

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY.

IN 1888. Exceeded all Previous Records.

Table with financial data: Assets, Liabilities, Surplus, Increase in Income, Increase in Surplus, Increase in Assets.

OF THE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES OF THE WORLD, THE EQUITABLE HAS FOR 3 YEARS TRANSCENDED THE LARGEST ANNUAL NEW BUSINESS.

SAFETY AND PROFIT. 1. SAFETY (or permanent protection). This is measured by Surplus and the ratio of Surplus to Liabilities.

FERTILIZERS!

Intending purchasers would do well to see samples of our HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS.

Imperial Superphosphate, Ground Bone, Bone Meal.

Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Company, 89 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ST. JOHN ACADEMY OF ART.

STUDIO BUILDING, 74 GERMAIN ST., SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE SCHOOL-ROOMS are now open to Pupils from 10 until 5 every day in the week, except Saturday afternoon.

DRAWING AND PAINTING.

The course taught consists in—Drawing from Models and objects; the Antique; Life; Still Life.

Principal—JOHN C. MILES, A. R. C. A. Assistant—FRED H. C. MILES. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

PAINTING! PAINTING!

THE SUBSCRIBERS are prepared to receive orders at their OLD STAND, No. 18 WATERLAND STREET.

House and Sign Painting, Gilding, GRAINING, PAPER HANGING, KALSOMINING, WHITEWASHING, Etc.

A. D. BLAKSLÉE & SON. Dispensing of Prescriptions.

Special Attention is Given to this very important branch. Medicines of Standardized Strength used.

W. B. McVEY, D. R. SCOTT'S Electric Hair Curler.

ADIES who wish to quickly change their Curl the Hair, by a new method, should have one of these new inventions.

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE Province of New Brunswick OF THE Commercial Union Assurance Co.

and Phoenix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn, A. C. FAIRWEATHER, CHAS. J. TOWNLEY, BARNHILL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B.

The early advertiser catches the Summer Boarder. It will cost you only 50 cents to insert a 10-line statement of the advantages you can offer to guests. It will pay... Try it.

WHAT DO YOU DO IT FOR?

A SERMON TO SOME NEWLY-WEDDED COUPLES. Text, "The Advantages and Disadvantages of Going to Boston to Get Married."

In order to take the most cheerful view of "the advantages or disadvantages of going to Boston to get married," I will begin by considering the advantages of skipping to the "land of the free and the home of the brave," etc., in order to get, vulgarly speaking, spiced.

I suppose that deep down in our secret hearts we all have a more or less hidden spring, called love of notoriety. We won't own to the weakness, even in private conversation with our own selves, but still we do like to know that people are talking about us, and wondering what we are going to do next.

Perish the barbarous thought! that he could ever love again, if he lost his adored one. And so Algernon, being young and foolish, or what is a great deal worse—old and foolish—declines in a moment of excitement, bordering on mental aberration, that he will do something which, unknown to himself, he is going to regret for the greater portion of his life.

Worthy of the brain of Algernon. They embrace. And to Boston Algernon goes a decent space of time before the momentous day, and "registers his intentions."

Advantage number one! He does not have to buy a license; and Araminta is only twenty-one last birthday; so "age is no object." And Algernon feels justly elated over a piece of clever financing.

He decides at once that he will not wait in Boston for his bride to arrive, so he will go for her and escort the lady of his love, as did the knights of old, to the temple in which she is to bestow upon him the priceless gift of her hand.

And then, think of the rapture, the piquancy of that pre-nuptial wedding trip, as it were, when Araminta, surrounded by her maidens, is travelling on the same train with him, not quite his very own, but so soon to be his quite, quite own.

So he goes back, and Araminta is very much surprised to see him, and not especially pleased, for she is afraid he is going to be in the way—and he certainly is, as she finds out before the journey ends.

And Algernon sees his idol afar, but reaps no advantage therefrom, for her bosom friend makes a point of occupying the seat beside her during the entire journey.

Next morning it is raining and there is an east wind, and the cabs have muddy wheels and mud beneath the seats, but the wedding party assemble with what cheerfulness they can summon, and proceed to the church. Araminta's mamma is weeping in sympathy with the skies, or, perhaps, it is the skies that are in sympathy with her, but no matter. The church is reached, and it looks very chilly this morning, though, perhaps, it is the lovely little "Church of the Advent," but a half-empty church always looks cold in the morning, and there were so very few in the large, busy, intellectual city of Boston who cared to witness the marriage of these two young Canadian lambs who seemed somehow to have strayed out of their own fold into strange pastures that, if they were really shunning notoriety, they had succeeded in one way, and if they

PROGRESS.

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MARRIAGE IS A FAILURE.

MR. JAMES CRAWFORD, OF PORTLAND, THINKS SO. And His Experience Ought to Constitute Him a Judge—Mr. Crawford's Notice in the "Globe"—Advice Procured on the Divorce Question.

Everybody knows Mr. Crawford as one of the bustling news agents of Portland. Not only a hatter, but so prosperous that he has lent his additional money-making activity to starting news stores on Brussels and Sidney street in this city.

Notwithstanding this gentleman's business cares he is an affectionate man, with leanings toward home and family life. He believes in the axiom, "Man was not meant to live alone," and though extremely unfortunate, inasmuch as his first and second life companions died, he persisted in living up to his motto and marrying again!

Mr. Crawford's young friends are not always as polite as they might be. They get much of their ideas of how the world wags from the dime and half-dime literature that adorns his counters, and their language is replete with all the slang phrases given to the world. Thus it was that no notice was taken when the wedding party came from the church of such suggestive phrases as, "Put wings on her Jimmy!" and so on. No doubt they all knew that Mrs. Crawford was an angel in the eyes of her lord, and that was the best way they could convey their congratulations.

But a change has come over the household, and the peaceful domestic life so congenial to Mr. Crawford's tastes has not found him yet. Nor has he run across Mr. Crawford also pines for the unrestricted freedom of her girlish days and days and days.

Now St. John is not Chicago, else this trouble might be arranged in short order. There a man may be married one week and divorced the next, provided he can prove that his breakfast wasn't teeming hot and to his taste every morning.

Mr. Crawford and Mrs. Crawford's complaints are not of this nature and PROGRESS does not think them sufficient to warrant the proceedings that have been taken, but there cannot be much doubt but that some of the young people will follow the advice Mr. Crawford is now distributing so freely and steer clear of matrimony. He ought to know something about it by this time.

Leave your orders for Carpet Cleaning at Harold Gilbert's, 54 King Street.

THEY STRUCK FOR MORE PAY.

Over 20 men, who last week were workmen in Messrs. James Harris & Co's foundry, are now out of employment. They struck! At least, twelve of them did. They were helpers in the blacksmith's shop, at \$1 per day. They thought they were worth \$1.25 per day, but the firm thought differently. So, Monday afternoon, the men put on their coats and left the foundry, with the intention of returning only when their employers would agree to give them the advance. Messrs. Harris & Co's blacksmith shop cannot get along very well without men to help the blacksmiths. Men must be procured to take the places of those who left. The laboring men in the yard could do the work well enough, and so the bosses decided they should sling the sledge hammers. The first laborer asked to go to work in the shop said he'd go home first. He went. The next had the same answer. About ten laborers were asked to go to work with the blacksmiths, and ten laborers filed out of the foundry gate. When pay night came the men were all paid off, something over 20 in all.

ROSE AND CHRYSTAL.

Among the attractions in the sight seeing line on King street are two pieces of artistic work in Mr. Holman's window. One of them, the Panel of Roses, is the work of Miss B. Bowman, and the Basket of Chrysanthems is by Miss McInnis, her pupil. Either of these flower studies is well worth seeing.

No Connection With Them.

Mr. F. A. Jones, the instalment man, wishes PROGRESS to state that he tries to do a square and legitimate business and has no connection with the Charlotte street store run by the National Supply company.

More Situations Than Applicants.

"There are fewer young men than there are situations now-a-days," said a merchant this week. "I advertised for a clerk and all the applicants, nine I think, are in other houses. There's no reason why young men should seek situations abroad."

Children's heads done equal to new, at Ungar's Steam Laundry.

Done equal to new, at Ungar's Steam Laundry.

BRIGHTER THAN THE SUNLIGHT.

Mr. George Robertson, according to his usual custom, dropped in at the Board of Trade rooms Thursday morning about 11 o'clock. He was looking remarkably well and said his feelings were in just as satisfactory a condition. And he picked up a popular journal and laughed a good genuine laugh.

There was boom in the air, Thursday morning. Every man carried it about with him. He gave it to his friends and sprinkled it on his enemies; he felt ready to shout aloud and bring everybody about him to join in the jubilee. If someone had only manifested his delight in this fashion, then the town could have settled down to business—but everybody waited for his neighbor to begin the din. The result of this suppressed mirth was that every citizen owned a broad grin all day.

You could tell about 7 a. m. that something was up—there wasn't a paper in the hands of a newsboy. When the morning dailies disappear in that style, you can bet with certainty that something of national importance has come over the wires.

There are few persons in town who get the Frederick Farmer. When they read it, Thursday morning, they nearly had a fit of apoplexy. It is the cause. Read it slowly and with care.

The exhibition the St. John people are making of themselves is as amusing as it is pitiful and ridiculous. A more selfish position than St. John has assumed on this Short Line question, is not written on the page of history. It is as mean, if not meaner than when the people of that city endeavored to snatch the seat of government from Fredericton.

Let the heathen rage! Practice what you preach, friend Farmer. St. John feels quite well this morning, thank you.

Ladies' and Children's dresses, Satens, News selling or Cotton cleaned at Ungar's Steam Laundry.

THE END OF PROGRESS' YEAR.

A Great Demand For Papers That Could Not Be Had. Last Saturday was a great day for the newsboy hustlers who sell PROGRESS. Their only and great trouble was the scarcity. Long before the majority of people were awake there was an impatient and incredulous gang of small boys in front of PROGRESS' office on Canterbury street, unwilling to believe the fact that every paper had been sold. And yet it was a dreary morning, with the rain falling in torrents!

As for those generous advertisers, Messrs. W. C. Pitfield & Co. and Harold Gilbert, they could not have been better pleased. Mr. Gilbert's advertisement was called the "handsomest business announcement" that has yet appeared in any St. John paper, and Mr. Pitfield's was alike massive and interesting. Either of those gentlemen will not hesitate to say that PROGRESS gave them full value for their money.

What He Thinks About It.

A prominent St. Stephen man writes: "If a man cannot be in business and be a Christian then business is wrong. It is a libel on a large portion of mankind. Many years' experience in London, England, taught me that 'The Master' could do the business of many firms without loss. One merchant when asked 'How do you keep your soul alive in the midst of so much bustle?' said, 'Christ is in all this!'"

This is a Prophecy.

The I. C. R. Telegraph company will be doing business in Halifax within two months.

Books \$250 from Ave (one roll at McArthur's Book Store, Main street, Portland, opposite Bell Tower.

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THEY GOT AN EAR FULL.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND PROVINCIAL SECRETARY LISTEN. The Leaders of the Party in St. John.—The Heavy-Weights Present—Howard Troop's Terse Speech—The Premier Refuses to be Questioned.

There was a notable gathering of some strong supporters of the local government in Troop's building, Thursday. "Purely informal," one gentleman told PROGRESS, but, if faces are any indication of business, it was the most formal gathering of the season.

Who were there? Attorney-General Blair, Provincial Secretary McLellan, Dr. Silas Alward, M.P.P., Dr. Stockton, M.P.P., George McLeod, Howard D. Troop, George Blake, Samuel Strang, James Manchester, Manager Geo. A. Schofield, of the Bank of New Brunswick, Thomas McAvity, George A. Hetherington, M.D., Arthur Everitt, Joseph W. Lawrence and William Shaw.

There were others invited, who would have given much to be present, but business engagements intervened. Among them were John McMillan, who is one of the strongest and most influential of the government supporters.

The meeting was called to give the members of the government some idea of how the removal of Police Magistrate Peters would strike the constituency.

Mr. Blair expressed his willingness to hear such opinions from those present, and the general impression when the meeting adjourned was that "he had his ear full."

Secretary McLellan talked a little. He discussed the situation in a free manner and the result of certain events, such as the opening of the constituency.

Mr. Arthur Everett was in the chair, and though there was much excitement around him he remained quite calm and collected. Howard Troop made a very terse speech when the advisability of opening the constituency was mooted. It will be placed on record as the briefest and most expressive political speech of the century.

The one thing that the gentlemen present forced upon the attention of the attorney general and provincial secretary, was the unadvisability of removing Police Magistrate Peters. The question of the appointment of a chief of police was not mentioned, the Sun to the contrary notwithstanding.

Neither of the gentlemen of the government dropped a word as to their intentions. They came, they said, simply to listen, and not to talk. They should have brought stenographers along with them, because, unless they have the memory of a Daniel Webster, they won't remember a quarter of what was said. The gentlemen present were all friends of B. Lester Peters, and they were in earnest.

BERRYMAN-MASSIE.

A Boston Society Journal's Story of the Recent Wedding. [Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, April 27.] The wedding of Mrs. C. C. Massie, of Brooklyn, a cousin of Mrs. Pauline A. Durant, widow of the founder of Wellesley college, and Dr. John Berryman, M. P. P., Canada, took place very quietly last Tuesday, at 11 o'clock, in Trinity church. Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks performed the ceremony in the presence of a few relatives and intimate friends of Dr. and Mrs. Berryman. At 12 o'clock Mrs. Durant entertained a large number of friends at a breakfast and reception in her honor, at her beautiful home, No. 30 Marlborough street. Magnificent white azaleas forming a screen in each of the drawing room windows, exquisite orchids on the dining table, and roses and lilies tastefully arranged on tables and mantelpieces, were decorations specially charming and appropriate for a spring wedding. Mrs. Durant was assisted by Dr. Berryman, who, it will be remembered, is a brother of Mrs. Guildford Reed, of this city, and by Mrs. Berryman, who wore a tasteful gown of pearl gray silk, with bonnet to match. Among the guests were Mrs. Cheaney, and Miss Cheaney, of Wellesley, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Guild, ex-Governor and Mrs. William Clafin, Miss Edna Dean Proctor, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Douglass, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. H. B. Goodwin, Resident Helen A. Shafer, of Wellesley college, Dr. and Mrs. Guildford Reed, Miss Reed and Miss Ethel Reed, Professor Hosford, Mr. and Mrs. Deeny, Dr. and Mrs. Phipps, Professors Morgan, See, Denio, Hodgkins and Halliwell, of Wellesley college, and Prof. and Mrs. Junius W. Hill. Dr. and Mrs. Berryman will reside in New Brunswick.

Married When On His Death Bed.

"Whit" Breen died Monday. Totally blind for more than a year, and worn out by consumption death was a great relief. "Whit" was a character. He was the body and music of the fit and drum band, though his brother was leader. He was a barber and thus knew a good many people who were not allowed to forget him. Four days before he died he was married. Not possessed when in health of very rigid ideas of morality, the approach of death changed his views and he was married to his faithful companion and nurse.

Major Armstrong and County Master Kelly will get out of town as soon after the 24th of May as they can to take part in the great Orange gathering at Toronto.

He is the Only One to Indulge.

Capt. Richard Rawlings is willing to bet money that he will be the new chief of police. If it is any consolation to the certain PROGRESS assures him that he is the only man in the community that owns that opinion.

No News to Us.

St. John PROGRESS is one of the spiciest papers published in the provinces.—Anti-gothic Casket.

THEIR MARRIAGE AND TOUR.

A Fairville Couple Get Married and Do the Tour the Same Day. A Fairville fellow and girl came to town Monday, on business of great moment. Another fellow and another girl came along to keep them company and act in an important secondary position. They took the street cars down town, made their way to a well-known church, and in a very short time returned from the interior smiling and happy. They were married. They looked very foolish, but very funny, as they made for King street, followed by their attendants. The groom was airing his great grandfather's silk hat, and his pants—they were so colossal that somebody suggested that he had stepped into a pair of flour bags, dyed and altered for the occasion.

These trifling details made no impression on the bride and groom. They were out on their tour, and they lost no time in getting over all of it—King and Charlotte streets.

The small boy got on to them, and then there was fun. "Hi, there!" said one gamin. "Get on to the squirrel!" "Shoot the hat," said another, and so the chaff kept going.

By this time the wedding tour began to get important. Merchants and drummers rushed after their clerks and followed the quartette from Lancaster with their eyes. Ladies turned on their way down town and laughed, for the girls' costumes were more ridiculous than their companions. Turkey red was a very prominent color in their attire. Tired at last of their promenade, the party held a consultation at the corner of King and Germain streets, with the result that the bride and bridesmaid were provided seats opposite Tim Cronin's saloon, while the groom and his supporter proceeded to satisfy their thirst. When they started for Fairville half an hour later, the bride was supporting her husband and the bridesmaid performed the same kind office for her friend. It was a memorable, miserable day for them.

New Goods, Rubber and Base Balls, Bats, etc., at McArthur's, 80 King street, wholesale and retail.

Portland Officials at a Cock Fight.

It looked at one time as though the select audience that was present at the recent cock fight, on the hill near Connor's ropewalk, would be disappointed of their sport for want of a referee.

City Solicitor Gregory was requested to act in that capacity, but his modesty prevented. "I'm afraid I haven't got the rules down fine," he said.

Then Ald. Murphy was pitched upon, but he, too, felt bashful. "I ain't up in the fine points, either," he observed, "but you bet I know a good bird when I see him!"

Ex-Ald. Pat. Connor wasn't asked to referee. Before they got around to him a well and duly qualified judge had been found, and the intellectual amusement went on.

Wait For Another Year.

Major Armstrong and County Master Kelly will get out of town as soon after the 24th of May as they can to take part in the great Orange gathering at Toronto. They will represent the orangemen of St. John. This will make it hard for the active James to run for aldermanic honors in ward 3. The election will be held June 4 and he does not return until June 6.

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Machines Oil and Needles at the Portland News Depot.

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Notices coming under the heads Wanted, For Sale, To Let and Found, under 25 words in length, cost only 10 cents in PROGRESS. Thirty thousand people read PROGRESS from the heading to the last line.