

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

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.

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.

ABOUT THE BLACK BEAN.

BLACK BALLING OFTEN UNFAIR AND UNJUST.

A Well-Known Club Man Talks of Its Disadvantages and Comes to the Conclusion That Nothing Can Replace It—Can Anyone Solve the Problem?

The deadly black ball—its advantages and disadvantages, has had considerable canvassing of late. Opinion is divided, and well it may be.

It all arose out of a very simple and excusable error. Three popular young men of the town were proposed for membership in a well known club. Their friend, who introduced their names, had neglected to fortify himself with the ages of his proteges, and, in the belief that they were not yet 21, several black beans found their way into the ballot box.

At the next meeting it was explained that the young gentlemen, had plenty of age and lots of muscle and they were proposed again and elected without a dissenting voice.

Hence the discussion about the black ball. If a man is black balled by a club it is wonderful how fast the evil news spreads. No sooner does the club adjourn than the fact is seemingly in the mouth of everyone in the city. No matter how secret the ballot is supposed to be the members do not consider the odious fact private and tell it to whom and where they please.

The character thus given an applicant for membership to a club is in many cases misleading and unjust. If he happens to have an influential enemy in good standing his labor might have been saved for his pains. He won't be elected. And yet he may be more popular than his opponent.

The question is best considered in the language of a well known club man, who said to PROGRESS, "Well, what can be done about it. The black ball is often unjust, often unfair; it affords an opportunity to mean men to vent their spite upon an applicant who may be opposed in any way to them. Once applied it is in fact a black mark against a man, which he cannot, perhaps, erase in years. Outsiders often attach too much importance to black balling. They think the subject guilty of some great social misdemeanor, whereas in many cases he is only distasteful to a few members. And yet what are we to do without the black ball. Will you or I get up in a club when a man's name is proposed and say that in our opinion he is unfit to become a member of our society? I guess not. In the first place, while you may not value his friendship, you don't want to make a sworn enemy of him and all his friends; in the next you are treading on dangerous ground when you say that a member's friend is unfit to take his place in the club.

All things considered then, I am afraid, and I say it with reluctance, that nothing can take the place of the Black Bean."

If you have rooms "to let," remember that every house-hunting woman reads "Progress." Only 10 cents.

Blessings Brighter as they Take their Flight. Water was at a premium in the city, Sunday morning. One of the mains bursted and cut off the supply on the higher levels for several hours.

The scarcity of the article brought it at once into great demand. Citizens who hadn't drank any water for years felt a sudden craving for the beverage, and people who were waiting for warmer weather to wash themselves shed great tears when they found that their faucets were dry.

Fortunately, no fire broke out while the drought lasted.

More fortunately still, Joe Knowles of The Grippe didn't happen to meet Mr. Gilbert Murdoch. If he had, he would have asked, "Water you giving us, Mr. Murdoch?"—and then there would have been bloodshed.

Good Envelopes 5 cents a package, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

They Were all on Hand. Messrs. Hunter, Hamilton & McKay tested the value of advertising, last Saturday, by announcing in PROGRESS that date that they had some calendars for the children who would call at their store at a certain hour. The children all read PROGRESS and they filled the sidewalk and blocked the street. The calendars gave out before the crowd did.

He Ought to Know. St. John's pet ball player, Frank White, was very much surprised to read in the Globe, the other night, that he didn't intend to play ball next summer. "That's news to me," said Frank. "If I'm alive, you'll find me on the field as usual."

If you spend more help, ask for it in "Progress." Only 10 cents.

For an Idle Hour. Colonel Quasich (V. O.) is the title of H. Rider Haggard's latest novel. It is a very readable story, the scene of which is laid not in Africa but in England. Popular prices, for sale at McMillan's.

BONES AS IN BONES.

"Talk Not of Bones Till Thou Hast Seen the Bones of Warlike Men."

It was with some surprise, as well as a vague and restless feeling of alarm, that PROGRESS observed the effect produced by its harmless and innocent reference, last week, to the commercial value of the bones of the late Messrs. A. T. Stewart and Christopher Columbus. PROGRESS truthfully, as it thought, remarked that the highest priced bones in the world were those of Christopher Columbus. But the paper was hardly an hour old before two literary bombshells were thrown into the building, exploding with stunning effect, causing the staff to huddle their own bones away to a spot of safety, and the bones of Columbus gave place to the bones of better men.

One of the bombshells was badly shattered, and only a few fragments of it could be pieced together. It said that the statement of PROGRESS was "a malignant, spiteful and venomous reflection upon bones which are certainly more valuable and of a greater historic renown than any bones which C. Columbus could possibly produce."

And here is one pretty large fragment that narrowly missed braining the fighting editor:

The bones of Columbus might do for buttons or to ornament a minstrel circle, they might do, sir, for soap or for soap, but to name the bones of a low woodboat deck-hand like Columbus against bones, sir, to the neglect of bones, sir, and to the discredit of bones which I will name that illumine the pages of history with a phosphorescent glow, is an insult that smells to Heaven!

And a number of little pieces of the bomb which shattered the mucilage bottle contained the following gems:

I refer, sir, to the bones of those dauntless heroes of a hundred fights, the ancestors of Captain Cropley, of Fredericton.

From Greenland's icy mountains From India's coral strand, They call us to contemplate Their virtues grim and grand.

Does he know or does he care, this contemptible scribbler, this abject alien from a foreign soil,—does he ever stop to think, this lying, mendacious scoundrel, this servile, toadying sycophant who prowls with Pecksniff's reverence among the tombs of the dead while he secretly plays on the hallowed feelings of the living, that the bones of the valorous clan of Cropley whiten as with the frosts of Autumn the sacred and furrowed fields of Waterloo, of Badajoz, of Oudenarde, of Malplaquet, of Bunker Hill, of Onego, of Foliook and Beckagumig?

Let him know that the avenger is on his track, that the sleuth-hound of remorseless Fate is pausing for a spring.

Let him know that the insulted honor of a race that has watered with its blood the desert sands of Egypt and the dark coulees of Batoche is reaching for his worthless scalp.

To the numerous rods which Captain Cropley has in pickle for PROGRESS, a longer and deadlier rod has been added with which to scourge the back of Calumny and tattoo the seat of Neglect!

These are all the pieces of the first bomb that could be found. The second bomb did not fully explode, as the poet's fuse was too long for his powder. Here it is entire:

THE GALLANT CROPLEY BONES. Now, limber up your kettle-drums and toot the loud trombones, To celebrate the triumphs of the gallant Cropley bones; Bright through the mist of morning gleams their glory from afar, The grim remains of those incarnate demigods of war.

They lie beneath the waving grass on many a forgotten field; Whence Wellington and Bonaparte in fear and panic reeled; They glimmer green and ghastly from the battle-grounds of Spain, Where in the breach of Badajoz the roses bloom again.

Upon the plains of Abraham they glisten in the sun, And where Ticonderoga's horrid fight was lost and won; They fell like autumn leaves upon the brink of Bunker Hill, When Putnam's parting order broke the silence dread and still.

They dropped like shaves before the scythe on bleak Cornua's shore, They fertilized the arid wastes of Egypt o'er and o'er; The Black Hole of Calcutta, too, is sacred to the greens Of Cropley by the score who there deposited their bones.

Upon the heights of Inkerman, there stand, O horrid sight! A dozen bone-mills, I am told, that grind by day and night, And for these thirty summers they have never ceased to grind Upon the Cropley bone-yard which the Allies left behind.

Then limber up your kettle-drums and loose the loud trombones, To celebrate the glory of the gallant Cropley bones; Talk not of Chris. Columbus nor of A. T. Stewart, when The face of earth is littered with the bones of Cropley men.

Good Note Paper 5 and 10 cent a quire, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

Playing to Good Purpose. The LaTour club minstrels, of Portland, have made a good beginning. As a result of their first entertainment, they handed \$25 in gold to Mrs. Otty H. Bagenall, the wife of the I. C. B. brakeman who was killed not long ago.

WHAT ABOUT PORTLAND?

IT IS TIME FOR THE CITIZENS TO WAKE UP AND WORK.

If Anything is to be Done It Must be Done by the People—The Combination Must Go, and a New Order of Things Instituted—It is Time that Work was Begun.

One, two, three, four, five, and ever so many more black sheep.

That is the way matters are in the city of Portland. Nobody pretends to say that there is anything but mismanagement or worse in the civic departments.

An apology is due to bona fide black sheep for dragging them into this unsavory and disreputable connection. Black sheep are as nature made them, and for many purposes they are as useful members of the animal world as their white fellows. They cannot help their blackness.

But the blackness of the members of the Portland city government is more than skin deep. They seem to be had all the way through.

Nobody was surprised at the recent disclosures regarding police magistrate Tapley. The fountain of justice appears to be a very muddy pool.

Nobody would be surprised to find anything wrong in any of the departments. They seem to be run for the purposes of jobbery by men whose chief motive appears to be greed.

It was an evil day for Portland when the Cheley ring possessed itself of the control of matters. It was unfortunate for the people and will be unfortunate for the Cheleys and their retainers.

It goes without saying that they have been elected for the last time.

Yet these men have simply availed themselves of opportunities which a lax and wretched system left open to them. They did not originate the bad state of affairs. It was there when they came. They had not the moral courage to attempt reform. It was easier to take things as they found them. Naturally they have made matters much worse than they were.

It will be a little use to send the present combination about its business, if men of the same stamp and calibre are chosen in their stead. The whole civic machine needs to be taken apart and new works put in.

Men are wanted in the council who have some interest at stake in the city. Fellows who by means of some shysterish secure what is simply a colorable qualification are not wanted. Business men are needed, not hucksters and third rate attorneys.

It is time for the electors to begin to think of what shall be done at the next election. It is time they had their eyes on good men for candidates. True, with the reputation the council now has, it may be difficult to get decent citizens to offer, but if it is understood that the turn-out is to be complete, and that a new order of things is in store for next year, the right kind of men can be found.

Wake up, citizens of Portland. Your case is a bad one, a dangerous one, but it is not beyond remedy. That remedy lies with yourselves. If you fail to restore the respectability of the city, you will have only yourselves to blame.

Portland is the worst governed city in Canada. It is time that the stigma should be removed.

Umbrellas Repaired, 242 Union Street. IN THE FRONT RANK. The St. John, N. B., "Progress" stands in the front rank of Canadian weeklies. There is about it a good, healthy atmosphere which is inspiring. It looks steadily on the bright side of things, and its readers are the better for perusing it. Its news and sketches and social gossip are served up in a racy, piquant style, its editorials are short and sensible, and the printed page is a model of typographical excellence. It is a new corner, non-political and with apparently good staying powers.—Toronto Empire

Of Interest to Ladies. Messrs. Macaulay Bros. & Co. ought to be happy. So should their customers. The day before the 30 per cent advance in silks the firm happily called for a large order and its acceptance enables them to place the best goods on the counter at the former low prices. There is an unusual demand for silks this winter and Macaulay Bros. & Co. think they have made a happy strike.

Too Fine to Do Business. "Such fine weather as we've been having isn't the best for business," said a merchant, Thursday. "It's so unusual at this time of the year that people improve it in amusements. Today, now, it's wet, so they'll have to stay in the house, and they'll remember the things they wanted to buy."

She Had Reformed. There's one woman in St. John who must have made a New Year resolution to stop pinching her feet," said a fashionable shoemaker, yesterday. "She came in this morning and told me what she wanted, and I reached for a pair of No. 8s. 'Put those up!' she said; 'I'm going to wear 5s after this!'"

A VALUABLE WORK.

Contents of the "Jubilee Souvenir" of St. Luke's Church, Portland.

A handsomely bound and printed Jubilee Souvenir of St. Luke's church, Portland, will shortly be published. It will contain a dozen or more cabinet size illustrations by the photogravure process. Among the portraits will be those of the Reverend Dr. Gray, father and son, rectors of Trinity church, St. John, and closely connected with the early history of the Church of England in Portland; Messrs. James Simonds and Hon. Charles Simonds, father and son, the latter a church warden and for 35 years, either as member or speaker, connected with the New Brunswick House of Assembly; Rev. Canon Harrison, for nearly 40 years rector of St. Luke's; Sir Leonard Tilley, for 15 years its efficient vestry clerk, and Rev. Harrison Tilley, his son, curate of St. Luke's, and whose early death at the age of 33, was far and wide lamented. The Souvenir will also contain the inaugural sermon preached at the opening of new St. Luke's by Rev. Prof. Steenstra, D. D., of the Theological Seminary, Cambridge, Mass.—a most eloquent and masterly defence of the being and continuity of the Christian church, and itself alone worth the subscription price of the book, \$1. The number of copies of the book to be issued is strictly limited to the number of subscribers. All, outside of St. Luke's regular congregation, who desire to possess a copy of the Souvenir are requested to leave their name and address at Messrs. J. & A. McMillan's, before Feb. 2.

If you want a flat, insert your need in "Progress," for only 10 cents.

New Features in Art Education. A new department, for which there is abundant room, will be added to the Academy of Art, next Saturday, when Mr. F. H. C. Miles will give the first lessons to a children's class in drawing, the members of which will receive instruction at half the regular price. The method of teaching will be that which has always shown such striking results in the cases of other pupils at this institution. Mr. Miles, it should be remembered, introduced it in Canada, and there are nowhere to be found more capable instructors than himself and his son. Parents should see to it that those of their children who have a taste for art should not miss this opportunity.

Another improvement in the academy is the employment of a lady assistant. She will relieve the Messrs. Miles of some of the work which is almost overtaxing their strength, and give them time to do many things for the general benefit.

Dural's Repair Shop, 242 Union Street. The Best of Reasons. "What are you going to do, my dear Sue," asked Grace, "if you recover the twenty thousand in your breach-of-promise suit?"

"I guess," replied her friend, "the best thing I can do is to try and marry my lawyer."

"Why?"

"Because he is to have half I get, and it would be an awful lot of money to let go out of one's hands."—Puck.

She Should Have Said It. PROGRESS hears of a fashionably dressed woman, who, boarding a street car, was politely offered a seat by a gentleman and accepted it in a way that gave the passengers the impression that she was entitled to the whole car. The gentleman looked at her a moment and then asked, "What did you say, madam?" "I didn't speak," she replied. "Oh, beg pardon," said the gentleman; "I thought you said 'thanks.'"

An Insulted Man. "Gus De Smith is very angry at you. He says you insulted him at the railroad depot the other day," remarked Hostetter McGinnis to Gilbooy.

"Yes, and I'll insult him worse still if I can lay my hands on him. The miserable scoundrel saw me going off with my mother-in-law on one arm and my wife on the other, and he asked me if I was going on a pleasure trip."—Texas Siftings.

If you want a situation, insert 10 cents in a "Progress" want.

We Congratulate Mr. Hoare. HALIFAX, Jan. 15.—You ask me to notify you by post card when I want an increase. You will see by tonight's Echo that I have had one recently.

A. M. HOARE, Manager Knowles' Bookstore.

Home—December 31st, 1888, to the wife of A. M. Hoare, a daughter.—Halifax Echo.

Nothing Serious. Brown (meeting Jones on the street):—"What's up, Jones? You look unusually happy to-day. What's the luck?" Jones:—"My wife's sick."

Brown:—"Wife sick? Why, that should make you anything but happy."

Jones:—"Oh, but it's a boy!" They adjourn for refreshments.

PLANS FOR TURFITES.

A STRONG PLEA FOR A MARITIME ASSOCIATION.

Nova Scotia will join with New Brunswick in the effort—a meeting in St. John next month—Don't Want Any Clashing of Dates—Some Other Good Suggestions.

HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 15.—Owners of trotters throughout the provinces will be more than pleased to learn of the movement which is on foot to establish a Maritime Province trotting circuit. Last year there was a general clashing of dates; Halifax announced a stallion race to be trotted Sept. 20; the New Brunswick tracks formed a circuit extending from Sept. 12 to Oct. 4; and Truro claimed Sept. 25, 26 and 27 for the dates of its meeting. The Nova Scotia and New Brunswick tracks were thus holding meetings on the same days, but it was impossible for either to succeed. The managers of the New Brunswick tracks had held a meeting and settled arrangements, while Truro could not hold its meeting with the same prospects of success, at any other time as during exhibition week, and the best day for Halifax was some time during the week before the Truro meeting, and besides this, the date of the big stallion race had been fixed early in the season, and posters had been sent broadcast throughout the provinces. The result of the meetings being held on the same day was that both parties suffered; horsemen who were trotting their horses in Nova Scotia were despondent because they could not compete in the New Brunswick races, while it was the same, with the position reversed with those who took part in the circuit.

The managers of the Halifax track are anxious there should be no clashing of dates this season, and they are about communicating with the representatives of the various tracks in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, proposing that a meeting be held, in February or March, at some central place (probably St. John) for the purpose of arranging a circuit. The dates of the various meetings would then be agreed upon, which in itself would be a great boon to horsemen, who, even before they put their animals in training, would be aware of the prospects for the fall meetings, and not, as in former years, have only a few weeks' notice.

Halifax people have not yet been educated to trotting, having been accustomed to running races, but there are some persons in the city who have the trotting interests at heart, and if they are successful in this move, will receive the congratulations of all horsemen.

There are many subjects to be considered at a meeting such as the one proposed. Of course the chief idea is to arrange dates, and to have the meetings all advertised on one poster, and distributed far and near, with each track to do its own local advertising, but among the other subjects worth thinking over are the amounts of the purses. It should be expressly stipulated that no track should offer a purse for a class race for a less amount than \$125, and perhaps it would be even better to fix a tariff for the four principal classes, the purses to be not less than \$125 for 3 minute class, \$150 for 2.50 class, \$175 for 2.40 class and \$200 for free for all, or whatever classes may be agreed upon in the vicinity of those mentioned. Such a tariff is worthy of thought or there will be some tracks offering extremely small purses, and deriving benefit from the large sums "hung out" by other tracks.

Still another subject will be the clause of the conditions in force on the New Brunswick circuit last year in regard to a horse starting in the circuit being eligible to enter the same classes throughout the remainder of the circuit. In my opinion, this rule is not of a very satisfactory nature. Supposing the circuit was to include (as it probably will) Halifax, Truro, New Glasgow, Pictou, Amherst, Moncton, St. John, Fredericton, Woodstock, St. Stephen and Houlton, and a horse was to start at Halifax in the 3 minute class, who could trot close to 2.30, and he was allowed to appear in the same class "along the line," the race in the cities in the latter part of the circuit would dwindle into a farce. Such a supposition is likely to become a possibility. Two years ago, Rampart won the three minute class at Halifax at 2.36 1/2, and was slowed up from the distance flag, and last year Telephone won that class here, and there was no doubt in the minds of all present, that he would have gone close to .30 had he been pushed. The classing of entries should be arranged so that horses would compete in the same class at two or three meetings and then those which have made records would be forced into "faster" classes, thus giving the slower animals a chance.

Another question will be whether it will be advisable to have a free for all, and make the fastest class somewhere between 2.25 and 2.30. Last fall, DeBarry, 2.19 1/2, came on the New Brunswick circuit, and the free for all races, for which the largest purses are always offered, and which are always expected to be the attraction, lost all interest, as was a foregone conclusion.

Some of our own horses have gone close on .30 this season, and it would be timely to consider what this fast class should be styled.

All tracks in the circuit should become members of the National Trotting association. Halifax, Fredericton, St. John and St. Stephen are members of this association, which is a terror to evil-doers, and which is a great protection to those who do right, and gives the public more confidence in the races.

Horsemen should consider the subjects mentioned above, and give their views to the secretaries of the various tracks, so they might know, when the proposed meeting is held, how to make arrangements suitable to the majority of horsemen.

SHAMUS. If you want board, recollect that all people who take boarders also take "Progress." A want only 10 cents.

Joseph Howard gives evidence that he has written himself out. His "column" in the New York Press, devoted to himself and the puffing of people and drinks, is pretty weak reading. Dry rot appears to be Howard's maldy.

Though the writer of the Murchison letter was not a Moncton man, it would seem that a recent citizen of that place materially assisted in defeating Cleveland. C. Bruce McDougall is classed as one of the "influential writers" on the Democratic side. A few more such influential writers might have made the choice of Harrison practically unanimous.

The Summerside Pioneer man appears to be having a high old time. The almanac says that the full moon occurred on the 17th, but the editor remarks that "this month has two full moons: one occurred on the 1st and the other happens along on the 31st." The next paragraph is explanatory—perhaps: "Two drunks were perambulating the streets on Thursday afternoon, but policeman Hardy walked them in."

To say that the Clipper Annual for 1889 is as valuable as usual may not sound like very high praise, but in this case it is equivalent to the statement that the book couldn't be improved upon. No sportsman, actor or musician can be happy without it, and to a well-regulated newspaper office it is as indispensable as the pencil and the paste—New York: The Frank Queen Publishing Co., Ltd. Price 15 cents.

New Books, at McArthur's, 80 King St. The Surprise Was Complete. "We had a surprise party up to our house, 't'other night," said a man from Hoyt Station, who had wandered into the country market, Thursday. "The minister's all hands come. When they opened the door an' busted in without knockin', I was at the sink with my eyes full o' soap, th' ole woman was settin' on the floor, cuttin' her corns with my razor, an' 'Lizey was spankin' the baby. We was surprised, I bet ye!"

One of Our Boys. M. J. McLaughlin, of Dover, N. H., an umpire of the Maine State league, is spoken of as a young man of exceptional qualifications for work in a bigger league. He bears an excellent reputation for sobriety, honesty, capability and undaunted courage. He has many admirers in New England, who endorse him for a place on the staff of some of the larger leagues.—The Sporting Life, Philadelphia.

D. McArthur, Bookseller, 80 King Street, continues the marked down sale of Books, Posh Goods, Bibles, Albums, etc.

Now, Wallace, Sit Still. Wallace Ross, the faking fourth-class carman, says he doesn't class a ball player who slings whiskey all night as an athlete. Too bad, too bad! One thing can be said for the ball players, however. Even the lusher could give the average professional carman points in professional integrity. They always give us honest sport.—The Sporting Life, Philadelphia.

An Apt Pupil. "Willie, did you go to Sunday-school today?" asked the aunt of a youth of rather precocious tendencies. "Yes'm."

"And what was the lesson about?" "Some about 'Two Kings.'"

"And what about them?" "Why—er—'auntie, they beat two queens.'—Merchant Traveler.

Domestic, Chessmen, Games, etc., at McArthur's Bookstore.

Every Evidence of It. Miss Guileless (gazing fondly at her father through the dining-room door)—"Dear me! How did pa look! To look at him, Mr. Rounder, you would never suspect him to be full of spirit, would you?"

Mr. Rounder (critically)—"Well, no; not exactly full yet, but he will be very shortly."—Punch.

Advertisements your wants in "Progress." Three lines will cost you only 10 cents.

NER'S Parerrooms STREET.

Chenille Curtains that will astonish my customers. THE ES EVER QUOTED. \$12 per pair; Roman Curtain for \$6.50 per pair.

KINNER. Own Annuals; Autograph Albums; BOOKS; SERVICES.

46 and 48 King Street.

HATS.

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of buyers to their Stock; e Felt Hats, 2

STREET. - - - 57.

CIGAR FACTORY SES FACTS.

an all Cigar Factories East of y during 1888.

HIGGINS, JOHN, N. B.

Y TELEGRAPH

Printing Rooms

PROVED MACHINERY, AND AND ORNAMENTAL TYPE, to which ones have been made.

g Done Rough Dry

PER DOZEN. 32 Waterloo Street

1888. FALL and WINTER 1888.

LATEST LONDON STYLES

Stiff and Soft Felt Hats

CHILDREN'S FLUSH CAPS; T. OSBANTON CAPS; ALMA CAPS; HAYLOCK CAPS; ALMA CAPS; CORDUROY in all colors; Ladies' and Gent's CLOTH CAPS in newest shapes; Ladies' and Gent's GLOVES in Kid, Buck Fur, Woolen, etc.

Low Prices. ROBT. C. BOURKE & CO. 61 Charlotte street.

Shorthand

LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand or of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening course—in session every evening (excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to H. HARRY PEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute.

Trimmed and Untrimmed Bonnets and Hats AT UNHEARD OF PRICES. Those having not yet purchased would well to visit. MME. KANE'S Store 205 UNION STREET, where they are certain to be suited. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS