

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.
WALTER L. SAWYER, Editor.

Subscription, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; 10 cents a month; free by carrier or mail. Papers will be stopped promptly at the expiration of time paid for. Advertisements, \$10 an inch a year, net charges not received later than Thursday.

Every article appearing in this paper is written especially for it, unless otherwise credited. News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if at all possible.

The composition and presswork of this paper are done by union men.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.
Office: No. 121-3 Canterbury St. (Richards Building)

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 2.

GIVE US A CHANGE.

Citizens should watch with the closest interest the action of the city council in awarding the contract for paving Union street. There are three tenders in for this work, and all of them come from reputable men. We can see no reason why the street committee of the council should recommend the acceptance of the highest tender.

We know it has been done before, in contracts worth thousands, but the time has come when the tax-payers begin to question seriously the advisability of paying big prices to big firms when the work can be done just as well for less money.

Of what use, aldermen, are your city engineer and street superintendent, if they cannot see that Union street is paved as you want it? If you can trust these officials to overlook this work and see that it is properly done, why not give the contract to the lowest tender and save the city several hundred dollars?

What a miserable farce this "asking for tenders" is, when in eight cases out of ten influence, not figures, gets the contract!

THE "HAMPERING" OFFICIALS.

If some of the officials of Portland will only let Capt. Rawlings and his men have their way and not hamper them in doing their duty, liquor selling and drinking in Portland on Sunday will be reduced very considerably in a short time.—*The Sun*.

This is refreshing. Who are the "officials" who are hampering you, Capt. Rawlings? Relieve your mind and give PROGRESS a chance to talk to these individuals. We believe, Capt. RAWLINGS, that this statement is true; that the police force and you as its chief have been hampered in the discharge of your duties by "rummy officials"; that had it not been for their interference and vacillation, aided by the cowardice and inefficiency of other city officials, the Scott act would not now be a dead letter in Portland, and instead of being the refuge for the disreputable saloon keepers of St. John it would be a temperate city. We believe this, Capt. RAWLINGS, but at the same time we think it was a part of your duty a year ago to make this public. This Sunday and every day liquor traffic has been carried on since the day the Scott act was supposed to be in force, and only now when PROGRESS and the public demand the enforcement of the law is a move made.

We hope that the "interfering officials" will take a vacation; that their bar-room influence will cease of its effect and that "liquor selling and drinking" will not only be "reduced very considerably" in Portland on Sunday, but be stopped altogether, and—in conclusion, Capt. RAWLINGS—we trust that you and your force will set the example.

UNCHANGED IN DISPOSITION.

The United States senate survives, but its dignity has received a severe shock. By a vote of 21 to 19, that body decided to consider the fisheries treaty with open doors, and it is more than probable that this action marks the end of the star-chamber conclaves which have been dubbed executive sessions.

"The senate," says the New York Herald's Washington correspondent, "fancies itself a very aristocratic body, because it can go into secret session, drive the people out of the galleries, shut out the press and amuse itself in its ridiculous way in secret."

During the discussion of this treaty, at least, no one can say that the senate is the abiding-place of the codfish aristocracy.

It will be more likely to prove, as in times past when Canada was in question, the home of the shark.

WHO WILL BE THE CANDIDATE?

The retirement of Sir CHARLES TUPPER from Canadian public life deprives Nova Scotia of her ablest champion, her sturdiest and most successful representative, and Canada loses an astute politician. He represented Cumberland for 33 years. It is only natural that great interest should be taken in the election to fill the vacancy.

Who can fill the shoes of this political prodigy? The probable Conservative candidate is Mr. A. R. DICKY. Mr. DICKY belongs to a family whose traditions date from the time when that part of Acadia had no English settlers, and, more or less, it has always led the politics of Cumberland. He is a son of Senator DICKY, who, though long past the three score and ten, still teaches the senate the soundest constitutional law, a grandson of the old Conservative leader, JAMES STEWART, C.B., a grand nephew of Hon. JAMES S. MOSE, sometime speaker of the Nova Scotia assembly.

Mr. DICKY is young, an able and successful lawyer, the head of a leading legal firm, and a man of unimpeachable character. He is a strong and logical speaker; rather defective, however, in warmth and emotion.

The Temperance party will, of course, run JOHN THOMAS BULMER, who is recognized as a close competitor with GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN for the championship of crinkdom.

The Liberals meet in a few days to determine their candidate. Their strongest man is Hon. Mr. PIPES, who is a powerful and persuasive speaker and a splendid canvasser. His political course has, however, been one succession of dismal failures. Mr. T. R. BLACK, M. P. P., is another possible candidate, who it is claimed will capture both the Baptist and temperance vote.

How either one of these would rattle round in Tupper's shoes!

BWARE OF THE QUACK!

We hope that the number of fools in this city is so small that the quack missionary who proposes to remain with us for some time will not take in enough to pay his board.

Every man or woman who has any respect for him or herself, and the city, will avoid the quack. There is no field in St. John for any such medical missionary, and we hope, when he arrives, he will take his cue from this article and leave town.

Experience has taught St. John that it would have been better for the people had they never seen a quack doctor. No city in the world of the same size can boast of a more competent medical staff—of men who are better known at home and abroad. We do not know if the quack has a license. If he has not it is the duty of the medical council to look after him; but first, last and always it is the duty of the people to avoid this professional tramp who attracts the gullible by extravagant and lying advertisements, only to ruin them and their health.

We speak as we think on this matter. Quack medicine is bad, but the quack doctor is worse.

HIRE A HALL.

The St. John city and county members of the dominion parliament are once more with us.

We are gratified to note that their exertions on behalf of their country have not seriously impaired their health. Mr. WELDON has lost no flesh; Mr. SKINNER has added no wrinkles and very few gray hairs; Mr. ELLIS' laugh is as hearty and his smile as care-free as though he were a truly-loyal citizen enjoying private life.

Some of their constituents, unfortunately, conclude from these appearances that neither of these gentlemen has done any work in Ottawa; certain carpers have hinted that they were seldom active except on salary day; and there are indications that this dissatisfaction will come to a head in the case of that dear old grandmother, the *Sun*, and that she will untie her bonnet-strings and settle down for a good long scold.

Why not forestall this, gentlemen, and quiet the critics by hiring a hall and telling the people what you did in Ottawa?

BEGINNING LIFE.

The "commencement" season, so called, has come with the time of roses, and Nature's buds and blossoms and those in which Art has had a hand are all around us.

It is not unusual to slight the expressions of hope and promise with which our valedictorians greet the future; to smile, somewhat sadly perhaps, at the intensity which they promise to bring to the performance of life's duties; but PROGRESS feels nothing but sympathy for these young men and maidens—a sympathy untouched by indifference or contempt.

At all ages, we are prone to dwell upon what society owes to us; but it is sadly true that we seldom carry beyond our college days a clear conviction of what we owe to society.

The world's teaching will soon enough remedy the weaknesses—ineexperience, egotism, ignorance of practical things—to which the young scholar is liable. Let us hope that it will not also put an end to his generous enthusiasm!

It is upon the young men and women that the world's advance in the future depends. Their ideals can never be too high; their plans can never be too "impracticable"—that is to say, too unselfish; their principles can never be held too firmly or stated too forcibly.

We exhort them, therefore, to be of good courage; and, while they temper their zeal with discretion, as their friends advise, to beware that they do not use the discretion to replace the zeal.

Now that the shapely paper-weight on King square is again agitating the minds of so many of our citizens of the softer sex, why not embellish it with some suitable adornment sacred to the memory of her who maintained her amiability through the house-cleaning season?

We have read your "Prison Thoughts" very carefully, Mr. HAWKE. They have somehow a morbid interest for us. No person can say that some day PROGRESS or any other New Brunswick journal will not

be edited from your stone-walled sanctum. In view of such an undesirable calamity, Mr. HAWKE, and in the interest of our fellow-journalists, we ask you to devote one column of the *Transcript* to Mr. HAWTHORNE'S menu.

And, while you are about it, Mr. HAWKE, give us, please, your opinion of tea parties!

Graduates of the University of New Brunswick should rally round the memory of that courteous gentleman and fine scholar, Dr. WILLIAM BRYDNE-JACK. Aid your alma mater and perpetuate his name at one and the same time! One thousand dollars is a small sum to raise, and already one-tenth is subscribed. Few of the sons of the university are rich, yet there are few who could not give from \$5 to \$25 for such an object.

We propose next Saturday to give an interesting sketch of the life of His Lordship Bishop SWEENEY, accompanied by his portrait. This series has been very popular. Our only regret in connection with it is that we have been unable to supply the demand for copies of the paper. If those who want extra copies would send their orders to the office during the week they would suffer no disappointment Saturday.

Unhappy France! With CLEMENCEAU and General CHARENTÉ shrieking vows of affection into either ear, with BOULANGER clapping her by the waist, with her displaced bridegroom, SADI-CARNOT, pleading for some token of recognition—three of them threatening breach-of-promise suits and the fourth contemplating desertion—she must feel that some of her caresses in the past have been too lavishly bestowed.

We observe that the Fredericton Park association has resolved to impound all cattle found trespassing on its grounds. Were we not afraid of gutting the beef market, we would suggest that the Fredericton city council nail a similar resolution to its mast. But then, Fredericton wouldn't be Fredericton without the cows upon the green.

Again the former Republican leader stuns the United States, by announcing that he will not be a candidate for president. Canada receives the blow with fortitude, not to say equanimity. Mr. BLAINE has not yet attained to the dignity of Colossus and this great dominion has no use for a man who is unable, upon occasion, to fill both countries!

Every consumer of cotton, in other words, everybody, is indebted to the New Brunswick cotton king for his victorious stand against the Canadian cotton combine. Combines are very good affairs for the capitalists, but they don't suit the people. Mr. GUNSON can have no better advertisement for his cotton.

At Chubb's corner, Wednesday, auctioneer HANINGTON sold the lot and building on Canterbury street, occupied by the *Sun* Publishing company, subject to a mortgage of \$2,000, for \$20 above the mortgage. It is to be inferred that the extra \$20 measures the value of the *Sun* as a newspaper property.

The general assembly of the Presbyterian church south finds that the "obstacles" in the way to union with the northern general assembly have not been removed, and therefore refuses to take action. It is a most ungenerous reception of a proposal which was made in the true spirit of Christian fellowship.

There is little doubt, if any number of Fredericton business men made proper representations to Inspector KING, they could have a mail from that city by the late train. Complaints are numerous, but the citizens have the remedy in their own hands.

The attention of Mayor THORNE is directed to the charges against Chief Inspector MARSHALL. If Chief MARSHALL does not know what his duty is, it is time he took a few lessons. One would imagine, however, that he had arrived at years of discretion.

Rev. H. P. COWPERTHWAIT, M. A., states that he has reasons for the faith that is in him—as good reasons, indeed, as JOHN WESLEY had. His straightforward and thought-provoking letter in this issue will be read with much interest.

In the common council, Wednesday, Ald. MCCARTHY said that he had found the women far worse than the men in destroying King square. A more vicious blow at the W. C. T. U. fountain was never aimed by anybody.

The firemen should have holidays. The fire department committee of the common council will do a just act—not by any means a generous one—if it decides to give them at least a week in the year.

Welcome back, Chairman RUEL! The Free Public Library commission has been lost without you. We trust that it has gained wisdom and you have found rest in your brief vacation.

PROVINCIAL CHAT.

James H. Mulhall, agent of the Canada Railway News company in this city, has published a neat, convenient and instructive guide book of New Brunswick. The tourist public and indeed hundreds of New Brunswickers will appreciate such a handy and unfailing travelling companion. Honesty requires the assertion that some of the illustrations are not faithful, and instead of being used in every pamphlet of this kind sent out of St. John, should be cast aside as rubbish. For example, a stranger looking upon the cantilever bridge and falls would be puzzled just where to locate the latter, above or below the structure. The book costs 25 cents, and is worth double the money.

Those silly, sentimental creatures who place such implicit faith in local Christian Scientists, so called, should take warning by the fate of Mrs. Lottie R. James, of Medford, Mass., whose life paid the forfeit for her mother's adherence to faith cure. We fancy that Christian Science is good enough for hundreds of weak persons, who are always "ailing," or think they are, but in genuine illness give us the skilled physician as a preferable guide to health and strength.

Over 1,000 volunteers will assemble at camp Chatham, June 26. The grounds selected are of the best, and the facilities for transportation, always important, are as good as any provincial town can boast of. The corps to attend the camp at Chatham are the 8th Princess Louise Hussars, Newcastle Field Battery of Artillery, Brighton Engineers, Infantry-school corps, 73rd Northumberland Battalion and the 74th Battalion.

Eight M. L. A. graduates came from Sackville this week. They were Miss Lizzie Beharrell, Amherst, N. S.; Miss Clara Dickie, Truro, N. S.; Miss Lizzie Heartz, Amherst, N. S.; Miss Janice Heartz, Amherst, N. S.; Miss Mabel Patterson, Sackville; Miss Lillia Mounce, Avondale, N.S.; Miss Ada Howard, North River, P. E. I.; Miss Josephine Marshall, Bear River, N. S.

The following ladies and gentlemen took their A. B. degree: Alvan Allan, Albert Co.; R. P. Alexander, Stanhope, P. E. I.; T. D. Blaikie, Great Village, N. S.; Clarence E. Casey, Amherst, N. S.; George F. Dawson, Campbellton, N. B.; P. C. L. Harris, Halifax; Aubrey C. Smith, Sackville; W. J. Howard, Cornwall, P. E. I.; A. C. Dennis, Margate, P. E. I.; Fred. H. Pickles, Halifax; Miss Annie Burwash, Sackville; Miss Sarah Shenton, Charlotte-town.

A correspondent writes that the newest fad among Halifax young ladies is called "tips." They count every time a gentleman tips his hat to them and when they reach 100 tips, the 100th gentleman is supposed to be the one the lady receiving the tip will marry. The "tips" craze is spreading rapidly and the young ladies are heard counting the tips as they pass them on the street.—*Phonograph*.

We have heard of a St. John young lady who tried this, and to her great disgust the 100th bow came from a married Methodist minister. She says she decidedly objects to waiting for that man's wife to die and his months of mourning to pass, and doesn't want him anyway.—*Chatham World*.

But tips from married men don't count, Brother Stewart!

A *Transcript* correspondent has let himself loose upon the *Times* for remarking that some staid old Presbyterians in a New Brunswick town kicked because the Weber quartette was invited to sing in their choir, but the Wizard Oil company sang in the Presbyterian church in Summerside on a recent Sunday.

There is one striking resemblance between the two concerns named above—both of them want advertising. The church authorities are fools to allow travelling concert companies the free use of their choir channels. We suggest that after this they be invited to place \$20 in the collection.

Mr. Norman L. Munro, the celebrated publisher of New York, sends us a copy of his publication, the New York Family Story Paper, with a request to insert in the *Pioneer* a flattering notice thereof, for which he will send us in return some of his popular novels. We must decline to comply with his request. We do not care to be responsible for influencing any one to peruse the trashy and sensational literature which this so-called family paper often supplies its readers. Mr. Munro, who is a Haligonian, is a gentleman who has done much for the higher education of the young men and young women of the maritime provinces, as well as of the United States, and for this he deserves all praise; but we incline to the opinion that if all the harm such of his publications as this *Family Story Paper* have done in poisoning the minds of its readers were weighed with the good he has accomplished the latter would be found sadly wanting.—*Summerside Pioneer*.

C. Bruce Macdougall, formerly of Moncton, is taking a course at the Boston Journalistic college.—*Sun*.

He needs it.

How the Girls Kiss.

The St. John girl bows her stately head, And she fixes her stylish lips In a firm, hard way, and lets them go In spasmodic little snips.

The Woodstock girl says never a word, And you'd think she was rather tame, With her practical view of the matter in hand, But she gets there all the same.

The St. Stephen girl gets a grip on herself, And she carefully takes off her hat; Then she grabs up the prize in a frenzied way, Like a boxer shaking a rat.

The Fredericton girl, so gentle and sweet, Lets her lips meet the coming kiss, With a rapturous warmth, and the youthful soul Flies away on the sea of bliss.

—*Fredericton Farmer*.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

What a privilege it is in these days of railway catastrophe for a man's wife and family to be able to turn out into the green fields of reflection, and pasture for a whole afternoon upon the consolation that *paternoster* is travelling on a railway which has a record unstained by explosion, untarnished by collision, unscathed by derailment, unblemished by even a hot-box. Mrs. Bory always feels that her wandering hubby is safe when he is on the Kent Northern, and for this reason, she does not allow him to foolishly squander his money on accident insurance; so that every time Rory Bory travels over the K. N. R., Madam Bory's pin money is increased to the extent of an insurance premium. Tourists who insure against accident on the K. N. R. only do so either through ignorance or for style. Yes, there is no doubt about it, the K. N. R. is a safe line. It just makes me dizzy when I very suddenly and quite unexpectedly have my thoughts turned from the time of the ox-cart to that point in the world's career which is occupied by the K. N. R. In the language of the high sheriff I "REITERATE" that Kent county runs upon its bosom a perfect gem of a safe railway. Safe, because it is owned by John C. Brown; SAFE, because it is managed by E. E. Phair; SAFE, because whenever the bloomin' *chemin de fer*, or *chemin d'enfer*, does happen to run, its speed averages about eight miles an hour.

P. S. It was a traveller from Arkansas, who remarked that the cow-catcher was on the wrong end of the K. N. R. express.

While walking along the middle of Orange street the morning I left St. John, I observed a little eight-year-old colored lad, with books under arm, heading for school. He was a venturesome youngster, and attempted to brave the sidewalk (so-called), where rocks rise four or five inches above the level of the street. But he had not been braving it very long before he tripped and fell flat upon his nose. "Say, Mistah," he grimly remarked to me as he quickly regained his feet, "Gues dar's no rial road to larnin' fo' de fellah what goes to school by de sou' side ob Orange street."

I don't approve of paper hanging the exterior of a church with posters announcing the importation of molasses and flour, although those articles, when properly prepared, may make very acceptable cake for a church festival. I prefer to see such announcements in the advertising columns of PROGRESS. But if the firm whose advertisement I observed, a few days ago, posted on the front of the Salvation building, are determined to further their worldly interests through the influence of the army, I should advise them to apply to General Booth for a ten inch space on the end of the big drum. It is quite the correct thing, gentlemen, to drum up your business, you know.

Moncton ornithologist to his little six-year-old son: "Billy, what kind of a bird is the hawk?"

"The Hawke, dad, is a jail-bird, of course," answered Billy, very promptly.

The word "collision" generally suggests a smashed-up train, and that's just about the sort of thing that happened to my experience between St. John and Sussex, very recently. The train that I ran against was a freight on a down grade, carrying a full head of steam, but not a solitary brake. This train was Citizen George, and the freight consisted of a quantity of raw-leaf and manufactured nonsense sufficient to glut the markets of the whole world.

Citizen Train requests PROGRESS to announce, at regular rates, the fact that he will promptly, carefully and personally attend to any malignant libel-monger who dares to say that he selected Sussex for his headquarters in preference to St. John, because a great man appears greater still in a small town. "I avoid St. John," said Citizen George, a little excitedly, "because it is a city, and the only one that I know of, where a first mortgage doesn't count. Taxes take all and call for more."

AMONG THE ARTISTS.

The first annual exhibition of American oil paintings in Chicago has been opened to the public, and the attendance has thus far been very large. Two prizes will be awarded—the first, the Ellsworth prize of \$800, to be given to the best oil painting by an American artist in the United States and not previously exhibited in that part of the country; the second, which is the Art Institute prize of \$250, will go to the best oil painting by an American anywhere.

It appears that Boston is to enjoy another exhibition of rare prints, while New York looks hungrily on, and yet these prints, as before, will come to Boston from New York. The exhibition of Albert Durer's work, which will be held at the Boston Art Museum in the autumn, will undoubtedly be as carefully organized, and as complete as the Rembrandt exhibition of last year. The majority of the etchings in that exhibition came from the Sewall collection in New York. The majority of the Durer woodcuts will come from the same collection, which contains over 18,000 old prints. There are about 6,000 in the admirable Gray collection, owned by Harvard University, and at present in the Boston Art Museum. Mr. Sewall began collecting in 1847.

OF COURSE IT IS.

"Progress" is Clean.
The moral tone of the paper is good and it promises well in every way.—*Presbyterian Witness*.

Maintaining its present standard must become popular.—*Woodstock Sentinel*.

A handsome six-column quarto.—*Press and Printer*.

Looks very fine.—*The Jury*.

Makes an excellent appearance mechanically, printed on superior paper from new type.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Typographically and otherwise presents a very attractive appearance.—*Halifax Mail*.

Its neat appearance makes it very attractive.—*Newcastle Advocate*.

Original.

Occupies a field peculiarly its own.—*Daily Sun*.

The various departments are admirably filled, being in charge of able men.—*Halifax Mail*.

Represents in several respects new departments in our provincial journalism.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Is entirely free from plate matter and is filled with bright, racy articles, nearly all of which are original.—*Sackville Post*.

Exceedingly well got up and filled with excellent reading, mostly original.—*Presbyterian Witness*.

We are very much pleased with its appearance.—*Chicago Horseman*.

It purposes occupying a field in journalism which is certainly not overcrowded.—*Charlottetown Guardian*.

Etc., Etc., Etc.,

A bright, newsy sheet.—*Portland Transcript*.

The characteristics of the new-comer include good typographical work, good taste in arrangement of matter, and good paper and presswork. It PROGRESS will give some special attention to the manufacturing industries of the maritime provinces it will help wonderfully in "booming" Canada.—*Canadian Manufacturer*.

Looks well, and is fresh and newsy.—*Religious Intelligence*.

Neatly printed, ably conducted, and full of interest.—*Windsor, N. S. Journal*.

Promises to be a lively, wide-awake and readable paper, independent and fair in criticism on all subjects.—*Chatham World*.

Contains a great deal of reading matter and presents a good appearance.—*Halifax Echo*.

A real live journal.—*Maritime Farmer*.

The editorials are sharp, bright and well to the point, and the selected matter is of the best.—*Halifax Mail*.

Newsy and well printed.—*Montreal Shareholder*.

As Might Be Expected.

The editors are a promising couple of live young journalists, with ability and experience, who will undoubtedly give the Blue-nose metropolis a good newspaper.—*Bangor Industrial Journal*.

The base-ball reporter of that excellent paper, PROGRESS, understands his business thoroughly, and the same may be said of the dramatic and musical critics of the staff. There has been no paper in the province that has ever undertaken to fearlessly criticise the capabilities and the incapacities of the artists who appear there in the same certain manner, and we are glad to see it.—*Sporting and Dramatic News*.

Promises exceedingly well, and under the energetic and painstaking literary direction and supervision of Messrs. Carter and Sawyer, will no doubt more than sustain the favorable impression already formed.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Gives evidence of marked ability on the part of the editors.—*Educational Review*.

Far exceeds the expectations that were formed of it.—*St. Croix Courier*.

Reflects credit on its enterprising proprietors.—*Moncton Transcript*.

More than fulfills all the promises contained in the prospectus.—*Woodstock Sentinel*.

Therefore It Takes the First Place

From a typographical and literary standpoint, the paper has every claim to a place in the front ranks of Canadian journalism.—*Boston Evening Traveller*.

A paper which has been unsurpassed in its particular line in the history of New Brunswick journalism.—*St. Croix Courier*.

A most desirable addition to maritime province journalism.—*Halifax Critic*.

A most creditable addition to the New Brunswick press.—*Newcastle Advocate*.

The matter is all spicy and readable, and the paper ought to make a great hit.—*Bangor Commercial*.

Shows a thorough knowledge in selections, bright and new local and sparkling editorials, that will ensure for it the first position among provincial publications.—*South Portland, Me., Sentinel*.

There is plenty of room for such a paper, especially at the top.—*Charlottetown Guardian*.

And Has Come to Stay.

Bound to be a success.—*Sackville Post*.

Must become popular.—*Woodstock Sentinel*.

Its success is assured.—*St. Croix Courier*.

Should "catch on" with the people of St. John, who generally know a good thing when they see it.—*The Jury*.

It is bound to succeed.—*Halifax Mail*.

SOCIAL.

"MART" WR.

And Conclude "Lynn's" "MART" WR.

My Dear letter must have incipient terror your head, so happy frame of a less or

The tea, Saturday afternoon satisfaction way, if it were night add coffee was from any acco little house or splendid in curtains for the fine snowy made most excellent courts ground to talk people talking tennis, and y nice sort of v celebrate it

Mr. Gubb's Friday night, fair, though for amateur c on the decline added attracti is a very prett case of Mr. G with great car chestra, made harmonic clu feel sure will ing reflects gr our musical chestra.

You ask if are likely to fi think