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pet Warerooms.

NG, 1889.

ERE and HOUSEKEEPERS will want to
and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

for the coming season, I will be able to
ATEST NOVELTIES in

PESTRY CARPETS, with borders to match;
ATTINGS, ART SQUARES,
S,
EST VALUES ever QUOTED in this city.

HOTELS and PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

ER, - - 58 KING STREET,
OHN. N. B.

Millinery Department.

OPENING TO-DAY:

80 CASES

AMERICAN STRAW GOODS.

SMITH BROS.

WHOLESALE

DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY,

Granville and Duke Streets,

HALIFAX.


## SYDNEY WARD.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., Feb. 12, 1889.

WE, the undersigned Residents and Voters of Sydney Ward, in the City of St. John, N. B., would nominate WM. LEWIS, Esq., of said Ward, to represent us in the Common Council as Alderman, and pledge ourselves to do all in our power to secure his election.

Signed by 85 electors.

## To the Electors of Sydney Ward.

GENTLEMEN: In compliance with your requisition, asking me to allow myself to be put in nomination as a candidate for ALDERMAN at the approaching election, I beg to say that, although the matter is not of my seeking, I am entirely in your hands, and will accept with pleasure your flattering nomination. A glance at the names on your requisition convinces me that you intend to carry the election, and I am content to leave the result in your hands, assuring you that if elected my best efforts in the future, as in the past, will always be put forward in the interest of this city, and Sydney Ward in particular. I have the honor to be,

Yours, etc.,

WILLIAM LEWIS.

## By Order of the Common Council of the City of Saint John.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill will be presented for enactment at the present session of the Provincial Legislature to provide for the extension of wharves on the "Pettingill" property.

The object of this Bill is to authorize the Common Council to issue Debentures to an amount not exceeding Twenty Thousand Dollars, payable in twenty years, bearing interest not exceeding four per cent, for the erection of wharves and building up the slips on the Pettingill property, the annual interest and a sinking fund to provide for the payment of the Debentures to be charged on the revenues derived from the wharfage.

9th March, 1889.

ST. JOHN, N. B., March 9, 1889.

## To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

GENTLEMEN:—

Believing in the principle that no Mayor in this City should hold office for more than two years, and having been solicited by numerous electors to allow myself to be placed in nomination for the Mayoralty, I beg to announce that I will be a Candidate on the second TUESDAY in April next.

Hoping to receive your support and votes,
I am your obedient servant,

GEORGE A. BARKER.

## To the Electors of Wellington Ward.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—We shall again be candidates for your suffrages at the coming election for

ALDERMEN

of Wellington Ward, on the first Tuesday in April next. And we promise to serve you (if elected) in the future as in the past.

Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM SHAW,
THOS. W. PETERS.

## To the Electors of Wellington Ward.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

At the request of a number of the Electors, I have decided to offer for the

ALDERMANSHIP

of this ward, and would respectfully solicit your support.

WILLIAM B. CARVILL.


ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.



If you have Houses, Flats or Apartments to Let, advertise in "Progress." It will hereafter make a special feature of this class of advertising, for which the character of its circulation ensures the best results. Give it a trial and satisfy yourself.

# PROGRESS.

Notices of Houses, Flats or Apartments to Let, not to exceed Three Lines, about 25 words, in length, will be printed in "Progress" for 10 cents each insertion. More than three and less than ten lines, 25 cents. Patronize the peoples' paper.

VOL. I., NO. 47. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1889. PRICE THREE CENTS.


## AND THE RING MUST GO.

*THE PEOPLE OF PORTLAND HAVE SAID THE WORD.*

**They Voted for Union to Get Rid of the Chesley Clique—How the Spoilsmen Kicked Against It—Ald. Murphy's Votes—One Item in the Current Account.**

Tuesday was a great day for Portland. The people voted for union by a recorded majority of 141, and signed the death warrant of the ring. The actual majority was probably over 200, but as a good many opponents of the union voted two or three times, the figures show a good deal below what they should be.

Ald. Murphy, for instance, voted twice—once as his own disreputable self and once as a respectable John Murphy who was out of the country. This is the man who thought he was slandered, because PROGRESS mildly insinuated that he was the tool of the Chesleys. Another man, one of the Chesley supporters and a fireman who has kept away from fires, is said to have voted several times. He was one of the heelers who haunted the polls and rushed in supposed dead and absent men to vote. One of the first names voted that day was that of Capt. Peter Riley, who lives in the Western states.

Ward 5 surprised the people by opposing union, when it, of all places was likely to be benefitted by a change. The explanation is that somebody stuffed the ballot box.

Altogether the ring did its best—and was beaten.

It will be beaten again in a week or so. The signs of the times are unmistakeable. The ring must go.

Why shouldn't it go? It has cost the city, directly and indirectly a vast sum of money. In the matter of the liquor question, alone, and it is only one item, the figures are enough to appal the citizens.

The Scott Act was carried in Portland, three years ago, by a good majority. The people wanted the rum shops done away with, and they supposed of course the law would be enforced. It was not, nor has it been to this day. Every attempt to carry it out was opposed by the Chesleys and their followers. The friends of the act found that they had not only to fight the liquor dealers but the city council as well. They abandoned the task in disgust.

Before the Scott Act came nominally into force, the city derived a revenue of about $4,000 a year from liquor licenses. The supporters of the act argued that if the law were enforced, much of this would be made up by fines levied on illegal sellers. They made a great mistake. For the last three years the city has not received a dollar from such a source, more liquor has been sold than at any time in the history of Portland, and there are about 30 new grog shops which have sprung into life and flourished under the stimulus of absolute free trade. Liquor selling is the leading industry of the city, and the stuff dealt out is seconed only in vileness to the vitriolic alcohol sold in Bangor and Moncton.

Extract from the ledger of the recording angel:

Chesley & Co.,
In Acct. with the City of Portland.

| | | Dr. |
|---|---|---|
| 1886 to 1889 | To amount of deficiency by non-granting of licenses and failure to enforce law, 3 years, at $4,000 per annum | $ 12,000 |
| | Cr. | |
| | By 30 new grog shops, at $5 each, (costs of fittings and stock), | $00,150 |
| | Bal due city | $11,850 |

The vote for union is the signing of the death-warrant of the ring. Had the city had decent government it is most improbable that the result would have been as it was. The people, fearing a continuance of the regime of misrule and extravagance, decided rather to fly to evils that they knew not of, than to endure the ills they had. As one citizen puts it: "We took an expensive way to get rid of the Chesleys. It was like burning a barn to get rid of the rats." This man is, of course, a pessimist, who will probably have different views in a year or two.

Right here, PROGRESS asks leave to crow a little. It has been the only paper in St. John which has had the pluck to tell the truth about Portland and its factions. It alone has aroused the people to a sense of their duty, and it may claim without arrogance that it has turned the scale in favor of union. Even the enemies of PROGRESS know that it has told the truth about Portland from first to last. The only objection has been that "it is too personal."

Gentlemen, when you undertake to kill a hog, it is not advisable to wear kid gloves.

This aphorism is not intended to apply to any individual of the ring, but to the ring itself as a concrete and abominable whole.

It is not often that PROGRESS has a good word for Lon. Chesley, but it gives him credit for one sensible act. It is said that at the last meeting of the fire committee Ald. McGoldrick and others wanted steps taken to remove Chief Engineer Johnston, on the ground that he had been supplying PROGRESS with information about the mismanagement of that department. To the credit of the Boss, he refused to lend himself to the scheme.

He was right. Chief Johnston is not the informant of PROGRESS in these matters, and it is but simple justice to him that this should be understood.

Now that the vote on union has been taken, tickets will be found in the various wards. The names mentioned last week are still discussed, but several of the aspirants in Ward 1 are likely to retire when a regular people's ticket is formed.

Mr. Robertson has not yet been announced as positively in the field, but there is scarcely a doubt that he will be.


*New Books, Papers and Magazines, always on sale, at McArthur's.*


*BRANDY BECOMES ALCOHOL.*

**An Interesting Chemical Transformation Effected by the Customs Department.**

"When is a jar not a jar?" asks the amiable Lord Dundreary, and the answer is, as everybody knows, "When it is a door." In a similar humorous vein is a conundrum which the customs department at Ottawa has just answered, to its own satisfaction and the amusement of the public. It is this: "When is brandy not brandy?" And the answer is, "When it is over proof."

Like many another good joke, however, this requires an explanation and a diagram in order to be fully understood. This done, it is very funny.

In order to guard against fraud and negligence, copies of all entries at St. John and other ports are sent to Ottawa, where they are supposed to be carefully checked and examined by the relations of politicians, who condescend to draw non-assessable salaries as gentlemen of the civil service. This is why every importer is bothered by having to make out no less than five papers for each entry.

For the last four years, however, these mild-mannered gentlemen have been so busy that brandy has been entered by the proof gallon instead of the running gallon. This was fully explained by PROGRESS last week, and it was then stated that by importing brandy over proof the liquor dealers would gain and the department would lose. It was simply a question of water.

It now appears that the department in its infinite wisdom had foreseen this opportunity of the importer, as will appear by the following order sent to collectors:

No. 261, B.

[MEMORANDUM.]

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
Ottawa, 4th March, 1889.

Collector of Customs,
Port of ——

BRANDY.

You are reminded that brandy is dutiable per item No. 422 of the tariff at $2 per imperial gal., irrespective of strength. Several collectors have been accepting entry and duty on the gallon of the strength of proof and thus caused serious loss to the revenue.

You will also bear in mind that spirits imported of an unusual strength are liable to duty as alcohol, and you are enjoined to guard against frauds in that direction.

J. JOHNSON.

The wisdom of this order is shown more clearly when it is remembered that the duty on brandy imported under proof—without "fraud"—is $2 a gallon, while if it is over proof, and therefore in the nature of "fraud," the wicked importer is punished by having to enter it as alcohol.

But as the duty on alcohol is only $1.75 a gallon the wicked and fraudulent importer saves money by the operation. Contrary to all principles of law, he takes advantage of his own wrong.

For instance, A, who is an honest man and wants to see the national policy build up the country, imports brandy at proof, or say four degrees under, and pays his $2 per gallon like a good citizen. B, who is a greedy Grit, imports his brandy at four degrees over proof, and the brandy being classed as alcohol he pays just $1.82 a gallon. This is the way he is punished.

And it has taken the officials at Ottawa four years to learn the true inwardness of "item No. 422 of the tariff."


*Umbrellas Repaired, 242 Union Street.*


**It is Very Handy, Too.**

Housewives who have used Edwards' dessicated soup will have no other. Taylor & Dockrill are the sole agents for the province. Mr. Dockrill says the article is having a ready and increasing sale.

This preparation consists of beef and vegetables in a similar form to Edwards' Preserved Potato, which has been so long used in the army and navy, and for domestic use in all parts of the world. Each pound makes, in a few minutes, 6 quarts of rich soup or gravy, representing the essence of 7-lbs. of beef and 5-lbs. of potatoes and other vegetables.

**The Latest "Qualification."**

"Doey" Nixon was speaking of Bob Wilkins as a Ward 4 candidate, when he was asked, "Is he qualified?"

"Qualified be blanked!" said Nixon; "Didn't he take boxing lessons from Tom Bate for two years and can't he handle his dukes with any man in town?"


*Last chance to buy Room Paper at auction, at the Portland News Depot, Tuesday next.*


PARTNERS FOR LIFE.

MR. PORTLAND.—May I put down my name for all the dances on your card, Miss St. John?

MISS ST. JOHN.—You may keep the card, if you want it, Mr. Portland, in exchange for that slate of yours I smashed last Tuesday.

## THE RING'S LAST KICKS.

*HOW THE ELECTION WAS CONDUCTED IN PORTLAND.*

**How Ald. Murphy and Barber "Hughie" Distinguished Themselves in Their Wards—Personation and Other Trickery, but All to No End.**

"Hughie" Campbell was at Ward 5 where city clerk Godard presided, Tuesday. If there is one thing more than another that "Hughie" glories in it is in "doubling up" on election day. Robert White of Milledgeville was warm in his indignation at the proceedings. There was a "pair of Jacks" at the poll, and they ran things as they pleased. It is a wonder every name on the list wasn't voted. But Mr. White saw Campbell vote two names and another man named Philips got in some fine work of the same nature. Of course their votes were "No."

There's a clergman in Portland who will be surprised to learn that he voted. At least his friends—or enemies—voted in his name. He wasn't near the polls.

"Danny" O'Neil was at Ward 3 handing out "No" ballots to the voters. "Danny" was returning officer, but what difference did that make? None at all. It was hard to find a "Yes" ballot where he was.

One voter, advanced in years, whose sight was dim, asked for a "Yes" ballot. A negative slip was shoved toward him. "I don't want that," he said; "I want a ballot with *three* letters on it." None was forthcoming, and scratching out the "No" with his pencil, he wrote "Yes."

"Come off, now," said Mr. O'Neill, "Shure an' you spiled a ballot."

"I don't care," said the voter, "give me one with a "Yes" on it."

And after considerable hunting he got a "Yes" and watched "Danny" till it slid into the ballot box.

"Shure an' you're votin' a rope 'round your neck, Misther McCready!" said a bystander.

"I'm voting it off my neck, you mean," retorted Mr. McCready; "I've worn it for 40 years!"

There was a lively scene when John Murphy voted the second time. He was very sorry he did it, and it is understood that legal proceedings have been threatened—the act was so barefaced.

Boss Chesley looked very black, Tuesday. He was in No. 2, mounted on the hard edge of the table, most of the time and so decidedly absorbed in the proceedings that he forgot his dinner. A soda biscuit satisfied him until the vote was counted; after that it was hard to please him.

"Boss" Kelly was active in Ward 3. He stood near the returning officer and made himself so prominent that people who weren't familiar with the scene might have thought him an official. He chiefly signalized himself, however, by the cheap and nasty trick he played on a well-known manufacturer who proposed to vote "Yes." The Boss and the manufacturer were acquaintances, and when the latter asked the former for a ballot the boss slapped him on the shoulder as he handed over a "Yes" vote, and said, "Ah, you're one of us!" Then, in an instant he added, "Write your name on it."

"I haven't a pencil," said the manufacturer, unsuspiciously.

"I'll lend you one," said the Boss.

He did so. The voter, not stopping to think that this would nullify his vote, wrote his name on the ballot and gave it into the hands of "Danny" O'Neil and his partner in crime, who had seen and heard all without any protest. After he left the ward-room, it dawned upon him that he had made a mistake. So had Boss Kelly. He had changed a friend into an enemy—and done it for nothing, after all.

*SOME OLD ACCOUNTS.*

**Two Windfalls That Crossed a St. John Tailor's Path.**

"There is no doubt of it," said a jolly and well known merchant tailor, "people are more prompt in paying their bills every year. I have less on my books today than I've had for 40 years.

"A very funny thing happened a short time ago. A stranger from the west, *en route* for Nova Scotia, remained in St. John a few days, and gave me an order for two suits. As he was paying for them I asked if he knew any New Brunswickers in ——.

"'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'Mr. —— is one of the most prominent citizens. He was elected mayor a while ago, and is doing well.'

"I wrote him at once and congratulated him upon his success, wished him much of it and enclosed his bill for $36, which had been due 35 years. Would you believe it, I got a check for the amount by return mail!

"Only yesterday a gentleman walked into my store whom I had not seen for so long a time that I did not know him for a few minutes. 'I think I owe you a little bill,' he remarked. 'It should have been paid long ago, but you know how these things are neglected.' The bill was $35, and it had been due 17 years. There is some honesty left yet."


*Sabbath School Cards, new assortment, at McArthur's, 80 King street.*


**Larger, Lighter and Handsomer.**

Visitors to Hunter, Hamilton & McKay's store are meeting with a genuine surprise these days. The carpenters and painters have been at work and the result is a much enlarged, brighter and handsomer establishment. The growth of this business has been somewhat phenomenal and it is emphasized greatly by the fact of this enlargment which gives almost twice the room. Large windows have been put in the side wall, and a splendid light is thus thrown on the goods in the rear of the shop. The premises now, including the counting room in the rear, extend from King to Market streets. Mr. Hamilton left this week for American buying centres for spring novelties in anticipation of a great rush the coming months.

**How's This for a Telephone Rate?**

Telephone subscribers are in arms and their first charge will be on the N. B. Telephone company's instruments. Not long ago cheap telephones for business and private houses were the rage. Citizens who scouted the Bell and Nova Scotia companies' charges listened to a $20 rate and soon afterward employed an extra boy to ask Central what was "up" with the telephone. They got a surprise a few days ago when they were notified that $35 would be expected of them after their present contract expired. What do you think of telephone monopoly.


*British American, New York World, Sun and Herald. On sale at McArthur's.*


**An Old Friend Heard From.**

The legion who count themselves friends and patrons of Mr. James Manson and his associates in business will be glad to hear from him in PROGRESS. Their "tidings of comfort and joy" will be found on the fourth page. Millinery is the specialty of the establishment, and ladies who are in doubt about the style of their new spring hat or bonnet, must keep their eyes on the space and watch for the plates of the latest thing in "head gear"—to use a masculine phrase. There will be plenty of other interesting matter which will be sufficient attraction in itself.


*Room Paper, in great variety, at 6 cents a roll, at Portland News Depot.*


## WORKING FOR THE SEAT.

*WILL MAYOR THORNE OR GEORGE A. BARKER GET IT.*

**A Hot Three-Cornered Contest in Wellington—Mr. Jordan Out Again in Sydney—Mr. Forbes in Dukes, and Queens is Heard from in the Person of Mr. Turner.**

Can anybody hazard a guess at the result? Not yet. Mayor Thorne's return from Ottawa, Sunday morning, was all that was needed to awaken his supporters to a full sense of their responsibility and duty, and Monday's papers sounded his bugle call for the first gathering. It was held Monday night in the Bank of Montreal building. Talking didn't occupy much time. The candidate was present greeting everybody in his usual smiling, cheery way, and before t e crowd went to work he addressed them in a conversational fashion.

Whatever Mr. Thorne's supporters may think about the result of the contest, they have made up their minds that it will be a good race from start to finish, with no opportunities to sleep by the wayside. So there will be plenty of work.

But while there was commotion at the foot of King street, there was a quiet but determined 200 in Berryman's hall scanning lists from every ward. Every once in a while the enthusiasm of some canvasser would break loose while he made his report and stir the others up a little. The merry buzz of voices and the fumes of fairly good cigars filled the air. Everybody was smiling and content with the complexion of affairs. George Blake is sure of victory, and his assistants are not less confident.

"A. Chipman Smith. For or against?" sang out a committeeman.

There was a dead silence all along the table. No person had apparently interviewed Mr. Smith. There seemed, however, to be a general opinion that the gentleman who had served three years once as chief magistrate was rather in favor of perpetuating the custom.

Another gentleman who is not taking any active part in the mayor's election is Alderman T. W. Peters. There's a feeling among Mr. Carvill's friends in Wellington ward that the present eloquent and capable representative will need to see all the voters he can on his own behalf before the aldermanic contest.

In no city ward will there be such a determined fight as in Wellington. Carvill has strong backing. He claims, it is said, the members of the Athletic club almost to a man, but one prominent member, who is as old as the club almost, talks openly of working all election day for Peters. In dominion politics, Wellington is Conservative, and if the contest waxes as fierce as some think it will, this may tell in Alderman Peters' favor, for his opponent is a pronounced Liberal. But Mr. Carvill has a strong following who pay little attention to questions. He is tolerably sure of their vote. PROGRESS can only repeat that Alderman Peters is one of the best, if not the best representative at the aldermanic board. He has a stronger grip on important civic questions than any other alderman, and always knows how to present his case. His election and re-election to the wardenship of the county was the best evidence of the confidence reposed in him by his colleagues at the council board.

James Gordon Forbes is out in Dukes. Well, Dukes can stand a new representative and she might get a worse one than Mr. Forbes. Mr. Blizzard, though, has a semi-life lease of the representation for what he did for Queen square, and Alderman Tufts has a great grip on the temperance folk. But Mr. Forbes is out on a new line, and Mr. Tufts will have to "take a holt." May the best man fall on top.

Mr. J. D. Turner is anxious to write "Ald." before his name. He thinks Mr. Woodburn has done so long enough, and he proposes to change places. Mr. Woodburn doesn't see the point and will remain where he is, thank you.

So far there are no rumbles of any earthquakes in Kings or Prince. A squatter who remains undisturbed on a piece of land for a certain number of years cannot be given the "grand bounce." What kind of squatters are the present aldermen for Kings?

Contrary to a line or two in PROGRESS last Saturday, Ald. Jordan proposes to cast in his fortunes in Sydney ward again, and Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Lewis will be there to see him. Alderman McCarthy needn't leave his work. He will legislate over a bigger city this year. And PROGRESS thinks his colleague will be Mr. Lewis. What do you think, Mr. Jordan?


*Note Paper and Envelopes, from Five cents a quire, at McArthur's.*


**A Great and Growing Success.**

The Berlitz school of languages which was established in this city last summer has proved a great and growing success. Since that time the study of languages has become the correct thing, especially among the young ladies, and the Berlitz teachers can be congratulated upon the success of their efforts in the community.

*FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.*

**His Ma and Pa Join the Geology Club and Sling a Supple Toe.**

Maybe I didn't tell you before about the new club they got up in this town, which pa and ma belongs to and goes to the night before they goes to prare-meetin'. They calls it the Geoligy club, and I gess it must be better'n prare-meetin's, and more fun in it, cos when ma and pa comes home each of 'em haz to rub the rest of 'em with anecdote linyment durin' the rest of the week. Sister said she didn't know whether they called it the Geoligy club, coz nothin' but fossils wus allowed to b'long to it, or cos there was so many old barnycles from the government offices in it. I gess if fossils is bald-headed pa and ma must be the head fossils in the collekshun. Coz ma hangs her hair up on the bed-post at night, 'cept wot she sprinkles in the gravy fer flavorin', and as fer pa the ony way he kin part his hare is to git it run out every year with a surveyer's cumpus. W'en his hare was thick it was no truble to see the blazes, but since it got levelled off he haz to spot out the stumps, allowin' for variation of the poll. My teacher told me, w'en I axed him wot fossils was, that they wox to be found under the crust of the erth, but sister sez these fossils what Pa and ma belongs to was in the upper-crust, 'ceptin' a few of 'em, which was hardshell fossils. He sed most of the fossils he node was deposited in the flood wen Noah was runnin' the Southampton packet twixt New Jeroosulem and Arrowroot landin', but I gess they couldn't drown the hardshell fossels and they managed to paddle 'round till they tetched bottom on Currie's Mountin. But enyway Perfussor Baley nose all about fossels, and he sez he never saw sich a collekshun as this before. The common kind of fossels, he sez, dont know anything to speak of but wot the geoligy fossels dont know, he sez, aint worth knowing. They kin talk, they kin walk around, and as fer eatin, why he sez a bushel of donuts wouldn't last em as long as it lasts the Wimmen's Union to pay fer Gregory in the pleece cort. Why, he sez they will akchully walk righ out on the flore and start to dancin' accordin' to rule, specially if there's a purty widder playin' the pianer. The widder is the only yung fossil in the lot—she is too new to be a reglar ordaned fossil by rites—but she noze more about dancin' than the rest, sister sez, coz when the other fossils was deposited all the dances that was knowed in them old times was the cotilyun, the quodreel and Sir Codger de Revelry. So now the reglar baldheaded fossils wot haz no moss on em is tryin' to learn how to waltz, and I tell you it makes Pa tireder than him and uncle Dick was the nite of the party.

The other day pa and ma had a rehearsal at our place. Sister hollers out "one, two, three!" and starts the pianer, and with that pa and ma springs fer holts and sich a high ole time as them two ole fossels had fer about a minute aint been seen since the battel of the Nile. My land it was a coshin the way they went around that room. First pa went on the larbord tack over tords the dresser while ma clapped on all sale for the sowin' machene. Then ma instead of haulin' in sheets jibed agin the dresser carryin away all the stanchins and most capsized, while pa he wears around fer the saloot and crosses her bows close-hauled fer the pantry. Then he larboards for the dresser agin but just then ma gits the tiller ropes tangled in the sowin' machene somehow and runs agin pa just abaft the bread-room and down they both goes on their beam ends on the flore. My land you orter seen ma as she went down with them new socks of hers flyin' a signal of distress! Pa had his nose stove in and several stern streaks shifted and as fer ma all of her top hamper wot she hangs on the bed post went by the bord and I gess she must be badly listed judgin' from the way she's been limpin' round and the linyment she's been plasterin' on her the past two days.

But aint we keepin' our end up I'd like to know? Wots the odds about linyment as long as pa is swingin' his game leg around in the leadin' stratters of the town? Will you be good enuff to tell us in wot respex our end aint up as it orter be? Aint we practising up so's we kin mingle among the reglar bloo blud fossels of the town? Aint we high-church Methodists already and gettin' to be looked up to as individules wot has a pedigree on 'em ony its been mislaid somewhers?

Sister sez the fossils must all be clams coz they kept this thing so quiet. So az a clam precedes a storm I gess I'll stop for fear I gets my feelins hurt.

The funniest bird is the oyster,
The funniest man is the clown,
But the funniest fun of all is the fun
Of the fossil from Fossiltown.

Fredericton, March 20. JIMMY SMITH.


*Blank Books, of all kinds, for sale at McArthur's, 80 King street.*

*Chairs Caned and Repaired, 242 Union Street.*