

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

THE YOUNGEST AT THE POST OFFICE WINDOW.

No Letters for Mrs. Jones, Nor Mr. Smith, Nor Martha Johnson—But Even if There Were They Could Not Get Them After Seven-Thirty, p. m.

There are two things for which the Moncton post office stands out pre-eminently. I think I may safely say in the maritime provinces. One, and by far the most prominent characteristic, is the extraordinary courtesy and politeness of its officials. Never in all my experience have I met with such an obliging and painstaking staff of clerks. From the post-master himself down to the junior clerk they are all alike. In fact so noticeable has this peculiarity about Moncton post office become that it seems to be one of the first things to strike any stranger who comes here. Time and again have I heard the remark made by visitors: "By the way, what obliging people you have in the post office." I have never met with so much courtesy. And it is nothing more than the truth: the smallest and poorest child that goes to the delivery window is sure of a kindly word and polite answer, no matter how much trouble the uncommon and frequently aggravating youngster may give. I have stood in the office many a time looking over my mail, while I waited for a friend and heard dialogues, of which the following is a fair sample, and not at all exaggerated.

"What Mrs. Jones, Sissy?" "Mrs. John Jones," with ineffable scorn. The clerk looks over about 200 letters, and answers pleasantly, "nothing for Mrs. Jones today." "Well, is there anything for Mr. Sam Smith?" The patient clerk takes down the letters which he had put away and goes over them again.

"Nothing for Mr. Smith, Sissy," and the letters are once more returned to their place, but not long do they remain. "Anything for Miss Martha Johnson?" I want to shake that child by this time, and have stopped reading my letter, finding that the subject in hand is man's my entire attention; but the post office clerk does not seem to share my feelings. He looks a little tired, that is all, and with untroubled good humor he goes over that bundle of letters again, and pleasantly assures Miss Martha Johnson's envoy that there is nothing for her today. "Are you sure?" pursues the anxious inquirer.

"Quite sure," answers the modern Job, patiently, and the small daemon reluctantly loosens her grasp of the shelf, and drops to the ground, evidently nursing a dark suspicion that the post office clerk has been deceiving her for purposes of his own. Not once, nor twice, but dozens of times have I listened to conversations like the above, but I have never heard a short answer given to anyone; and yet it seems to me that the people who never get a letter or paper, are those who go to the office most frequently, and give the most trouble. Poor souls, I trust they will not be amongst those who are always expecting a letter that never comes, until hope deferred makes their hearts sick.

Another great peculiarity about the Moncton post office clerks is the fact that they know the box-holders by sight, and are not ashamed to call them by their names and faces! Therefore, if you chance to give the key of your box to a friend who has offered to bring your mail up for you some wet day, and that friend goes out of town without remembering to return the key, you need not fear any inconvenience next day when you go for your mail. You have only to stop at the window and say, "I've mislaid my key, would you kindly open my box?" and by the time you reach your box it is open! The clerk will not give you your letters, that I believe, is against the rules, but neither will he give you a disapproving scowl, as I am told the post office clerks frequently do in other places, nor will he refuse to open the box. He uses his own common sense, he knows who you are, that you pay for your box, and are fully entitled to its contents, even if you should lose your key altogether; so he opens your box with a pleasant smile, and you leave the office thinking what a fine fellow he is, and that if it ever comes in your way you will do a service for him with pleasure, and he makes one more friend.

So much for the advantages! Now for the extraordinary disadvantages possessed by the post office in a city as important as Moncton. In the first place it closes punctually at seven thirty, standard time, summer and winter; just before the arrival of the three last trains for the night, so that getting a letter however important by one of the evening trains is an utter impossibility as the mails are not sorted, I believe, till the next morning. And worse still, if the C. P. R. from St. John which reaches Moncton at a few minutes before five o'clock should happen to be two or three hours late, as it has frequently happened, no mail can be obtained that night, and, should it happen on Saturday night, none till Monday morning. To those who are anxiously looking for tidings from relatives who are ill, or friends who are absent must needs possess their souls in what patience they can surmount and wait patiently through the intervening hours.

The box holder, whose tea has been a little later than usual, races frantically down town in the hope of "catching the mail," and reaches the post office at seven-thirty-three, has his walk for nothing, and he naturally feels a good deal put out about it and inclined to swear a little.

Now, I am not finding fault. Far from it; because if there is anything in the world that the true Monctonian is proud of—after the town fire engines and the city

council—it is the handsome new post office; but I do think it would be a move in the right direction, and a very popular move too, if some arrangement could be made by which the post office, or rather the lobby, could be left open till nine or ten o'clock in the evening, so that the box-holders could reach their boxes and get their letters even though they failed to reach the office before half-past seven o'clock. I suppose it is a government matter, though, and we all know that the government, like the mills of the gods, moves very slowly; so perhaps I shall only succeed in drawing down upon my head the wrath of the clerks I have been praising, for trying to lengthen their hours, and I had better stop before I get into trouble.

GEORGEY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

A PRETTY COUNTRY CHURCH.

Where a Thriving Congregation Worships at Upper Sussex.

One of the prettiest little country churches in the province is situated at Upper Sussex corner, Kings county. It seats 250 people. Every year the congregation has been adding to its attractiveness, and it is now comfortably upholstered and fitted throughout.

The congregation of St. John's reformed episcopal church was organized in 1874. The corner stone of the building was laid



in July 1875, and in February 1876 it was opened for public worship. By November of the next year the debt was cleared off and the church dedicated by Rev. Bishop Samuel Fallows, D. D. The church was incorporated in 1887. Quite recently a lot of land has been purchased, adjoining the church property, on which it is proposed to build a rectory during the coming summer. Rev. A. M. Hubby has been rector of the church for nearly seven years, and is very popular with the congregation. He takes a very active interest in church work, and during his pastorate has accomplished a great deal. He also maintains a strong bond of union with other denominations, being deeply interested in inter-denominational work throughout King's county.

NO MANSLAUGHTER FOR HIM.

"Jeremiah Fodder" and the Legislators—At An Evening Party.

DEAR PROGRESS: I come to the city with the maple candy, so I thought you might like to hear how the world's best is used in my life. I always lay out to get to the house of assembly once or twice a session to see how the members is airmen' there money, and sometimes I have felt bad when I have heard them quarrel like dogs over a bone, and lettin' their angry passions rise as the him says. A couple of years ago I was in the gallery when two members fit as if they would tare each other to pieces. I see to my friend Mr. McCub who followed me and set down aside me, "Air them men professors," but he stared at me for a while and then he sees, "Oh, no, professors don't never speak out of the college." "Ye don't understand me," I sees. "Have they jined the church?" "Oh, I guess not," he says, "I don't know what church wood have 'em, but I say its a shame for them to spit fire like that, and in Lent too." Well I happened to go out just when the men did that had been fitin', and they checked up to each other on the steps. "Part 'em, part 'em," I yells, "pervert manslawter," but they jest turned and looked at me, and one of 'em sees, "Old man I guess you're crazy," and I believe I was, but I'll lay my head on a block if they didn't laff and talk as peccol as if they hadn't ben jawin' like mad a few minits ago. I had to walk a mild or too aloer I got over the start.

Well, I jest hapened in the "house" yesterday, and heard the noo Judge Hanington takin' leve of Blare and the rest of 'em. I must say I alwus liked Hanington, though he was pritty peppery sumtimes, and he spoke luvly, you'd a thawt he was amung christian people, when he sed so much about pece and good will, and he hadn't a hard thawt agin nobody, and the winmin in the gallery wiped their eyes, and sed "it was bewtiful and most impressin'." But when Blare got up he showed the christian too, and told how he "alwus admird his honable friend," and took on, when he thawt how 'e wood miss his honable friend on the floors of this honable house, and he

hoped his huable friend wood be happy, and adorn the honable bench he was a goin' to set on, and the folks all hollered and shaked hands. The last time I was in town I was ashamed to see too of the members as set opposite a callin' names, and makin' faces like too bad children across a wood pile. I knowed they had irish blud in 'em they give each hard cuts, and they sed up how luvly they was. It aint manly, to say nothing av religion, for our legislators to sass wa another so much. I expect you'll laff, but my friend McCub hes ben and took me to "an evenin' party." I hed on a noo soot made by a first-rate taileres, but he sed I'd have to ware a "dress cote," so he borrow'd a swaller tail, and put a white stock on me, and made me hire a team, though we didn't have to walk a quarter of a mile. The first thing he introduced (he called it presented) me to the woman of the house, and I must say she was a rale nice, clever woman, and talked very pritty; but she was smilin' all the time, and never left off smilin' the hull evenin'. I think her face must hev ben tired. I set down and was a watchin' the folks, but McCub he wood keep bringin' people and "presentin' 'em. I'll wun yung feller with terrible thin yaller hare and a sassy countenance sed, "You're quite a lion, Mr. Fodder," and that put me in mind of a hare hunt that me and Bill Stagers hed wun time, so I ups and tells them the story. My, how they laffed, and wun yung lady—at least she was drest yung—sed she wood think a "hare hunt wood be gorgeous," and she'd thawt to be there, but I thawt she didn't know what she was talkin' about.

I must say as a desent vartice dance, I don't like the trock wastes so low in the neck, and I'd be willin' to take my book oath that I did not look much at 'em, but some of the men followed them same winmin round, and looked and looked, and I say its a shame fer men per-tendin' to be desent to act so I tol' Hanmer all about the party, but I never sed nothing about that part of it. Some of the winmin was drest rale desent and modest, and some of the men acted the gentlemen too. I heard wun woman tellin' another, that she "just luv'd" a man that I knowed was married, but when I spoke to McCub he sed they didn't mean it, and the way society was constituted they had be gushin'.

They got up a little impro- viorious dance, and called it. They had only three sets of, I forgit what it was, only it wasn't a ate handed real, as they sed they wood have to deny themselves every thing as it was lent, and it was not so much sin when they did not dance to band music. I suppose the brass instruments makes the difference. Then a few more plaid a game or too of wits, but they left, and denged themselves to go in to supper. We was all invited into the eatin' room, and I never seen anything so bewtiful in my life, you'd a thawt it was summer they was so many flours, and they smelt so nice, and the vittals looked luvly, but they was different from what I was use to. Bein' an aged man they sot me down, but when I hatched up to the table McCub whispored to set back, so I got agin the wall, and the same sassy feller came up to me a gramin', and sed "it wood give him great pleasure to wate on me, and what wood I have." I sed I'd like a cup of tea, and a piece of punkin pie or a cupple of doe nuts, as I'd ett a harty dinner, and wasn't hungry, but if you'll believe me they hadn't none on the table, so he sed he was sorry but wood I have a few inter, so I sed I'd try 'em, but I was afraid they wood not agree with me.

Well, he brung me a bikkit with something dark in the middle and said it was a cream, and he coodin' git at a scallop. Now Hanmer can't be best for party plans, but that thing wasn't like bers, so I knew he was only foolin' me, and advised him to reed what Solomon sed about respectin' the agid. Another fellow brawt me some agid cream; now cream wood never set on my stomach, but I tasted it, and it was a kind of jelly with little pieces of pine apple in it. On the hull I like Hanmer's cookin' best.

After supper they had wun dance more, they denied themselves and had wun yung tonic, but I tasted it, and it was a kind of jelly with little pieces of pine apple in it. On the hull I like Hanmer's cookin' best.

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They were stereotyped and some of them were worth reading. In olden times people were fond of making long addresses to royalty at every possible opportunity as they are today. The only difference seems to be—judging by several old time effusions which have come to the notice of PROGRESS—that the addresses of former days did not adhere to the stereotyped forms and were more likely to be read. Nevertheless they got in a sufficient number of "your majesty's" to make up for all other deficiencies. A well known St. John man sends PROGRESS copies of the following interesting document.

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We, your majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Bailiffs, Burgesses and commonality of the ancient Borough of Ipswich, beg leave humbly to offer your majesty our sincere and hearty congratulations on your majesty's providential escape from the late desperate attempt made on your majesty's sacred person, an attempt, which at once endangered your majesty's life and the happiness of all your majesty's subjects.

Fully sensible of the innumerable blessings we enjoy under Your Majesty's saintly government, we fervently pray that Your Majesty's most valuable life may be preserved many years, and that Your Majesty may long reign over a free, happy and loyal people.

Given under our Common Seal, 18th Aug. 1786. The Bellmen of Ipswich, unwilling to be outdone in loyalty to His Majesty, have composed an address equally as full of majesty as that presented by their worthy masters to His Majesty.

To His Majesty most excellent, With humble duty we present, In lines of rhyme, As lights upon the starry sky, Your Majesty to congratulate In being sav'd from the attack of late— The attack against your Royal Life, By woman's hand and blood shed. How could she dare to lift on high Her hand to stab Your Majesty? That wicked hand with rage so derry, Your majesty's kind heart to pierce! 'Twas happy for your majesty, That providence was standing by, Or else, perhaps your majesty Might have received a blow so sly As would have killed your majesty. What sorrow would the land o'erspread 'Thave heard your majesty was dead! Your subjects would have wept full sore 'Thave seen your majesty no more. Our thanks unsifted we send on high, 'That wicked hand will bear our cry, And hope that he will bear our cry, And long preserve your majesty.

Given under our great seal, the lantern, staff and midnight bells. And he eats choice Breakfast Cereals and Hygienic Foods, such as Desiccated Wheat, Pearl and Flake Hominy, Wedg Gem Meal, Granulated Wheat, Farina, Rye Flour, S. R. Buckwheat, etc., and buys them from J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte St.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Amusements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 25 cents each) per insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

WANTED, ONE GOOD JOB PRINTER. Apply Foreman Progress Print.

CAMERA WANTED. A GOOD Landscape Camera, with necessary accessories, for sale. Apply particulars to WARRICK, WHITE & CO., St. John, N. B.

BUSY MEN WHO have no time to look after their attractive and readable, can have this work done in a way that will pay them. Printed samples furnished on application. Address: WARRICK, WHITE & CO., Box 21, St. John.

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FOR SALE. HALLETT, DAVIS & CO., Square Piano, 75 octave; four round corners. Cost \$900.00, only a short time in use; must be sold; price, \$250.00—C. FLOOD & SONS, 31 and 33 King street.

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ENERGETIC. CANVASSERS, men or women, wanted to work in this city or suburbs. A splendid chance for the right people to make money easily. For further particulars address: O. K. Drawer 21, St. John, N. B. Oct. 10-ef

The KEELEY INSTITUTE, NORTH CONWAY, N. H.

A CURE FOR Drunkenness, Opium Habit and Nervous Prostration.

This branch of the famous Institute at Dwight, Ill., continues the same practice by the same remedies and methods. An experienced physician from Dwight in attendance, in a house delightfully situated; quiet home; modern conveniences; Forest Glen Sping. Reached by monthly division of Maine Central R. R., 29 miles from Portland, Me. Price for treatment \$25.00 per week; Board \$5.00 to \$8.00 per week.

Communications confidential. Write for full particulars to Manager Keeley Institute, North Conway, N. H.

Yours till death, JEREMIAH FODDER. P.S.—Me and Jack Edwards don't speak. I reasoned with him and wanted him to fine our lodge, but he was like the deaf adder in scripser.

ADDRESSES OF LONG AGO.

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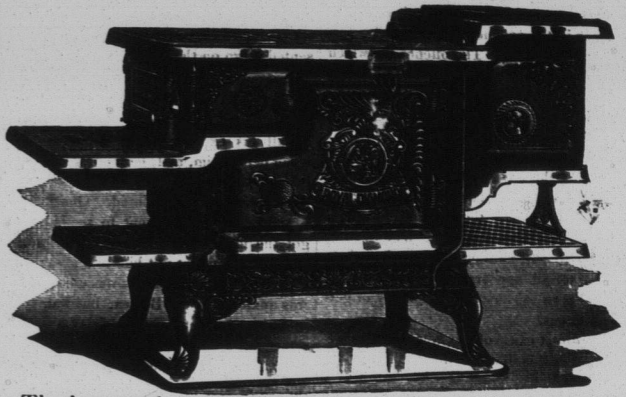
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CANNED Salmon, Lobsters, Oysters, Corn, Tomatoes, Peas, Peaches. 1400 Cases. In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Duct St.

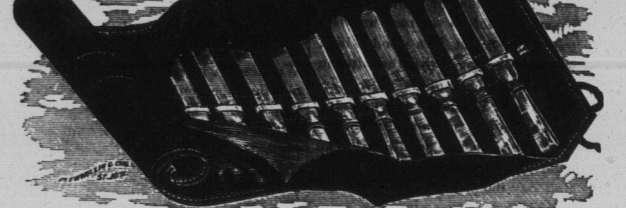
The "ROYAL DIAMOND."



The latest and most stylish cooking stove in the market today. If you need a new cook stove to burn Wood, come and see our "Royal Diamond" or write for circulars. Every stove guaranteed.

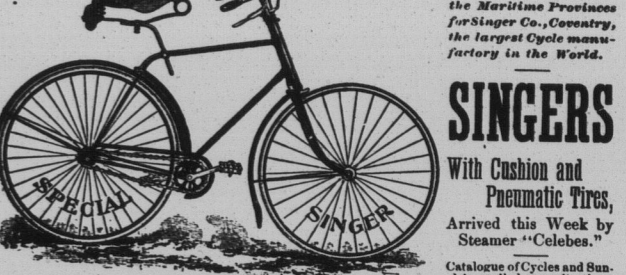
EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

ENGLISH CUTLERY.



For Hotel and Family use, Fine Electro Plated Table Ware. T. McAVITY & SONS, - St. John, N. B.

As a receipt for weak muscles, chronic tired feeling, too much indoor work, and in convalescing from illness, "a bicycle can't be beat."—H. N. Cross, M. D., Stocton, Cal.



Separate Catalogue of BABY CARRIAGES mailed on request. C. E. BURNHAM & SON, 83 and 85 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Always ask for Islay Blend.

TAKE NO OTHER! SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING Retail and Wholesale dealers everywhere.

Pronounced by the Government Chief Analyst Macfarlane, superior to all other Whiskies imported into Canada. See page 21 of the Official Report of the Inland Revenue Department issued Dec. 31st, 1891.

REPORT ON "THE ISLAY BLEND" WHISKEY. Registered by request of Messrs. MACKIE & CO., Lagavulin and Laphroig, Island of Islay, Argyshire, Scotland.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, LONDON. I have carefully analyzed and tested the above Whiskey, and am of the opinion that it is a very High Class Brand, of very delicate flavor, and mellow throughout; there is an entire absence of any artificial sweetening, or any other matter which renders the majority of Whiskey deleterious. It is also entirely free from rumal oil. The slight color it has is obtained from lying in bond, and from a portion of the Whiskey being matured in sherry casks. I can safely recommend it for medicinal purposes as being a reliable and thoroughly genuine article.

(Signed) ALFRED ROBINSON, M.B., M.R.C.S., Eng., Etc.

CITY ANALYST'S LABORATORY, 138 BATH STREET, A. GLASGOW, 30th, Sept. 1890.

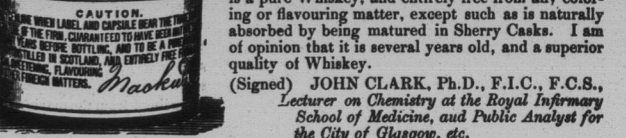
Report of Analysis of a sample of Messrs. MACKIE & Co.'s "ISLAY BLEND" of Whiskey, received on the 24th inst.

I have made a careful analysis of a sample representing 800 dozen bottles of Messrs. MACKIE & Co.'s "ISLAY BLEND" WHISKEY, and I find that it is a pure Whiskey, and entirely free from any coloring or flavouring matter, except such as is naturally absorbed by being matured in Sherry Casks. I am of opinion that it is several years old, and a superior quality of Whiskey.

(Signed) JOHN CLARK, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S., Lecturer on Chemistry at the Royal Infirmary School of Medicine, and Public Analyst for the City of Glasgow, etc.

IMPORT ORDERS SOLICITED BY T. W. BELL, St. John, N. B.

SOLE AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.



CAUTION. WHEN BUYING THIS WHISKEY, SEE THAT THE LABEL IS THE SAME AS THE ABOVE, AND THAT THE BOTTLE IS FULL OF WHISKEY, AND NOT WATER.

THE ISLAY BLEND WHISKEY. MACKIE & CO., ISLAY & GLASGOW.

THE GRAND G. The Opera House agents are busy n. A good comparison secured, and the names that are f. although some have never app. Sargent Aborn of, and the rep. House company that it will be th. visited St. John mond Hitchcock wit of the opera part is always a estimation of St. probably have been satisfied. Miss Minnie T. Gilman, Etta B. McCree, Ray Donnelly, H. H. son, Kiriland Call stage manager an opera company w ability in this res.

"St. John good, but a direct tween the two pla the city nearer to the continent, an business activity to St. John. M when the steamers and the announce would be discon regret. Now, th resumed, St. Jo every effort to means a good future. The new Mallory & Co., ability to make the making great prep of the new servi be put on the rou and refitted, and popularity as a The Winthrop River, New Yo May 7, at 5 p. port, and will con