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R FOR
FLOUR!
THER.

Mr. C. R. Coleman. The ceremony by Rev. Mr. Chase, of Onslow, about hich the guests, numbering ov[illegible] ith an elegant repast. Mrs. Col[illegible] nt of many handsome and valuable happy couple were accompanied to press, which they took to Halifax, en on, Mass., where their home will be, iends, where bon voyage was wished, of rice.

H. W. Crowe (nee Miss Katie A. d home this week from their bridal ey enjoyed through the Western nd Mrs. Crowe will board until their in rapid process of completion, is occupancy. PEG.

*CHATHAM.*

for sale in Chatham at Edward John-e.]

s Minnie Blair left on Monday for a St. John.

rlane of Sussex is spending a few s. A. Brown.

Winslow is visiting her sister, Mrs. pohaqui.

rkeman, of the Bank of Montreal, k to spend his vacation at his home

party, to which reference was made compelled on account of the three le weather after their arrival, to re-y. They were not, however, totally the first day they captured a num-torial tribe.

ohnstone and son, formerly of Char-arlottetown, are the guests of Dr. J. Benson. Mrs. Johnstone is meeting reception from her numerous friends.

cepted Miss M. M. Morrison's invi-esent at the art exhibition given in Monday and Wednesday, were de-many specimens arranged so taste-orrison is to be congratulated on the f her pupils, and more especially on y two youthful students, Miss Nellie Miss DesBrisay.

young men chartered the *Mascot* with the addition of their young lady led to Beaubear's island, that pic-n our river so admirably adapted to he day proved a most enjoyable one, easant sail home by moonlight the bout 8.30. ZEPPA.

*RICHIBUCTO.*

J. M. Carey, the popular catcher of ase Ball Club, arrived from Boston

age, of St. John, who has had charge ate department of our school for the r home this week.

and Emma Robertson, of Boston, uests of their brother, Mr. Geo. W.

'Leary returned from St. Joseph's urday.

Miller, of St. John, has been in town k.

rierson, who has charge of a school s spending her vacation at home.

son, accompanied by his daughters, d Ella, left for Newcastle on Mon-nt at the marriage of his son, Dr. W.

Loggie, of Dalhousie, was in town on

arrived from Dorchester last even-urt. REGINA.

*WOODSTOCK.*

for sale in Woodstock at Everett's

J. D. Beardsley and Miss Anna ashington, Arkansas, arrived at the r.

is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. C.

Smith is visiting friends in Andover.

Brown is visiting her friend, Miss

ry, St. John, is in town.

Munroe returned home on Saturday, er brother's marriage.

Hall, St. John, spent Sunday in town.

. Sharp left yesterday morning for John.

veridge went to Andover this morn-

and Lily Jordan have arrived home vacation.

nger left on Friday to spend a few phen. WE TWO.

*RD STATION, KENT CO.*

for sale in Weldford at Gordon

iff Wheten was at the Eureka hotel

McLeod is in town today.

undry dined at the Central hotel yes-to Richibucto.

MacDougall went to Jacquet River re he will be employed as night

athen will go to Campbellton this harge of the freight department of

mphrey is expected back soon, from nited States.

then left last week for Manchester, REX.

*NORTON.*

e pleasant ceremony in the Catholic n, Wednesday morning, that united nt to Miss [illegible] A. Ryan, was an in-for Norton where the bride was lar. After nuptial mass, Mr. and d a number of guests partook of a st. The groom's gift was a splendid with diamonds.

s a resident of St. John, well known oth he and his bride have received e from their numerous friends in

**Solved the Problem.**

y say it will be folly to buy a eam this season. The dealers d to give a very small plate "

ly)—"Then we'll have to pay won't we?"—*Epoch.*

**eap Enough for It.**

—Did you say ten cents? Bar-too much for a shave? Cus-at all. It would have cost me a surgeon do that amount of *ston Herald.*

**ood Deal of Bustle.**

Why don't you continue your ?

—Johnny Jones has run home ther's mask, and they ain't a neighborhood.—*Judge.*

*City Hotel—See Advt.*

Board of Works

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VOL III., NO. 115. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890. PRICE THREE CENTS

## GUNNING FOR BAD MEN.

*CHIEF CLARK UNDERTAKES TO CATCH TWO CROOKS.*

**He May Succeed, and There are Rumors that He Has—They are seen Everywhere, and the Woods are Full of Them, but who Can Find Them?**

The number of suspicious men, travelling in couples, who have been seen in various parts of St. John and Kings counties during the past week equals only the old-time simultaneous appearances in Nova Scotia of Betts, the Wallace murderer, or later of Thompson, the Stoneham murderer. It has been a dull day for the papers in which they have not recorded the advent of the fugitives in widely different places, and yet no one of the numerous group has the heavy hand of justice yet been laid.

Only two men have been wanted, and they are the two who shot Constable Sheck at Bloomfield station, last Saturday. In the presence of a gaping crowd of about 20 able-bodied men, two supposed burglarious tramps fired two shots and quietly walked away. They appear to have been walking ever since, and have been seen two or three times every day.

Here are some of the people who have seen them:

Mrs. Woods, of Bloomfield, saw them at 9 o'clock Sunday morning; that night they were seen crossing a pasture between Bloomfield and Norton; the same night, they, having made wonderful speed, apparently, were picked up by Mr. Lemon at Brookville and brought to the one-mile house; Monday morning they were seen milking a cow back of Norton, but the same morning they were seen by policeman Smith near the Marsh Bridge. Observing that they were in a hurry, his detective instincts were aroused and he followed them as far as Union street, but as the scent was getting hot he went in search of another policeman. In the meantime the strangers disappeared, but as Mr. Lemon saw them on King square at 11 o'clock that morning, they do not appear to have been in any hurry to get out of town. A woman in Carleton saw them that afternoon, and on Tuesday policeman Hennesy sent word from Fairville that they had been seen there. The same afternoon a driver on the N. B. railway reported that he had seen them near Westfield, and the same afternoon one Barney Boyle supplied them with provisions at a place seven miles this side of Sussex.

The city police are not bound to hurry themselves to outside counties to arrest men who have committed a crime outside of St. John, but a pure zeal for justice induced Chief Clark and his men to enter upon the pursuit, while Sheriff Freeze seemed quite content that they should do so, and does not appear to have lost any flesh in pursuing them in his own proper person. Accordingly, Captain Rawlings and Detective Ring started out to explore the country around Bloomfield. They found Barney Boyle, who with twenty others had allowed the fugitives to escape in the first instance, and found that Barney had hospitably supplied them with provisions afterwards. They also found the tracks of two men near a spring, and probably took the measure of them a la Gaboriou. But they did not find the men. When they returned to St. John Capt. Rawlings was so sure of his theory that he caused all the approaches to the city to be guarded, despite the fact that the chief was equally sure that the men had passed through town and would be found at Westfield.

Four miles beyond Westfield, the chief got a hot scent, and drove up to a barn, at the back of which two men were sitting. No one has ever accused either the chief or Policeman Baxter of want of pluck, and there was none at this instance. The chief admonished Baxter to keep cool.

"I am cool. Look at that," continued the chief, holding out his hand, which did not show a tremor.

The men could be plainly seen through the crack, and in a twinkling the chief and Baxter, taking opposite directions, made a race round the barn.

When they got there, they saw two men moving down the track a hundred feet away. The chief shouted to them to halt, but instead they began to run. The chief and Baxter ran too, but the tramps were lean and agile while the good living which the chief has had, from the excellent menus of the Victoria, rendered a July foot race wholly out of the question. Then the chief drew his revolver and fired three shots. Whereupon the tramps sought the forest, one of them shouting to the chief that he could go to a very wicked place. The chief and Baxter also went into the woods and followed a path about a mile, when it occurred to them that the forest between Westfield and Magaguadavic covered a large area. So they returned to Westfield.

Then the chief sent a telegram to Sheriff Freeze, telling him to "come on." The sheriff sent a reply telling him to "catch them at any cost." The sheriff also "came on" from Sussex to St. John, and is said to have taken a train for Westfield. Whether he got there or not does not appear, but the chief returned to St. John Wednesday without having met him there.

Wednesday morning, two strangers answering the description of the fugitives, assaulted and beat a man in the vicinity of the country market. They then disappeared.

Chief Clark claims that he missed shooting the men intentionally, and not because he was a bad shot. It is well he succeeded in his intentions, for had he killed one of the fugitives it would have been the duty of Policeman Baxter to have arrested him and carried him before the nearest justice. It was pure supposition on his part that these men were the shooters of Sheck, and his position gives him no authority to go gunning around the country after tramps who take flight at his approach.

The fact that a man does not choose to halt when another man in plain clothes commands him to do so is not evidence of murder or of any crime. The fact that a man is a tramp does not forfeit his life.

Very recently two moneyless tramps, who claimed to have been left by the circus, went to the police station for protection. In the court they were ordered to leave the country at once, with the warning that if they did not they would be imprisoned for six months as vagrants. These men must have walked out of the city, and it is possibly they who were at Westfield. The fear of arrest as vagrants was enough to make them run.

Besides, while all descriptions of the shooters place their weight at 125 pounds each, the chief says that one of the men he saw weighed at least 150 pounds.

Since Wednesday, "up to the hour of going to press," a large contingent of the police force has been "hemming the fugitives in" with the expectation of catching them every hour. Meanwhile the two men appear to be moving along with celerity. At last account they had been seen simultaneously in the vicinity of Fredericton Junction, where they took tea, and on the road to Gagetown. The detectives are on their track.

Friday afternoon a rumour was current that the burglars had been caught on the Gagetown road. Just before this the Chief and two men had repaired to the I. C. R. depot, having received word that the fellows had been trapped in a box car attached to the incoming freight tram. When the train arrived the car was run into the station where a large crowd had gathered. The chief and his men stood by while the door was rolled back, and revealed—nothing. The men had jumped out in transit. The chief then drove to Fairville in search of them.

### *SOMETHING NOT EXPECTED.*

**Some of the Hospital Commissioners Remembering their Friends.**

The general public hospital can in the main boast of as good management as most institutions whose affairs are conducted by an unpaid commission. Notwithstanding this, some things are done at the hospital that should not be done, and which make the commission open to changes of which the majority of them are wholly ignorant and guiltless.

When the tenders for provisions are asked for by the commission, certain staple articles are included in the schedule which can be figured on by every grocer. The competition is so keen that his prices must be exceedingly close, still it is generally understood that if his tender is accepted that the other provisions of the hospital not included in the schedule shall be bought at his establishment, provided his prices are fair and the quality of his goods satisfactory.

It appears that the commissioners have not followed their unwritten law, but some of them as their months of power came round (when all business affairs of the hospital must be referred to him) gave such orders to their friends in the business that the hospital was supplied for months in advance. In two instances this was more especially true. It is not necessary to go into particulars and state who gave the orders and who received them in order to make this fact plain, that some of the commissioners have an incorrect idea—to put it mildly—of how the supplies should be purchased. They should understand that the business man who gets the tender on the staples expects by right of custom the orders for other articles in the same line.

It appears to be unfortunate that such a position should be used for such purposes, that the word "patronage" cannot be excluded from the commissioners dictionary. If it cannot, why the sooner the people know it the better. At the same time it might as well be known who got the plums and who give them.

**What About the Light?**

The city has not yet prepared the contract for the electric lighting of the streets, and until the details are arranged the company can do nothing more than has been done. It looks as though there would be a close race between electric light and Burial Ground fence as to which will get there first.

## SIGHTS ABOUT THE CITY.

*STRANGE THINGS THAT COME IN WITH THE TIDE.*

**The Shamrock Oil Man and His ways—Bands on the Ferry Boat—An odd Steamer Load from Yankeeland Come to Enjoy Our Glorious Climate.**

Mr. McQuade, of Calafornia, was on the square this week, selling his "famous" Shamrock oil. He is a man with a "sandy" complexion, moustache and goatee, chews tobacco in true Western style, and has a decided weakness for taking the name of his Maker in vain. When he is lecturing on the wonderful qualities and achievements of his oil, he can be heard at the head of King street, if the wind is blowing that way. He has a novel way of proving that Shamrock oil can accomplish more than people imagine, and points to the electric telegraph, the electric light, the sewing machine, and many other great inventions that people would not believe in at first, but are now common; and says that if people believe in these inventions there is no reason why they should not believe in Shamrock oil, when it sells for 50 cents a bottle, but is "given away tonight for a quarter dollar." As further proof of the great qualities of Shamrock oil Mr. McQuade—his name's McQuade everywhere—claims that he was born in California, and had to support his mother and two younger brothers when he was thirteen years of age. He accomplished this by running away. One would think this was proof enough of the abilities of Shamrock oil, but he further claims that he was in the service of the United States and got full pay and rations for man and beast. The oil must be uncommonly good.

Mr. McQuade has many pecularities. One of these is that he never likes to expectorate, in Calafornia style, on the same boy twice. He does not appear before his audience as an Indian doctor with a large hat and long hair, because he can get a hair cut and a shave for 35 cents, and silk hat cheaper than the broad brimmed article. Coming from a country where he claims most everything is done by electricity, he lights up the countenances of his intelligent audience by means of cotton wool soaked in turpentine.

Three drops of Shamrock oil cures a great many pains and aches, extracts warts, and makes the deaf to hear. It works on much the same principal as a dentist's sign does on an aching tooth. When the tooth sees the sign, it gives up the battle, but it only proves to be a flag of truce. Mr. McQuade, says he will make the name "Shamrock oil" known to every person in St. John before he leaves. He may be around for some time.

**The Ferry Boat Has a Band Now and It Proves a Great Attraction.**

When Jim Fiske first placed bands of music on the floating palaces of the Fall River line his enterprise was the wonder of the continent. Such catering to the pleasure of travellers is not common even now-a-days, and the rate-payers of St. John can therefore appreciate the kindness of the Department of Works in placing a band on the ferry boat. It consists of a large and contented man with a harp and a small but exceedingly sharp boy with a fiddle. The music is good, and like the frog boy "its patronage is derived from ladies and gentlemen of society, while even the clergy uphold and patronize." Wednesday afternoon large numbers of citizens took advantage of the cheap excursion rates and sailed across the harbor, enjoying the breeze, the scenery and the music at the same time. The department was represented by Director Smith, Engineer Murdock and Superintendent of Ferries, Glasgow.

There was just one man whom the music did not make happy, and that was George Moffatt. He was crossing with his repertoire of sacred music on wheels, but having loaded a bunch of excelsior on the rear of the organ and otherwise temporarily disabled it from service; he was unable to compete with the harper. All he could do was to get close to him and shout, "Shut up, shut up," occasionally ringing the alarm bell attached to his vehicle. "I aint got no shutters," was the reply of the sharp small boy and the music continued, George standing by with a sad cynical smile while "Annie Rooney" made glad the hearts of others.

It is not the intention of the city to brigade Moffatt's band with the Italian band at present, the chief difficulty being that George deals chiefly in sacred music. Some day, however, he is likely to open out on his own accord and then will be a concert of sweet sounds such as has not been heard since the West End fife and drum band competed with the Artillery band in the last Masonic procession.

**Came by the Steamer Load.**

The American boat brought a large and miscellaneous assortment of passengers, last Tuesday. There were all sorts and conditions of them, including a very numerous delegation of ladies who appeared to care less for style than for comfort in attire. Many of them looked liked returned exodians of the class seen around the Boston employment agencies which advertise "Nova Scotia help." The hats they wore and the baggage they carried were a study of themselves. The male passengers too were an interesting crowd, and not a few of them had the fakir style to perfection. Then there were black men, yellow men, and green men, a man with a hurdy-gurdy, another with a harp, and still another with some mysterious musical instrument of torture, which he carried in a bag Where they all came from and what they were all after was a mystery to those who saw the caravan marching along Prince William street. It was a very curious consignment

### *ST. GEORGE MEN PULLED.*

**How the Pea and Shell Fakir Was Successful.**

St. George always has its share of life and activity, but since the circus has come and gone it has been unusually lively. Some of the people are mad still at the seductive wiles of the polished fakir, and only console themselves for the loss of their cash by the melancholy fact that their neighbors cannot say much, for the fakir's net was large and strong, and caught many.

The pea and shell racket was to the front, and every man who put up his dollars would have bet his life that he had located the pea—but he hadn't, and he lost his cash. The amounts varied from $5 to $60, and nobody knows where the skin game would have ended if one magistrate, who, it may be remarked, received no free tickets, had not interfered and put a stop to the fakir's picnic.

The men who were robbed were in nearly every case sober, industrious fellows, who, it is said, were led into the game by the fakirs having as assistants a number of village confederates. Men who had travelled from California to the border and almost every state in the union were sold with the greatest ease. It was a tough experience, but the pea fakir had better take warning and keep clear of that town.

**How Hot Has It Been?**

During the progress of the warm wave over the city this week, a good many people have been disposed to dispute the correctness of the official reports of temperature. Mr. Murdoch's figures have been a number of degrees lower than those shown by thermometers around town, and it has been asserted that the official instrument is kept in an ice-chest, a cellar or a tub of cold water. The truth of the matter is that most of the ordinary thermometers alleged to be "in the shade," are shaded only by awnings, on which the sun beats, and that they nearly all receive heat by radiation from sidewalks, etc., exposed to the glare of noonday. Human beings are subject to the same influences, and while we really feel more heat than the official thermometer records, that instrument is guaranteed to tell the scientific truth every time.

**Father Oates was Willing.**

The easiest turn for a large body of men near the North End police station is by the way of a private street running through property belonging to St. Peter's church. The Orangemen had an idea of using this, but of course would not attempt to do so without the permission of the Redemptorist Fathers. It is understood that Father Oates was consulted, and cheerfully consented, "on condition that the usual custom being observed—that of raising hats to the cross on the church." The route chosen, however, was by way of Simonds street. A warm admirer of Father Oates is authority for the statement that the genial priest subsequently remarked to a friend, "I would allow them to march through the church itself, provided they would kneel before the Blessed Sacrament."

**The City's Lakes.**

The condition of some of the streets after a rainfall is something frightfull. Last Sunday morning a large dog mistook a puddle on King street East for a pond and actually tried to swim in it. He should have gone to Portland Bridge where there was a chain of lakes, where to all appearance a good sized boat could be navigated. Considering the darkness and the obstructions in the way of pedestrians on that thoroughfare, the only wonder is that somebody has not been drowned there before this.

**Numbered With the Silent.**

Many of the residents of St. John, especially among the Masonic body, will be sorry to hear of the death of David Ransom Munro, 33°, which took place at Roanoke, Va., this week. Mr. Munroe was a very active Mason years ago, and was in other ways, one of the best known men about town. He was expected to visit St. John this summer.

**Hope It will be Fine.**

The young folk of class No. 8 of the Mission church Sunday school are looking forward to their picnic at Rothesay, Tuesday, with pleasant expectations.

## THE TWELFTH IS HERE.

*ORANGEMEN TO CELEBRATE THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.*

**What Orangeism is—Its Progress in this Province—Some of the Men who Have Been and Are Leaders in the Institution—A Story Hitherto Unpublished.**

What is known as the 200th anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne will be celebrated today by Orangemen the world over. It is not the actual anniversary of that conflict, but of the battle of Aughrim. The fight at Boyne water took place on July 1st, but when the calendar was changed and the "new style" adopted twelve days were added. In this way the day now honored by the Orangemen is that many days later than the actual anniversary.

The Orange Institution had its origin in Ireland during the closing decade of the last century, long after William, Prince of Orange, had crossed that "one wide river" which Protestant and Catholic alike must cross in due season. Since then it has extended to every part of the British empire, as well as the United States. Its primary object is to preserve the Protestant faith and maintain the Protestant succession to the British throne. In this essential a member of the first, or Orange degree, is as good as a Sir Knight of the Red Cross, or 19th and last degree in a preceptory of the Royal Black Knights of Ireland.

It is not for PROGRESS to praise or condemn the institution. Most everybody has his own opinion about it one way or the other, and the opinions on each side are usually more positive than about any other society under the sun. Some facts may be of interest.

In the province of New Brunswick, organized Orangeism is believed to antedate that in any part of Canada. There may be some doubt about this as regards Ontario, but none in respect to any other province. A Grand Lodge, consisting of seven primary lodges was founded in St. John as long ago as 1837, with William Clawson, of H. M. Customs as Grand Master, and met at the house of John McArthur, Mill street. The total membership at that time was between 300 and 400. Later, and until 1854, the meetings were held in the Hibernian hotel, Church street, kept by James Nethery. In 1844 the Grand Lodge affiliated with the Loyal Orange Institution of British North America, W. H. Needham being then Grand Master, and becoming thereby Deputy Grand Master of British North America, as his successors have been, *ex officio* to this day.

At that time Orangeism was unknown in any other of the maritime provinces, but after 1844 it was extended into Nova Scotia, with a resident of Halifax as Deputy Grand Master of New Brunswick. It was the Loyal Orange Institution of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia until 1852, when the latter province established a Grand Lodge of its own.

In 1859 after the fusion of two opposing Grand Lodges of B. N. A., the system of Provincial Grand Lodges came into general operation. During the interval the Grand Lodge of N. B. had resumed its position apart from that of B. N. A, and in 1855 had a constitution of its own. Later, during the time of S. H. Gilbert, M. P. P., as Grand Master, it again affiliated with B. N. A., in 1857, and there remains. In so returning it secured rights for which it had always contended and retains to this day. The most important was that of issuing its own warrants to the number of 150, which is its limit. The lodges number as high as that now, but there is always room for more by the reissuing of old warrants. There are less than 100 lodges in active existence at the present time.

The real beginning of the growth of the order in New Brunswick was in 1849, and in 1853 the membership was estimated at 10,000. Since then, with the exception of the years of the cholera and the fire, the growth has been steady. Last year was the most prosperous since 1849. Owing to the neglect of some lodges to send returns the exact numerical strength today cannot be stated. It is estimated at between 5,000 and 6,000, of which at least 1,000 can be credited to the city and county of St. John.

Apart from this, there are thousands not members of lodges, so that if all were included the showing would be a very large one.

Very few, probably, are aware that in 1847 there were two District Lodges in St. John, one of "Odd Numbers" and one of "Even Numbers." These were united into one in 1849.

After the order had been planted in Nova Scotia, that province carried it to Newfoundland. Its institution in Prince Edward Island was from New Brunswick direct. It has flourished in all the provinces, though it is a remarkable fact that while there were five lodges in Halifax in 1868, there is but one there today.

The Grand Masters of the institution since 1837, previous to the present incumbent are as follows:

William Clawson, James McNichol, Sr., W. H. Needham, George Bond, John Earle, M. P. P.; S. H. Gilbert, M. P. P.; George Anderson, James H. Jacques, Rev. C. P. Bliss, George H. Pick, John Pickard, M. P.; John A. Beckwith, Edward Willis, D. F. Merritt, Wm. Wilson, Thomas A. Kinnear.

Messrs. McNichol, Earle and Gilbert were re-elected after their successors had served terms, the first election of the former being in 1840 and his re-assumption being in 1855. Most of the others served several successive terms.

The only surviving Past Grand Masters are George H. Pick, Moncton; Edward Willis, St. John; D. F. Merritt, Woodstock; Wm. Wilson, Fredericton; Thos. A. Kinnear, Sackville.

The oldest active member of the Institution, who has been in continuous membership since 1849 is J. Edward N. Holder, of West End, who has been secretary of all the bodies and Grand Secretary, Deputy Grand Secretary of B. N. A., District Chairman from 1868 to 1875; and an incumbent of many other offices. Of late years the great affliction of partial blindness has prevented active labor by him, but he is as zealous as ever, and as an honorary life member of Grand Lodge will be found in the ranks today. Probably no man is better informed than he in regard to the institution, and to him PROGRESS is largely indebted for facts and figures, all of which, and many not used, his marvellous memory recalled without reference to book or paper.

Samuel DeVenne is probably the veteran of the St. John Orangemen, having been initiated in 1844, but having been absent from the country at one period for several years, his membership has not been continuous. James McAfee, of St. John, is another old member, and so is George Baird, of Andover.

The Royal Black Knights are the "high" members of the order. Queen's Preceptory, the pioneer in Canada, was instituted here in 1847. It was not until 1862 that one was instituted in Toronto.

The Orange institution was incorporated in 1875, though the struggle for it began in 1850. It has a legal right to parade, though it has no such privilege in Quebec.

In the St. John parade of 1849, about 600 men were in line. In that of 1876 it is estimated there were about 1,000, but in the procession today between 2,000 and 3,000 will march in all the glory of uniform and regalia. A large amount of money has been spent on these, and the banners will be the most magnificent ever seen in an Orange display in this country.

The programme for today has been so fully dealt with by the city papers that PROGRESS need not repeat it. One very important change is the route of march has, however, been made at the last moment. The procession will not start from the Lansdowne rink, as heretofore stated, but from the Barrack square, proceeding up Broad to Charlotte street, along Charlotte street to Union, thence to Brussels street, along Brussels to City Road, through Paradise Row to Main street, along Main to Simonds street, thence to High, along High street to Portland, up Portland to Main street, down Main to Mill and Dock streets, across Market square to King, up King to Charlotte, around King square by North side, down King to Prince William, along Prince William to Queen, up Queen to Charlotte, thence to Lansdowne Rink.

### *SOMETHING GOOD IN MINSTRELS.*

**Everybody was Prepared to Lose Flesh and was not Disappointed.**

Something really good in the negro minstrel line was in town this week—an honest show that gave all it promised and made it of rare quality. The Gorton minstrels advertised fifteen men including the gold band, and they hadn't a man more; but the performance was worth losing a couple of pounds of flesh to see, which most everybody who sat in that close and badly ventilated Institute did.

Every man was an artist, and the music of the band was fine, especially the euphonium solo, which was an exceedingly good performance and took well. As an endman Hank Goodman is the best that has been here since the days of McIntosh and that ilk; and very few of the jokes were old enough to shave, and those that were had their whiskers taken off and could hardly be recognized. The endmen forgot all about the stuttering blacksmith, and the only things that didn't escape their memory were that they "were walking down the street this afternoon,"—something the ordinary endman seems to be always doing when he isn't on the stage—and to ask the interlocutor: "Did you know I had a girl?"

Outside of the circle the performance consisted merely of clog dancing, negro specialties, song and dance performances and a farce, but they were all first class, especially the dancing, in the enjoyment of which the usual circus performance—contorsionists, jugglers, etc.,—was forgotten. The audience laughed till it was tired at Hank Goodman's, "For Heaven's Sake."

*Umbrellas Repaired; Duval, 242 Union street.*