

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 3

In spite of a stormy summer season and a superfluity of ice in the West Greenland waters PEARBY and his party have returned in safety with very large collections, a good record of scientific work and a log book record showing that they pushed north nearly to within a few miles from where GRENLEY'S starving party was found. It was a good summer's achievement.

That wisest of French journalists PAUL BLOUET, better known by his nom de plume MAX O'REILLY, in his book on the United States entitled 'Jonathan and His Continent,' says: 'The most indispensable, it appears—the most conspicuous piece of furniture in America is the spittoon. All public rooms are provided with this object of prime necessity; it is impossible to escape the sight of this ugly vessel. The Americans, accustomed to these targets from the tenderest age, are marvelously adroit in the use of them; they never miss their aim.'

As the French Academy of Sciences has appointed a special committee to investigate the new treatment for consumption advocated by Dr. CROTTÉ of Paris, the public may be justified, in a more confident expectation than the numerous tuberculosis 'cures' heralded every now and then have hitherto warranted. Dr. CROTTÉ seems to have discovered a helpful if not absolutely curative process of treatment and he has taken warning from Dr. KOCH'S lamentable experience not to publish extravagant claims concerning it before an adequate trial of its merits.

Since the first news was received a month ago of the revolt against Spain in the Philippines, the official Spanish despatches from there have borne a striking resemblance to those that have been sent from Havana ever since the war broke out in Cuba. They have told of Spanish victories and rebel defeats all the time, while they have also told of the necessity of reinforcing the Spanish army in the Philippines if Spain is to remain master of her colonies in the Pacific. The revolt against Spain in the West Indies and that against her in the East Indies, the news from Gen. WEYLER at Havana and that from Gen. BLANCO at Manila, look strangely alike and in both cases the news looks bad for Spain.

Although Indian hostilities have become of rare occurrence, a practice ground for active army campaigning is furnished on the Mexican frontier where the lawless operations, now of Mexican revolutionists, now of smuggling, and presently of Apache Mesalero or Yaqui marauders call for the work of troops in suppressing them. During the last few weeks outlook seem to have a specialty of louting Custom Houses on the border. It was the Custom House that they attacked last month at Nogales, in Mexico, and the Custom House that they raided at Palomas, a few days later; while the other morning, at 4 o'clock, a cavalry troop and three companies of infantry were roused and hurried along the Rio Grande, on the report that an armed band was preparing to swoop upon the Custom House in Juarez, opposite El Paso.

It is quite an unusual event for a Judge to resign on account of the inadequacy of his compensation for Judges as a rule are very well paid. The announcement comes however from Newfoundland that Sir JAMES WINTER, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, is about to retire from the bench in consequence of a reduction in his salary, which has been made by a so-called retrenchment bill recently enacted by the Colonial Legislature. Sir JAMES WINTER is a lawyer of more than ordinary distinction in British North America. Although not fifty years of age, he has been member of the Colonial Assembly of Newfoundland, Speaker, member of the Executive Council, Solicitor-General, Attorney General, representative of the Colony at the Fisheries Conference at Washington in 1887 and a delegate to London on questions relating to the French treaty in 1890. He was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court in

1893. His return to active political life is regarded with much interest all over the country.

Astronomy, the study of which treats of the planets and the heavens, must ever be fascinating. The acquiring of riches and the construction of great telescopes seem to run in some minds. It is commendable no matter what the motive. A great telescope costs about a million dollars. The largest in the world is to be constructed for the Paris Exposition of 1900 and will bring the moon within a mile of the earth. It seems a vast pity that some rich man could not set aside enough to bring the moon down to date by building a big enough glass to get it at close range. We must live and hope for a telescope cross that will post us on the moon, and then one by one, as billionaires accumulate, the other great worlds should be brought to our close vision by improved great glasses. If the man may be assigned to bring down Mars will hurry up his glass we shall feel truly grateful, as that planet is supposed now to have conditions calling for the existence of some kind of beings, and just what kind everybody would like to know.

A striking instance of folly cured by experience is furnished by the report of the Parliamentary Commission appointed to investigate the smallpox epidemic which broke out at Gloucester, England, a year or so ago. Gloucester proudly claimed the distinction of being the centre and stronghold of the anti vaccinationists. The city and its suburbs contained 9,000 unvaccinated children when the disease made its appearance and the scourge made such ravages among them that the frightened inhabitants were readily induced to submit themselves and their children to the dreaded rite of inoculation; too late, however, to entirely stay the progress of the horrible epidemic. According to the report of the local committee, '400 of the inhabitants had been removed before their time,' more than four times that number barely escaped with their lives from one of the most noisome of diseases, and a vastly larger number in one way or another suffered in mind, body and estate as a consequence of their foolish faith and their defiance of reason and common sense.' There are few anti-vaccinationists left in Gloucester. Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other.

A great deal has been said in the papers from time to time regarding the nonsense printed in the different magazines in form of verse, and it really would seem superfluous to call further attention to it. At the same time the magazines owe it to a nation to assist in creating literature. What else is their mission. A poem, it would seem, should be a suggestion of something, like a painting; not a statement of fact, which is prose. Tennyson in writing a poem on the brook did not say it was made of water and ran down hill. He made a word picture, every line of which suggested a murmuring brook. An instance of the average poet of today is Mr. MADSON CAWEN who has had the doubtful distinction of having been favourably mentioned by Howells. Mr. CAWEN has some rhymes in the September Century entitled An Autumn Night. It will serve as a random selection of the debasement of the modern magazine. He begins by saying 'Some things are good on Autumn nights.' A very questionable list follows but all of the things mentioned would be just as good or bad on other nights. The first verse ends with the line 'And at your side a face petite. Petite means something petty, inconsiderable or inferior, and while there may be something poetic in such faces, Mr. CAWEN fails to express wherein the charm lies. And so, from line to line and verse to verse, the magazine editors allow a brood of poetry mangle, whom WALT WHITMAN aptly termed 'the echoes of echoes,' to go at it and put words to impossible uses. It is significant that the great artists who illustrate poems cannot be induced to experiment on recent verses. An artist knows what is truly poetic and wisely sticks to the old masters of great promise. The modern magazine is not merely slipshod; it is misrepresenting the present age and helping it go down to perdition as medicine, if not positively imbecile, from a literary standpoint.

We so soon become accustomed to any new invention, to any new discovery of the powers of Nature, that we seemingly forget the marvelous character of these agencies, and apparently regard them as a usual and necessary part of the scheme of things. The people of two generations ago would have treated as a vain and idle speculation the suggestion that the time was coming when with steam as a motive force, ships would cross the Atlantic in five or six days and railway carriages traverse the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific in equal time. Yet all this has been accomplished in a short time. To the present generation it is not a special wonder. Nor is the telegraph, which tells us to-day what occurred yesterday in the most distant quarters of the globe, any less wonderful. The doings of the Shah of Persia and of the Czar of Russia are alike chronicled. Nothing is too remote, and, apparently nothing is too unimportant, to escape the gossip of the wires. And the telephone and the phonograph! How wonderful are both! But with a few years

use they have become, like sun, moon and stars, a part of the natural order of things—electric cars run in all our streets. We have nearly forgotten horse cars; but with what dire alarm was contemplated their supersession by electricity! And what a convenience all these new agents are! We enjoy the convenience; but we are apt to forget the marvel. It is the convenience of these wonderful agencies that attracts us all. It is the difference between a drive of sixteen miles in a carriage and a drive of one or two that effects even our social relations. And steam and electricity enable us to make the choice. Steam and electricity, too, enable us to live in the country. They quickly bring us to the city for the purposes of business, and quickly return us to the country for the purposes of repose and comfort. The theatre, the opera, the party and social intercourse will make the city a rallying point during the winter for the few; but for the many the tendency in the future will be more and more to secure permanent homes in the country. The practical application of scientific discoveries to the daily affairs of life in changing the face of the world. Human nature, nevertheless, remains much the same. After all, have we better poets, orators, historians, and philosophers, or have we a keener sense of the beautiful, or greater endowments for creative art, than the old Greeks? Is there to-day more courage or more skill in building roads and constructing aqueducts, or more virtue or more wisdom in the practical art of government than the old Romans possessed in the days of the Republic? We may, indeed, assert that the moderns have a deeper sense of the claims of humanity; but as for the rest, let philosophers dispute and fools contest!

Distilled Water a Toilet Necessity. Writers on the care of the complexion recommend the use of a small quantity of good soap applied to the face, and afterwards removed by bathing the face in warm water. Now, while the warm water will, undoubtedly, cleanse the soap, dust, etc., from the skin, yet, at the same time deposits in the pores the lime and other substances with which all ordinary water is charged, to the manifest injury of the complexion. A more rational method of treating the skin, and one that will give the very best results in the way of softening, freshening, and giving it that clear, transparent appearance which is so attractive, is given below. In the first place, be sure of the quality of the soap, and next, use the very smallest amount, applied with a soft flannel cloth to the face; wash off at once with very warm distilled water, to remove all traces of soap. Then take a clean flannel cloth, dip it into the distilled water and go over the face thoroughly with gentle friction, then rinse off with cold distilled water. Only a small quantity of water is necessary, and the best time is just before retiring. Follow these directions, and use the distilled water internally, and a perfect complexion will be the result. Curiously enough, tradition ascribes the beautiful complexions of Ninon de l'Enclos and Diana of Poitiers, famous French beauties of a bygone age, to their custom of bathing their faces in the morning dew. This, if true, is another proof of the correctness of the old saying, 'there is nothing new under the sun,' for dew is nothing more nor less than distilled water.

They Had Many Visitors. The firm of Messrs G. & J. Hamilton & Son, of Picton N. S. believe in doing things in first class style. Their exhibit at the fair has been pronounced by all to be the best of the kind that has ever been in an exhibition in St. John. Though the enterprising efforts of their St. John manager Mr. J. B. Gillispie they have managed to place their goods before everyone who has visited the show. All this week they have given an extra pound of candy to every tenth purchaser, and the four young ladies in attendance have been kept busy making sales.

New Publications. A new edition of the works of Thomas Carlyle, to be called, the Centenary Edition, is announced by Charles Scribner's Sons, in connection with Chapman & Hall of London. There will be included in this edition a volume of essays and minor writings never before published in a collected form, and some new portraits. It will be beautifully printed and marvelously cheap. The first volume will appear in October. The first volume of the new uniform and complete edition of George Meredith's Works may be expected in October from Charles Scribner's Sons, in connection with Archibald Constable & Co., of London. Mr. Meredith has revised his works for this edition, and it is understood, has made a number of changes in the text which will thus be final and definite. He has also included some work which has not hitherto been issued in book form. The new and striking portrait by J. S. Sargent, A. R. A., will be a feature of the first volume. So great has been the demand for Villari's Life of Savonarola, that a new and popular edition has been prepared by Charles Scribner's Sons. This is to be in one volume, printed on thin paper, and will be at a popular price, so that this important biography will be for the first time within every one's reach.

The Convent of St. Johns, P. Q. has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for the use of its advanced pupils.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY  
My Ladye Faire,  
I met her in the pine wood way,  
In finest robes of gold;  
Far richer gold than crowns the day,  
Or round the clouds is rolled.  
She scatters gold on all the leaves,  
The crimson and the green;  
A golden wreath as bright she weaves,  
As live at sweet sixteen.  
The daisy sweet of Michaelmas,  
With golden red I found;  
And fragrant reeds and meadow grass  
Together gaily bound.  
She saw me and she sang aloud;  
"Awake O earth and seas;  
Awake and hear O mountains proud,  
My poet's minstrelsy."  
Her fragrant breath is on the breeze,  
That loves her golden hair;  
I felt before her on my knees,  
She is my ladye faire.  
I love the summer in her eyes,  
Her face of heavenly light;  
The splendor of the autumn lies,  
About her day at night.  
But ah she brings me not again,  
The lovely face of once;  
I can but beg of her in vain,  
Till thought and voice are done.  
Of one so as a changing leaf,  
Just if it turned to rest;  
Embroidered in our silent grief,  
Of all on earth the best.  
My ladye, faire September's smile,  
The sweetest that can give;  
I smile, her clear voice all the while,  
Sings love for you I live.  
Across the meads and gliding streams,  
The real and purple woad;  
She tells me in my blissful dreams,  
She loves me.  
CYRUS GOLDBE.  
Laurel Wood, Sept. 1896.  
Mamma's Girls.  
A dark-haired maiden, with a soul for learning  
Outlooking from her earnest, thoughtful eyes;  
In books and nature ever finding  
Some glad surprise.  
A little lass, in pink print apron clad,  
As sassy as a blackbird and as wild;  
The happiest creature all the wide world over,  
A care free child!  
Each foot of land, the dear old homestead over,  
Seemed of our very selves a part;  
And many lessons earned we there together  
Near Nature's heart.  
Wayside and field and woodland,  
We traversed hard in hand,  
Each nook was fairly haunt, each rock a castle—  
All wonderland.  
Wee folks the daisies were, with smiling faces  
Tore up upwards, our toes;  
For us the wild rose and the sweet grass wasted  
Their perfume roses.  
"Gay as the bobolink, that in the orchard  
Poured forth his crazy melody,  
With youthful eagerness we welcomed  
Each rising day.  
And when the busy hours at length were over,  
And soft night dropped all her curtains down,  
Two heads close on the pillow rested,  
The gold and brown.  
Dear sister, waiting for me on the border,  
With heaven's glory shining on your brow,  
We loved each other dearly when together,  
Then why not now?  
Though oftentimes I miss you sorely,  
I cannot feel that you are wholly gone,  
My garden angel, as through life's deep mazes  
I travel on.  
The hills are greener than on them have rested  
Your beauty-loving eyes,  
Grandeur the sunset and the sunrise glory,  
Buter the skies.  
Clearer the brook because you loved their murmurs,  
Sweeter the woodthrush's mournful evening  
Blythe.  
Brighter the sunshine, and more peaceful  
The twilight dim.  
Lookin' Backwards.  
Settin' here so kind a lonely,  
Gazin' out across the way,  
Nuthin' there to look at, only  
What I see most every day.  
Houses just like one another,  
Towers up four stories high  
Nice enough, but then I'd rather  
See a good-sized bit of sky  
Like the sky so blue as 'soft an'  
Fiercely-like. How I'd enjoy  
Seein' it? I did often  
When I was a growin' boy.  
When I was a happy youngster,  
Laughin' like at earthly bliss,  
Livin' on 'd farm amongst 'd  
Dear New England rugged hills,  
Wish't when I wake up some mornin'  
I had myself again.  
In the house what I was born in,  
Sleepin' side of Brother Ben,  
How the oil straw bed 'ud rest me,  
Sleepin' through 'bout a break;  
Iunno tho' but I'd just be  
Satisfied to lay awake.  
Wonder of there's many changes  
In the place 't I see see?  
Guess the thing 'twould seem mos' strange is  
Me, the boy that used to be.  
There was one of 'em that hung there  
On the slum tree, where I  
Loo't of times have set an' swung there,  
Waitin' for the cat to die.  
Went to school then, 'cept in hayin',  
Books I some way didn't love,  
'Member mother kep' a sayin'  
'Hurry! It's a quarter of 11'  
Use ter call myself fittin' teacher  
When I had to teach the cow,  
Guess I know how more 'n sweet 'ud  
Be a ramble like that now.  
I kin almost sm-ill 't clover,  
'En shen't 't 't mornin' breeze.  
Not much like 't 't smells all over  
City streets like see 't these.  
Sute 't set my eyes a winkin'  
Does occasionally when  
I set down an' git 't thinkin'  
'Et I was a boy again.  
Longin'.  
There's a cozy little cottage in the country, far  
away  
From the city where the waves of commerce swell;  
And the hollyhocks are blooming in the garden all  
the day.  
While the sunflowers stand on guard around the  
well.  
I can see within the doorway that cozy little  
cot.  
A neat figure that the morning-glories frame;  
And she shades her eyes and gazes down the high-  
way white and hot,  
While her hair has shaped themselves to breathe  
my name.  
Ah! her eyes are dim with weeping and her cheeks  
are moist with tears,  
And her glossy raven locks are flecked with snow,  
And the lines upon her forehead are the footprints  
of the years  
That have vanished since we parted long ago.  
And I'm longin'—oh! I'm longin'—for my mother's  
kindly face,  
With a homesick feeling tongue can never tell;  
For the sweet, old fashioned hollyhocks that bloom  
about the place,  
And the sunflowers standing guard around the well.  
—S. Q. Lapius, in Olio Farmer.  
Vites.  
Only a blade of grass!  
The soft, sweet shower, and the shining,  
If all that shall come to pass,  
Is no more than a blade of grass,  
Oh! what is the use of living?  
But with the sun and the rain  
The soft, sweet shower, and the shining,  
Green things are growing again,  
And the breeze that sweeps the plain  
Comes whispering: "See how vain,  
How needless, your repining!"  
"Behold the joy of the grass,  
The obedient use and beauty  
Of the wonderful waving mass!  
And all of it comes to pass  
Through each little blade of grass  
Just doing its daily duty."  
—Mary Bradley, in S. S. Times.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.  
**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE

WHAT THE SINGER CAN DO.  
Some Elegant Work Displayed by Them  
At the Exhibition.

The exhibit of the Singer Sewing machine has elicited great admiration among the ladies. This firm is showing a full line of their machines and have a skeleton model (handsomely nickle plated) of the Singer No. 1 family machine running constantly by electricity. The different machines made by this firm are the family V. S. or No. 1, the family central bobbin, and all of which are guaranteed to do the finest work. Surrounding their exhibit is a handsome display of art needle work all done by the singer machines, and comprises tapestry needlework, Kensington work, Roman embroidery. The most effective of these pieces is a portiere done in rope silk and plush, also the beautiful tidies worked on brussels net. There have been four ladies working these machines all during exhibition and the enormous amount of fans given away by them have all been rolled on the machines in full view of the spectators. Mr. John C. Rodgers is the manager for the maritime provinces with their head office on Dock street St. John. A number of the company's agents were constantly on hand explaining the different workings of the machine and the booth of the Singer Sewing Machine Co. at the exhibition presented the most lively appearance of them all.

FROLED THE JUDGE.  
A Successful Ruse to Save a Condemned  
Murderer's Neck.

"Some years ago I was on the bench in Nebraska circuit," said Judge A. R. Simmons of Omaha to a Washington Star reporter. "A murder was committed under rather peculiar circumstances. A man named Chadwick and a man named Tom Plummer were enemies, and had been for some time, each having threatened the life of the other. A reconciliation was effected, and one day the two men went hunting together. Plummer returned alone and said he had brought Chadwick's horse and the latter had gone to Kansas. "Considerable suspicion existed, but Chadwick had no relatives and there was no way of disproving the story. Several months later the bones of a man were found where it was known Chadwick and Plummer had been together on the day the former disappeared. By means of the remains were identified as those of Chadwick. Plummer was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. "Three or four days before the time fixed for the execution a man entered my office and saluted me: "How'd, judge? " "How are you?" I answered. "What can I do for you?" "I reckoned you'd know me," he said, "I'm Bill Chadwick. The feller Tom Plummer was convicted of killin'." "I was naturally greatly surprised, and somewhat doubtful as to the truth of his story. But he stuck to it under the most rigid cross-examination. "I don't like Tom none too well," he said, "but I sold him the horse all right and I went to Kansas. I didn't hear about the trill 'till after it was over, so when I heard I thought it would be a shame to let Tom hang, and I came back." "I took the man to the prosecuting attorney, who had known Chadwick slightly, and he identified the man as the one supposed to be murdered. We took the first train to Lincoln, reaching there just in time to secure a pardon for Plummer. "Both Plummer and Chadwick disappeared as soon as the former was released, and I had cer.s'd to think about the strange affair, when I changed circuits with another judge, and while sitting in the hotel I saw Chadwick pass. I called the landlord's attention to him, and asked if Chadwick lived there. "Bill Chadwick? No, he don't live anywhere. He's dead. That man's name is Plummer. He does look enough like Chadwick to pass for him. His brother was the man who killed Chadwick, and then got pardoned some way or other, I don't know how." And I did not tell him."

FROM ASHES TO LARGER LIFE.  
Hundreds of Gross of Dodd's Kidney Pills  
Burned Lateley.

The extensive establishment of the proprietors of Dodd's Kidney Pills, at Nos. 1 and 3 Jarvis street, with its contents, excepting the office, was entirely destroyed by fire on the afternoon of the 15th inst. The fire broke out in an adjoining warehouse, but spread so rapidly that in less than ten minutes the employes of the Dodd's Medicine Company from the laboratory, the advertising and the shipping departments, were all in panic flight for their lives. The perfect safety of all these persons once assured, and while more than two hundred and fifty gross of Dodd's Kidney Pills, together with labels, wrappers and tons of advertising were being consumed, interest and effort all centered in the rescue from the advertising rooms of a mass of seemingly old and worthless letters. These, as afterwards learned, proved to be the accumulations of years, consisting of thousands of testimonials, from persons cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and dating from the inception of the business up to the day of the fire. These records of triumph, these proofs of the merits of this great kidney treatment were the most precious of all the possessions of the firm, and were to be saved if possible, as they fortunately were, at the last possible moment. On the invitation of the president of the company a reporter of the News visited the quarters, located at Nos. 6 and 8 Bay Street, where new premises have been promptly opened. Here a rapid glance revealed many busy hands rushing the general details of completion of new goods to fill orders continuously arriving from all points in Canada, the United States and other parts of the world. Judging from the accumulated orders on file, of which your reporter got a glimpse, the output of Dodd's Kidney Pills is already almost beyond the conception, and one can easily understand that their merit alone can create such an incredible demand. Characteristic of the energy and enterprise of the Dodd's Medicine Company, it may be mentioned that, though absent in Buffalo during the fire, the manager was made aware of the probable extent and outcome of the disaster, and while the premises were still burning orders had been wired and goods from New York and other points were speeding towards Toronto for the reproduction of Dodd's Kidney Pills, so that no order should remain unfilled. By Authority.  
Jim Jackson—No, sah; yo' don't ketch dis coon workin' on a rainy day like dis! Squire Henery (astounded)—Rainy? Jim Jackson—Wal, dat's what de amaneak says, an' dat's good 'nuff fo me!

water becomes heated and the pain returns but again subsides on the addition of another quantity of salt. Professor Vergeley has obtained good results by covering the burn parts with a paste prepared by mixing calcined magnesia with a certain quantity of water and allowing it to dry on the skin, renewing it as soon as it becomes detached. Under this treatment it is said that the wounds heal well and pain is prevented.

GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.  
Interesting Description of How it Was Made and Its Customs.

Many people doubtless know that upon the ascension of a new monarch to the throne of England a new seal is struck and the old one is cut into four pieces and deposited into the Tower of London. In former times the fragments of these great seals were distributed among certain poor people of religious houses. When Her Majesty Queen Victoria ascended the throne of England, the late Benjamin Wyon, R. A., the chief engraver of Her Majesty's mint, designed the beautiful work of the present great seal of England. The details of the design are: over an equestrian figure of the Queen, attended by a page, Her Majesty wearing a habit—a flowing and sumptuous robe, and a collar of the Order of the Garter. In her right hand she bears the sceptre, and on her head is placed a regal tiara. The attendant page, with his bonnet in his hand, looks up to the Queen, who is gracefully restraining the impatient charger, which is richly decorated with plumes and trappings. The legend "Victoria Dei Gratia Britanniarum Regina Fidei Defensor," is engraved in Gothic letters, the spaces between the words being filled with heraldic roses. The reverse side of the seal shows the Queen, royally robed and crowned, holding in her right hand the sceptre, and in her left the orb, seated upon a throne beneath a niched Gothic canopy; on each side is a figure of Justice and Religion; and in the exergue the royal arms and crown, the whole encircled by a wreath or border of oak and roses. The seal itself is a silver mould in two parts, technically called a pair of dies. When an impression is to be taken or cast, the parts are closed to receive the melted wax, which is poured through an opening at the top of the seal. As each impression is attached to a document by a ribbon or slip of parchment, its ends are put into the seal before the wax is poured in, so that when the hard impression is taken from the dies the ribbon or parchment is neatly affixed to it. The impression of the seal is six inches in diameter and three-fourths of an inch in thickness.—Harper's Round Table.

Treatment of Burns.  
Dr. Poggi, a French surgeon, has found that the addition of a few teaspoonfuls of potassium nitrate to a bath, into which the burnt part is plunged, will quickly cause cessation of the pain. After a time the