PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1892.

PROGRESS.

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encrope. e Circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Mar-time Frowinces, and receved: that of any weekly published in the same section. ples case be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of thereins, successful and every Saturday, for Wire Cents each.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 11,700.

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confidently expecting to get it all back again with interest. Meanwhile we are perfectly willing that the teachers who spend years of their young lives, and more money, often, than they can afford in qualare too much occupied with the cares and duties of the day to even notice his de-parture. He will be back again in the evening as usual and then we shall have evening as usual, and then we shall have eration for the time spent in acquiring the profession, and the great responsibility of

few hours ago, and he will be POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS." back soon now, it is near his time back soon now, it is near his time for coming bone; he is just about leaving the office. He is always punctual, so, of course, he will be home: it could not be otherwise. And for a time the mercifully stunned intellect clings to that one com-forting idea, the one fact in the midst of chaos, that the established order of things must continue and the near hom cannot , it is near his time An Answe TO BARRY STRATON'S "INLAND." Bitter blasts bewallin, Bitter blasts bewallin, Birds no longer salling, O'er the placid waters of the fair 3t. John; Yield to breezes vernal, Breath of the Biternal, Messenger of gladness, Lord of life and song must continue, and the usual hour cannot fail to bring the absent one home safely.

Spring on leafy pinion, Spreads her bright dominion, Over lake and forest, over hill and vale; Soothing airs delight us, Rural haunts invite us, Melodies of music float on every gale. We feel a dumb, unreasoning confidence that he could not hurt us by dying beyond the reach of our tender ministrations, could not leave us without one word of farewell; and we Winter's cold and sadness, Winter's storm and madness, Linger but a moment and are passed away, As the nightly shadows Falling on the mendows, Flev betore the dawning of the perfect day. strain our memory in the hopeless effort to recall his last words, his last look, almost fancying that we shall see his form In the heart's recesses, entering the door. But, alas ! the still, silent image so short a time ago filled with life, and love, is borne across the threshold,

Brambly wildernesses, Brambly wildernesses, Care and passion, longing for the unattained, Gloomy phantoms fasten, Freighted with disaster, Stand beside our couches beckoning in vain. and we can no longer doubt. The mother is forced to realize that her darling son has Stand verse Fi-Sigh not for the flowers Of the summer hours, Live in hope and patience though the way is long; I Winter's storm and riger Ne'ter can mar their vigor, Through the brains of poets bursting into song. Marriy Bury, En. Marriy 1990 been snatched from her arms, the wife that her lifelong partner has left her side, and the child that its father will never more greet it with loving caresses. Well may we pray in our churches to be delivered from sudden death, trom the cruel snapping of our dearest ties, and from the awful,

exception, the highest grade of cycles that have yet been imported, but owing to the method adopted by the makers of selling through special agents they do not cost any more than the ordinary machines while of iar greater value to users.

", as "Inch Arran" Changed Hands.

Mr. Schrieber has parted with the Inch

Arran hotel, and a Mr. Wilson of Mon

treal, and Mr. Hale, who has managed the

house for two years, have purchased the

During Mr. Hale's manage

MDAY, JUNE 4, 1092.

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his lips, and no premonition of evil warns us to cling to him with more than ordinary tenderness; we bid him a careless goodbye; indeed, sometimes we more time to devote to him. And so the day passes on like many other days, filled up with occupation and action until a sudden ring at the bell and the entrance of a pale and agitated friend, whose voice is choking and whose eyes fill at the thought of the death wound he has come to deal us, day passes on like many other days,

It is the common story, a sudden fall, a

No Decision Yet.

sstep, an overturned boat, and the light No decision has been given by the cusof our lives has gone out. Such an every-day occurrence, we read of such things in every paper we take up, and we know they must happen. But not to us, dear Lord! not to us! Why it cannot be! there is some mistake. Our lover, our brother. our husband? I monspille! of our lives has gone out. Such an everybrother, our husband? Impossible! wires" have been pulled very energetically He left us only this morning, a

ment very many improvements were made to the house and the grounds, and, in consequence of that and other improvements, the number of that and other improvements, the number of American guests were larger last year than usual. Mr. Hale tells PROG-RESS that he has more applications now than ever before, and that he looks for a good season. The hotel opens on the 23rd. For Business and Health

Mr. Thomas Youngclaus sailed by the S. S. Mongolian from Quebec to-day, for the old country. His health has not been as good as it might have been this spring, and he trip is taken with the idea of recuperat-ing himself, as well as attending to busi-ness, selecting and buying goods.

property.

is a Way to Do It and it is Learn

"If I put a small advertisement in a paper

obody will see it, and a large one costs more than I can afford." Men starting ou in business who has never considered the advertising question, but realized that they should ad tise, invariably makes a remark which bears a striking resembla to the above. And there is some truth in it. It is a mistaken idea that advertis nts are not read, for even the smallest advertisement receives attention, und sciously perhaps, but people know i

sciously perhaps, our people there. In a paper with large pages 8 or 9 columns wide a small advertisement is liable to be lost sight of, especially if it is put in indis-criminately. PROGRESS claims to be in advance of provincial newspapers in this respect and aims to place every advertise-ment where it will be seen. That even the smallest announcements in PROGRESS are smallest announcements in PROGRESS are smallest announcements in PROGRESS are ad is shown by the

ess' column of condensed adver-probably the cheapest and best edium for reaching the people in ime Provinces. A five line adents is prol

ber of invitations are out for a b

Mrs. E. W. B. Moody is visiting at the home

GRANVILLEAFERRY. N.S.

iss Alice Young retu





Baturday.

CHIPMAN.

Miss Alma MacDougald, who has be

bel Harper

aying at the "Chin

man House." Mr. John D. Brown ret arned from St. John, this

Wening. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McLean and Miss Beatrice McLean, went to St. John today.

