

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.

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All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Unless this is done they are quite sure of being overlooked. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. (Unless this is done the editor cannot be responsible for their return.)

The circulation of this paper is over 9,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any published in the same section. Its advertising rates are reasonable and can be had on application.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns, and villages of Nova Scotia and P. E. Island every Saturday for Five Cents each.

Liberal Contributions will be given to agents for subscriptions. Good men, with references, can secure territory, by reply. Unless this is done they are quite sure of being overlooked. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. (Unless this is done the editor cannot be responsible for their return.)

EDWARD S. CARTER,
Publisher and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 28.

EASTER.

Northern Christendom has followed the example of its pagan ancestry in making Christmas the great feast of the church, in the popular sense at least. Nevertheless it is undeniable that the principal idea of the gospel is the resurrection. With-out Easter, Christmas has no meaning. The Rev. Mr. McQUEEN, who has lately been suspended for six months from the episcopal church in New York, for certain alleged heresies, says in the book which gave rise to the doubt as to his orthodoxy, that no historical fact is better attested than the resurrection of CHRIST. That it was discredited at the time by all except a comparatively insignificant minority of the people, is not a matter of surprise. If a dead person were alleged, even upon the best possible evidence, to have appeared to persons today, and to have walked and talked with them, the vast majority of people would treat the matter as a fabrication, notwithstanding all the evidence that the society for psychical research and kindred organizations and independent investigators have been able to collect as to the possibility of the dead existing under such conditions as to be able to communicate with the living. There is, however, a vast amount of evidence, such as it is, to the effect that the dead do exist. The legends of all nations, the poetry, much of what is called history, and the daily record of current events are full of incidents, which are evidence of greater or less value upon this point. It is easy to give them all a sweeping denial; but this is both an unscientific and unsatisfactory way of disposing of them. If we admit that they are worth anything at all as evidence, then there is nothing intrinsically improbable in the story of the resurrection and we may accept the evangelists' account of it just as we receive any other incident which they relate. Of course, to the strictly orthodox minds this is a low plane on which to put this pivoted fact of Christianity. Orthodox assuming the divine authorship of the gospels admits no room for doubt and asks for no corroborative testimony. We are not seeking to dispute the correctness of this acceptance by faith of the wonderful story. Belief in the resurrection and in what it implies is and has been one of the greatest moral forces the world has ever seen. Christianity sees in the empty sepulchre proof that the work of its FOUNDER was completed, that death's power has been broken, that future life is more than a hope, is indeed the greatest of all facts.

That a belief in immortality finds a place in the human mind is not strange. INGERSOLL has beautifully said that it will last as long as love kisses the lips of death; but we will make a mistake if we seek its origin in this career. It would have been marvellous, indeed, if the nation of the north had not believed in a future life. Each revolving year brought before them the mystery of death and the triumph of a resurrection. Each flower that children twined into wreath or plucked for nosegay, though it felt the hand of winter and fell into a sleep which seemed to have no waking, burst the barriers of its frosty tomb and bloomed again. Why should not man, the climax of creation, look forward with hope to a life beyond this? Man is; therefore, he is immortal in the language of nature, as spoken by the voice of spring.

The idea which the Easter festival symbolizes is the goal of human hope.

MEN AND THINGS.

The London *Times* justifies the killing of the Italians in New Orleans on the ground that the case was one of those emergencies which the law, as ordinarily administered, cannot reach. This is probably what the Mafia thought when they killed the New Orleans chief of police. This "emergency" doctrine would do for general application.

If the tragedy had taken place in Palermo and the victims had been Englishmen, the *Times*, instead of placidly talking about the dominant law of emergencies, would have called out for British gunboats to protect the national honor. It is the old question as to whose ox is gored.

The *Illustrated London News* has a correspondent who is doing up Siberia. He has seen the exiles, and is rather disposed to think that these much-pitied people have rather a good time of it. Much depends upon what one's idea of a good time is. We are told that so terrible is the burden upon the peasantry of some parts of Russia, due to excessive taxation and outrageous usury, the latter often reaching 250 per cent., that all the crops the people raised go to the tax collector and money lender and the peasants themselves live on dried cow-dung. This may not be a very sweet-scented observation; but one of the leading English reviews is the authority for it. To such a people anything almost would be a luxury. No doubt to the exiles from the lower classes Siberian life has no terrors, and scarcely any discomfort; but to the educated unfortunate who are sent to the wretched prisons, or to the penal colonies merely because they are intellectually and as citizens in advance of their times, the exile must be almost intolerable, if even a quarter of what is told about it is true.

Speaking of exiles one recalls the expression of an Australian. "In Botany Bay," he said, "no one asks who your father was." People do not ask that question as much as they once did. Men are growing to be more particular about the pedigree they leave than about the one they inherit. At nine generations back we have a thousand ancestors, and it is not possible that none of them were scoundrels.

Two Boston policemen ran against a very ugly snag some days ago when they maliciously maltreated reporter KINGTON of the Transcript. They prevented him from attending to his duty at a public funeral, assaulted him, dragged him off to the station, and then preferred a charge of disorderly conduct against him. They are sorry now. The Boston press is a unit in its condemnation of the so-called officers and demand the only possible reparation—their dismissal. The time has arrived when reporters have as much right at a public gathering as policemen. It is very rarely that they come in contact, and then only in a pleasant way. It has remained for the protective force of civilized Boston to show what it can do in the line of discourtesy and brutality to the press.

PEN AND PRESS.

Mr. Chas. H. Lugin, secretary for agriculture, was in the city, Wednesday, shaking hands with many friends who treated with surprise and much regret that the charms and attractions of the growing west have lured him from his native province and his present important position. For some time flustering inducements have been held out to him in Seattle to make it his permanent home. His natural hesitation to leave New Brunswick has been overcome at last, and in a few days he leaves Fredericton with his wife and family for the "land of the setting sun." Mr. Lugin is better known to the people of the maritime provinces as a clever editor, a vigorous and trenchant writer, than in any other capacity. For some years he has been secretary for agriculture, but the duties of his office have never diverted him from his literary work. Some of the most comprehensive and scholarly articles in the greatest American magazines have been from his pen—an honor that any man might well be proud of—while the brightest literary weeklies on the continent have accepted his contributions eagerly. He was for a time chief editorial writer of the *Pittsburgh Courier*, the brightest, brightest, and most influential daily in the West. Mr. Lugin was provincial secretary, and after his death he infused more force, vigor, and brilliancy into the editorial department than it has ever had since. The *Gleaner's* editorials have sparkled under his touch and lately the *Fredericton* has had the benefit of his work. His co-workers in journalism will wish him every success and prosperity in the wider, wider world.

Olla Podrida comes from the Halifax Ladies college. It is bright and new and most interesting to graduates and under graduates. It is a good sign to see the girls in the college field of journalism. Pretty soon they will be able to select the force and take their chances with the Bohemian workers in the "wide, wide world."

The *Merry* of last week had a budget of news from home. May it prosper and do well.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

An Easter Hymn—Mary at the Sepulchre.
Lo! in the Eastern sky fade the morning star,
Hill tops are crested with rose tints of dawn,
Out of the mist-laden valleys the shadows fly;
Snowbirds rejoice that the darkness has gone.
Forth from the city gate, coming with hurried steps,
Mary, who at the cross lingered alone,
Seeks for the sealed tomb wherein lay the Crucified,
Guarded by soldiers, hid with a stone.

Fast throbs her heart as she draws near the Sepulchre,
He whom her heart loves in peace rested there,
He at whose feet she had once knelt in agony,
Bathed them with tears and wiped with her hair.

What! Is the grave open? Who hath the stone removed?
Now she may weep by the side of her dead.
What! Is the body gone? Here are the linen clothes!

Here, too, the napkin that bound his dear head!

Then Mary stood at the Sepulchre weeping and questioning,
"Where have they taken my Lord?
Where have they taken Him—Him whom they crucified,
Him, my beloved, my Christ, my adored?"

From the grave's portal, a fair, white-robed messenger,
Hearing the plaintive cry, answering, said:
Woman, Why weepest thou? Cease and be comforted.

"Seek not the Living One here with the dead."

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 249 Union street.

ALONG THE LINE OF PROGRESS.

Merchants Who Are Inexpensive in Placing Their Advertisements.

It is only within three years that many of the merchants of St. John have considered the benefits of large advertisements. They began them in *PROGRESS* and have continued them in *PROGRESS*.

Without complimenting them upon their good judgment at this time, the advantages of their course might be noted. They were not slow to realize that *PROGRESS* as a Saturday paper is to the people of the maritime provinces what the American Sunday papers are to the newspaper readers of the States, the only difference being

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

The frequent mention of James D. Leary's name in civic affairs for the past two years has connected him more or less with them—a good deal more than less.

Mr. Leary is a New Yorker who pays flying visits to St. John occasionally. Though he is prominently before this public, not one person out of a hundred knows him when he sees him. Somebody may rise to remark that this is not a misfortune but *PROGRESS* thinks the people are always interested in the personality of the men they are talking about, and for that reason prints this portrait. The discussion of his plans and ideas will not be connected with it.

Using the words of a large merchant in the city, who is somewhat intimate with Mr. Leary, "he is a royal good fellow." No one who has met him will be disposed to dispute that fact. Friends are his by contact. He has only to meet people to impress them. This is a rare gift, but it undeniably belongs to Mr. Leary.

While he is not what a New Yorker would call a prominent man in that city, he is sufficiently well off to enable him to live in style and affluence. He is a busy man wherever he is, and his work has paid

that *PROGRESS* is printed for and sold on Saturday, while the Sunday newspaper is a Sunday production. *PROGRESS* has the advantage of getting all through the country by Saturday morning, being printed and mailed Friday, while the sale of the Sunday newspaper is necessarily restricted for that day to the large towns in the vicinity of them. Americans are the greatest advertisers in the world, and they proceed on the well grounded principle that the Sunday newspaper is a family paper more carefully read than a week day issue. They are right and have proved it. The best advertising authorities value an announcement in a Sunday newspaper much more than one in the ordinary week day issue.

The same is true of *PROGRESS*. The advertisers recognize that a Saturday paper is a more valuable medium than a paper of any other day, provided their circulations are equal, but when, as in *PROGRESS*'s case, the circulation doubles that of any city daily, the advantage is quite three fold.

A glance at the ninth page to-day, will show one of the handsomest advertisements ever printed in this city. It is the product, however, of a man in this office who is accustomed to writing "taking ads." The artists and engravers of *PROGRESS* Engraving bureau, and the expert printer who combines cuts, catch lines and letter press so attractively. The advertisement is sure to be read by many thousands of people, and then its work is done.

PROGRESS simply refers to it as a sample of good work. Next week there will be another of the same firm—but wholly different—also the product of expert writers, engravers and printers. Such advertisements as these pay for themselves five times over. Their very handsomeness makes them valuable.

While this is being written, the same skilled hands are preparing an even more novel announcement of equal size—in another line. It gives promise of being truly original, and what is better, so true to life that every old customer will recognize the scene and new customers will be won by its practical appearance.

PROGRESS takes a pride in its advertisements—in the large number of them, their makeup and appearance, and how they are printed.

In return for that care we have the reward above and beyond any price—the satisfaction of our patrons.

A Specialist on Women's Diseases.

Dr. S. F. Wilson, who returned from England a short time ago, has opened an office at 165 Princess street. He has been in London since last August, and while there made a special study of diseases of women, and to this special branch of medical science he will devote his attention for the future. Dr. Wilson seems to recognize the fact that the physician of the future will not attempt to treat all the diseases that men are heir to, but that by making a thorough study of one particular

dis-ease he will be better able to work for the benefit of humanity. With this idea, he took special courses in such well known institutions in London as the Soho Square hospital, the Samaritan Free hospital, and the North Central hospital, and by hard study and practical experience made himself thoroughly acquainted with the diseases of women.

While in London he was fortunate enough to become personally acquainted with such men as Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Heron, who were the first to receive and use Dr. Koch's lymph in London. Dr. Wilson had thus an ample opportunity to study the lymph treatment and observe its effects

MONCTON.

[*PROGRESS* is for sale in Moncton at the book stores of W. W. Black and W. H. Murray, Main street.]

MARCH 25.—The event of last week—after St. Patrick's day concert—was, of course, the performance by the amateur dramatic club, and, as usual, the members proved themselves very little inferior to professionals. The first play put on was a two-act comedy entitled *The Chimney Corner*, which, to my mind, at least, was not a particularly "catchy" play, though it was sufficiently interesting and the plot well worked out; but the acting saved it from anything approaching mediocrity. The funny part was almost entirely in the hands of Mr. Butler, who appeared in the very novel role of a gentleman aged 91. "Almost a centenarian," as his son proudly announced, whose memory had long departed, and the rest of whose faculties were rapidly fading. His insatiable appetite for gruel, his anxiety lest his daughter-in-law should forget to "put the rum in it," his cough, his sudden flashes of memory in connection with the events of his youth, and his chronic inability to keep track of his "lan-keycheer," were fittingly crowned by his final act of stealing the cash-box and hiding it up the chimney lest thieves should get it, because he was "twice broken into in '84," with the result of very nearly sending his own son to jail for theft.

Mr. Paver, as Jacob Prohby the Chandler, son of the "centenarian" above mentioned, captured the audience as usual. His appearance on the stage is always the signal for a burst of applause. Mrs. Butler, as his wife "Patty," made a delightful old lady and Mrs. Bennett as "Grace Emery" played the always difficult part of a "walking lady" with a grace that gave an added charm to the character she represented. Mr. Bennett, who played the part of a villain, a mild villain, to be sure, and while it would scarcely do to say that he looked the part to perfection, he certainly acted it very well.

Mr. Daniel as Grace's lover, and the son of Patty, and Jacob Prohby who is suspected not only of forgery, but also of eating Grace's fortune contained in the box so carefully hidden by his amiable grandparent, played his rather tame part with a skill which prevented it from being uninteresting. And Mr. Read as the detective disguised as a jaunty, and persistent, commercial traveller who was determined to sell "Patty" potash and soda "cheaper than any other house," caused the heart of every housekeeper in the audience to thrill with sympathy for the persecuted "Patty."

Not the least attractive feature of the performance was the appearance of Grandfather Prohby before the curtain at the conclusion of the play, who, with many rough and spasmodic catches of the breath, thanked the very large audience for their patronage and announced *The Love of a Lover* to follow, hobbling painfully back to the stage, and "captious applause."

The Love of a Lover, with which the entertainment concluded, was one of the most delightful little musical comedies, in one act, that I ever listened to. It simply sparkled with mirth from first to last. Judging by the costumes, the scene was laid somewhere in Bavaria. And the dialogue was made up of witty prose, interpreted literally with solos, duets, and choruses.

Mr. Daniel, as Peter Spoke the young farmer, was simply inimitable, his thick-headed slowness and extraordinary indifference to the charms of the blooming Gertrude made one long to shake him up with an electric shock or a charge of dynamite. Mrs. Daniel as Gertrude was adorable, and many a professional actress might have taken a lesson from the unstudied grace of her attitudes and the ease of her manner. Mrs. Butler as the stately Ernestine, the lady of the castle, was charming, and, perhaps, the most graceful actress of the evening. The gardeners of the little peasant maiden, Gertrude, Mr. Bennett as Ernestine's lover, Capt. Amersport, acted the part of the young artillery officer as well as any civilian could possibly do. Mr. Paver did full justice to the part of Syzeel, the butler, and Mr. Read made a most attractive Dr. Devo, the gardener. The songs were all excellent, notably the duet between Peter and Gertrude.

Be not too bold for hearts fresh caught
Are ne'er I'm told to market brought.

The piece wound up with a chorus by the entire company, including Grandfather Prohby. The Peters parlor orchestra added greatly to the success of the entertainment by their selections, and, I believe the amount realized, was in the vicinity of \$200.

I must not conclude without some description of the costumes worn by the ladies in *The Chimney Corner*. Mrs. Butler was arrayed in an unassuming robe of navy blue, prim, white kerchief and apron, grey hair and spectacles. Mrs. Bennett wore first, a morning costume, with large hat and feathers, and in the second act, a dress of white lawn, with black ribbons. In *The Love of a Lover*, Mrs. Daniel wore first a peasant's dress of scarlet, and cream color lace bodice, elbow sleeves and little Dutch peasant bonnet of white and cream. Second, a wedding gown, pale green, loaded with silver embroidery, silver ornaments and tiny lace skull cap studded with silver. Mrs. Butler wore first, a dress of pale pink brocade, trimmed with white lace, hat with feathers. Second, an evening dress of pink silk, with bodice and court train of black velvet, large hat of white felt, with white feathers. These costumes were very handsome, and made especially for the occasion. The club are now hard at work at another play, which is to be presented next month.

A number of young men have organized a mock parliament during the past week, and the following minister have received portfolios: Hon. J. T. Hutchinson, premier and attorney general; Hon. C. W. Robinson, provincial secretary; Hon. A. V. Charters, solicitor general; Hon. E. W. Jarvis, surveyor general; Hon. H. Hamilton, chief commissioner.

Hon. J. V. Ellis and E. O. Stevens, members of the executive without portfolios.
Mr. H. C. Hamilton, leader of the opposition.
This is a most excellent idea, in my opinion, and I only hope the debates will be public.
We have lost one of our most popular young ladies lately, not either by marriage or removal, but by a far more unusual manner. Miss Kate McSwenny took the veil of a novice, at Mount St. Vincent convent, in Halifax, last Wednesday, and while one must respect her motives, it is a matter of deep regret to her many friends that her young life should be spent within convent walls, when her amiable disposition and attractive social qualities make her so well calculated to render the lives of those about her better and brighter.

Mrs. John McSwenny, who has been spending some days with friends in Moncton, left yesterday.

Miss Annie Cooke returned last Wednesday from the Halifax Ladies' college, being unable from ill health to finish the spring term. We are all glad to see Miss Cooke back again, in spite of the cause which brings her, and hope that rest and quiet will soon restore her to perfect health.

Miss Smith of St. Stephen spent a few days in town last week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Butler.

Rev. Mr. Hooper came to take up his permanent residence in Moncton last week, accompanied by his father-in-law, Mr. Foster, and by a young sister, brother. The ladies of the family are expected shortly after Easter.

The bread and butter club met at the house of Mrs. William Robertson, Steadman street, last evening, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. I have heard rumors lately of the impending departure of several of our most attractive young men. I shall not give them publicity yet, for I trust they may be only rumors. Surely we have loved and cherished them tenderly; why should they leave us now? But still there is no doubt that Mr. Will McBean did really depart for the land of the free last Thursday, having resigned his position in the Western Union telegraph office, to accept a better position in Chicago. We were very sorry to lose Mr. McBean, but wish him all success in his new home.

Mr. E. C. Jarvis, inspector of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, spent some days in Moncton last week.

I think I mentioned, some little time ago, that Rev. W. W. Quicke had resigned his pastorate of St. Paul's E. church. It was not generally known at the time that Mr. Quicke intended joining the Church of England, but he has since done so, and has accepted, I understand, the curacy of St. Paul's church, Halifax. Mr. Quicke is a favorite with all classes, and his Moncton friends wish him all possible success in his new field of labor.

Rev. Mr. Culbert, who has been visiting Mr. Quicke for the past few weeks, has also left the reformed episcopal church and will shortly go to Toronto for ordination, after which he will accept the rectory of a parish near Toronto.

Mr. G. B. Peters, left town yesterday for St. John, where he will play a corn solo in the Church of England Institute tomorrow evening at the entertainment in aid of Lady Tilley's hospital scheme.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Higgins met with a very painful accident on Saturday afternoon. While running across the street he stepped suddenly, directly in front of two gentlemen who were out riding, and before the horses could be checked, he was run over and the child was killed and broken his shoulder. The little fellow was picked up and carried into a shop, where Dr. E. B. Chandler attended to his injuries. He is now doing well, but the poor little lad, who is only seven years old, has just recovered from a severe illness, and he is an only child, so the accident was a peculiarly unfortunate one.

The children's dancing class met last Friday evening, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. David Dickson. Mr. Weldon, Mr. J. R. Albert, is in town today.

ST. GEORGE.

[*PROGRESS* is for sale in St. George at O'Brien's store.]

MARCH 25.—Mr. Will Thibaults of St. Stephen has been home visiting his friends.

Miss Chase of St. Andrews, who has been visiting here and made many friends, has returned home. Mrs. Fred Boque has been in St. Andrews visiting friends.

Rev. J. W. S. Young was here on Monday, the guest of Rev. C. E. Piceo.

Mrs. Jos. McLean of Le Tote has been visiting her daughters, Mrs. Jos. McCormack and Mrs. R. A. Parks.

Miss Zebie F. Murray, who is teaching school at Le Tote, intends spending her Easter holidays at her home in St. John.

Mr. Hall of St. John was here this week on business.

Capt. H. Douglas went to St. John yesterday to attend to some business matters.

Mr. R. A. Parks and his mother, Mrs. M. Parks, drove to St. Stephen last week.

Mr. James Watt left here last Monday for an extended business trip to the upper provinces.

Rev. Mr. Gray of New York is at present filling the vacancy in the Presbyterian church pastorate.

EDVY.

TRURO, N. S.

[*PROGRESS* is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fulton's store.]

MARCH 25.—Mr. Wm. Kent gave a very pleasant children's party last Friday evening.

Miss Joan Dickie's card party last Friday evening proved a very pleasant affair.

Messrs. Harry W. Crowe and Will Crowe have purchased the drug business lately owned by Mr. M. Atkins. The business will be under the personal supervision of Mr. W. Crowe.

Rev. T. Cunningham, Rev. Robert Cunningham, of Stellarton, exchanged pulpits last night at a very pleasant evening party.

Mr. Thos. Fenton, of New Glasgow, was in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Curran are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. Thos. Mason, manager of the Halifax Bank, left last week for Toronto. Mr. Mason being accorded leave because of ill health. Mr. DeCher is popular and well liked, even already in his position as agent, *pro tem*.

Mr. M. L. Dickie gave a card party last night.

PHO.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

"Urgency vs. Emergency."

TO THE EDITOR OF *PROGRESS*.—A remark in your musical column of last Saturday's issue by "Tar-bell" calls for some explanation. I have reference to the advertising of the "Urgency Male Quartette" to take part in a concert in St. David's church.

The facts are these. The Y. P. A. of that church having called on the choir to help them in giving a short musical entertainment in connexion with a lecture, the leader of the choir suggested that instead of learning more choruses, the ladies should make up a quartette or trio, and the gentlemen of the choir do the same, thus giving variety to their vocal programme. This was accordingly done, and in the course of practice one evening, it was suggested (as a joke) by a member that they should call themselves the "Urgency," owing to the urgency of preparing a piece themselves, and also as a bit of humorous satire upon the name of "Emergency."

This was immediately agreed to, and the advertising committee accordingly. All the choir and numerous personal friends of the gentlemen understood and enjoyed the hit.

Your readers will therefore perceive in the first place, there has been no "formation of an urgency male quartette," as stated by "Tar-bell," but simply the carrying out of the regular work of the choir by the gentlemen in it. Secondly, the name "Urgency" was fairly and honestly used for the occasion and not as a permanent organization, and also with, at the time, no knowledge of the possible "breaking up of the Emergency."

ST. JOHN, MARCH 25.

ST. DAVID.

PAULM IV. 4.

Dear Lord, I would reverently Thy Holy name,
And fear, Thee to offend, by word, in thought,
To quench the Holy Spirit's gentle flame,
Within the soul, by Christ so dearly bought;
Touch them in love the heart, reveal thy light,
And aid to brighter visions of thy great care,
And in the stillness of the calm
Thy peace to me extend, through Jesus spare.

ST. JOHN, MARCH 25.

SEA BATHING

AT ST. JOHN.

The public generally, and especially those who may be contemplating a trip to some seaside resort, and are wondering how they can afford either the time or the money, are respectfully informed that arrangements are now being made to establish facilities for

Sea Bathing within 15 minutes from the City Post-Office, at the Bay Shore.

There will be a line of buses to meet the ferry and convey passengers to and from the beach for the moderate sum of 10cts. each way—children half price, also train accommodation at certain hours.

There will be provided comfortable bathing houses, bathing suits for ladies and gentlemen, bathing caps, towels, etc.,

A large marine tent, where refreshments can be obtained at city prices—therefore no need of the troublesome lunch basket.

A number of small tents for families, fitted with easy camp chairs, tables and hammocks—also baby hammocks, (which are indispensable to a mother's peace—a baby's comfort). These can be hired by the day or week, and families desiring to secure these comforts would do well to engage them soon, as the number will be limited for the first season.

A band of music will be provided probably two days a week, Wednesdays and Saturdays, also various games and amusements for children.

The management will cater only to the respectable class of people, and ladies are assured that no intoxicating liquor or beverages will be sold or allowed on the premises—the object being to make this a family resort.

In order to know the public feeling in regard to the above, and to know how far he would be warranted in providing the accommodations mentioned, the subscriber would be greatly obliged and encouraged in the undertaking if intending patrons would signify their approval of the scheme by sending a postal card, which can be obtained free of charge and ready addressed, at HAWKES DRUG STORE, Prince William street, or at FIDELITY & MERRITT'S, on Charlotte street.

Parties conferring this favor will in no way bind themselves.

Any further information can be obtained from

E. M. TREE,
Steward Union Club.

All communications on this subject must be addressed to my private address, 226 Prince William street.

Open Evenings, Duval, 249 Union street.