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PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1894.

GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

AN EX-M. P. IS INSOLVENT, BUT
WORKS HIS FRIENDS.

They Pay for Position and Notice—Invited
to Tea and Then They Deal at His Store—
Some of the Society of a Little New
Brunswick Town.

WRITTEN FOR PROGRESS.

I was introduced to New Brunswick at 2 a.m. with the snow deep on the village street. The village, or rather town, for I believe that in this country wherever two or three are gathered together with a house or two in the midst of them, there is a town, is well known. It lies within a thousand miles of Gaspe, and is reached by a branch line. In summer months it is frequented by many visitors, and at times it is patronized by magnates of the railway, who have built a nice large hotel at the entrance to the harbour, as the villagers say "faintly out of boodle." I do not want to mention the name of this little town because before I have done I may happen on something not entirely to its credit. It has a very pretty name, and is surrounded by lovely hills which purple "at evening," and, is doubtless recognized ere now by the reader. This little New Brunswick town contains several grades of society? There is for instance the lumber king, and the last relics of him whose monument stands along the roads which leads to the summer hotel aforementioned. Then there is the ex-M. P. who keeps the store and runs the Sunday school. This gentleman is a wealthy well known among the wholesale merchants of St. John and there are sundry causes why such do not look upon him with pride. Then there is the engine driver, and so on right down to the axegreaser, etc., etc., etc. But all below the first mentioned swing round and round the charmed circle in which the lumber man and the Sunday school operator move with as much decorum and suppressed jealousy as they can pump up.

I want to say a word or two about the ex-M. P. There is a look about him which is very ex-xxx, in fact with the solitary exception of his teeth, perhaps, but even those are ex-—they are false. They are, however, very pretty and the owner, has a correspondingly pretty habit of smiling broadly—especially in Sunday school. But to return to his exes. He was solvent once. Of course so were the most admired teeth, but that was a long time ago; now he runs the Sunday school, puts in a little time at his torment of a do nothing store and "keeps up a position." You can see the villa of this insolvent guardian of the village Sunday school, nestled at the foot of the hills. Like his teeth, it is elegant and inside the servant is the only individual that works. Fancy a man, especially a Sunday school superintendent, who can't pay his debts, keeping a servant, and permitting his family to lead a life of idleness. The wholesale dealers of St. John who supply the village store will please note. Would you like to know how he does it, how he keeps the business of gentleman, ex-M. P., Sunday school man, etc., etc., up? Someone once told me, probably in answer to a look of perplexity with which I regarded the elegant residence of our friend one morning. It appears that it is worked like this.

As PROGRESS knows very well, there are always quite a lot of lesser folks—who make good wages at what "society," styles common work—eager to get into "society." They don't like to be left out in the cold. It is decidedly unpleasant to stand shivering outside the portals of society and see Mrs. St. Clair and the Misses La Bel Savage sipping afternoon tea—five o'clock tea, I believe you call it in this country. Poor Mrs. Brown and the Misses Simpkins feel it. They would awfully like to talk five o'clock scandal with Mrs. St. Clair and the Misses La Bel Savage, but then you see they can't; not asked, you know, and all that. Of course it is awfully bad form of St. Clair and La Bel Savage to keep Brown and Simpkins at a distance, especially when they all go to the same church. It is really not christian like. Mrs. Brown's husband may be an engine driver, but they're honest and besides Brown gets \$80 a month for driving the engine. It may have been the "Christianity" it may have been the \$80 a month, but it was noticed that the hero of this little New Brunswick town, as he got deeper into the mire of financial difficulties (of course his difficulties were kept very quiet) began to call out to Mrs. Brown and the Misses Simpkins, "Friends, come up higher." And they went, and lo, it came to pass that they actually pierced the charmed circle and talked five o'clock scandal with Mrs. St. Clair and the Misses La Bel Savage in the villa.

Of course it was the duty of their "superiors," to teach these "green hands" how to dress, etc., etc., and was it not natural for the family to take them in hand and drill them. And what, really, what could be more natural than that they should find themselves in the ex M. P.'s store, with the ex M. P. himself smiling

over his beautiful teeth, and diligently directing his salesmen to show Mrs. Brown and the Misses Simpkins the luxuries of dress and furniture with which the store is stocked? If these little visits generally took place just after pay day when the engine driver's \$80 made fat his purse, are we to suggest or hint that the whole thing was premeditated. Hint this of a gentleman who has sat in the Legislative Halls of Ottawa, who conducts the sacred service of the afternoon school for the little ones of that beautiful New Brunswick village? It seems heartless, and, as we told the communicative resident of that place, he should be ashamed of himself to hint such a thing, but as he didn't look the least confused we deemed it reasonable to suspect that this dreadful piece of fiction was based on fact. So the world was.

"Society" in that New Brunswick village puts up a placard for the special instruction of the Browns and Simpkins of the place. "Pay at the gate" it says, and the poor things pay. The engine driver was a good source of revenue to the ex-M. P., I am told, but since then I fancy the cruelty of the Intercolonial in reducing wages as well as the engine driver's disinclination to bonus the villa of the ex-member for New Brunswick has rather interfered with the little revenue. So the hero of the sketch grows shabbier and shabbier and idle tongues are waxing bold. Of course all this may have been told me by an enemy of the ex M. P. Tares are sown in honest men's wheat, just as usual, only today as they were in Scriptural day. I repeat, it may all be a terrible mistake, but really the little sketch of the ex M. P.'s worldliness took a strong hold of my imagination at the time, for you see I have met him and, well, stranger things have happened. I have a little list of New Brunswick eccentricities from which I now score the name of ex M. P., as I have now unburdened myself by communicating the little episodes to the world. The subject of the next sketch lived also in the same town and, tell it not in Gath,—it was in the papers recently that some one had charged him with boodling or something of that kind at Fred-erick. C. OCHILTREE MACDONALD.

AT BEECH GARTH.

WRITTEN FOR PROGRESS.

All Beech Garth, one may see Nature in all her moods, sometimes she is kind; smiling sunlight until you perceive like a toiling horse, and the drills of weeds and young turnips twist and wriggle while you try to hoe them. Sometimes she is angry; shaking the trees, and calling up the white caps on the river, until one's heart sinks, and can only find relief in a pipe and good book.

Of her seasons, I like the fall of the leaf, and the time of short days, best; when the maples stand red and the beeches yellow, with here and there a spruce. When the ferns in the pasture are half yellow, half brown, and the partridges come in from the burnt lands to be shot. I like Beech Garth best at this season.

Thinking of autumn brings the corn harvest back to me, and from that my mind recalls the adventure I had with "Wild Antonio." It happened in this way.

One evening I took an old bushel basket out of the shed and started for the cornfield. To get to the corn-field I had to cross the sheep pasture. In the shade of a "sour apple tree," stood "Wild Antonio." He was slowly waving his head, and looked milder than ever. All around stood beeches and maples, with here and there a white-thorn thick. I forgot to say gentle readers, that Antonio is a bull, who has never been known to lower his head in wrath, against any man. But on the memorable day, the devil who had long slumbered in his deep chest, awoke and moved. I noticed him watching me as I fastened the gate through which I had just passed. I waved the basket at him, just to see if he was too lazy to move, and to my utter amazement he was not. He slowly lowered his head and with a grumbling roar, came straight for me. I dropped the basket and fled! From the right side of the fence I turned to look for "Wild Antonio." His head was in the basket and the basket was tightly wedged in a white-thorn thick. Suddenly his head appeared through the bottom of the basket and his red eyes met mine.

The bottomless basket still sticks in the thick but Antonio never notices it.

At Beech Garth we harvest the butter-nuts and sell them for seventy cents per barrel. We also stow them away for winter—to make butter-nut candy and in hopes of getting two dollars a barrel. The red squirrels pick the nuts and we gather them and carry them to the house. One squirrel got in a great rage at my audacity and while I bent over my basket he spitefully dropped a butter-nut from the top of the tree. It hit me on the back of the neck and made me laugh. That was because he thought they were his butter-nuts.

When they are ripe they look like big butterballs, they are so yellow. They are so sticky that I had to carry the basket about with me all one afternoon; and the Squire who left off picking up butter-nuts to feed the pigs, is still sticking to the willow.

Butter-nut harvesting is a pleasant occupation, as we have lots of time for meditation while scraping the nuts from our fingers into the basket. X. Y. Z. Esq.

HAD FUN IN PUGWASH.

A YOUNG MAN IN SEARCH OF A BRIDE.

Had One Selected and Prepared for Him—A Joke That Was Not Discovered by the Squire and Was Well Carried Out—How It Was Planned.

WRITTEN FOR PROGRESS.

A practical joke which is really too good to keep—occurred here this morning. About three weeks ago Fred Olsen, a Norwegian by birth, a sailor by occupation a Salvationist in religion and for some time a resident of Pugwash had by a process of reasoning which is peculiar to humanity, arrived at that stage of proceedings when he deemed it necessary to procure for himself a wife. He had struck a job as farm hand with the Custom House Officer of the port and after expressing his matrimonial intentions to his employer requested that he would endeavour to secure him a wife. The Custom House Officer who is ever on the alert to make his brethren happy promised to do his best. He introduced Fred to a prominent boot and shoe dealer of Pugwash who promised Fred an introduction to a young widow Mrs. Shaw, childless, from Pictou who in worldly affairs was happily fixed and from a religious standpoint was perfectly orthodox—and "furthermore said the shoe dealer" this same young widow will pay a visit to Pugwash on the 24th of May and it will be a pleasure for me to introduce her to you. On the morning of the 24th Fred dressed himself in his best suit, and with an immaculate tie and the most stylish hat to be got in town he hired a stylish rig and drove down to the station in time so meet the 10:45 A.M. train.

In the meantime the Custom House Officer and the prominent shoe dealer put their heads together and concocted a scheme by which our Norwegian friend would find at least a temporary satisfaction in his marital desires. They secured the services of the son of a prominent merchant who joyfully acceded to their request and costuming himself in the garb of a stylish young woman (which character he carried out to the life) he got to the station before the Norwegian and getting in the train on the off-side he was met at the door of the car by the custom house officer and shoe dealer who immediately introduced her (?) to Fred. After the usual courtesies on both sides Fred assisted his inamorata, into the buggy and the young lady (?) expressing a desire to see the town and its surroundings, our gallant Norwegian lifted her bodily into the carriage in the most graceful manner and started to do the town thoroughly. The good residents of Pugwash to whom the scheme was made known, crowded the streets to witness the "guy."

Fred who was mightily pleased with the appearance of the young lady (?) and was more than satisfied with her amatory diversions felt his bosom swell with pride. As he drove through the principal streets of the town; and recognized that the tribute paid to his good taste by nearly every inhabitant was only a corroboration of his excellent judgment in securing such a lovely specimen of woman-hood. His employment had promised him the lease of a farm house which he was building; and also the use of a farm on the event of marriage.

To the farm house Fred drove his intended spouse first and after dwelling upon the happiness which would follow their occupation he brought her inside the house. Here, the bride first showed signs of dissatisfaction. It would be necessary "said she" to have the house plastered throughout and newly papered. The barn-doors would have to be newly hung, and the well would need a new bucket. As for herself she would not object so strongly only she had some new furniture which would make it necessary for him to have suitable surroundings.

After an affectionate hug with the usual accompaniments of kisses Fred promised his betrothed that he lived but to please her, and her slightest wishes would be law to him.

Once more they drove through the town and again every corner was crowded with sight-seers, and on the corner of Durham and Water streets, the crowd gave vent to their feelings by an enthusiastic cheer.

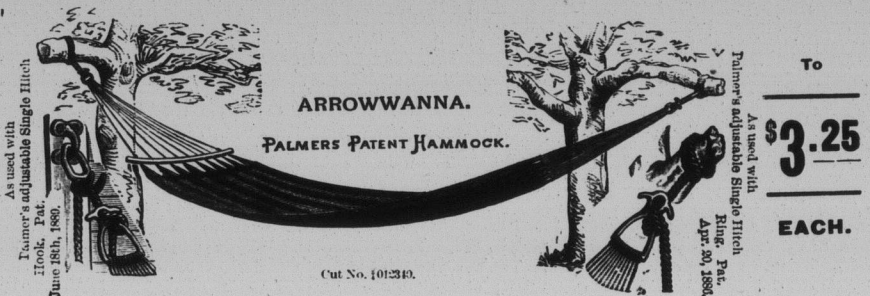
By this time dinner was approaching and Fred requested his affianced to go to the American House for dinner, but the blushing damsel (?) was now affrighted and commenced to think that "the jig was up," but prudence came to the rescue and she decided, upon having dinner at the Central Hotel of which the genial P. Woodcock is proprietor. The latter was onto the "joke" and hearing a disclosure he immediately on the arrival of the couple told Fred that his employer wanted him at the farm at once. After many warm embraces, huggings and protestations, Fred reluctantly left his bride, to the tender mercies of Mr. Woodcock, who assisted in transforming the bride into her original elements.

But before leaving Fred made an engage-

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ment with his lady-love to drive to Wallace this evening, and to enter into the state of matrimony tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. A well-directed letter to Fred this afternoon contained the sad message that his affianced was called home to Pictou to attend the mortuary services of a deceased sister. PUGWASH, N. S., May 24.

TRAINING CHILDREN.

Astra's Reasons for Beginning the Work Early.

WRITTEN FOR PROGRESS.

There is an association out in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which is called the mother's club, and which has flourished in a quiet way for the past seven years. The object of this organization is to increase the rather limited knowledge which mothers are supposed to possess, of the proper method of rearing children, by a thorough study of child culture and the habits of children. I confess that this term sounds a little odd at first and savors of the agricultural column in a country paper where much valuable space is devoted to articles on "the culture of the mangold wurtzel, and the proper rearing of young goslings." No doubt the founding of the society is a step in the right direction else it would never have held its own for seven long years; but I am a little puzzled to understand where the society finds material to work upon, as I was under the impression that American women seldom had any children to cultivate,—perhaps they hire a few from some orphan asylum to practice upon, or mayhap the dismal statistics have exaggerated the terrific falling off in the population and the American child is not becoming an extinct animal after all. However that may be, the chief aim of the society seems to be the promotion of the child's physical culture entirely, and while that is of the most vital importance considering the awful mortality amongst little children in the United States; yet it seems to me that there is almost as urgent a need for some philanthropist to found a sister society, for the mental and moral culture of children, having as its special object the discouraging of the senseless spoiling on the part of parents, which bears much bitter fruit for its helpless victims in the future. I often wonder when I see a thoroughly spoiled child if its parents can possibly realize the cruel injustice they are doing the poor little creature, and the bitter sorrow they are storing up for it in the years to come.

Everybody loves an attractive child, it seems to be part of human nature to do so, but for the small piece of humanity who has been brought up to expect everyone to bow to his sovereign will; who has made slaves of his father and mother, and regards their merely as necessary evils, accepting their foolish homage as his just due, and giving no thanks in return, for such a child there can never be anything beyond cold toleration on the part of those who are not related to him by the close ties of blood. Of course this does not matter much to him while he is young and his horizon bounded by his own family circle, but by and by, when he has to face the world, and try to make friends for himself, how is it going to be? Things will assume a very different aspect then, and the more absolute has been his way at home, the harder will be his lot once he is fairly outside his own garden gate.

I say "he" but I really think a spoiled girl is worse than a spoiled boy, because the boy stands a better chance of having "the nonsense taken out of him" as his comrades would say, than a girl, and by the time she has passed through the hard mill of boarding school and college he is pretty well prepared to take his place as a respectable member of society, having learned, in the school of adversity that he is really no better than anyone else, and not half as good as the boy who can thrash him at fisticuffs, beat him at football, or stand several marks higher in his class.

But the spoiled girl is a nightmare, a horror of great darkness who can only be saved from a womanhood of utter friendlessness by the blessed intervention of

common sense which sometimes develops in her when she reaches years of discretion, and proves her salvation.

It is so easy to teach a little child, even a mere baby, and a little instruction then will save them from so many hard lessons when they are grown up.

I do not know much about children myself, as there have never been any in our family, strange to say, but still anyone with ordinary powers of observation is capable of forming an opinion, and I am sure that if mothers stopped to think how much harder they made their children's lives by their unintentional neglect, and how much unlearning the poor little souls would have to do before the way was made smooth for them, and hard experience has taught them a little wisdom, they would show their love more wisely than many of them do now.

For instance—how many parents take the trouble of teaching little children the ordinary courtesies of life? How many children under six years of age know that it is not polite to contradict their elders; to say "I will" and "I won't," or to refuse absolutely to do as they are told? Not many I am afraid, or the ones who do know would not stand out in such bold relief in my mind. The child under twelve who says "excuse me" when he passes before you, or who takes off his cap on entering the house, is so rare that the spectator looks upon him almost with veneration, and is really scarcely at ease in his society, feeling as if the wonderful child must either be "uncanny" or marked out as one whom the gods love and who will be sure to die young; while the little girl who stands back to allow her mother to go first, or runs to pick up a spool someone else has dropped—well, I am afraid we are so little used to such a phenomenon that we are apt to look upon her as a precious little prig.

And yet, oh mothers! If you would only believe it, when you teach the little souls confided to your care the little courtesies, and thoughtful acts which go so far to make life beautiful and sweet, you are really moulding their characters teaching them unselfishness, thoughtfulness and consideration for others, besides saving their many heartaches in the years to come. Poor little children! there is so much sorrow laid up for nearly everyone before his life's journey is over that it seems hard not to arm them for the battle of life as fully as possible, and make the path as easy as may be, when it can be done with so little difficulty. I know two small boys to whom courtesy comes so naturally that they never seem to think about their manners for a moment, and somehow no one else thinks about them after the first shock is over, their charming politeness is so thoroughly a part of themselves, and yet their mother scarcely knows how she taught them, she began so young that they almost seemed to teach themselves. And I know two tiny creatures who are almost infants since neither is quite four years old, but they never have to be spoken to a second time, they seem to obey for the pleasure of the thing, and their loving care of each other, and anxiety to share every pleasure; and even every punishment, is something beautiful to witness. I don't imagine for a moment that they are at all different from other children, but they have been carefully taught, and the result more than repays all the trouble taken.

I really think it was the thought of these children, and the wish that there could be more like them in the world, that has inspired me—not a lover of children by any means, in the strict sense of the word—to say so much upon a subject I am not supposed to be very familiar with, and perhaps draw upon my devoted head the wrath of many Canadian mothers, by asserting that all children are not perfect.

In a hitherto unpublished lecture by James Russell Lowell, just presented to the college daily at Harvard, he says: "More scholarship is as useless as the collecting of old postage stamps."

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