adopt the bathrooms. All the new houses and hotels in England have private bathrooms, an unheard-of thing until recently. The average American man is a busy creature, and amid the larger business affairs which absorb him he is apt to be neglectful of smaller things. And these smaller things generally take the form of a neglect of personal habits.

I have often looked at men in business and wondered where their wives were when they left home. Unshaved, practically unshaved, save for a few splashes of water in the face, with either frayed or soiled linen, with clothes unbrushed or shoes unblacked, they appear at their places of business. Now, a man rarely works better than he looks; certainly never better than he feels. And if a man feels unkempt the work he does will be of the same grade. If, on the other hand, he teels clean he works clean. The feeling of the worker inevitably communicates itself to his work. It is not that the majority of men are, by nature unclean. The desire for cleanliness is born in every human beirg. It is simply a question

whether it is developed or neglected." The bath has ever been recognized by controlling minds of every age as essential to progress and morality. The scientific application of heated air, or vapor as a means of cleanliness, and as a remedial agent, has been known and practised in ciple is heated air, are now recognized as a necessity of civilization, and are to be found in all progressive communities-not only in public Turkish bath establishments, but in the homes of the people.-Ladics Home Journal.

AMONG THE ISRAELITIES. Like Their Christian Friends They Have Many Disputes.

HALIFAX, Dec. 3.—There is a fierce feud between factions of the small but growidg Jewish community in this city. synagogue was purchased and dedicated, President Forrest, Professor Currie and other Christian theologians assisting in the exercises. But hardly had the synagogue been opened when war broke out in the camp of Israel. Not only did the Jews secure a synagogue but they also bought a piece of ground for a cemetery. An instance of the bitter feeling now existing between the factions is that furnished in the case of one Hepp, a Jewish business man of this city. Poor Hepp was bereaved by death of one of his children. He wrote to the authorities of the congregation asking them to allow him a grave in the burying place and that the official whose duty it was to read the funeral service should be detailed for the melancholy work. The answer came that this request would be granted on payment of showed the assembled physicians that the \$15. Hepp thought this too heavy a sum and he offered \$10. The compromise was rejected. The afflicted man took the law into his own hands and drove out to danger of the sound eye being affected of snow, because the ice yielded there more the cemetery, dug a grave himself and buried his child, asking no questions of any one. He was in not only the five dollars in dispute but the whole \$15. This came because they had not used the button, or a to the ears of the congregation ere long, and Hepp's troubles began afresh. He was once more asked for that \$15. This time not so independent as before the interment his co-religionists had him in their power as a trespasser. The result was that Hepp paid the cash and the congregation were satisfied. It is not likely, though, that harmony is any nearer consummation than before the trouble arose.

Au Energetic Society.

HALIFAX, Dec. 3.-Clan McLean is a organization of hearty, whole-souled Scotsmen in this city who are banded together for mutual help. It is a mutual benefit society, and under the chiefship of H. M. McCallum, agent of the Canadian express company in this city, is having a vigorous and successful career. The clan has arranged for a series of lectures this winter, the funds to be devoted to the charity fund. Rev. Dr. Black of St. Andrew's church, is to deliver the first lecture, his subject being the poetry of Scotland previous to Burns. D. C. Fraser, M. P., and others will follow at intervals, speaking on topics appropriate to a body of Scotsmen like the McLean clansmen.

Overwhelming Arguments.

Two well-dressed boys had come out to one should drive. One of the boys was less strong than the other, but he won his

point by diplomacy. 'You must be the horse, Tom,'he said, because we are going to play truck-horse, and you are very strong. I must be the driver, because your father is a minister,

The minister's son put on the harness. New York Times.

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

## Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

Coat Button Proves an Efficient Aid in

Modern Surgery. The unusally manner in which a piece of skin was cut from a boy's thigh and grafted in his eye to enable him to wear an artificial eye to replace one destroyed by ac cident has been brought to the attention of the physicians of the New York Academy long?' of Medicine. The patient is Richard Von Romer, of Jersey City, a foundry hand and a very healthy specimen of boyhood. Five weeks ago while he was pouring some molten metal in a mold it splashed and a drop of it struck the boy in the right. eye. It burned away part of the upper lid almost instantly and sank into the pupil, destroying the sight. Dr. R. T. Chambers, of Jersey City, was called, and, applying cocaine to reduce the pain, he examined the] eye. He found a tiny speck of the hardened metal in the ball of the eye, and decided that the entire organ would have to be removed. When this was done and the injured surrounding tissue was cut away the surgeon discovered that there wasn't enough of the eye socket left to hold in place even the smallest s'zed artificial eye.

Dr. Chambers resolved to try a delicate feat of Thiersch grafting to remedy the deect. Previous successful experiments at kin grafting had been made when the skin was grafted on a flat surface. The difficulty in this lay in making the flesh grow into a cavity like the eye socket, and as too much pressure destroys all chance of the grafted flesh growing upon the surface to which it is applied, the undertaking was particularly hazardous. Three weeks ago the surgeon went about his task after an unusual method. The injured eye socket had entirely healed by this time. The night all ages, and baths whose basis or prin- before the operation he prepared a section, measuring two by four inches, of the flesh of the thigh and swathed it in antiseptic. bandages over night. The next day he put the lad under the influence of ether. The eye socket was strayed with cocaire, an incision was made in the tissue, the section of flesh was cut away from the thigh and transplanted to the upper part of the eye socket and fitted in the fresh in-

Before this was done, however, the surgeon had to devise a means of holding the graft in place without too great pressure. He bit upon expedient of using an ordinary flat-surfaced overcoat button about an inch in diameter. This was covered with antiseptic gauze and fitted into the cavity. The graft of skin was stretched over it, and the button and skin graft were bound firmly in the eye socket and allowed to remain a week undisturbed. The button had four holes in it which permitted the free circulation of the fluids of the eye while the grafting process was in progress. At the end of the week the bandage was removed, and it was discovered that the transplanted flesh had grown upon the eye, making a new and healthy upper lid that would hold an artificial eye in place. The secret of the success of the operation. Dr. Chambers said, was the presence of the holes in the button.

The boy was at the meeting of the Academy of Medicine on Monday night, and eve could be removed and replaced with ease. He had practically a new eye socket. All pain had disappeared, and all holdkept us close to the edge of the ridge through sympathy. Two physicians re- easily to the ax. It was, however, so tryported that they had tried skin grafting for | ing to our nerves that I, for one, should somewhat similar injuries, but had failed not like to repeat the experience. The similar device. They declared they would try the experiment over again with the through the rim of trozen snow and gaze button, and report the result to the academy.-New York Sun.

EUGENE FIELD AND THE FARMER. Having Killed the Latter's Duck, the Poet Presented His Vlew of the Matter.

A few years ago the late Eugene Field and Stanley Waterloo went duck hunting on Murdock Lake, near St. Louis. Ducks were rather scarce and very shy, and the two hunters spent the day without overburdening their game bags. At length they | readily realize what one false step made decided to separate, in the hope that each might drive the ducks within range of the other. Waterloo paddled up the lake and Field down.

Late in the afternoon Waterloo banged away at a flock of mallards, and brought one down. The wounded duck, however, was not seriously disabled, and before it could be bagged rose and went wabbling down the lake toward Field, and dropped within easy range of the poet's gun among a number of tame ducks which belonged to a neighboring farmhouse.

Field rested his gun across the bow of his boat and let both barrels go. The the street to play horse. They had a gay | mallard went flying away. The tame little harness, hung with bells that tinkled ducks set up a quacking and paddled softly. There was a dispute as to which ashore—all but one. One of the farmer's in the high class houses on both sides of pets had received its quietus.

> after indulging in certain emphatic remarks well calculated to impress the erring Nimrod with the enormity of his offence, began throwing stones and inviting him to come ashore and fight. Field pad- Piano, Montreal, has selected and purchased dled out of stone's throw and began to par- | a Pratte Piano for her own use.

SKIN GRAFTING EXTRAORDINARY. ley. The farmer wanted a dollar for the duck.

'How do you figure that?' queried the

'Do you mean to deny that you killed my duck here?' (emanded the granger) 'That's true enough,' said Field, 'but

where does the r sponsibility really be-

'I don't understa: d you.'

'Why, that duck of yours was particers criminis; that's what it was.'

'I don't care what you call it, but I want

a dollar for the duck just the same.' 'Well, now, see here,' insisted Field. 'you must acknowledge that your water towl was at least guilty of contributory negligence. Instead of keeping away from me while I was gunning for ducks, that misguided fowl deliberately invited death by getting right in front of my gun just as I was about to terminate the earthly

existence of a mallard.' The farmer was dazed into silence. 'It looks to me like a clear case of suicide. I'll wager you hadn't fed that poor, heart-sick, discouraged duck for a month. No wonder it found existence intolerable under such circumstances, and embraced the first opportunity to escape from a thraldom worse than death. I suppose I ought to charge you with cruelty to animals, and have you arrested, but I have no disposition to deal harshly with you. If you'll pay me for the ammunition and the time I have wasted with you, I'm willing to

the duck.' But the farmer shook his head and fled. NUNERCUS ALPINE ACCIDENTS.

call the matter square and you may keep

Nearly 200 Fatal Ones in Thir'y six Years

on the Swiss Alps. Since the year 1860 nearly 200 fatal

accidents have occurred upon the Swiss Alps alone. Of these how many were occasioned by maladroit, feeble or timid climbers? asks the London Telegraph. The safety of every mountaineering party demands in

dvance that each member of it should be a practical and steady climber; that no serious ascent should be undertaken by any man who cannot rely upon his own nerve and capabilities, his power of braving fatigue and standing cold; and, finally, that the party should be accompanied by a sufficient number of personal guides. Mr. Leslie Stephens lays it down as a rule that the loftiest mountain may be scaled with safety by trained mountaineers, provided that fine weather, good guides and favorable conditions of rock and snow have first been secured.

'On the other hand,' he adds, 'there is no mountain which may not be excessively. dangerous if the weather be bad, the guide incompetent, the climbers inexperienced, the conditions of rock or snow unfavorable.' Who, for instance, can say with confidence until he has been tried that he has nerve enough to stand the crucial test which Professer Agassiz confesses was almost more than he could bear, when, in 1841, he was one of a party of twelve who ascended the Jungfrau, half of them being professional guides, with the celebrated Jacob Lenthold, who died soon afterward

·We started,' wrote Agassiz, 'from the

of consumption, at their head?

Grimsel hospice at 4 o'clock a. m., on August 27, 1841, sleeping the first night at the chalets of Meril, and completing the ascent of the Jungfran next day. Our difficulties were not a little increased by heavy mists and intense cold. At last the assent became more and more steep, and every step had to be cut in the ice. Lentawful precipice beneath us was constantly in view, and we could drive our alpenstocks sheer down through the hole into a vast amphitheater which seemed vawning to swallow us thousands and thousands of yards below. The apex of the Jungfrau is so small that only one person can stand upon it. At 4 p. m. we started upon our downward path, turning our faces to the icy slope, and feeling with the foot for each step below, these steps being more than 700 in all. At 11 30 o'clock p. m. we reached the chalets of Meril, which we had left that morning at the earliest dawn of day.' The least imaginative mind can upon a surface so steep and slippery that it is impossible to think of it without a shudder would have involved. In the worst accident that ever happened on the Matterhorn-that which befell Lord Francis Dorglas and his three hapless companions-it is notorious that one false step made by an inexperienced climber, and followed by the breaking of a rope, was the sole cause of that terrible tragedy.

Tailor Made Gowns.

Now that the social season is beginning, ladies are giving much thought to the gowns to be worn during the coming winter. Style and elegance of design are as essential as fitting qualities.

The latest and most exclusive foreign modes, a cutting system at present in use the water, together with a most efficient The farmer himself didn't like it, and staff of work people, make Keefe's establishment on King St. this city, the best and most up-to-date place in the maritime provinces to obtain evening toilettes.

Miss D. Franchote, Professor of the