AYS
E TRUE.

Press:

Much in Little.

PROGRESS, of St. John, N. B., has doubled its size and comes to us now with sixteen pages. It is the brightest paper that crosses the line.—*Boston. Times.*

"Unique and Indescribable."

PROGRESS, St. John, is unique and indescribable. It certainly has illustrated its name in a wonderful way in the short three years of its history, and now, still true to the name, it is going to enlarge to sixteen pages.—*Canada.*

Everything in Unison.

PROGRESS has developed into a sixteen page paper. Its rate of progress in quality of reading matter and circulation keep pace with this enlargement. PROGRESS marked out a special scheme for itself at the beginning and sticks to its own line.—*Woodstock Press.*

"As a Matter of Course."

PROGRESS is out as a sixteen page paper and that it is a very neatly printed and good looking one is a matter of course.—*St. Croix Courier.*

"A First-Class Newspaper."

PROGRESS, true to its name, seems determined to progress in all those characteristics which go to make up a first-class newspaper. It is now a sixteen-page paper, and its columns are crammed full of spicy and interesting reading and apt illustrations.—*Carleton Sentinel.*

"Always Been a Favorite."

St. John PROGRESS is now a sixteen page paper. It has always been a favorite and this enlargement will add greatly to its popularity.—*Halifax Critic.*

A Master Feat of Journalism.

PROGRESS is making giant strides to prove itself worthy of its name. Its sixteen page issue of Saturday, though that was only the first number of its weekly series for the future, was a master feat in provincial journalism.—*Fredericton Globe.*

"Success Has Been Phenomenal.

St. John PROGRESS is true to its name. It has made steady and rapid advancement ever since its first issue was published, and the progressive march of PROGRESS culminated last Saturday in a handsome, well filled issue of sixteen pages, which is henceforth to be the permanent size of the paper. The selling price has been changed from three cents to five cents, the latter price being proportionately the cheapest. The success of PROGRESS has been phenomenal and has even exceeded the anticipations of its founders.—*Parrsboro Leader.*

A Generous Send Off.

PROGRESS, of St. John, N. B., one of our much prized and brilliant foreign exchanges, recently made its appearance enlarged to sixteen pages and greatly improved typographically and otherwise. This welcome weekly visitor is owned and ably edited by Edward S. Carter, and contains a mass of useful and valuable infoamation treated in a popular and entertaining manner. Its illustrations are superb and above those of the average weeklies, and the periodical instalments of local. society, fashion, humorous, fiction, general and Sunday reading is all that could be desired. PROGRESS has the *American Shipbuilder's* wishes for a continued prosperity, which it richly deserves. It is published from the Masonic building, 88 Germain street, St. John, N. B., and is $2.00 per year in advance.—*The American Shipbuilder (New York).*

More Than the Ladies Look for It.

When the enterprising proprietors of St. John PROGRESS started that paper, there were many who considered that a paper giving, as it does, special prominence to social matters throughout the province, could not be made to succeed. But it has become an institution which promises to be permanent, and it has been doubled in size and it now is issued as a sixteen page paper. It is the paper the ladies look for when Saturday comes, and as soon as they get it open their gaze rests upon the social events of the week, and they commence to discuss the dresses worn of which a description is given. We congratulate the publishers on the success they have made PROGRESS, and heartily wish its continuance.—*Newcastle Advocate.*

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PROGRESS.

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Board of Works 8May91

$8,000 WORTH OF FIGHT.

HOW PROF. HUNTER LEARNED TO TELL FORTUNES.

An American Soldier, and Indian Doctor, and a Fortune Teller, But he Found Out How to Get a Pension While Gathering Barrels.

In a little house setting back off Winter street, near the school building, lives "Prof. Hunter, the fortune teller from the west." Everybody on Winter street knows he lives there, and anyone who passes that way is likely to be impressed with this fact, for although the building is not nearly so pretentious as that occupied by the school children, the sign in the window of the professor's house is one that invariably attracts attention. It bears the simple inscription,

PROF. HUNTER'S RESIDENCE.

When the professor first arrived in St. John, the public was made aware of his presence by a literary effort of greater length, as follows:

PROFESSOR HUNTER,
THE FORTUNE TELLER FROM THE WEST

Now the professor finds it unnecessary to announce his business, and simply puts forth his card. When it was learned, this week, that the United States government had given him $7,800 back pay, and a pension of $35 a month for services rendered during the rebellion, many people thought that he would dispense with signs altogether. But they were mistaken. The professor says that he will work as hard as ever, notwithstanding the protests of Mrs. Hunter, who seems to be of the opinion that the possession of so much money entitled him to a relaxation from his labors.

The professor was enjoying all the comforts of family life when PROGRESS called upon him, and passed the sleeping baby over to its mother before telling why he was entitled to a pension and how he came to get it.

"Well, I didn't get it through any of the lawyers of this town," said the professor. "but there's one of them, at least, who wants more money from me than the man who did get me the money. It was like this. I got a lawyer to write me a letter of five or six lines, and I told him that I would not pay for it because I hadn't any money. A few days afterwards, however, he asked me for a dollar, but I didn't have one and told him so. Then he asked me every time we met, and I at last told him that I wouldn't pay him at all, because he said he'd do it for nothing. Now, since I got word about the pension, he sends in a bill for $15 for writing that letter. But I'll never pay it. I hope I may never see a cent for a week if I do."

On his wife assuring him that she could assist in carrying out this threat, the professor went even further and said he hoped he'd never eat his "breakfast in the morning if he did."

Prof. Hunter has spent most of his life in making an obituary, which for variety, strange and exciting experiences, and improbability, will equal that of many men more widely known.

"How long have I been trying to get my pension?" repeated the professor, tilting back his chair. "About nineteen years," and then he began to tell how he did get it.

Last fall he was down on the border gathering barrels and telling fortunes, and happened to meet a man in Calais, who eyed him all over, and was apparently giving his memory considerabe exercise. Then the professor closed one eye, and told how the man asked him if he wasn't Bill Hunter; how he said that was his name; how the man inquired if he hadn't served in a certain regiment, and got wounded during a certain engagement; whether he didn't remember visiting a squatter's camp on a certain hill, and rolling several barrels of provisions down said hill, while the squatter wasn't looking.

Then the professor told how he asked the man, if he didn't remember certain things at certain places, and how the man did remember them, and at last exclaimed: "By George! you are Bill Hunter, but I thought they carried you to the hospital, and you died there."

"I went to the hospital all right," said the professor, "but I didn't die there."

There were 36 men in Calais who had served in the same regiment with him, and they were all surprised that he hadn't got a pension. They told him to go to A. Q. Hill, as he was getting pensions for everyone. The professor accordingly saw Mr. Hill the very first thing the next morning, and is very glad he did.

Prof. Hunter says he saw very active service at the battle of Petersborough. On that occasion he fell in the first volley, and was carried to the hospital with his leg and shoulder shattered by bullets. His ankle looks as if it had just got over the effects of going through a saw mill, he has a couple of artificial ribs, and a bullet in his leg big enough to catch hold of between one's thumb and forefinger. One of his little girls wanted him to show the bullet in his arm that he lets them play with, but the professor said it was only the mark of a sabre cut and didn't exhibit it. However, he can do a great deal toward convincing one of his right to a pension.

Prof. Hunter is a native of New Brunswick, and claims to have a brother, who is a clergyman laboring in the United States, but was formerly out among the heathen. After the war, the professor says he spent two or three years among the Indians and learned all about making medicine from roots, berbs, and a long catalogue of things which he can rattle off as good as any long haired doctor that ever stood in a barouche on the market square. He didn't learn to see into the future from the Indians. That gift came to him one day a short time afterwards when he was out of work, and things did not look extremely cheerful. This is the way he explained the matter.

"Why, it just came to me and I can't tell how. One night I dreamed that I could tell a certain woman's fortune, so the next morning I went to her and asked her to let me try. I told her her fortune, and it turned out to be true, and I've been telling fortunes ever since."

According to the professor, the fortune telling business is a good one from a financial standpoint. He says he made over $1000 at it during his first year in St. John, and thought that wasn't too bad. However, while gathering barrels in Calais he learned how to get more money than he did when he dreamed he could tell fortunes.

JOTTINGS FROM THE HOUSE.

The Leary Bill in Sight, with Poor Prospects of Passing.

FREDERICTON, April 1.—The Easter holidays made a considerable break in the business of the house. There appeared to be a general desire on the part of the members to be clasped to the bosoms of their families, in consequence whereof the legislative halls were entirely deserted from Thursday till Monday. An effort was made to resume work on Monday, to which day the lower branch had adjourned, but it was felt that legislation enacted by a house two-thirds empty would not be of an improving character, and little of importance was done. Despite the lost time, however, I learn that the government expect to prorogue the session at the end of next week.

The famous Leary bill has hove in sight, but not having yet been committed, awakens little interest. There are a good many supporters of the bill in the house. A prominent member of the government expressed the view to your correspondent that the bill would not be made in any sense a party question; that, personally, he thought the interests of the citizens of St. John would be better served by their undertaking the proposed improvements themselves, and that the bill in its present form would hardly pass the legislature.

The bill which the government is about to introduce as to the legislative council is one of unconditional abolition. The prospects for the funeral are good, it is thought. The orations at the grave will be numerous and eloquent, no doubt, and the public will expect the pallbearers to quit themselves like men.

The appointment of Mr. Julius L. Inches to the position of secretary for agriculture is a fitting recognition of the ability and lifelong services devoted by that gentleman to the farming interests of the province. It has the rare merit also of being approved of by both parties in the house.

Mr. Hanington has been more subdued since the stiletto of the *Sun* was inserted under his fifth rib. After all there are worse faults than a hasty temper and a surplus of lung. Mr. Hanington is the only man in the opposition who could be said to have a provincial reputation. And though for this he is indebted as much to his foes as to his friends, it strengthens his claims to retain the leadership.

A leading attraction in the house at present, is maintained by the strenuous effort Mr. LeBlanc is making to discover whether the seat he occupies at present is one of law or nature. Mr. LeBlanc is pleading his case before the committee of privileges, ably assisted by that vigorous, all-round patriot, Mr. Charles J. Sayre. It is the contention of Mr. LeBlanc that no legal election was held in Kent, owing to the gross irregularities of the returning officer. And if there was no election how could Mr. LeBlanc have been nominated? And if Mr. LeBlanc was not nominated why should he be confined to a seat of nature when he owns a seat in the house? Nobody seems to care much where Mr. LeBlanc is to locate his weary spinal column. FLOTSAM.

Not "Prim" At All.

The best writers, the best proof readers and the best compositors will sometimes make mistakes. There are about 1,000,000 letters in PROGRESS, roughly speaking, and it would be a marvel to have them all right. That is no excuse, however, for the statement last week that Rev. George Bruce's book, *Morning Thoughts* was "*prim* and scholarly" instead of "pure and scholarly." No person who knows the author would ever think for a moment that anything he wrote would be *prim*. It would not in that case be like himself.

THERE ARE MANY WAYS

FOR A LAWYER TO EVADE THE LAW.

How the Messrs. Pugsley Propose to Obtain a License for the New Hotel—An Attempt Will be Made to Change the Law and Give the Mayor Power to Grant It.

Mr. R. M. Bockus was a much surprised man when he returned from Salina a few days ago, and learned that he had been an applicant for a liquor license while away, and, more than that, had not been successful.

Mr. Bockus laughed when seen by PROGRESS about the matter. "I really know nothing about it," he said—and apparently he cared less. "I was surprised to see my name figuring in the papers as an applicant for a license, but of course my name was only used as an agent."

Mr. Bockus is chief clerk in the offices of the Messrs. Pugsley, who are much interested in the new hotel on the corner of Princess and Prince William streets. It is only a month to the first of May, and the tenants in what is known as "Pugsley's building" have been notified to seek other quarters about that date, as the new hotel will want all the room and a front on Prince William street.

Many attempts have been made to lease the new building, but it would almost seem that good hotel men are wary and do not want to place their faith and their dollars in the venture. The latest rumor is to the effect that Mr. Edwards of the Queen in Fredericton may remove to this city and again try his luck at managing a big hotel. No better hotel man stands in the provinces, but Mr. Edwards has a nice business of his own, and a certain business. It is quite true that his Scott act friends are somewhat too assiduous in their attentions, and call upon him with an unwelcome frequency, but still for all that Fredericton is a nice place to live in and a hard spot to leave.

If Mr. Edwards does leave Fredericton however, and leases the new hotel, he does not want to do so unless it has that money making privilege—a licensed bar. This then was the secret of the application in Mr. Bockus' name. The Messrs. Pugsley wanted a license for their new hotel.

It so happened that none of the Queens ward saloons had transgressed the law in the eyes of the inspector and he so reported. The list was full and included such men as Brennan, Biddington, Finn, Murray, the Dufferin and others. There was no chance for the new hotel to get a license and the application was not granted.

But while there's life there's hope, and while Mr. William Pugsley was in the house of assembly, and not only there, but in the government, there was a chance of amending the liquor law so as to secure the precious privilege.

The suggestion was no sooner made than it was acted upon, and the solicitor general committed a bill to amend the license law with a certain clause that gave hotels a first claim to a license among a list of applicants. That looked all right for a start and it was an excellent one until the discovery was made that the time had now passed for the granting of licenses, and it would not be possible even under the amended law to get a license until next spring. The resources of Mr. Pugsley were not exhausted and another, and this time a more sweeping amendment, took its place, giving the mayor of St. John power at any time to increase the number of licenses in a ward *if the applicant is an hotel.*

This is how Mr. Pugsley proposes to get a license for the new hotel. How will it strike his temperance constituents in Kings county? How will this act of a member of the government strike the country?

Mr. Stockton's Story, Tuesday.

Mr. A. A. Stockton has all the ability of a lawyer for delaying unpleasant things. The public has been informed twice of certain dates upon which Mr. Stockton would tell what he knows about the building society muddle. If he tells all he knows there won't be much more for the public to learn for he was the managing director. He is also one of those who transferred a portion of their stock to that risky speculator, Mr. Nathan Riley. Like Mr. Hayward, Mr Stockton retained $500 worth of stock, enough to permit him to remain a director. One well acquainted with the working of such concerns tells PROGRESS that the fall of the St. John building society hastened this crash. People lost faith in the name and began to withdraw their deposits and instead of there being $80,000 on deposit as there was some years ago there is now hardly $15,000. But Mr. Stockton will tell all about it.

Not Discouraged but Energetic.

Messrs. A. Robb & Sons, of Amherst, have their new buildings well under way. Their progress in this direction is watched with an absorbing interest, equal only to the sorrow expressed at their misfortune. They have secured the services of Mr. C. E. Armstrong of Syracuse, N. Y., a junior member of the American society of engineers, who was for a number of years superintendent of the American Engine company at Painted Post in that state. He is a thorough mechanic, and extremely popular.

TOO BAD TO TALK ABOUT.

The Board of Health Should Look After Madras and St. Peter's Schools.

The Madras and St. Peter's schools, in the north end, are claiming the attention of quite a number of persons at present, among them the school board and Contractor Segee. The school children are also somewhat interested, and if some of their parents knew the kind of a place they spent the day in, they might become very much interested also. Up to the present time, however, the board of health has been as indifferent as the school board and its secretary and superintendent were some months ago, and the result is that the surroundings of the buildings are in an unsightly condition.

The contract for building new out houses for the Madras and St. Peter's schools was awarded to Charles Segee last fall, and he entered into a contract for the mason work with another contractor. This latter contract did not call upon the mason to do any excavating. He had simply to build the vaults and the rest of the masonry. When, after many delays, he was instructed to begin the work, it was well on in the winter, and the ground was frozen hard. It was no time for beginning such a job without first having the ground excavated so that the vaults could be placed on a solid bottom, and he made this known to one of the school trustees, who happened to be over there. He was referred to Mr. Segee, who told him to build on the frozen ground. He did so. They were finished a month or so ago, but when the water was turned on it was found that the ground had thawed, the vaults settled, and that they would not hold water. The school children used them for two or three days and then they were closed up all together.

The contractor had men at work cementing the vaults Good Friday. All the cracks were filled up and everything looked well, but the frost was getting out of the ground as fast as fine spring weather could make it, and there were more cracks and the water oozed out of them just the same as before. The vaults were useless. The work of patching them up is still going on, but with what success remains to be seen.

The indifference of the school authorities seems to have been the cause of the whole trouble. The contractor did the work as he liked, and probably wanted to get the job done as soon as possible. Some of the school board walked over there occasionally, but their officials were probably too busy to bother with the matter. There was no one to inspect the work, or see that it was properly done, and it is probable that if the weather had remained cold and the ground hard, that everything would have been very satisfactory to Mr. Segee.

In the meantime the accommodations for the scholars are disgusting. The old outhouses, which had been condemned, before it was decided to erect the new ones, were removed to another part of the grounds and fitted up temporarily until the new buildings were built. There was no excavating done, however, and as the time during which they might be used with impunity has passed many weeks ago, they are now in a disgraceful condition. In fact, all the surroundings of the buildings are not as they should be. There is an abundance of mud, the fences are down and the place has a wretched appearance generally.

The school authorities have been urged from several quarters to have the old outbuildings removed and the place attended to, but they seem to be good promisers and anything but active.

The board of health should see if it can do any better.

A Protest in Kings Probable.

There was a very lively rumor around town this week that it had been decided to contest Mr. Foster's seat in King's county, and that plenty of money was promised to back up the protest. Those who were only luke warm after the election, think that the finance minister has injured himself greatly by his action in regard to the recount and they are now urging the protest. It is well known that the party in St. John would smile at such an event and let Foster fight his own battle. The Sussex *Record* gave publicity in a recent issue to Mr. Foster's attitude election night, when thinking himself defeated, he would not attend the institute meeting and rejoice in the party's success, but sulked in his room.

As Well as a Host.

Mr. Geo. D. Fuchs, of the Terrace hotel. Amherst, besides being the genial and capable host that he is, is also a capital pianist. He spends a portion of each evening in entertaining his guests with choice selections from the leading composers. Mr. Fuchs is himself the composer of several pieces of music, one of which the "Brunswick Waltz," has met with considerable success throughout this country.

A Pretty Big Policy.

Mr. J. Herbert Wright, who went out some months ago on a rambling journey, did a little business a few days in the shape of a $50,000 policy on a Pacific coast man.

THEIR FIGHT IS CLOSE.

THE ALDERMANIC CANDIDATES PREPARING FOR TUESDAY.

A Close Contest in Queens—Mr. Leary's Valuation on the Carleton Property and How It is Said to be Made up—The "Election Expense" Item is Large.

Slowly but surely the Leary schemers are coming to the conclusion that between the legislature and the people they will have a narrow hole to squeeze through, if indeed the entrance is not barred altogether.

Dr. Silas Alward has introduced the Leary bill to the house. This was his duty since the document was sent forward by the corporation, but it does not follow that he must support it. In fact, it would not do for him to give it the slightest countenance. Nineteen-twentieths of the voters who elected him are against it, and Dr. Alward's opposition is certain—much more certain than that of his fellow lawyer and office neighbor, Ald. John J. Forrest, who supports what he was elected to oppose. It is currently stated and believed that when Mr. Forrest was before the people he was not acquainted with Mr. Leary, of New York. After his election he became acquainted. Mr. Leary and a north end alderman called upon him at his office and had a friendly chat. People say that Mr. Leary is a magnetic man who cannot well be resisted by some men. That statement will readily be accepted after one has listened to Mr. Leary's stories of his experiences in Washington, where it is necessary frequently to play with the palm of a man before you are sure of his vote. Mr. Leary is magnetic, and Mr. Forrest must have found him so, for he went from direct and bitter opposition into warm support and advocacy of his scheme. Mr. Forrest should explain the reasons for all this to his constituents.

The aldermanic contest is coming to a close. Next Tuesday will tell the tale whether the people are in favor of Learyism or against it. There is really no other issue up save this very vital one of extravagance and taxation. In two Leary wards there does not appear to be any opposition—Stanley and Dufferin—though those who should know say that Mr. Jones and perhaps another will allow themselves to be placed in nomination. The point gained by this would be to engage the attention of Boss Kelly in his own country and make him fight for his life and that of his colleague, otherwise he will throw himself into the contest in some weak ward — for instance Victoria — and make the fight so much harder for Law and Seaton. These two gentlemen are not running on the same ticket but that is the ticket for the people all the same. Busby and Forrest should not be in the race at all. Alds. Connor and McGoldrick will also have an opportuuity to roam at large. Stanley ward has not risen to the occasion and found men to come out in opposition. There will probably be no opposition in Lansdowne, nor Sydney, nor Dukes.

In Prince there are five candidates—Knodell, Bell, McKelvey, Ryan and Nickerson. The election of the first named is practically conceded, but the fight between Messrs. Bell and McKelvey will be an interesting one. None of the candidates have canvassed so hard as Ryan, and it may be that he is a dark horse but no person thinks so.

In Wellington Ald. Shaw's friends are looking after his interest whilst he himself is in Fredericton. The other candidates are looking after themselves as they best know how. The boys are looking out for an oyster supper from some one—they don't care who.

There is a very general impression that the closest election in the city will be held in Queens. There are three candidates of about equal strength and any two of them may be expected to win. Mr. Jack's previous record on the Leary question tells against him, but he has said that he is not in favor of it now, so that should be conclusive.

John Babbington Macauley Baxter is still in the field, and still on the fence. He has not declared his position on the dock question, and some of Carleton's electors frown upon him. If on election day he gets the opportunity to return thanks for enough votes, or not enough votes, as the case may be, he might also enlighten those who have aldermanic aspirations how it is possible to qualify on $1,000 worth of property and yet not possess it. Mr. Lockhart and Mr. E. B. Colwell are the pronounced opponents of Learyism on the West side, and both are confident of winning.

It is currently reported and generally believed that Mr. Leary counts in the cost of certain elections in the city in the price he has asked for his Carleton property. Fifty thousand is what he has asked for his right and title and it is said the sum is made up in this way.

Actual cost of property	$22,000
Travelling expenses	5,000
Election expenses	13,000
Profit	10,000
	$50,000

The most interesting item in the above is the "election expenses, $13,000." Those who know the ins and outs of the last local election will not be surprised at the figure. All of it, however, did not go to St. John. Some of it went where it would do the most good outside.

In the "travelling expenses" note book, it may be possible that there is an entry something like this "1 handsome bedroom set, purchased in New York, shipped by steamer *Winthrop* consigned to order, for Alderman ——. Value, $500," and another item might read after this fashion "1 solid silver tea service, purchased in New York, for my considerate friend L—— M——."

All of which could be properly charged up to "travelling expenses."

Mayor Lockhart is said not to fear defeat in the coming election. It behooves every elector who has a vote to vote. Let him vote right, and that will be against every supporter of Learyism. If $13,000 has been spent in elections already, it might pay them to spend a little more.

LOWER COVE OUTLAWS.

They Beat Men on the Streets and Enter a Widow's House.

Although one might expect a disagreeable experience in walking through the streets at the extreme south end of the city, it was generally supposed up to Sunday night that a person could walk along Britain street without being compelled to consult a surgeon immediately afterwards. Several young men whose best girls live in that vicinity, think differently now, and it is quite probable that if the girls want escorts home from church on Sunday evenings they will have to change their places of residence.

No less than four young men are strongly of this opinion, and they have all very good reasons for it. One of them was walking along Brittain street on his way home, when four rough looking fellows stopped him, and demanded money. He refused to give them any, and they surrounded him and made threats as to what they would do if he didn't comply with their request. Seeing that this had no effect on him one of the crowd struck the young man and the rest followed it up with stones and their fists, and he retaliated until an opportunity to get away offered itself, when he made the best possible use of his heels.

The experience of this young man, however, was nothing compared with that of two others who came along a short time afterward. They met the same tough crowd, and were asked for money. On their refusing to give any, they were obliged to engage in some pretty lively exercise. Three roughs got hold of one of them, and pounded him until he was black and blue about the eyes and body, and was so badly hurt as to be unable to leave the house on the following day. The other rough devoted all his energies to the other young man, and when the trio had satisfied themselves that his companion was helpless they turned their attention to him and gave him the same treatment. A well known merchant was also the victim of these roughs on the same evening.

It is said that they did not confine their doings to people walking along the street, but went so far as to enter a bar-room kept by a widow in Lower Cove, and help themselves.

A Few Jokes of the Day.

There is one young lady in town, who sees more fun in playing an April fool's day joke on her best fellow, than going out driving with him. They had an appointment Wednesday evening, and the young man drove up and down the street, until he became very noticeable. Then it dawned upon him that it was the first of April, and he subsequently learned that that was the reason of his discomfiture. At a large party given Wednesday night, the guests were made the victims of a joke. Dinner was announced, and all sat down, but when they looked at the table there was nothing on it, but a card with the words, "April fool." The next course, however, was somewhat better, and their disappointment gave them a relish for it.

The "Sun" Evades a Libel Verdict.

It would have been money in the pockets of the *Sun* company if Judge Steadman's verdict of $2,500 had been paid rather than allow the paper to be sold at sheriff's sale to evade the verdict. For that is, of course, the true inwardness of the sale. By its special act of incorporation the bondholders are, as it were, preferred creditors. Before the libel suit came on a bond was filed "in case of accidents." The "accident" came in the shape of a verdict for the judge of $2,500—hence so much advertising "at sheriff's sale," etc. No newspaper can stand much of that sort of thing. The outside impression is very bad and must have a damaging effect. Of course the bid was for a merely nominal sum—$50—which was made by Major Markham.

Open Evenings. Duval, 242 Union street