

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 Germain street, St. John, N. B.

The Subscription price of Progress is Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Until March 2nd, only old subscribers whose subscriptions expired before February 1st, can renew for the old price—one dollar.

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Liberal Contributions will be given to agents for subscriptions. Good men, with references, can secure territory by writing to the publisher. Remittances should be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 14.

PUT THEM OUT.

We want more character and honesty in our civic politics. At no time in its history has the city been in greater need of capable, disinterested representatives than at the present moment. We are surrounded by rings and cliques, by grabbing aldermen and officials whose only regard is their own or their friends' welfare. The management of civic expenditure is in the hands of an unscrupulous clique, the members of which do not in any degree represent the property owners. The respectable minority in the council is powerless to check the tide of extravagance, and unless the citizens awake to the true condition of affairs and exercise their rights as voters it will be a matter for very serious regret. We have no desire to be alarmists, but the question of civic taxes is a very serious one. It affects every man, if not directly indirectly, and we believe that it would be very unfortunate if the extravagant spirit that prevails in the council now should continue for another year.

MR BLAKE'S DELIVERANCE.

As a faithful chronicler of the events which go to make up history, PROGRESS may not omit a reference to Mr. EDWARD BLAKE'S very remarkable letter to the West Durham liberals. The great ex-leader says many important things in his letter, but all the others are lost sight of in his declaration that it is now time to discuss the political union of the United States and Canada. This cannot fail to produce a profound effect, for it brings annexation upon the boards of the political theatre. There will not be any public response to Mr. BLAKE'S utterance; his opinions will be formally disavowed by his former allies and condemned by his opponents, nevertheless the latest annexation sentiment in the dominion will become overt, and it will be possible to ascertain pretty nearly what its strength is. The letter had better have been left unwritten, since it is to be followed up by nothing, so far as the writer is concerned. If Mr. BLAKE deems the time ripe for the careful consideration of annexation, it would seem to be his duty to educate public opinion up to an appreciation of its necessity and advantages. As it is, he has simply thrown a fire brand into a haystack, and gone on his way. Believing that free trade between the two countries is greatly to be desired, he has adopted the surest plan to prevent it from being brought about; the open enemy of the policy of protection, of the evil effects of which he speaks in the strongest terms of condemnation, he has taken the surest means to perpetuate it. The trouble with Mr. BLAKE is that he assumes to know more than any man possibly can know. There does not live a man wise enough to say what will be the outcome of any particular line of policy. Scarcely anything turns out as we think it will. That great statesman, the younger PITT, defended his policy in granting Quebec her peculiar rights as a British colony by contending that the contrast between a community governed by the customs of Paris and a neighboring community governed by the common law of England would show the former at such a disadvantage that the people would, of their own accord, adopt the latter. We all know how greatly he was mistaken. History is full of just such blunders. The wisest statesmanship has been that which lets "tomorrow take thought for the things of itself," and confines itself to doing what is best for today. There is no necessity for Mr. BLAKE or any one else to worry over problems that the next generation of voters may have to deal with. He cannot possibly foresee how those problems will be presented. If anything was ever clearly proved, it was that the granting of responsible government to the colonies meant the speedy disruption of the British

empire. We all know now that without responsible government some of the colonies would have cut loose long ago. Mr. BLAKE foresees that commercial union will be the result of reciprocity, and annexation the result of commercial union. He is likewise quite sure that Canada needs reciprocity. The process of reasoning by which he reaches these several propositions is one that can be indefinitely prolonged, and made to embrace every known political condition and every supposable possibility and show first that they never were and cannot be, and next that they always were and are highly probable. In short, Mr. BLAKE'S letter is the production of a chancery lawyer applying the methods of his profession to questions of statecraft.

MEN AND THINGS.

Everybody does not take STANLEY at his apparent face value, and they are not all persons, who had some direct or indirect connection with the infamous rear column. They say that the dangers of an African journey have been terribly exaggerated, or at least have been greatly augmented by the precautions taken by European explorers. They say, also, that to land upon a foreign shore with a small army, and be determined to have your own way, notwithstanding what the laws of the country and the wishes of the people may be, is to provoke hostility.

These people say that if the late not-greatly-lamented CHETWYND had landed upon the coast of England with a hundred Zulu warriors, and set out to explore Great Britain, or if he had camped at Portsmouth and collected a force of Frenchmen or Irishmen, officered by Zulus, and had then started out for Edinburgh, he would have had more or less trouble on the way—probably more. Of course it is always to be remembered that the people of Africa are colored, and we are not; that they do not profess to live according to the bible, and that we do; that we call them black savages and they only regard us as white devils. These things make all the difference in the world.

You don't see why they should? Then you have read history or the newspapers to very little purpose. When did it happen that a people with a complexion different from ours had any right to which we felt bound to respect, when it suited our purpose, and we were strong enough to trample on them?

The Arab traders find no difficulty in penetrating Africa, and when they get home they do not go around lecturing about their achievements, and if one of them happens to get married, he does not, with great reluctance and unwillingness, give the details of his courtship to the newspapers to be published simultaneously with the lecture advertisement. Of course STANLEY did a very remarkable thing; but if that smart, little Yankee woman, Mrs. FRENCH SHELDON, succeeds in doing the same only with infinitely less trouble and scarcely the least flourish of trumpets, won't it set us all thinking?

It was proposed some years ago when the scare was got up in England about the exhaustion of the coal mines to utilize the force of the tide along the south coast to drive machinery. Undoubtedly if we could discover some way of harnessing the tide we could have a force of incomparable energy and cheapness. Let it be supposed that the tremendous energy which the tides exert in their sweep up the Bay of Fundy could be converted into heat. These maritime provinces would have a climate like Florida. We may never see this done, but it is very clear that we have not yet learned how to utilize half the forces of nature.

Looked at from a human standpoint there is a tremendous waste of energy in the natural forces operating around us. What an enormous amount of needless heat we apparently get in the summer, which is distributed a little more evenly over the twelve months, would make our winters delightful. Why do those exhibitions of force known as cyclones and tornadoes occur? So far as man can see, they are just so much power spent for nothing. Shall it come to pass that men shall know how to prevent, or, if not prevent, how to utilize these things by and bye? We are living in an age of changes.

Any person who has lived up the St. John river for forty years, will tell you that we do not have as heavy thunder storms as they had a quarter of a century ago. Have the laying of steel rails all over the country and the hanging up of miles upon miles of wire, anything to do with this? Do these tend to equalize electric conditions by some imperceptible process? Or is the lessened number of thunder storms simply coincident with the era of railways and telegraphs? Earthquakes are not so common on the Pacific slope as they were before the transcontinental railways were built? Is this only a coincidence?

Speaking of earthquakes, it has been said that these are only superficial occurrences, due to atmospheric causes. It is alleged that recently an earthquake meant the speedy disruption of the British

empire. We all know now that without responsible government some of the colonies would have cut loose long ago. Mr. BLAKE foresees that commercial union will be the result of reciprocity, and annexation the result of commercial union. He is likewise quite sure that Canada needs reciprocity. The process of reasoning by which he reaches these several propositions is one that can be indefinitely prolonged, and made to embrace every known political condition and every supposable possibility and show first that they never were and cannot be, and next that they always were and are highly probable. In short, Mr. BLAKE'S letter is the production of a chancery lawyer applying the methods of his profession to questions of statecraft.

ONE KIND OF LITERATURE.

And now COUNT TOLSTOI wants tobacco smokers thrust out of society. How would it do to eject TOLSTOI. If we may not own property, if we may not marry, if in our poverty-stricken bachelorhood we may not even smoke, this sad world will become sadder than ever. It is a lucky thing that not many people, comparatively speaking, are sufficiently cultured to appreciate the nonsense of this long-haired Russian and his tribe. That sort of culture is really a species of intellectual dry rot. One of the best proofs that there is an over-ruling Providence is to be found in the way mental occupation is provided for a certain class of fools. Our civilization, like a great fermenting vat, throws off a lot of scum. It comes to the top, and it you could take its word for it, you would think that it was the whole product of the process, the only part of the contents worthy of attention. For this social scum, which is even more useless than the social dregs, some intellectual pabulum has to be provided to keep it from lapsing into drivelling idiocy. For this class young ladies write, as JAMES PAIN says, "verses that neither rhyme nor scan."

It loves what is incomprehensible, the vague, the indefinite, and if it is slightly indecent, so much the better. To this class also are the novels of ALBERT ROSS largely addressed. ROSS is brilliant enough, and he defends his work. We have grown accustomed, he says, to the nude in art and must make up our minds to take the nude in literature. He does not mention the fact that the nude in art is not always beautiful, and that it may be very vicious. Nudity in itself is not disgraceful. Not many years ago it was the fashion in London for ladies to have plaster casts made of their feet and as much more as they thought desirable. A modest woman had her cast made with her slipper and stocking on, and it was pronounced the most modest one in the lot. It is difficult to see how Mr. ROSS calls the nude in literature can be made otherwise than vicious. In answer to the argument that such literature is likely to be injurious to children, he says that we cannot let children determine the character of our books; but just here we would join issue with the novelist. Your nude novel can accomplish nothing that cannot be as well accomplished in another way. Hence it is needless to present its truths in a shape attractive to the young, who will thus acquire wrong views of life, for the nude in literature does not present life as it is lived by the great majority.

Most people are decent; most young people respect the marriage tie; most young girls are pure-minded; most young men are not vicious. Let us grant that this is not true of the froth alone referred to. That ought not to influence our judgment as to what is good for the majority. This majority has to earn its living. The man comes home at night to a faithful wife, and pure-minded children gather round his fire-side. Perhaps the boys and girls go out to earn their daily bread. Did you ever stand and watch the army of working girls come into a great city in the morning? If not, do so the first chance you get. See their earnest, honest faces. Note the firm tread of their feet, mark the quiet dignity that keeps them unapproached and unapproachable. Then when the sun has been up eight or ten hours, stroll over to the fashionable thoroughfares and see the women there, the women who rave over TOLSTOI and ROSS and such like, and then decide for yourself who are the best fitted to be the mothers of the next generation; which of the two classes should receive the respect and homage of the world. It is a mistake to let it be supposed that pictures of what is done in the scum and the dregs are a true portrayal of real life. So brilliant though it may be, the world has not much use for the nude in literature. But it usually is not brilliant, being dull and commonplace where it is not indecent.

President A. O. SKINNER has made a plain statement of the affairs of the Opera house which appears elsewhere in this issue. This was the right and proper course to pursue. It seems to us that the public has given very fair support to a company that had a few facts to give them. On this account we are pleased to see this statement and to give it publicity. It should be of the greatest possible assistance to the directors in getting stock from the citizens. There is something tangible and authoritative to go upon. With the natural caution of a good business man, Mr. Skinner has not put the facts forward in an exaggerated style. We think that his estimate of the income of the opera house is a very low one. The revenue of the old Institute has exceeded that many times with all its disadvantages. We know that the president might have stated that the company has had several excellent offers to lease the building at good figures.

One of them we understand was equivalent to \$2,000 for the first month. The building, however, will not be erected on offers. The company must show an interest through its directors before the people will support it directly. We have urged this before; we urge it again; if the opera house is to be finished this year or next the directors must do more personal work. There is no need to discuss the need of the building—we see it every week in the year and too often feel it when we patronize the draughty old Institute.

PEN AND PRESS.

The brightest gem in the periodical line that has reached Progress this week is *Figaro* of Chicago—a weekly paper replete with brightness and honesty. In typographical appearance it excels that of any western paper that we have seen, and in this respect, if indeed it does not surpass, *Life* of New York.

The *Frederick Globe* has a word to censure the carpet and the proprietors say it is giving the paper an unqualified boom. Apart from this the *Globe* is bright and well written, and in appearance excels most of its Frederick contemporaries.

W. G. Macfarlane, of the *Frederick Gazette*, was in town this week for a day or two. The local staff claims him for its own without any discredit.

Mr. McDade is once more seated in his chair on the floor of the house, and just now is furnishing most of the reading for the morning papers. The quality is no fault of his and the quantity keeps him on the jump.

The *Telegraph* is either more prosperous than usual or else is fearful of such live papers as *Progress* tramping on its toes. On Wednesday of this week the manager refused to give *Progress* figures for advertising space.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Clothing Trades' "Manifesto."
TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—I was somewhat amused, Mr. Editor, to note in Thursday's evening papers the "manifesto" of the majority of the firms in the clothing trade against what they are pleased to term "ill-gotten methods of forcing business." Of course the firm aimed at in this remarkable "statement to the public" is Scovill, Fraser & Co., a firm that has shown unexampled enterprise and pluck ever since they began business in the city. It looks very much as if the objecting firms were actuated more by jealousy than by any other reason. I understand that during the dull season, when other clothing firms were lessening their working force, Messrs. Scovill, Fraser & Co. kept their firms by ingenious methods of booming business. One of them was the formation of a club of 40 persons, who agreed to pay \$2 each into a common fund for ten weeks. A suit of clothes was allowed to one member of the club every week, and consequently ten men obtained suits for less than their actual value. In other words they got bargain.

The remaining 30 members of the club each added \$6 more to their \$20, and each received a suit worth \$26. Two things were notably gained by this: the persons paid cash on the installment plan for their suits. If I am not mistaken this method of booming business is not new. It may be to St. John but I know of clubs in St. Stephen and they can be found without number in American cities even smaller. The idea is a Yankee one but that does not detract from its worth. My idea is that it is always best for one firm to leave another alone so long as their methods are as enterprising and effective as those of Scovill, Fraser & Co. If this firm was taking the money of 40 people and giving nothing in return for it to 30 of them they would be open to censure but every man gets the value of his money and forty \$26 suits average the firm \$22.25.

[As this is the first explanation of the circular referred to, PROGRESS prints it. We are not up in the law and know nothing about it from that standpoint. Every business firm has its own methods and very little comes usually from opposing them publicly. The one certain result is to advertise them well and make them better known than ever. Brainy business men are sure to devise something new to boom business, and the best remedy that PROGRESS can think of is for their competitors to invent something more taking.—ED. PROGRESS.]

FOR NOTHING BUT STAMPS.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Please say to your readers that I will send the silver mugs to all who send postage, for, since coming down here to this land of alligators and oranges, I have received so many letters asking if I would send the Spanish moss, also, mistletoe and holly leaves. Certainly I will if you send half a dozen stamps to pay postage. I will send you a nice 12 oz. roll, or if you wish a large 4 lb. package I will mail that amount to you if you send 64c. in stamps for postage; anyone may send as there is plenty of it here, and easy to get. I do not ask pay for so little trouble, so please do not offer it. Any way like this I can oblige I will do so, for I remember how glad I once was to get such things from the sunny south land.
St. Nicholas, Florida.
MRS. F. A. WARKNER.

CHATS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

M. A. F. No, no, no, PROGRESS columns are not open to a controversy. A number of contributions in verse will be considered as soon as possible.

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 information treated in a popular and entertaining manner. Its illustrations are superb and above those of the average weeklies, and the periodical installments 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).

WALKS ABOUT TOWN.

Last Sunday was a glorious day—overhead. Last foot it was quite the reverse. But the walking don't count on a fine afternoon, for the sun seems to act on humanity, much the same as it does on flies. It draws them out of their holes and sets them buzzing. So it was last Sunday. The streets were crowded with people, wading ankle deep in slush and water for the sake of walking a block on dry ground, under a friendly sun.

This shows how little consideration the majority of people have for the condition of their feet; yet, a great medical authority, gives a recipe for perfect health, which is generally accepted as gospel truth, in the four words: "Keep your feet dry." The girls, however, seem to pay more attention to their skirts than their feet; and their only object in selecting dry spots seems to be, to give them a chance to stretch their fingers, after some hard service as skirt holders.

Sunday is a great day for the street railway company; no matter about the weather. When the day is fine the sleighs are crowded with "excursionists," and the children seem to enjoy themselves in a way that has never been before, will class riding in a St. John winter car, among the "pleasures of life." On the contrary it should be rated as the hardest kind of penance, for the worst sins in the calendar.

Those of us who have been "educated up to" riding in the street cars will welcome the return of summer, if for no other reason than a change in the street railway vehicles. The large sleighs are all right, but I cannot say the same about those miserable little boxes that one is compelled to ride in on a stormy day. I do not know how long the straw in the bottom of them is supposed to last without being stirred up, but I do know, that whenever I had occasion to enter one of those cars, it was no place for white dresses.

Talking about the street cars and Sunday strollers calls to mind a trip I took on the outside of a car one cold Sunday a few weeks ago. Very few people were on the streets, and I was wondering how all the people who are out walking on such a day as last Sunday, manage to put in the day when the weather is cold and disagreeable. Something in the windows of a house on Brussels street attracted my attention. It wasn't the number of faces that looked out from the street,—which was about that time quite lively—but this made me cast glances up at the windows as we went along, and in nearly every house the windows were occupied, mostly by girls and women. Some were reading and others looked idly out on the street, but what they saw to interest them, I could not imagine. On a fine day when mostly every street is lined with strollers, I can readily see how the average woman could enjoy such a scene from her own parlor windows, but then she usually prefers to be one of the crowd.

While on this subject, I am reminded of something I saw on one of the finest days we had last summer. It was a beautiful day and everything looked bright and cheerful. Children coming home from school were playing on the sidewalks, and even the business people looked brighter than usual. But up in a window of an old looking house, a window that seemed to have a disliking for anything in the shape of soap or water, with a dirty white (?) cotton blind across it at an angle—here a pale-faced woman looked out over the heads of two or three pale-faced children, upon the street below. What a contrast! Outside everything was bright and cheerful; but what must the atmosphere have been behind that closed window! What is the use of God's pure fresh air, if people will not take advantage of it. Poverty is no excuse in such a case. But, as a rule, the poorer classes do not house themselves in this fashion. The little gamins we see frolicking about the streets with a peculiar liking for the thickest kind of mud are usually the healthiest. Some time ago a friend of mine who had been watching several of these youngsters, with fine rosy cheeks shining out through very dirty faces, playing in the gutter, remarked with a sigh: "Look at those youngsters! How fine and healthy they are, playing there in the dirt, and my little ones, with all the care they get, would be sick if the wind blew on them." It's a grand thing to keep on the good side of nature. OBSERVATOR.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

A Question of Fate.

Their nodding masts break the distant line
Where the sky and ocean meet.
And fresh'ning breezes bear away
The white-winged fishing fleet.

On the sun-kissed beach, where wavelets break
Stands the sailor's sweetheart fair.
"Oh bring my darling back to me,"
Is her softly murmured prayer.

Their shivering masts break their rugged line
Where ocean mounts to the sky;
Like white-manned sails the huge waves leap
And the moaning bar is high.

Strong are the hands that hold the helm,
Brave are the hearts that wait
The storm King's will—he life or death—
Ready for either fate.

On the wind-swept beach stands the sailor's love,
Watching through salt spray and tears
Her darling's bark breast the awful storm
As the haven safe is near.

Her heart, too full to frame a prayer,
Almost forgets to beat,
She can only note that the foamed capped waves
Seen the lowering clouds to meet.

Did the plunging sloop cross the foaming bar,
And safe from the storm's alarm,
Was her darling clasped in a fond embrace
In those lovely rounded arms?

Or, when at morn the wind had sunk,
And she wandered out on the shore,
Did she find his body with sea-weed draped,
Soulless for evermore?

Was there life or death in the threatening reef,
Where ceaseless billows strike?
Well, I've given the principal facts of the case,
You can end the tale as you like.

This is the Talk Everywhere.

Kindly send me 30 more PROGRESS Saturdays.
They go fine.
Moncton, March 11.
J. E. McCoy.

NOUVELLES FRANCAISES.

A la reunion française de la semaine passée il n'y avait pas beaucoup de monde, et pour deux raisons; d'abord il faisait très mauvais temps, beaucoup de vent et de neige en même temps, et aussi c'était le jour de l'élection—cet événement qui a causé un renversement général dans toutes les affaires.

C'est vrai que ce sont principalement des dames qui assistent à ces réunions mais on ne peut plus dire que les dames ne s'intéressent pas à la politique. Il y en a même qui avertissent la prochaine élection les femmes du Canada auront le droit de voter, on l'espère bien, car ce serait pour le Canada une manière de félicitation que d'accorder aux femmes le suffrage complet avant que les autres pays le fassent.

En Angleterre les femmes votent depuis plus de vingt ans sur les questions municipales, comme ici maintenant, tandis qu'aux Etats Unis, cet Utopie des annexions, on commence seulement à reconnaître l'existence politique de la femme.

Maintenant que le Canada est sauté du mauvais sort d'être absorbé dans une autre nationalité, on croit à un bon destin pour notre pays, mais pour avoir arivé cette époque heureuse il faut que les femmes prennent part aux affaires de la nation, car la femme a besoin d'intérêts plus larges et il y a encore quelque chose à soulever dans la politique. Peut-être l'influence de la femme y comptera-t-elle pour quelque chose.

Esperons donc que quand les conservateurs se présentent encore devant les électeurs dans un autre cinq ans, pendant lesquels le Canada se sera sans doute bien avancé vers cette prospérité qu'il nous ont promise, espérons qu'à cette époque ils recevront la majorité des votes des femmes. Alors les robes à galon seront la senaie passée auront plus de signification qu'à ce moment-là. USE L'EXE.

A Progressive Paper.

The most enterprising paper in the lower provinces is, by all odds the St. John *Progress*. Ever since its first issue it has been an eight page, handsomely-printed, frequently-illustrated, weekly, filled with current notes and gossip not only from New Brunswick towns, but from Truro, Amherst, Digby, Yarmouth, Halifax, and other places in Nova Scotia. Its literary department has been ably edited, and it has been in all respects a model paper. But now, not satisfied with its unqualified success, Editor Carter has doubled its size—made it sixteen pages—the largest paper in that part of the Dominion. We wonder how it can be printed on calendered paper and in such fine style for two dollars a year.—*British American Citizen*.

The Largest in Canada.

The sixteen-page *Progress* is "booming," this is now the largest weekly paper in the maritime provinces, if not in Canada, and we wish it every success. There is room for us all, and our many bulky contemporaries only seem to help poor little *Our Society* along the uphill road.—*Our Society*, (Halifax).

The Best Reading Going.

The St. John *Progress* comes out with 16 pages of the best original and selected reading of any paper in the province. It is also well illustrated. We are glad to see a paper of this kind established in our midst, and wish it all prosperity and success.—*Butler's Journal*.

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*.

What She Didn't Predict.

An Amherst correspondent of PROGRESS sends the following, which shows that even the best of prophets may make mistakes:—

A woman residing in Pictou county, known as Mother Cow, who predicted the terrible explosion at the Drummond mine many years ago, also the late disaster at Spring Hill, has turned her attention to this town, and was last week with the prediction that a serious accident would happen at the electric station at 2 o'clock on Thursday. Every one was so engrossed in the election, that little attention was paid to it. It is needless to add that "all is well" at this date. Now if she could have forecast the result of the Cumberland election many would have been saved much anxiety.

Always Room for One More.

No matter how many firms are in one line of business there always appears to be room for another. So thinks Mr. Andrew Pauley, who has started a custom tailor shop on his own account. Mr. Pauley is well known to very many people who patronize their tailor as regularly as spring, summer and fall put in an appearance, and they will all wish him well in his venture. At present he is temporarily located in the building formerly occupied by Barnes & Co., but on May 1st he will move to the store now utilized by Mr. D. R. Jack for his insurance offices.

Brightening up for Spring Time.

Preparations for spring trade are quite visible in many parts of the city and painters and decorators are up to their eyes in business. Among the stores that show the effect of taste and paint is Crockett's drug store, corner of Princess and Sydney. "Tom," as he is known by his numerous friends, has worked up an excellent family trade which is sure to keep on increasing under his careful and prompt attention to customers.

A Sale and Other Attractions.

The willing workers of St. Stephen's church are to have a sale of needle-work on Thursday and Friday next, 19th and 20th inst. Among the attractions offered for the evening will be tableaux and the celebrated *Peake Sisters*.

Editor McNutt Sings Over.

A seat in parliament, a charming wife, three beautiful children and a fortune, and all at 30 years of age. These are some of the good things of life possessed by Mr. J. Douglas Hazen—and he deserves them all.—*Fredericton Farmer*.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

