

Stock for the
will be

Ever Imported

and Colorings

'S
become a household name.

M
siously the mother watches
s, and would not she give
advised of

UND
le of this Balsam.

ED.

DINSMORE, Proprietors.

UTTY.

R'S
little for Stained Glass.

ING STREET.

RSVILLE.

Mrs. Alex. Gibson, Sr., held
entertained a few friends at
day evening.

Miss Gibson and daughter are
in St. John, with Mrs. Gibson's
Mr. Kirkpatrick.

of St. John, spent Christmas
well, who is engaged in lumber
Hamshire, spent Christmas at
returned from Philadelphia on
at her home in Oranoceto for the

her daughter, Miss Lizzie, of
during a few days at the residence
McConnell. Professor Goldie
spent Christmas at her home

is spending her vacation here
Alex. Robinson.
is visiting her friend, Miss
Missak.

of the Bank of Nova Scotia,
of Kingsbury. His many
in out in a few days.
superintendent of the cotton
lines.
Scribble.

BUCTOUCHE.
held last evening in the Tem-
credit on the gentlemen who
forty couples were present in
Wednesday. Professor Goldie
McAlmon furnished excellent
were served at twelve o'clock,
was continued for several hours
valuable affair was brought to a

Buctouche, occupied the pul-
burch on Sunday evening.
Coal branch, spent Christmas
in visiting friends in Mon-
of Dexter, Me., is in town,
and Mrs. Connaughton.
teacher of the advanced de-
partment for Albert Co., to visit
returned from St. John on Sat-
of Moncton, is spending his

of Duluth, Minn., is visiting
ence of ten years.
of Sackville, spent Christmas
Buctouche, was in town on
ROBINA.

za McDougall gave a very
elaborate party to a number of
Wednesday.
a small dinner party, Christ-
Begg (Hamilton, Ont.) and

temperature hall was a de-
delicious looking extremely pretty
present. Miss Eliza Mc-
of the evening.
McGaughey, of the customs
of our fairest daughters, en-
gaged by moonlight last evening.
CORANTRE.

RSSETS.

IS I
MARK
SET

If, after wearing this
Corset TEN DAYS,
s not find it the most
comfortable and satisfac-
tory it may be returned,
for it will be refunded.

RSSETS at 50c., 75c.,
\$1.25 and \$1.50.

Best Value in the City.

NG BROS.

Enterprising Business Men
Always have attractive advertisements.
Illustrate your announcements
And catch the public eye.
"Progress" Cuts are Sure to Suit You.

PROGRESS.

Illustrate Your "Ads."
Making them attractive will increase
their value. Judicious advertising
always pays. Get "Progress"
prices for cuts.
The Best Work of the Best Artists.

VOL. II., NO. 89.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

THEY ARE ALL ON DECK.

TWELVE CANDIDATES WHO THINK
THEY ARE SURE WINNERS.

Victory Predicted for Both Tickets, for
Divers Good and Sufficient Reasons—A
Square Fight Probable in the City, But
Some Splitting Outside of It.

So the fight has begun in earnest. The
first marshalling of forces was the orga-
nization of an opposition ticket on Friday
night of last week. The first libation by a
duly chosen candidate was at one of the
hotels, as soon as the meeting was out.

It was a good meeting, a rouser in point
of enthusiasm and numbers. The only
mistake made was that too small a hall was
chosen, for a good many late comers got
only as far as the head of the stairs and
had to turn back. The speakers spoke as
if they were in earnest, and the audience
cheered as if they were in earnest too.

When the supporters of the ticket heard
the clear cut words of Dr. Walker, their
enthusiasm was only modified by the regret
that he positively declined to be one of the
city candidates.

The ticket, it is true, did not satisfy
everybody, but none the less everybody
said he would vote that ticket, regardless
of its composition. That was saying a
good deal, for it meant a reconciliation
where in other elections there had been
war to the knife.

For the meeting was composed of men
of divers views when Dominion politics are
to the front. Never was there a better
illustration of the fact that "politics make
strange bed-fellows" than on that occasion,
when grit and tory sat cheek by cheek and
applauded to the echo of the men against
whom they had in the past felt something
very near akin to political hatred.

The composition of the ticket excited no
surprise, for everyone interested in the
matter had understood for some time who
at least five of the candidates were to be,
and for several days the name of Ald. Shaw
had been mentioned as that of the sixth
man.

Regarding the chances of the ticket, it is
not in the province of Progress to speak,
standing, as it does, on strictly neutral
ground. There is this to be said, how-
ever, that whether it achieve a victory or
not a victory, some of the new men are
likely to show a strength beyond that
which was expected by supporters of their
party when their names were first men-
tioned as probable candidates. Mr. Mc-
Keown, for instance, is not likely to be
ashamed of his support, whether he be
elected or defeated, while Ald. Smith,
being an excellent canvasser, is likely to
show some very respectable figures at the
close of the polls. Mr. Rourke is claimed
to be stronger than he ever was, while
Alderman Shaw's friends are of opinion
that Wellington ward will have rivals in
other polling districts in regard to the
votes cast for him.

The composition of the government
ticket was not so well known in advance
There had long been a belief that Dr.
Berryman would be one of the candidates,
and this was probably the general impres-
sion on both sides up to an hour before
the meeting, when he gave his final and
positive refusal.

The meeting itself was a large and
enthusiastic one, and more particular
reference to it is made in another column.
Prior to it, there were several dark horses
in the field for nomination, but the chief
interest was felt in the particular man who
would be chosen to represent the Catholic
element. It was generally thought that
it would be Mr. Lantalum, but according
to his friends, he was called suddenly to
Florida, and relinquished the field to
the friends of Messrs. Carvill and Carleton.
The choice of the former appears to have
been satisfactory to the friends of the
latter, who say that all past differences
will be forgotten in the effort to secure a
victory. Mr. Carvill will undoubtedly
take a splendid vote, whatever the result
may be.

As everybody knows how the Provincial
Secretary and Mr. Quinton stand, it is
needless to speak of their position. Their
friends claim that in all parts of the county
they retain their old time popularity and,
be their lot victory or defeat, will hold the
ticket together as a unit.

Of the other new men, Mr. Thorne's
friends point to his success in civic elections
as a proof of his popularity in the city,
while they claim for Mr. Parks a good
record as a citizen and a man. Mr.
Sturdee is a man whose record as mayor of
Portland is well known and who has many
personal friends whom he expects will stand
by him in the contest.

As in the case of the opposition, there
are supporters of the government who
think that a better ticket could have been
selected, but as in that case also, they
accept it as a good enough one for them,
and vow to stand by it through thick and
thin.

Indeed, so far as both sides talk, the de-
termination in the city proper is to vote
the straight tickets, and nothing but the
tickets, though it is admitted that some of

the outparishes are likely to develop a
good deal of cross-firing on the ballot
papers.

In the meantime the Provincial Secretary
looks and talks as genially as if the
"revolvers" had never arisen to threaten
his political future. To all appearance he
is taking things coolly as becometh a
veteran, but neither he nor any other can-
didate on either side is permitting the snow
to accumulate under his feet.

Nor, though the remark may be some-
what superfluous, considering the season,
does anyone of the twelve think there are
any flies on himself, or his immediate
vicinity.

AS IT IS IN YORK.

With Reference to the Candidatures of
Messrs. Blair and Gregory.

The ball has opened in York, and the
dance is set to quick music. George
F. Gregory is on the warpath in earnest.
He is reaching for the few remaining locks
that adorn the Premier's dome of thought.
The sentiments he is giving vent to in re-
spect (or disrespect) of his late partner are
peculiarly fitting a vigorous winter cam-
paign. But he will get some votes. Many
will vote for him because of his ability;
others because they love not Gregory more
but the Attorney General less. But the
most of his votes will come from those who
dearly love a scrimmage. They want to
see a breezy scene of the House this
winter. With Humphrey Price Webber in
the City Hall and George F. in the House
the happiness of the Celestials ought to be
complete.

Mr. Blair's friends say that he has really
no objection to seeing Mr. Gregory elected,
but when the enemy sounded the charge,
there was nothing left to do but close
ranks. The friends of the premier pre-
dict that the day when he and his grim an-
tagonist cross swords in the house will be
one of Arctic rigor for George.

Things are mixed in York. The *Gleaner*,
which Mr. Blair built up into a government
organ, rebels against the power that gave
it being and vigorously condemns all that
it formerly approved. The *Farmer*, which
poured the hottest kind of shot into the
government camp, is now raking the oppo-
sition fore and aft. So is the *Reporter*.
And on the runs of the *Capital* has risen
the *Herald*. The only paper in Frederic-
ton that preserves a strict neutrality is the
Royal Gazette.

Other things are queer in York. Mr.
Rowley, who is Mr. Gibson's right-hand
man, is making it warm for Mr. Gregory
in the Nashwaak Valley. But where is
Mr. Gibson? Mr. Gregory claims that he
is supporting him. Mr. Blair claims the
reverse. The last that was seen of Mr.
Gibson by any reliable person since the
fight commenced, he was strolling along
the roof of the cotton mill, whistling
"Down Goes McGinty." Public curiosity
is naturally at fever heat to know who
McGinty is, and whether his name is Andrew
or George.

ORCHARD.

The Bishop on Baseball.
Bishop Sweeney made base-ball the sub-
ject of his remarks at the 9 o'clock service
in the cathedral, Sunday morning. While
he had nothing to say against the game as
a healthful, athletic recreation, he suggested
that the devotion to it was greater than
was consistent with the well-being of the
people. He did not approve of people
leaving their work or neglecting their
duties, for an afternoon at a time, to wit-
ness a game. Such people, very often,
were reduced, by their idleness in the
summer, to the position of applicants for
charity, in the winter. The bishop did not
think that this was the right way for things
to be, and a good many outside of his flock
will agree with him.

A Memramcook Graduate.

Mr. E. J. McPhelim, the well-known and
widely-admired dramatic writer of the
Chicago Tribune, spent a portion of last
week in New York. Mr. McPhelim does
not often find himself in the East, and
when he does come this way he remains all
too short a time. He is one of the most
scholarly writers in this country, and he
has given to the *Chicago Tribune*, in its
dramatic department, a dignity and force
that are extremely creditable.—N. Y.
Dramatic News.

Mr. McPhelim, or "Ned" as he is com-
monly called, is well and favorably known
in St. John, where he spent most of his
earlier years. He is a graduate of Mem-
ramcook college.

The Club is Booming.

The Masonic Club has added a fine
billiard table to the attractions of its rooms,
and as there are pretty fair players among
the members, some interesting, not to say
scientific games, are likely to be witnessed
this winter. Additional attractions will be
added in the immediate future, as accessions
to the membership are being made
very rapidly and every effort will be made
to suit all tastes.

Quadrille Assemblies.

The private quadrille assemblies that
were held in Berryman's hall last month
will reopen on Wednesday evening the
15th instant.

HOW IT FEELS TO HAVE IT

THE GREAT AND ALL PREVAILING
MALADY DESCRIBED.

Just How La Grippe Gets in Its Fine Work
—The Actual Experience of One Who Has
Had it at Proof Strength, as Imported
From Russia by the Way of New York.

Have you had la grippe? No! Well,
never mind, there is plenty of time yet,
you may wake up at blush of morn-
tomorrow and find that like the ship Jean
Glawow, wrote about so beautifully, the
ship which came silently in while those who
were waiting for her slept, la grippe has
crept softly into your silent chamber
and perched himself sociably on the pillow
beside your sleeping head.

Perhaps you would like to know just
what he is like, so that you will recognize
him when he comes, and give him the
warm reception he deserves.

If you have escaped so far the writer has
not. For a whole weary week he has been
travelling a thorny way that did not seem
to lead anywhere in particular, and cer-
tainly had no gate of any kind, straight or
crooked. It hadn't even a turnpike so one
could pay toll and get through. And all
along the weary road Grip stuck to him
closer than a brother, till he began to
imagine that he was a sinner indeed, and
Grip was a sort of materialized conscience.
And to sit alone with his conscience was
judgment enough for him, and too much.

The first symptom of the approach of
our common enemy is a curious sensation
of greatness. You begin to imagine that
if you are not the Czar of Russia, or the
Princess Stephanie, you must at least be
a distinguished statesman, like the Marquis
of Salisbury, or a noted artist or musician.
You keep feeling pensively around your
head for a crown, and you step carefully
and daintily, lest there should be dynamite
sprinkled on the carpet, or an infernal
machine mixed up with the coal you re-
cently put on the fire.

As the disease progresses, this delusion
passes away, and you realize that you are
not a sovereign, but only a subject, and in
this instance at least, subject to more ills
than human flesh is legally heir to. Every
bone in your body rises up and proclaims
its separate individuality, and you are not
only ready to believe that the human frame
divine contains three hundred and some-
thing bones, but you are perfectly willing
to be convinced that you possess in your
own person some three thousand, and each
one has a well-developed ache of its own,
with an extra one thrown in for your head.

Amid all this inquisition of unpleasant-
ness your eyes stand out alone with equal
distinctness; you are thoroughly convinced
that they are immovably skewered into
your head with red hot knitting needles,
and you are greatly averse to trying
whether you really can move them or not.
You are quite satisfied to let them remain
in a quiescent state and let them alone, if
they will only do the same by you.

Your throat is so sore that by the law of
contrariety you want to swallow ten times
often than if nothing was the matter
with it, and there is a raw spot far down
in your chest that you keep perpetually
angling for, with a cough that never seems
to have line enough to reach it, for some-
how the spot always manages to keep just
ahead of the cough, which is naturally
momentarily exhausted after travelling down
some six inches of sore throat.

So much for the bony structure, the
windows of the soul and the throat, over
that erstwhile feature the nose. I would
fain draw the merciful veil of silence, but
it is not to be. Grip, with the nose left out
is worse—to use a simile that is get-
ting rather trayed around the edges, from
constant use—than Hamlet minus the hero;
the nose plays such an important part in
the fashionable epidemic, and if its use-
fulness is impaired in one way it is more
than doubled in another. And as an explosive
engine, as far as sneezing is concerned it
rivals the Gatling gun. It becomes such a
striking feature in your physiognomy that
unless you keep your aching eyes resolutely
fixed on space, you can see nothing else,
and the only advantage there is in that is
the fact that it would make everything
couleur de rose, because of the ruddy re-
flection it casts.

And oh! isn't it sore? and don't you
treat it with exaggerated respect? Yes,
verily! it feels about the size of a full
grown mangold wurtzell, and it is very
much the same color; old rose is not to be
mentioned in the same breath with it, it is
so fashionable.

Just add to these few symptoms, a weak-
ness of the lower limbs that rivals the
touching uncertainty of gait observable in
a two-weeks-old calf, and you have a true
and vivid description of the popular disease
of the hour, by one who has so recently
gone through it, that every impression is
yet fresh in his mind; and who has proved
his lack of all claim to distinction in the
fields of art or literature, by recovering
from it like any ordinary individual, in-
stead of dying like a hero. Should you
escape it, be thankful; but if not, as you
lie groaning and shivering on your couch of

pain, let it be consolation to you to know
that another brave man has been through
all that you are now enduring, and that
you have the heartfelt sympathy and tear-
ful prayers of

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

"IT MEANS—WAYS AND MEANS."

Secretary McLellan's Tonic and True Defini-
tion of "Executive Committee."

The gathering of the government clan
in Berryman's hall had its amusing features,
and some of them were very laughable. It
was not quite 8 o'clock when somebody
said that Ald. John Kelly was in the door-
way. "Eh! Kelly! What! Kelly!"
were the excited exclamations. But they
were the uninitiated. They did not know
that Alward and Stockton's turn-over had
been so generally followed. When, how-
ever, the expert beeler of Duffrin Ward
was followed by the rulers of Stanley, John
Comor and Jack McGoldrick, no argu-
ments were needed to convince the people
that something more than simple politics
was at the bottom of it all. Then there
were R. F. Quigley and John Welch, who
wanted to see how their old opponents
handled a political meeting.

No man was more at home than Sec-
retary McLellan. He knew everybody and
everybody knew him. His was the master
mind there, and his lieutenants took in-
structions and carried them out to the
letter. Mr. Lantalum's ultimatum was not
given until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and
whether the Catholic candidate would be
Carvill or Carleton was a question. Those
gentlemen and their friends had a lively
time canvassing for a short while for the
unanimous nomination, but neither would
give in, and both names went to the com-
mittee.

One would hardly imagine that Dr. John
Berryman was pugilistically inclined, and
yet his story of how he "plunked" the
Australian would point to the fact that he
can handle his dukes quite as scientifically
as he can the lance.

Hardly any of the speakers omitted to
say that they missed their old friends Alward
and Stockton, and it is safe to say that the
crowd missed them too. They missed their
talk—the rounded periods and elegant
perorations of Alward, and the sarcastic
references and knock-down points of Stock-
ton. What the government lack is speak-
ing talent. Outside of the secretary who
clears away the mist when he gets warmed
up, Sturdee and Thorne are the only men
who can claim even average talking power.

Mr. McLellan made a very good point
when John Kelly objected—only tempo-
rarily however—to the chair appointing the
executive committee. "The executive com-
mittee, gentlemen," he said, with a twinkle
of his eye, "means a great deal. It means
—ways and means." This definition
brought down the house.

May Be Called Lucky.

The young man who recently won a
\$15,000 prize in a lottery had a more
narrow escape from missing a fortune than
the public is aware. They say that after
buying his ticket he showed it to a friend,
a young lady, who was seriously annoyed
that he should believe in lotteries and
invest in them. To show her disapproval,
she proposed to tear up the ticket, which
she held in her hand, and actually started
to do so, but owing to the very vigorous
protest of the owner did not succeed in the
task. If the story is true, and it is gener-
ally believed to be, the young man has
more reason than ever to think himself
lucky. What he would have thought, had
the ticket been destroyed, can only be
imagined. And what would she have
thought?

Do Not Consider It a Joke.

The subjects of the initiation at "The
Cabinet," described in Progress last
week, decline to look on the affair in the
light of a very good joke. They have, in
fact, been very diligently seeking to identify
the gentlemen who conducted the cere-
monies, and have retained legal talent to
aid them in their investigations. The
colored man, who is a quiet, well-disposed
citizen, suffered more than the temporary
inconvenience of being soused in a tub of
not specially clean water. His clothes
were damaged permanently, and he is
likely to make somebody pay for them be-
fore he is done with the matter.

Take It Down.

It isn't much 'of a thing to grumble
about, but as trifling annoyances make up
the sum of human vexation, it is time the
Sydney street gate of the Old Burial
Ground was put out of commission for the
winter. In slippery and snowy weather it
is more than an inconvenience to every
man, woman and child who has to bother
with it. There may be some reason for a
gate in the summer, but in the winter it is
simply a nuisance. Take it down, gentle-
men, before some irate pedestrian does the
job for you in a rougher way.

After Stock-Taking 20 per cent. Reduc-
tions on all Photograph Albums, at Mc-
Arthur's Bookstore, 80 King Street.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

HOW CAN SOCIETY GET RID OF
DISSOLUTE YOUNG MEN?

By the Leaders of Society Refusing Them
Entrée, to Their Homes—The Disgraceful
Act of Some "Society" Men and How It
was Whitewashed.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: An intimate
friend of mine has among her numerous acquain-
tances a few young men who have conducted them-
selves in such a manner recently that she hesitates
to invite them to her house. The complaint is fre-
quently made that "young men are scarce," and one
would think that with that knowledge they are
inclined to act in such a manner as to be boycotted
by decent society. Is there any remedy for the evil?
M. J. C.

It is simply a revival of the old problem,
and there is no lady with sufficient courage
to take the lead and "bell the cat." Pro-
gress can illustrate the difficulty in no
better way than by relating an incident
that occurred quite recently in a provincial
city, where there is much society, divided
into more layers than a box of raisins.
Three men—it would not do to call them
gentlemen—all of whom could and had
moved in the "first circles," so far forgot
themselves one night as to mistake a
respectable house on one street for a dis-
reputable house on another street. They
demanded entrance, and when the citizen
and his family, roused by the awful clamor,
refused their demand, they exhausted their
dictionary of epithets and insults and left.

When called to account next day they had
had no excuse save that they had mistaken
the house! They refused to apologise and
found the affair the talk of the town in a
few hours. There names were no secret,
though the local press suppressed them.
They stood on the police court records a
short time afterward with the respective
fines opposite. Since they were "society"
men the trial was held in the evening, and
the affair was hushed as much as possible.

Surely you will say that these men should
have been debarred from society, from
associating with the pure and unsullied girls
and women of respectable homes. That
would be a right common-sense conclusion.
But no such thing happened. Those men
who had been going into "society" went
there still. With the knowledge that they
possessed of their act, society leaders sent
out invitations to them in the same mail
with those to the fairest and best girls in
the place. Nay, more than that, they per-
mitted their daughters to accompany the
same characters under their protection(?)
on sleigh drives!

Is any other illustration needed? Is not
this incident enough to show where the
fault lies? If the women who control and
select society would have a little more firm-
ness and insist that good character should
be a man's first passport to the drawing
rooms of respectable people, the complaint
could not be made that they winked at
everything. Progress is informed that
society intends yet to frown upon those who
figured in the police court on such a charge
but several opportunities have already
passed without it being done.

The North End Growing.

A correspondent calls attention to the
rapid progress of the North End during
the last few years, in the way of residences
and stores. He instances the fact that
Main street is now one of the principal
business portions of the new city. The
old vacant lot that stood uncultivated so
many years at the corner of the Black
Spring road is now covered with one of the
finest business stores in the city, and is
owned and to be occupied by Mr. Young.
The old police building, now known as the
City building, and leased by Mr. Hugh
Stevens, is undergoing a transformation,
and will be occupied below by that gentle-
man, while the second floor is already in
use for dental purposes by Dr. J. D.
Maher. A handsome three-story building
has just been completed opposite Sheriff
street, and is occupied by Hamm Bros.
Many other instances might be quoted to
show that this part of the city has a flour-
ishing future.

Pertinent to the Season.

When the south side of King street is
slippery, it is decidedly and dangerously
so. Knowing this a good many people
avoid it. It might be money in the
pockets of the storekeepers if they would
utilize their ashes to remedy this frequent
state of affairs. They have lots of nice
things in their stores, and some of the
prices are remarkably low, though not low
enough to make a person run the risk of
a broken limb. Try the trick.

No Doubt of It Now.

It is a big point in favor of the summer
climate of New Brunswick that the Algon-
quin hotel, at St. Andrews, achieved such
a marked success last summer, leaving the
famed Bar Harbor houses far in the rear.
Nor should it be forgotten that the man
who managed the hotel had something to
do with the result, so satisfactory to the
stockholders. The Algonquin may expect
a still better season next summer.

KIT.—You should sign your name when
sending letters to this paper.

THEY PAID TOO MUCH.

A Somewhat Lavish Expenditure by Some
of the Government Candidates.

It is not often that a paper can count its
increase of circulation by the cartload,
but one evening daily which suddenly
turned from red hot opposition to incan-
descent government advocacy may make
that boast. A sloven load of this
suddenly converted sheet attracted a
good deal of attention as it stood
in front of Berryman's hall, the other
day, and provoked a good many
humorous remarks from people on both
sides of politics. It was suggested that
tenders for such of the stuff as could not
be given away be asked from Messrs.
Lantalum and McGoldrick at the close of
the campaign.

In addition to the papers purchased, it is
stated that the proprietor of this enter-
prising sheet holds a note for \$500, made
by one of the government candidates and
endorsed by another, on which he has been
endeavoring to raise the cash.

The general impression on both sides of
politics is that the price paid was a liberal
one, as by a little dickering the conversion
could have been effected for less than half
the amount named. With a little diplo-
macy, the purchase might have been made
for \$200 and a bottle of whiskey. How-
ever, the purchasers probably know what
they are about, and if they are satisfied,
the public ought to be.

Some well-informed men are unkind
enough to say that the move is simply
made to get the paper out of the way.
The party has an old and reliable evening
paper, which is all that it needs, and is not
likely to support another one beyond
using it for what little it may be
worth during the campaign. After that it
will be let severely alone. As the apostate
sheet can expect no further support from
the former patrons from whom it has se-
cured advertising and subscriptions under
false pretenses, it will die of its own accord.
The government candidates have put a
nickle in the slot to see the machine turn,
but nobody else will repeat the experiment.

The prospect is blue
For the Evening Gleaner.

A MAN'S FUR IS RUFFLED

When He Has to Wait More Than An Hour
at Fredericton Junction.

The present arrangement of the New
Brunswick railway trains has excited a
good deal of criticism and provoked con-
siderable abuse from those whose who are
not satisfied with it. There is room for
criticism, but the abuse is uncalled for.
The Fredericton press and correspondents
have given liberal expression to their views
and are somewhat surprised that the
effect has not been as marked as they
anticipated. The up river parishes are also
after the railway with a sharp stick, and
should any official venture out alone there
is no telling what might happen him.

No doubt the time table is unsatisfactory;
it was made to suit the through tables of
the Canadian Pacific and Maine Central
and for the time being the local traffic is
suffering. Progress refers more particu-
larly to that between Fredericton and
St. John. There are plenty of trains, but
the trouble is that they go and come at in-
convenient hours and some of them tarry
too long at that place of pronounced desola-
tion, Fredericton Junction. The train of
all others that the celestials patronize to
get out of town leaves their city at half-
past ten in the morning, and when it gets
to the Junction waits for three quarters of
an hour for the Canadian Pacific, which
would not be too bad if that train was on
time once in a while. But that is the ex-
ception and to wait for the Boston train,
which arrives an hour