

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 29

And now comes NANSEN'S reward in the shape of state banquet, receptions and general honoring.

Lovers of the fragrant weed will derive considerable satisfaction from the knowledge that, whatever crops fail, the tobacco crop this year is the largest and best ever harvested.

It, as some prudish people insist, it is wrong for the sexes to bathe together it is quite in order to object to life savers meddling with drowning women. The summer resorts ought to provide athletic girls to rescue their sex.

Royal betrothals and marriages seem to be contagious. The engagement of WILHELMINA the girl queen of the Netherlands, to Prince BERNARD of Saxe-Weimer will be officially announced in a day or two. The next to be heard from is the little king of Spain.

In spite of everything it has leaked out that Mrs. BRYAN calls her husband "Willie"; that ought to settle the matter with our American neighbors. The spirit of GEORGE WASHINGTON would rise in horror at the thought of a "Willie" in the White House. The question of course arises will he get there.

The Czar and Czarina of Russia have started out on a series of visits. The Czar is a little like other men after all, for he tried to get out of taking his wife to Paris; his original intention was to leave the Czarina at Balmoral with Queen VICTORIA while he took in the sights of the gay French capital; but the French people have politely requested him to bring her along to look after him during his stay in that wicked city.

The participation of women in active politics does not seem to have had the effect of lessening the bitterness of political discussion in the present American campaign. Mrs. MARY ELIZABETH LEASE of Kansas pays the penalty for her advanced position and in the heat of battle is given all the privileges of the male politician; and her equal footing with them entitles her to all the choice epithets enjoyed by the bitterest political opponents in a particularly bitter fight.

The question of its water supply has, assumed a serious aspect in Paris. It is claimed that the reservoirs which supply the French capital are entirely too small. They only, at any time, hold water enough for two weeks and it is considered dangerous to store up even that quantity during very warm weather. It is said that in order to obviate all danger of drought during the exposition in 1900 two new sources of supply must be found to complete the system; the expenditure of 100,000,000 francs will be necessary.

If there is anything in a name the tiny equine recently added to the WALTER L. MAIN circus, the other day in Canadaigua is not likely to live to a very old age. The diminutive creature weighed at birth eight and a half pounds, is eleven inches high and measures only eighteen inches from the tip of its dainty nose to the end of its tail. In honor of its birthplace it is trying to support the name given it, Canadaigua, in as dignified a manner as possible under the circumstances. It seems to be a clear case for the good offices of the S. P. C. A.

The Telegraph's personal reference to the city editor of the Sun in his capacity as correspondent of a newspaper in another city is one of the most regrettable features of a bitter election campaign. The old adage that "those who live in glass houses etc." is particularly true in this case. Newspaper men are not in a position at all times to write as they think on political matters, and this has been the experience of the present editor of the Telegraph so frequently, that he might reasonably accord the same privilege to an opponent in a less responsible position.

New York seems to be an exceptionally ignorant city. At a recent examination of candidates for the police force 210 men

presented themselves and only thirty-five per cent succeeded in passing; or to put it plainly nearly two thirds did not know enough to be policemen. However, New York seems to expect considerable from her guardians of the peace and though policemen, are not usually required to possess literary qualifications, they were in the examination referred to, requested to write a letter of 125 words on The Causes of Crime.

A few weeks ago, Lord CHARLES RUSSELL, sitting as Judge in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, gave a decision relating to the validity of search warrants in a case which was tried before him without jury in June and then taken under advisement. The suit was against a magistrate to recover damages for having issued a search warrant without authority of law. The individual whose effects were searched under the warrant was a butler who was about to leave his situation and having been accused of theft by his master a warrant was obtained. No proof of his guilt was forthcoming and he was acquitted. A few days later he sued the Justice who issued the warrant, on the ground that the instrument was defective because there was no proof that anything had been stolen and because neither the document nor the complaint specified the goods that he was under suspicion of having stolen. Lord Chief Justice RUSSELL in his judgement did not admit these objections and decided that the search warrant was valid and gave sufficient protection to the defendant. It is not necessary under English law by Lord Russell to specify the actual commission of a felony in order to empower the magistrate to issue a warrant. It is enough if the information gives reasonable grounds for the suspicion that goods are being feloniously dealt with by the defendant. As to the failure of the warrant in the instance referred to, to indicate just what property was to be searched for, the Lord Chief Justice says:—"I cannot find it anywhere laid down that a search warrant must specify the goods, and, indeed, it is easy to suggest many cases where it might be impossible for the person laying the information to do so. Probably in most cases there is no difficulty, and for that reason the usual forms for the information and the warrant drawn up in that way."

Is the railroad brakeman like the horse in danger of eventually becoming practically an extinct species through electrical mechanical contrivances. It would seem so indeed and it may not be many years before this interesting personage will be only a memory and a name. Everybody knows the brakeman of a few years ago whose brilliant specialty was announcing in a manner all his own, the names of the various stations. If he was wholly incomprehensible to the travelling public it was certainly not his fault; in fact it was considered an accomplishment among the brethren to be able to call out the names of the stopping places in such a way that none of the passengers could know just which one was referred to; and the brilliancy of this feat was enhanced considerably when the brakeman added an unknown number of minutes for refreshments. Not one in fifty ever knew precisely just what time was at their disposal, by the brakeman's announcement. But this institution is rapidly nearing extinction and this is due to the automatic air brake, an invention of Mr. WESTINGHOUSE which, with its many advanced improvements, does the work of a brakeman in a safer and more expeditious manner than the hand brakeman was able to do it. Out of 1,200,000 freight and coal cars in use in the United States 500,000 are equipped with automatic air brakes and all the passenger and mail cars, with a few isolated exceptions are equipped in the same manner, so that it really seems to be only a question of a few years when the extension of this system will be universal. As a result of the innovation not only has the brakeman been done away with but the interests of safety in railway travel have been promoted and recent railway statistics show a large falling off in the number of accidents since the introduction of the automatic brake, while as part compensation for the loss of the brakeman we have fewer accidents quicker time and vestibule trains.

HE GAVE A HALF SOVEREIGN.

A Halifax Officer Who Gave Liberally to Both Denominations. A volunteer battalion some two or three weeks ago went into camp for two days at Bedford from Saturday night until Monday evening, and on Sunday a church parade was held on the range at which the protestants attended; the roman catholics were to parade later at Bedford. When the time came to take up the collection the officer who was to perform this duty went into the officer's hut to procure plates and was asked by the colonel, "Are you going to take up the collection?" to which the gallant major replied, "that he was. The colonel asked him if he would put a half sovereign which he handed him into the plate, stating at the same time that he was going to put the same in the other plate at Bedford to which he was going later. The boys were congratulating themselves that the officer was getting generous, but what a surprise was in store for them, if the following is true. About the beginning of last week an

order was presented to the paymaster which read something after this style. "Please pay the sum of \$4.86 for church services." The Bible says "judge not, etc," and it therefore must be believed that this very popular officer is going to put this sum back again into the battalion funds as he is fond of doing when these little affairs are discovered. It is positively known that the half sovereign found its way into the plate on Bedford range and perhaps it would be well for the paymaster of the regiment to ask the colonel to get a voucher setting forth that a half sovereign had been received at the other church.

Canadian Poetry. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—Thomas O'Hagan M. D. with the best intentions, may do much injury to Canadian poetry. He has sat up an octarchy of gods, Roberts, Frechette, Lammpan, Carman, Campbell, the two Scots and Pauline Johnston and calls on the world to bow down and worship them. There is nothing objectionable in this, per se, excepting that when one is happy in whooping up eight pet saints it does not follow that adoration should be stopped towards all the other myriad members of the heavenly choir. Mr. O'Hagan always expands with adulation over the very creditable singers named, even to the extent of insisting that they as "at the head" of Canadian poetry should be given consulates, secretaries' posts and university chairs, all the while he himself appearing unconscious of the existence of any others, so much so that readers glancing over the columns of the Week and seeing his signature skip the article with the remark "another dose of the same old syrup." Probably the doctor's profession is so exciting as to leave him little leisure to become acquainted with the wider range of Canadian literature, for, besides a good many native rhyming works of which the writer of this does not possess a copy, there are on his bookshelf over twenty presentation volumes of verse by Canadian writers, of which at least twelve are deserving of admiration in no small degree. Most of the writers are young, some about the doctor's presumed age, and more than one who made a mark as poet before T. O'H. was born, and continue to attune the lyre with acceptance now. By ignoring this wider field the doctor as a critic of the issue is, without malice, mischievous by conveying the idea to outsiders that the range of Canadian song is limited. Increased leisure to extend his studies in native rhyme may save him from the suspicion,—perhaps unfounded,—that he is the trumpeter of a coterie. Among the approved authors he is unacquainted with, or ignores, are certain notable poets of New Brunswick.

A READER OF PROGRESS.

FILOSOFY AND FOLLY.

If there is "nothing new under the sun," what about the new baby, the bicycle girl, and all the up-to-date chappies? When marriage is contracted for aught but true regard, hitches are sure to follow. 'Tis the female in all forms of animal life that exhibit the tenderest care and most devoted love. Could we look under the surface of many a smiling face, we would discern much of sadness, that surroundings hide. Some people, "don't know they're living" till they're dead; and then it takes their friends three days to wake them. Cynics are such either through heredity, disappoinment, or a rough and tumble encounter with the world, that turned sour, their "milk of human kindness." As a sunshade acts the dual part of protection from sun and rain alike, as also does true repentance for wrong doing committed, inasmuch as it not only shows regret, but is a safeguard against repetition. You cannot "steer clear" of your besting sin, without the helm of determination. Better to "mend your ways" than have to find "a way to mind" yourself. It depends largely upon which predominates, as to our present happiness; contentment or ambition. A contented man may be ambitious, but an ambitious man may not always be contented. A "mother's love" is second only to "divine love." "Divine love" would be far more incomprehensible but for a "mother's love." Time is eternity with it's wing clipped. Many a one buys "on time" who thinks he has "all eternity" to pay in. When death says "time's up" eternity opens it's arms to receive a new candidate for futurity's weal or woe. Time is speedier than aught else, as nothing can overtake it. Pleasure and pain are equally indicative of "time's flight," one showing its swiftness, the other its tardiness. Death rejoices at each new birth, knowing full well, 'tis but another victory. Many court death, as a relief to a disappointed life. Regarding the future, 'tis indeed "blue," if of a deeper hue than many have found the past, and are finding the present. Death, regardless of our vastly different views of it, is at last a rest from this world's cares and worries. There was nothing "shy" about Shylock, we should all fight shy of his descendants. Sin is the credit, and suffering, the debit side of our ledgers. Some men are so grasping, that, could we not see their hands, we should imagine them to be possessed of claws. Life loses many of its most enchanting charms through a little disappointment. Cranks are the result of hobby riding, Bicyclists beware! The grave has had but one continuous cry of dissatisfaction, since man learned to die. More! Sectarism, or denominationalism is no safeguard against sin, Christianity stands pre-eminently above aught else in that direction. One of the most enlightening features in a Christian, is his liberality of thought towards all others who may differ with him and cannot see, theologically, just as he can or does.

Queen of Sunny-Land. I little Queen of sunny land, Rosy cheek and dimpled hand, With a crown of golden tresses, Lips inviting love's caresses, Oh, what shall I do? If I kiss my lady fair On her cheek and on her hair And her red lips, too, I will forego royal favor; Yet, to hesitate or waver Will my love undo. Coily 'neath her silken lashes, Suddenly the laughter flashes Swiftly into view; Then her eyes are veiled demurely, And her pointing lips are surely 'trigging me to woo. Softer cheek or bluer eye, Sweeter lips for kisses, None I ever knew; And my sweetheart's age is four; Could I really love her more Were she twenty-two. Little Queen of Sunny-Land, Rosy cheek and dimpled hand, Tender eyes of blue; Some one told me, just in fun, God has never made but one Queen as fair as you. Marion Franklin

A Giver. It beat against her outer gate, It clattered at her quiet door; The sordidness of human fate, The sorrow of the tempted poor. She gave to all who called her name, As from a pious golden store, Unlifted words that left out shame, Of love bereft that loved the more. And those who leaned upon her grew Strong in life's ways to do the right; Faith and abiding peace they knew, Walking uprightly in her sight. Then, smiling, to her heart she said, "And now the world need never know How silently you lie, and dead, O pitiless heart that suffered so."

Bohemia's Land. Oh! sing of a saffron-scented pipe, That a man may smoke at ease, In a dingy den where the dust lies ripe, And the spiders do as they please! Let others shorten in dull home lives Their hair and their liberty; And be constrained at the word of their wives, Bohemia's land for me! Oh! sing of the pretty girls we've kissed, And the jolly days when we dined, With only a laugh for the diners missed And the girls to our loves unkind; With hearts as light as our pockets' freight, We scorn all society; And laugh in the face of fate— Bohemia's land for me! —Eve Brodrique in the New Bohemian.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Moonlight on the Bay Chaleur. The moon ship's great beam sail white, Fills on her ocean blue; By isles of beautiful stars of light, The shoreless sea mists through. From east to west her course she takes, Her vast deep surges o'er; Her streaming search ray passing breaks, Over the Bay Chaleur. One pilot still, an ancient man, The moon ship's helm guides; Since his long voyage first began, Over the steam cloud tides, Full many a thousand, thousand years, That mariner's banique of yore— Has sailed where his glorious light appears, Over the Bay Chaleur.

When full sail crowds his jeweled masts, What beautiful eyes behold; The splendor o'er the earth he casts, What secrets to him are told. What songs are sung to measured tune, In the dip of the gliding oar; In the golden dreams of the summer's prime. On the musical Bay Chaleur. O pilot from your ship last night, Your locks of silvered gray; Swept o'er the waves a lovely sight, To cheer our onward way. If you could tell all things you knew, Of loving hearts aching true, A tale of faithful friends and true, Would charm the Bay Chaleur. O turn your search light's brightest glow, Old seaman of the skies; On us as merrily we row, While fast the night dream flies. O let your sweet ray o'er the sea, And down the happy shore; Fall ten'erly on all with me, And bless the Bay Chaleur. The moon ship rising on the foam— Of a cream white cloud on high; Behold us slowly walking home, Under the thought-fair sky. We looked our last two weeks alone, The glory comes no more; The tide went out with tearful tone, Farewell Sad Bay Chaleur. —CYRUS GOLDB.

The New Woman. Who is this little new woman— This end of the century one? She is just as sweet and as human As the oldest one under the sun, She does on an Easter bonnet And genuine sable and seal, And she drives a span as well as a man, And distances him on a wheel. She sits on the floor demurely To button her shoes in a hush, And keeps you waiting as surely As the last bell is ringing for church. She cooks your meals to perfection, And goes to the cooking school; And the baby is fed and put to bed By a mathematical rule. She dips into sanitation And the wary plumber outfits, And there's nothing under creation She hasn't studied by fits. She takes of political treason, Of rights and making laws, And she thinks she has plenty of reason To vaunt of a woman's cause. But her heart is not any colder, And her love she'll never deny, And she'll put her head on your shoulder Any day for a genuine cry. She is trying her wings a little, She is looking where she would go; But the tenderness of your kiss or caress Is as sweet as ever, I know. And she loves the home nest better, Where she shelters and peeps aside, For the ruffs and wear and the worry and tear Of the conflict left outside. And she'd rather nestle into your arms And hear your praise to day Than that of the crowd and its plaudits loud, Tho' she's trying to have her way. Fear not, for this little new woman, This fin de siecle one, Is just as sweet and as human As the oldest one under the sun.

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

PARIS ATHLETIC RESORT.

Feats of Strength—Famous Graduates of Noel's Tavern Gymnasium. Some one said to me the other day, 'Do you want to see one of the most original curiosities of unknown Paris—I mean unknown to the Boulevardiers? Well, then go to the Place de la Nation, No. 23 Rue des Boulets, and enter a very modest looking tavern you will find there, kept by one Noel, called Le Gaulois. Put your thirty centimes on the counter and ask to be shown into the inner room. There you will meet as strange a group as is to be found anywhere in Paris.'

As I was in search of novelty and diversion in the big city, I followed the advice. I found the place without any trouble. The room I entered was long and narrow, the floor was covered with tan-bark, and the furnishings were entirely dissimilar to any I had ever seen in any other cafe. No billiard table stood in the middle of the floor, but here and there were upright bars, iron rings, parallel bars and a spring board. On the walls were lung weights, boxing gloves, masks and swords. If your visit should be made on an ordinary day you would see a group of customers, stripped to the waist, and occupied, to the exclusion of everything else, in lifting enormous weights, while discussing the merits of their venmouth. just as ordinary cafe frequenters pass the time with a game of piquet or dominos. But if your visit, as my first did, falls on a seance day, you must take your place on one end of the room, and there, in complete silence, from one of the interested spectators of the matches between these amateur virtuoso.

It is certainly one of those rare places where admirers of physical vigor may feast themselves upon exhibitions of earnest and sincere athletics, and where you may be certain there is no trickery, as there is nine times out of ten in the professional arena. In fact, the owner of this cafe presents the strange combination of a man who gives up the seductions of a stringed orchestra and savory tziganes and relies upon the seductions of his weights, trapeze and foils to attract his customers. I felt a natural curiosity to find out how he first conceived the idea of his strange cafe, and questioned him closely. He was very polite, and gave me all the information I sought.

Noel, whose real name is Rouveirois, is a Cretan, who came to Paris as an employe in the Bercy Caves. There he performed some feats of strength which astonished his comrades, who were themselves men of great muscle. One of his greatest exploits was to hammer a spigot into half a cask of wine, then take the barrel in his two hands, hold it up over his head and drain its contents as another man would have emptied a gourd. After saving a little money he opened a small wine shop on his own account. His manner of serving his customers was so far out of the common that his fame soon spread far and wide. He would pour out his wine with one hand while he held a bar of iron weighing twenty-five kilos extended in the other.

This feat soon won him a reputation in the quartier, and he thought to enhance it by adding an athletic arena to his little cafe, in which only amateurs were eligible. Of course every one knows that in sporting veracuuls a man is an amateur until he appears in public for money. This strange cafe bears little outward mark of its athletic character. Noel will hasten to inform you that his cafe is the resort of athletes and not wrestlers; that athletics is a gift of nature, susceptible of flourishing by reasonable and methodical exercises, while wrestling is a trade to be learned by any one who takes the trouble to master it. He contends that a man may become a famous wrestler without being in any way remarkable for strength.

To become eligible for Noel's arena one must be able to lift 180 pound. An ordinary man can lift 100 pounds without any great skill. As soon as one masters the feat of holding a bar of iron weighing 100 pounds at arms' length the extra weight is soon accomplished.

Noel can hold out 270 pounds and has gone as far as 280. During the Franco Russian fetes he achieved great notoriety by holding out an iron bar having a basket at either end, from which at a given signal two sailors—one French and one Russian—emerged, and to the strains of the national hymns, waved the French and Russian flags. The majority of these amateur athletes are recruited from the bourgeoisie rather than from the people. The lately elected Deputy of the Arrondissement, M. Vuilord, was one of the most wonderful athletes of this select colony. M. Morel, a telegraph operator, is master of the marvellous feat of lifting 100 kilos. Maurice Maingnet, a des gner has raised 170 pounds twice consecutively in one hand. The most famous graduate of all, though, is Sadow, the German, who has achieved a world wide reputation. When a young

man and an artisan he was in the habit of frequenting Noel's cafe, and the fame of his wonderful browes attracted the attention of some managers. An offer to exhibit was made him, and from that moment he has stood before the world as the type of perfect man. Another graduate of Noel's cafe is Jackson, the American. Noel claims that there are no women athletes. Those claiming this title, he said, were 'fakes,' unless you except Miss Athleta, who performs at the winter circus and accomplishes the wonderful feat of walking around with five men suspended about her person, or supports two little ponies balanced on a board on her chest and stomach.—N. Y. Herald.

THE LEATHERJACKET.

A Handsome Fish That is Not Commonly Found in These Waters. The leatherjacket or skipjack, as it is sometimes called, is a fish common in the Gulf of Mexico and the waters of the West Indies, and as far south as Brazil. On the Pacific coast it is found along Mexico and Central America. On our own coast the leatherjacket is found in summer as far north as Cape Cod; but it is not common in these waters. The specimen mentioned was taken recently in Gravesend Bay and brought to the New York Aquarium. The leatherjacket is a very active swimmer and not adapted to confinement; this one did not long survive its capture.

The leather jacket is not a good fish to eat, as its flesh is rather hard and dry, but in it is a handsome fish to look at. The specimen here shown was about ten inches in length. Its skin had somewhat the appearance of grain leather, caused by the form and arrangement of the scales, which were small, extremely narrow, and deeply embedded in the skin, and irregularly placed, making very fine, irregular, lateral wrinkles all over the leather jacket's body. The body of the leather jacket is very thin, and spindle-shaped. It has a slender tail, and a small, pointed snout. A short shiny fin on the back is followed by a longer dorsal fin, which is broken up into many finlets. The anal fin also is long and partly composed of finlets behind. There are two very strong sharp spines in front of it. The leatherjacket has a small head and large eyes and a moderately large mouth. It is of a purplish gray on the upper part of its body, but the lower and greater part of its body is silvery. The breast fins and the caudal fins are tinged with yellow. The leatherjacket is formed for speed and it is a quick swimmer. Its nearest relations among the well-known fishes are the pompano, the moonfishes, the threadfish, the yellow mackerel, and the amberfishes.

A Talk With a Pawnbroker.

There are two points of view to be taken of everything—even a pawnbroker's dealings. A woman went into a well-kept establishment the other day and asked for a loan of \$30 on a marquise ring of diamonds and emeralds. "That amount was given me at Blank's," she said, "the other day." "I will give you \$8," said the pawnbroker. "That would not do. From a little bag concealed in the folds of her dress the woman brought out another ring—a crock of diamonds, with half a dozen stones. Twenty-five dollars," said the pawnbroker, and she took it. "I wonder if they could have changed the stones," she said, referring to the marquise ring. "It would not be worth while for any one to change such small stones," said the pawnbroker to the interested visitor. "There is a possibility that someone might have given her the sum she mentioned for that ring, but I doubt it. She was probably telling an untruth. You can buy such a ring as that for \$10 or \$12 at a pawn shop. If a man should make a practice of giving out as much money as she says on such a ring he would be loaded with them. Every other pawnbroker in town would pass off their rings on him. The ring I took is worth perhaps \$60—not more."—New York Times.

Will Speak in St. John.

Arrangements have been made for a series of four addresses on Romanism and the School Question by the noted Evangelist Leyden of Boston. The meetings will be at the Mechanics' Institute, St. John, commencing Monday afternoon Aug. 30, at 3.30, also evening, and Monday afternoon and evening. Rev. Mr. Leyden has spoken in all the cities and towns of Manitoba and the far Canadian Northwest, and rendered good services in aiding to settle the school question and abolish separate schools. He is said to be an eloquent and capable speaker and no doubt will be heard by large audiences. Arrangements are being made for lectures in Fredericton, Moncton, Halifax, etc.

Harvest Excursions To Canadian North West

Have been arranged to leave from points in the Maritime Provinces on September 1st and 15th only, and tickets will be good for return within sixty days. The territory to which they will be sold is that lying West of Winnipeg, to and including Calgary and Edmonton, and the rates are from \$28.00 to \$40.00 each. This will be a fine opportunity for "home seekers in the great North West" to see the country and select locations. Laureate of the Conservatory of Liege. Prof. J. J. Goulet, Laureate of the Royal Conservatory of Music of Liege, Belgium, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for his own use as well as for that of his advanced pupils.