

HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER.

THE SUCCESSFUL CAREER OF THE MINISTER OF FINANCE.

How He Has Risen to Position Without the Aid of Family or Fortune—The Story of a Life of Industry and Earnest Application—A Self-made Man.

Some members of the Canadian parliament are politicians only, some are talkers only, while some are merely scholars whose abilities show to little advantage in the heat of political debate. It is given to few to possess the qualifications of all three and to appear in each of these roles with equal advantage. Of these few Hon. George E. Foster is one of the most conspicuous examples.

His career has been the result of no lucky accident or happy chance. Fortune has not come to him while he idly waited. He has been the shaper of his own destiny, and the secret of his success has been long continued and honest work.

Minister Foster is yet a young man. He was born in Carleton county, New Brunswick, in 1847, of the good old Loyalist stock. He faced the world as a boy with little but his hands, his will and an ambition to succeed. He applied himself with more zeal than is usual with boys to his studies. Those were not the days of free schools, but there were good educational facilities for boys who were in earnest, and young Foster was fully fitted for college in the academies of his native county. He entered the University of New Brunswick, in 1865, at the head of the class, and despite the efforts of able competitors, won a scholarship. This was the Kings County scholarship, and it was destined that in the future he should have his name linked to all time with the history of that county. The coming events cast their shadows before.

Further collegiate honors were in store for him. He won the Douglas gold medal for the best English essay, and carried off a valuable prize for natural science. He succeeded in all that he undertook. It is a characteristic of the man.

Being graduated, in 1868, he followed his natural tastes and began teaching school. His first position was as master of the grammar school at Grand Falls. Then he had charge of the school at Fredericton Junction, and afterwards held a position in the Baptist seminary at Fredericton. In 1870 he was appointed principal of the Girls' High school at Fredericton, and a year later received the appointment of professor of classics and history in the University of New Brunswick. The next two years were spent in study at Edinburgh and Heidelberg. At the former university he carried off a medal and three prizes. He resigned his position in the University of New Brunswick in 1879, and three years later made his first appearance as a political candidate.

The election of 1882 was a hard fought one all over Canada. The national policy had had four years of trial, and it was left for the people to say whether it had fulfilled the promises made for it and should have another trial. The contest was fiercely waged in New Brunswick, but in the county of Kings, where the fight was a bitter one indeed, the question was one of men rather than of measures. Prof. Foster, a non-resident, came into the county to oppose, as the government candidate, a man who also claimed to be the government candidate, and had for years been elected as a supporter of the Conservative party. This man had once been deemed invincible. He had held the county against all comers, and it was believed he could do it again. He thought so himself, and went into the fight with a dash and a hurrish, fully confident of victory. He had the support of the Moncton Times, which, in the opinion of Sir Charles Tupper, was the best campaign paper in the maritime provinces in that year. He had a strong following of men experienced in politics, who at that time had full faith in him. To the onlooker his chances seemed more than good.

Prof. Foster took the field with that quiet confidence which has since shown itself so often in him in times of emergency. He was not a demagogue or a stump orator, but his addresses were remarkable for clear-cut logic and force of argument. They showed him to be a man of more than ordinary ability, and they carried conviction. Wherever he went he strengthened his cause. The supporters of his opponent began to find they had a man to deal with, and they redoubled their energies. Their labor was in vain. Prof. Foster was chosen as the member for Kings.

He has so continued, and is likely to remain. The man who will defeat him must be a stronger man than any who has yet come forward.

The later career of Prof. Foster, as minister of marine and minister of finance, is familiar to all the readers of PROGRESS. In all that he has undertaken he has shown his ability as a statesman of no common order. He is a man who commands the attention of his colleagues and the respect of the people. The future has doubtless its greater honors in store for him.

Apart from politics, Prof. Foster has led a busy life in connection with important movements. The total abstinence advocates have long recognized him as a leader, and he has held the highest offices in the various bodies. He is known as a lecturer in all parts of Canada and many parts of the United States, and he has been

the editor of several temperance papers. He has also taken a leading part in Y. M. C. A., Sunday-school and church work. The Baptist denomination knows him as one of its leading lights.

Kings county has every cause to honor its distinguished member, and will doubtless continue to give him in the future even more hearty and enthusiastic support than in the past.



HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER, MINISTER OF FINANCE.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

His Ma Has a Party—His Pa Gets Tired, But the Scene Was Brilliant.

We had a big party at our house last week, cos sister's gettin' long in years and aint had a chance yet of 'zibitin' her boney arms and yallerblasted neck before the public gaze. Ma sed we had to make a effort to keep our end up or else we couldn't mingle in the leadin' circles any more. So pa hired the constables to keep off, and went and blocked the grocer-man for the grub, and Jonny Faber for the ice-cream, and ma she got the tale of our old mare shaved off and drove 'round and borrowed from the nabers all the flour-pots she could find. And she borrowed them diamonds which aunt Liz wore at the ball, so it would go in the papers "ornaments diamonds" and then they'd know we waz holdin' our end up for certain, and minglin' among the regular bloo blood of the town.

About a week before the party ma heard that her brother Uncle John was dead out West, but she didn't tell anybody only us ones about it, coz she was bound to have the party just the same, and pa sent me down town to put the death notis in the paper after the show was over. Ma said it was just like John to go and kick the bucket without consultin' the wishes of society. Why didn't he act reasonable, and wait till Lent before dyin'?' sez she. How is people going to keep their end up I'd like to know?

But ennyway, I tell you our place looked scrumptious. Everything we couldn't block we borrowed, sugar and soleratus included. I won't bother givin' you the list of invited gests (pa got 'em all from the constable), but sister copied out some of the costumes which had to go into PROGRESS, she said, or else there'd be hard feelin's. O, golly! if we ain't keepin' our end up, I'd like to know who iz. Just look at this aggregashun of branes and beauty:

Mrs. Hiram Smythe (that's ma: great Scott! but she looked wetherbeaten and yellier as the crop of our old hen we killed last summer): Striped kaliko over kaliko without stripes (if there had'n been a belt on it it couldn't have stuck on); corage, a real bunch of flours from the greenhouse, costin' 40 cents, over a belleholomer plaster; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Smythe (that was sister; good land! her elbows was sharper'n pa's old razor): French merinet gown with no roof on it; a broad grin; brass buckles on her shoulders; ornaments, pearls.

Miss Scraggs: Lavender bunting, with dandeline chains crossed in front; jet fetters from Crewdson's crowns.

Miss Scraggs: Pompadour pom-poms of a pony pattern on a peck-aloo jow-wow, with yaller yummums; ornaments, whiskers.

Mrs. Tars: Terrene-oster cocklecher; artificial hair; false teeth; ornaments, nickles and irickles. (I tell you, it's lucky fur old Tars that she's a widder.)

Miss Wags: Rich white cordwood paper; express frame and pin fetters.

Mrs. Mathoney: Corn-colored limgines; shoe on left foot rubber on right; mole on nose and chin to match; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. Mulcahey (St. John): Same old rig she's been wearin' to every teatle, carnival and maffin duel for the last ten years, sister sez, only she's thinner than she needler, and has to take in the seams; ornaments, friziles.

I tell you it was gorgeous. Pa was the center of attrakshun. He had some Scott Act cordial on the premises unbeknownst to ma and before they got thru the racket him and uncle Dick got tired, I gess, and laid down upstairs. Ma, bein' temperence, got mad at first but when pa said it was no use of 'temptin' to mingle in the leadin' circles unless you set 'em up she calmed right down agin, sayin' we must hold up our end whether pa had to lay down or not. But I think it's lucky the pleccemen dont mingle in the leadin' circles, dont you think so? Ennyway ma brought out the lemonade and ice cream after a while and some donuts left over from what she fried for Gregory and we had what ma called lynchin display of weth and crunchin and whalcom and crashin and hashin and nashin of grubs as ther woz for about an hour and Mrs. Tags swollered some of her bran new gold-mounted teeth and had to coff 'em up agin, bein' bad fur her digestion—my land! if you'd only been there to survat that dazzin display of weth and fashin' it would just have rose your follage. So I gess we held our end up this time for certain and after this ma sez my name has got to be spelt

JAMES DE SMYTHE.

Fredericton, March 14.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY

Conducts an Auction Sale and Bill Johnson Omiclates as Bell Ringer.

Our shoemaker and us made up to get fixed at once and the old fellar couldn't resist the temptashun and never said nuthin'. His shop is a grate place fur loafers, 'cause pa says he cant fire 'em out or they wouldn't bring their butes to get fixed if he did. The oxineers apprentice left his flag in there the other day, and also his bell. So when the boss wenter town to buy a hide a leather to make souls fur pa's butes, 'cause he says he got to get a big hide made to order fur pa, he left a old loafer in charge what says his ony joy is Natures Invigerater which sparkles, and when he sits by the hot stove fur a while he always falls on it.

So me and Bill thort we'd have an oxshun. The loafer said he oxshun if we'd get some invigerater after he got done. So Bill he rung the bell and I hung out the flag and purty soon the shop was full and the loafer began to oxshun. But nobody couldn't hear him 'cause Bill was ringin' the bell inside till his both arms got tired and then I took a turn. A man was goin' to fire me out ony Bill tied his foot to the shoemaker's bench and when he made fur me he fell kerplop inter the crowd and upset the oxshuner, which knockt him out in no time and he couldn't run 'cause the bench was tied to his leg. He fell down again by the stove, so I throwed some water on him what the shoemaker soaks his leather in, so's he wouldn't burn up, and he shouts out what he's drownid. Anyway he near broke up the oxshun 'cause nobody wouldn't buy anythin' 'cept the opperashun shoemaker up the street, which bought all the tools dirt cheap and paid the money to me 'cause I was the clerk and Bill's ony the bell ringer.

We was goin to have another oxshun in the evenin', ony when the shoemaker cum back he made sitch a time and said he could do without me and Bill's custom in the future any way, if he had ter break stones to pay his taxes. Jist as if he didn't tell us lots of times what he'd sell out his stock if he got a good chance, 'cause there's no money in it. I gess sum people don't know what a good chance is. He made the opperashun ole fellar give back his tules 'cause he said our oxshuneeer had no license. It's a good job, though, what I bought our oxshuneeer some invigerater, 'cause I suppose if I had any money left I'd a had to pay it.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

BROTHER JONATHAN'S DITTY.

I have a maiden with white hair, As youthful white as fallen snow; Her cheeks are red, her form is fair, And she has land and wealth enow. But I can wait without a sigh, And let Time have its perfect way; I wage no brazen-throated cry, O Canada, my Canada!

She is the Empress of the North, Her mouth against my face is sweet; I highly prize her moral worth, Her milk and honey, coal and wheat. But I can wait without a sigh, And let Time have its ripened way; I make no brazen-throated cry, O Canada, my Canada!

The sandals on her feet are soft; In boreal winds her flying hair Has swept my forehead oft and oft, And I enjoy its dalliance there. But I can wait without a sigh, And let Time have its ripened way; Charge not to me this brazen cry, O Canada, my Canada!

Her sky, untropical and bleak, Shields a broad empire bravely woe; Her voice repeats the tongue I speak, Vast is the circuit of her sun. But I can wait till schemes go by; False friends and hinderers are they Who start this tactics, frenzied cry, O Canada, my Canada!

O Anselm of the continent's crown, Have patience; we can live and wait. Until some day the sun shines down Upon us as her mightiest state, Till then be hushed this senseless cry, And let Time have its perfect way; We know our welfare, you and I, O Canada, my Canada!

—Just Benton, in the Commonwealth.

SECRET AND JESUITICAL. THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Canadian Clergymen Who Hold the "Eucharistic Adoration" and "Romish Views" on Eucharistic Adoration—Three of Them Are Found in the Diocese of Fredericton.

[Evangelical Churchman, Toronto.]

Last week we intimated that we had a list of the Canadian members of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. That Canadian churchmen may know the clergymen who hold the extreme and Romish views on "Eucharistic Adoration," we publish the names. The list is taken from the official and secret roll of the confraternity for 1888, and was published originally in the Protestant Observer, of London, England. We are extremely glad to notice that in the list of members, none of the clergy in the diocese of Toronto are included. We oppose this confraternity upon two grounds: First, its doctrines and practices are condemned by Holy Scripture, the Prayer Book, and the Articles of our church. Second, it is a secret and Jesuitical organization. We have no personal feelings at all in this matter, and we publish the names of the Canadian members of the confraternity simply as a matter of duty. It is only right that Canadian churchmen should be acquainted with the names of clergymen who hold these extreme views with regard to "Eucharistic Adoration" in the Church of England. By this means much misconception will be avoided, and clergy and laity will understand one another thoroughly upon this vital point. An honest clergyman can have no objection to his views being known; and no one, except in a spirit of Jesuitical casuistry, would defend the exercise of private judgment to the extent of concealing, or affecting to deny, the holding of doctrines by clergymen of the Church of England which are contrary to, and expressly forbidden by, her Prayer Book and Articles. Therefore, no harm can be done by having a perfect understanding upon these matters. Much more harm is being done every day in the church by the policy of concealment.

The following are the Canadian members, so far as known, of the confraternity: Diocese of Rupert's Land: Rev. S. L. Agassiz, S. P. G. missionary at Fort Pelly; Rev. H. H. Barber, All Saints', Winnipeg. Diocese of Qu'Appelle: Rev. E. H. Dec, St. John's; Rev. J. W. Gregory, Greenfield; Rev. W. G. Lyons, Rev. W. Nicolls, Moosejaw. Diocese of New Westminster: Rev. H. G. F. Clinton; Rev. H. Edwards; Rev. W. W. Bolton, Esquimalt; Rev. C. Crocker, Maple Bridge. Diocese of British Columbia: Rev. R. Small, S. P. G. missionary at Lytton. Diocese of Assiniboia: Rev. W. St. J. Field, Moose Mountains. Diocese of Nova Scotia: Rev. C. M. Culley, St. Clement's; Ven. Archdeacon Gilpin, Sackville; Rev. Canon Maynard, Windsor; Rev. D. C. Moore, Albion Mines; Rev. J. R. S. Parkinson, Port Medway; Rev. G. J. D. Peters, Shelburne; Rev. J. Polchaumpton. Diocese of Quebec: Rev. J. W. Norwood, S. P. G. missionary, Magdalen Islands; Rev. F. R. Scott, Drummondville. Diocese of Fredericton: Rev. S. M. Davenport, St. John; Rev. Canon Medley, Sussex; Rev. H. M. Spike, Musquash. Diocese of Newfoundland: Rev. C. E. Smith, Heart's Content; Rev. A. C. Waghorne, S. P. G. missionary at New Harbor. Diocese of Ontario: Rev. A. C. Nesbitt, Smith's Falls. Diocese of Montreal: Rev. E. Wood, St. John's. Diocese of Niagara: Rev. C. F. Denroche, Hamilton; Rev. F. E. Howitt, Stoney Creek; Rev. R. G. Sutherland, Hamilton.

Of the above, Ven. Archdeacon Gilpin, Rev. J. W. Gregory, Rev. R. G. Sutherland and Rev. E. Wood, are members of the council of the confraternity; and the last named being also "Superior-general" of the vicar for the superintendence of wards in Canada.

HIS HEART YEARNED FOR HER. And He Was Hers Faithfully Until Death—But They Don't Speak Now.

Accidents will happen. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. Doubtful things are mighty uncertain. Etc., etc.

All these proverbs apply to newspapers. For example, it's not very long ago that an interprovincial breach-of-promise suit was confidently expected. PROGRESS foresaw fun and at considerable trouble and some expense procured copies of the plaintiff's letters to the fair defendant. They were rich, rare and racy—so much so that they had to be kept on ice. When they were read aloud, the plaster fell off the ceiling in the next room. A city-confessioner, who got hold of one, boiled it down and used it in place of sugar. PROGRESS finally sold him the whole lot—for unfortunately the case never came to trial.

By way of lending additional interest to this reminiscence, the tamest letter in the collection is printed below with change of names. It is only fair to Romeo to say that it does not fairly represent his epistolary powers, but he will probably feel better satisfied to see this one in print than he would be at the publication of one of his more amatory effusions:

MY DARLING JELLY: Oct. 20, 1887.

It seems to me that we have not seen each other for a while now, although it was only on Saturday. As days go by my heart seems to yearn for you more and more, and it gives me very pleasant feelings to enable me to say that some day we will live together and be as one. I have always congratulated myself upon the good fortune of securing one so good as you for a partner in life, and I feel that were you taken away from me I would be the most miserable of all men. But judging from your conduct I feel confident that everything will move along smoothly and that ere many days pass your name will be Mrs. Jelly. I trust you will pardon the shortness of this epistle. I am very busy at the store but on my return to the house this evening I will write you a longer letter, giving all the particulars about what you asked me when we were drinking the other evening. With a God bless you, my darling, my fair sweet one, I remain faithfully until death, Romeo.

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EMERSON & FISHER, 75 and 79 Prince Wm. Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., March 15, 1889.

HARRY COMEQUICK.

My Dear Friend: In answer to yours of last week, I would say that you can buy Clothing at OAK HALL CLOTHING STORE, 5 Market Square, cheaper and better than any other place I know of. Their Clothing is first-class. They invite all to call and inspect their fine large stock. They have Clothing for Men, Youths, Boys and Children; also, a beautiful stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Valises, etc. Just what you want. You will remember the place: SCOVILL, FRASER & CO., No. 5 Market Square.

Your friend,

T. H. E. TRUTH.

P. S.—At Night Look for the Red Light.

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