rpet Warerooms,
G STREET.
ant of Handsome Carpets,
oleums, or House Furnish-
select from the Largest
e Provinces.
PRICES!
m - - 30c. per yard.
- $1.00 "
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TTERS have been long found to be the most
GESTION, DISEASE OF THE LIVER
RRITABILITY of the BOWELS.
In all cases of DEBILITY, whether arising from illness, fatigue or other causes, they will prove eminently serviceable and afford incalculable benefit.
- - 170 City Road, St. John, N. B.
B. BARKER & SONS, Wholesale Agents.

PARKS,
er of all kinds of——
SEAMLESS HOSIERY.
eavy Wear made from our own Yarns.
MADE TO ORDER.
and Union Streets, St. John, N. B.

Mrs. Fred Prince gave a very pleasant card party last evening.

Miss M. Dimock won the silver badge, as most expert tennis player and best in ladies' singles, at the annual tournament of the club, last week. Mr. D. C. Blair carried off the gentlemen's prize, a cup, for first in gentlemen's singles.

Mrs. Lockwood and Miss Minnie Watson, who have been visiting the former's daughter, Mrs. D. T. Hanson, left for their home in Woodstock, N. B., this morning.

Mr. Richard Craig, of R. Craig & Son, grocers, of the West-end here, left town on Monday for Pictou, where he will figure as one of the principals in a pleasing event, namely, his marriage with Miss Sadie Fraser, of Hardwood Hill, Pictou. Miss Fraser has been, until lately, well known and liked in her connection with the Western Union staff here, having charge, until recently, of the company's office. Mr. and Mrs. Craig will go to Ottawa on their bridal tour, and will then return and take possession of the cottage which has been refitted and newly furnished for their occupancy.

Mrs. W. E. Stavert, so well known in Moncton social circles, is visiting friends here. PEG.

MILLTOWN.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Milltown at the post office.]

Mr. Andrew Mungall, overseer of the dye-house, St. Croix mill, returned from Scotland last week, where he had been spending the summer. Mrs. Mungall and child also returned, but are, at present in Lawrence, Mass. We are glad to welcome Mr. Mungall back.

Mr. B. Ripley has moved into his new home, the Samuel Darling house, which he has had rebuilt and repainted, and which is now one of the prettiest houses in town.

Mr. David L. Williams left Monday for a pleasure trip through the New England states.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Balkam are visiting their son, Mr. Hugh Balkam, in Canning, N. S.

Bernard McAdam returned from Nantasket last week much benefitted by his vacation. He informs us that it is a long and winding lane back home, but Milltown is rich enough for him yet.

Miss Anna McLain, of this town, and Mr. Stephen Gardner, of Calais, left on Monday for Lewiston, Me. They will be the guests of the Misses Sawyer, of Auburn, formerly of Milltown, during their stay.

Mr. Charles T. Vose is home from Wilmington, Del., on his annual vacation.

Milltown sent quite a delegation to the Maine State fair, at Lewiston, Monday morning, among which were: J. Ellwell, pattern-maker of St. Croix cotton mill machine shop; Geo. Howard, T. O'Leary and Charles Newton, also of the machine shop.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cronan left on Monday night to visit friends in Portland and Boston.

Miss Agnes Martin has gone to Lewiston to attend state fair.

Ladies, if you want excellent ice cream go to Washington's, Charlotte street.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Woodstock at Everett' Bookstore.]

SEPT. 11.—Mr. and Miss Brayley left Monday morning for their home in Montreal.

Miss Jeffrey (Fredericton) is the guest of Miss Florie Smith.

Mrs. and Miss Ada McWha, of St. Stephen, are the guests of Mrs. James McDonald.

Miss Carrie Munro has returned from a very pleasant visit to Nova Scotia.

Miss Eagles and Miss Tapley (St. John) are the guests of Mrs. David Tapley.

Miss Annie Bull left last Wednesday afternoon for Montreal.

Mr. Jo P. Barnes and bride, of St. John, spent Sunday at the Wilber House.

Miss Gertie Jones left last week to visit friends in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Mrs. Dr. Smith gave quite a large "at home" last week. Every one present pronounced it the event of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. MacLaughlin, of St. John, were in town last week. MAGNOLIA.

Latest and most accurate foreign and local base ball news at the "National," the ball tosser's retreat

Long Lists in Every Mail.
Hundreds Taking Advantage of Progress' Offer.
NOW COMES THE GRAND RESULT;
Subscriptions Flowing in From Everywhere.
A Great Boom For Progress.

PROGRESS.

A Dollar for Twenty Names,
Or Better, a Year's Subscription to 'Progress.'
READ ALL ABOUT IT ON PAGE 7.
Send in a List of Your Absent Friends.
Please Yourself and Friends.

VOL. II., NO. 73. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1889. PRICE THREE CENTS

NO TRUST AT PRESENT.

THE COUNCIL THINKS IT IS ABLE TO RUN THE HARBOR.

It Has Undertaken to Make a Beginning, and Prefers to Fight it Out on the Old and Approved Lines, Without Any Kind of Commission.

So a move has been made in the direction of harbor improvement.

It is only a move, or a series of moves, so far, and it may be that there are difficulties and delays ahead which are not dreamed of in the philosophy of the common council. However, a start has been made, and the citizens can only hope for the best.

First of all, some dredging is to be done where it will do the most good. A deep-water wharf is contemplated for the accommodation of the business at Reed's Point, a warehouse is to be built, an effort is to be made to obtain from the Dominion government one frontage at Sand Point, improvements are to be made at the head of the harbor, and the slips at the Pettingell wharf are to be filled in.

This is all good in its way, and it only remains for the work to be done. The council evidently thinks that it can manage the business in the best interests of the citizens, and it does not propose, just now, to have a commission, local or otherwise.

For this reason, it sat down on Alderman Robertson's resolution for a Harbor Trust of five persons, three of whom were to be appointed by the council, one by the board of trade and one by the owners of private wharf property. This trust was to be a harbor commission, under another name, and was to have the entire management of affairs. It was to act under legislation obtained from the house of assembly. To the average citizen, the principle of the scheme appeared a good one, but the motion was lost by a vote of two to one.

Doubtless the council had, or supposed it had, good reasons for rejecting the scheme. Perhaps it will come up in a different form at a later date, and will then be accepted. The general principles of it are such as to take with the people, but the details are a matter for more mature deliberation.

The principle involved in a harbor trust, as defined by Alderman Robertson, is that the management of affairs is taken out of the hands of the common council, though that body has the appointment of a majority of the board, including the chairman. Now, on the theory that the council is composed of the best men whom the citizens can select, there would be no objection to such a system. The members of the trust would be the best men who could be chosen by the best men who could be elected by the citizens. It would be a double-refined choice of the citizens themselves.

In other words, it would be a better choice than the citizens at large could make.

Unfortunately, the council is not such a body, and it appears to realize the fact. It is not prepared to accept such a trust as is proposed, and the scheme will have to come up in some other form.

It may be, too, that this suggested legislation seemed to the council too much like taking the matter out of the hands of the people. They have just said, in unmistakeable terms, that they did not want a commission. In the face of this, the council was asked to provide another commission, very different, indeed, but still a commission in every sense of the word. Probably it was thought that the great popular voice should be heard again before such an important step was taken.

It can be only a matter of time when a commission, trust, or something of the kind must be created, but it should only be done in conformity with the wish of the citizens. A scheme which will place the management of the harbor in the hands of competent men, responsible to the citizens, seems on general principles to be the right one. If such a scheme were evolved, and its details fully understood, it could doubtless be made to work in the best interest of the city and harbor. A local commission, purged of objectionable features, could be made to answer all our requirements.

It would be as easy to manage the harbor under such a control as it has been to manage the water and sewerage. No better managed body than the Water Commission can be found in the country. It has accomplished a wonderful amount of work and has done it prudently and well. There seems no reason why the harbor could not be improved and managed on the same sound business principles.

One thing is certain. The people do not want a commission controlled from Ottawa; and they want to clearly understand what is ahead before they commit themselves to a scheme of any kind.

An Annexation Petitioner.

A former resident of this city writing from Portland, Me., says that place is dead and that "St. John is a thriving metropolis in comparison with it."

IT WAS ONLY A LUNCH.

A Cumberland County Man and Sir Charles Tupper's Table.

A prominent Liberal-Conservative, of Cumberland county, whose lines had not been cast amongst the upper ten in his youth, but who was politically important in his section of the county, once had the honor of being invited to luncheon with Sir Charles Tupper. There was rather more form and ceremony about the serving of the meal than our friend had been accustomed to, but he concealed his surprise as well as he could, and devoted himself to silent observation of the manners and customs of the other guests, storing up a fund of information for future reference, and coming triumphantly through his first experience of high life. But in his description of the meal afterwards to a bosom friend, he gave full vent to his amazement.

"First," he said, "we were all down into the dining-room, and there stood the table, with nothing on it but crockery, and some flowers. It was pretty enough, but I tell you it didn't look hearty, specially if you were hungry. We all sat down, and then soup was served; not a thing but soup, as true as I'm telling you! Then that was all cleared away, and they brought in fish, nothing but fish. After a while they cleared all that away, and brought in the meat and other things '*on trays*,' they called them, but there was not a tray of any kind on the table, that I could see. Then they took the whole of that away, and brought on the sweet things, and finished up with fruits and nuts. Now, what I want to get at is this: if they have all that for lunch, what the dence do they have for *dinner*?"

THE SONS OF NEW BRUNSWICK

Taking Their Places in the Growing States of the Union.

A former well known resident of Maugerville, in sending his subscription to PROGRESS from Montana, writes some general interesting facts of Canadians abroad, and how they are flourishing:

I received a copy of PROGRESS, and like it. To a Bluenose on the summit of the Rockies, it is more a home paper than any other New Brunswick paper. Keep on adding news items from every parish in the province until you get them all; then will we, every New Brunswicker away from home, fully appreciate it. In this town of 30,000 inhabitants is represented about every county in New Brunswick. The tax list shows that our names are among the heaviest tax-payers. We helped to draft the constitution upon which we expect to enter statehood on the 2nd day of October. We find our names upon the Republican ticket, as well as upon a number of county tickets, to help fill the different state and county offices, and there is no doubt but what we are going to get there, for Montana is surely booming as the other three are, republican states. Four new stars added to our flag, all in full sympathy with the present administration!

New Brunswick may well feel proud of the sons she has in this land of our adoption, for notwithstanding we have adopted it, that love of home still exists and always will. We left home to accumulate wealth, not to seek a more refining influence in a better society, or to find a better government. Some few will return, but a majority of us are now "at home." I want PROGRESS and hope to get it regularly. MAUGERVILLE.

Not Satisfied Yet.

Young Bennett, who attained such notoriety a short time ago by the careless handling of a revolver, and which resulted in the death of little Willie Hawkes, has been before the public again, this week, with a revolver in his hand. This time, he was shooting gold rings into magic boxes, for Zera Semon, at the Lansdowne theatre. One would think that Bennett had enough revolver experiences, for one year at least, but it seems he hasn't.

A Boom in the Street Sales.

PROGRESS' street sales have shown a wonderful increase of late. The St. Stephen edition sold like hot cakes and did not come anyway near meeting the demand. Last Saturday the newsboys couldn't get enough papers, but that did not prevent the sales from exceeding those of all other regular editions since the paper started. PROGRESS is booming and the boom has come to stay.

She Wanted to Die.

"What kind of tea would you like to buy?" asked the smiling clerk in one of the establishments that sports a name as long as one's arm in extra-condensed letters, and commonly called tea stores.

"Well, I ain't very particular," said the little woman with the brown shawl, "but I think I'd like to try some of that high tea that I see advertised by the churches sometimes."

Announcement.

The fall styles in hats are being talked of now by the ladies. Mrs. J. W. Ramsdell announces in this issue that she has accepted an agency for the Boston Bleachery and is now prepared to show the latest styles in ladies' straw and felt hats. Further information can be gained by referring to the announcement.

Will There Be a Milk Famine?

The recent fires and dry weather have had a bad effect on the milk supply, and house wives find it a difficult matter to obtain their regular supply. The domestics at the corner grocery now stand in line and take their turn.

ALL KINDS OF STORIES.

THINGS THAT DO NOT HAPPEN EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

The Plaintiff in a Case Dies While Being Examined by the Lawyers.

Three well known legal gentlemen had an experience a short time ago that they would not care to have repeated. They did not make any agreement to keep it quiet, but each of the parties interested evidently thought it the best thing to do, and it is only now that the story has got out.

There was a suit in the civil court for a small amount, and Messrs. W. B. Wallace and A. A. Wilson represented the plaintiff and defendant. The day the case came on the plaintiff was too sick to appear in court, and Police Clerk Henderson acting for the first time under the union act, in a case of this kind, with Messrs. Wallace and Wilson, went to his house to take the evidence. The man was very sick and they were informed that if they didn't get his evidence that day they might not get it at all. This made them rather careful in conducting the examination.

Mr. Wallace got through with his interrogations, and Mr. Wilson asked a good many questions without any attempt to corner the witness or excite him in any way and got calm and intelligent replies.

"Did you ever render an account to the defendant, except the one you now sue for?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"Yes."

"Did you include the present account in that bill?"

"No."

"Well, why didn't you?"

Mr. Wilson never learned the reason. The witness fell from the chair in which he was sitting, and when picked up and placed on a bed was dead.

The lawyers left the house in silence. Mr. Henderson informed Corner Berryman of the case, but as the man died a natural death an inquest was unnecessary. The trio watched the papers daily for a notice of the man's death but none appeared. They began to think he might not have died after all, when some ten days afterwards the death was announced as having taken place the same day the examination was held.

Bridget Wilmot's Accident and How She is Getting Along.

Bridget Wilmot met with an accident a few evenings ago. She is a big, strong woman, though quite old, and walking along the street, tumbled into a trench and broke her leg. When she had been lying there for some time a citizen came along, and, hearing her moans, inquired what was the matter. She asked to be helped out, but seeing that he could not help her alone, he walked off and paid no attention to her or her cries. A short time afterward a gentleman came along and was arrested by the cries of the poor creature. He secured assistance and bore the badly injured woman to a citizen's home to be cared for. She would not remain there, and asked to be taken to her home on Hazen street. Such a home! Here Bridget has lived alone for years, seeing no person, going and coming when she wished, with no fire, water, or food in the house. With but a few "treasures" in the way of feathered pets, Bridget passed the time, going out to her friends—of whom she had a large number—when she wanted a substantial meal, knowing that with her strong and willing arms she would get a warm welcome.

But now, Bridget lies at home as much alone as ever, save for the pain of her broken leg. Inquiring friends have had a cheery greeting from the eccentric old woman who bears her pain in silence, and waits for the appearance of some one daily who will not see her want.

"Don" Was On a Vacation.

A few weeks ago a well known doctor of this city found a handsome collie dog on his doorstep. The animal would not leave, and when he took it into the house his little daughter recognized it as an old collie of hers lost some two years ago. The dog greeted her with every show of affection, was evidently delighted to find himself once more on the rug before the fire, and in a few days was as much at home as ever. He followed the doctor around town and helped him to receive congratulations on his return. One day the doctor took him into a medical friend's office, and to his surprise *his* little girl jumped up and cried out, "Why Don, here's Don," and the collie was just as glad to see her. The dog proved to be her father's, but bore a close resemblance to the one lost by the doctor. He had evidently been on a vacation and seemed to be as glad to get back as to go.

She Didn't Like Tax-Bills.

A man distributing handbills had rather a remarkable experience in Lower Cove, this week. He was passing a house, when his attention was attracted by a woman in a window shaking her fist at him and shouting, "Git out! I don't want yer tax bills, or I'll throw a bucket of hot water on ye."

HE FINISHED HIS SMOKE.

A Fresh Young Man in a Nova Scotia Railway Car Has His Own Way.

In a first-class car on one of the Nova Scotian railway lines the other day, the passengers were amused for a quarter of an hour or so by the unexpected coolness of one who did not at first convey the idea of being either an old traveller or a kicker. He was a well-built, nicely dressed young colored man, and got on at a small station with his wife and a bright little baby. He carried the baby and led the wife and beamed on the passengers, and seemed very proud of his family. He settled the wife and child comfortably on one seat, opened the window and sat on the seat opposite to them, winked at the youngster, smiled at the wife, and began to fill his pipe. He got on a good comfortable fire, pinched the match and threw it at the baby and leaned back in thorough contentment, blowing out rings of smoke for the gratification of his laughing offspring. But soon the news agent came in. He went and explained to the smoker that this was a first-class car and that there was a nice smoking car in the rear. The father said "all right" and the news agent thinking a word sufficient walked on out of the door. The smoker laughed and puffed away, and told his wife that the news agent was just trying to show off. Presently the conductor entered and the crowd looked eagerly for a disagreement. They looked in vain, however, for when the conductor whispered something two or three times in the young man's ear, and the young man continued to wink at the baby and smile at the wife and ignore the cast iron rules of the railway, he got disconcerted and stood in a dilemma, till just in the nick of time the train neared another station and he had to hurry off to attend to some other business. Then the young man arose also, readjusted his pipe in the far corner of his mouth so that the baby wouldn't stick its fingers into the fire, gathered up his family, beamed again on his fellow passengers and strolled out onto the station platform.

There were several ladies in the car but they all genuinely enjoyed the unconventionality of the incident, and the neat triumph of the young man.

WAITING FOR THE RESULT.

An Excited Crowd Watches the Bulletin Board All Monday Afternoon.

There was a great crowd in front Messrs. DeForrest & Co.'s bulletin board Monday afternoon, and every face were a smile. The score 10 to 4, and the great Auburns of New York state were being snowed under. The crowd was delighted; but there was a good deal of "nervous excitement" visible while the throng waited for the news of the last inning, which was painfully slow in coming. Somebody was scoring. Which club was it? Would the Auburns win after the home team had gained such a lead?

Many anxious glances were cast at the bulletin board, although it hadn't been changed. W. P. Dole and Peter Clinch discussed the situation earnestly and waited, while a few yards away Mayor Lockhart and B. Lester Peters stood talking, their faces wreathed in smiles. A good representation from the Ship Laborers union rooms watched the board with apparent interest, and a swarm of small boys flattened their faces against the store windows. Many of the younger ball cranks gave vent to their feelings in loud talk, and the older ones smiled; but it was a smile that showed an interest in the game. It was such a crowd as the one that waited for the result of the great National-St. Stephen game last year. Then it was St. John versus Boston; now it was St. John versus New York. And the home team was having the best of it again.

When the board was put out there was a rush. The crowd couldn't see it soon enough. Didn't the crowd cheer! Everybody looked happy. St. Johns 17; Auburns 5.

Nothing Else Could Stop Him.

"Are you going to the ball game, this afternoon?" asked a man on King street yesterday of one of the greatest ball cranks in town.

"Naw," was the surly response.

"Why! you ain't going to miss that game, surely?"

"Of course I'm not."

"Well, why don't you go?"

"Because there's no game."

Gone to the "Home."

Miss O'Neill, so well and widely known as "Nurse" O'Neill, will make her home for the future in the Bishop's new hospital on Sydney street. Her friends will miss her much from her former residence, but will give her the same warm welcome as ever.

Change of Time.

Owing to the shortness of the days the steamer City too will, on and after Monday, Sept. 23, leave Hampton on her regular trips at 5.30 in the morning, and on her return trips will leave Indiantown at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Decided.

Any day this week or last?

"How is the St. John-Shamrocks series going?"

"Don't know."

"Answer to "Subscriber," Hampton.

REFORM THE COUNCIL!

THE KIND OF MEN THAT RUN THE TOWN'S AFFAIRS.

How They Get Elected and the Ends They Have in View—The Best Men Do Not Make Exhibitions of Themselves, But Most of the Aldermen Do.

The most serious question with which the people of St. John will have to grapple in the future is the reform of the common council.

This is not a joke. People may think the idea too awfully funny for anything, but it is possible that even the common council can be reformed. Probably thousands of the ancients sneered and smiled when Hercules took the contract to clean the Augean stables, but he got there just the same, and without the aid of either sub-contractors or friends in the government. The citizens of St. John can profit by his example.

No one imagines that the council can be reformed as it now stands. It has a few—a very few—good members. The others are there through the inadvertence of the people. They are not men whom the position has sought because of their fitness, but men who have sought the position because they had axes to grind.

Some of them have sought their seats for the fun of the thing; some of them for the glory of it. Some delight to consider themselves large toads in the small puddles of their own wards. Others seek notoriety with a view to legislative positions in the future. Others are after civic offices, and some are after—boodle.

How many of them are there because the citizens want them, or think they are fit to be there? They can be easily singled out and counted, though they are not always standing up to be seen, or shouting to be heard. Everybody knows who they are. There are so few of them that it looks as though they had been elected by mistake.

No one would undertake to reform the existing body. It is a queer compound, and the more so because of the admixture of the bad elements of the old Portland council with a lot of wholly new material. It is not of the stuff of which the council of the third city in Canada should be composed. The first reform should be to elect better men.

So long as men of experience and ability look upon the council as a disreputable body, and refuse to serve in it, so long there is no hope of reform. Such men should take a different view. As the city is now constituted, the council is a more important thing to the people than the parliament of Canada, and it should be so viewed. It has to deal with issues which are vital; it touches our everyday life; and on its good or bad judgement rests our immediate prosperity or misfortune. It is a body in which only the best citizens should serve, and they should be willing to accept the services.

It may be that our system of elections is wrong. The matter is one which will bear consideration. As it is now, a ward clique can elect a man notoriously unfit for the place, and he will go to the council only in the interest of that clique, and regardless of the welfare of the citizens at large. So long as he "stands in with the gang" he is sure of re-election, though all St. John outside of his immediate followers may recognize him as an incompetent or mischievous representative.

It seems to the average citizen that the council is fully as large as it ought to be. The most inefficient committee to be found is a big one. Why could not the council and the expenses be reduced at the same time?

It is just a question whether the system of ward elections is better than that of an election of the council, or half of it, by the citizens at large. In this way, local cliques and factions are overcome, and the good sense of the body of the people selects men well known to be fitted for their positions. There may be objections to this plan, but it has its good features as well. The suggestion is offered, for the consideration of those who are trying to think how and where reform should begin. It is, at least, worthy of attention.

For the sad and deplorable fact remains, that the council is in need of reform, and that the need is immediate and urgent.

As Others See Us.

The small audience who watched the limelight views in St. James church school room, Thursday evening, had a pleasant surprise. Among the fine scenes from all over Canada were shown a number of views of St. John and vicinity that swelled the hearts of the audience with pride. They saw St. John as "others see it," and were highly pleased. The lecturer said he had shown the views all over the Dominion. Nobody who saw them could fail to have a good impression of the city.

THEY WON'T SELL STAMPS.

Storekeepers Say There is No Money in Postage Stamps.

"We don't sell them," said the druggist with an air of great satisfaction. The fair customer looked very much disappointed, said she was sorry and went out.

"I thought you always sold stamps," said PROGRESS.

"So we did, but came to the conclusion that one per cent. commission didn't pay, and haven't had anything to do with stamps since. You see, people who come here to buy stamps seldom buy anything else, and it would take a boy the best part of his time waiting on them. Then if I should happen to tear one three-cent stamp, I'd have to sell 300 to make up the loss. Nor am I the only one that has come to this conclusion. Most of the stores around town have given them up, and I don't think you can buy them anywhere in Portland except at the post office."

"Do people grumble? Well, I should say so. They even abuse me, and seem to think I am compelled to sell them. Selling stamps don't pay, and I'll have nothing to do with them, except I receive a salary."

It is at the I. C. R. depot where people are most disappointed. They are always in a hurry to mail a letter before the train goes out, and when informed by the genial news agent that he has gone out of the stamp business, that functionary is always prepared for a good round of abuse, and sometimes gets it. But if he sees the intending purchaser is inclined to be peaceable, he brings forth a stamped envelope, which costs four cents, and as there are always pens and ink handy, this news is a great relief to some.

We Give It Up, Sir.

I wonder why the Salvation Army people always seem to know so much more about *hell* than about heaven? It really is surprising how much they concern themselves about that warm climate, and how meagre their information about heaven seems. Last week this fact was very forcibly impressed upon me. I chanced to be on a train which picked up two Salvation soldiers at a small way station—a lad and a lass. Both were rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed, and both seemed as happy as possible; but what rendered the youth *slightly* conspicuous, was the amount of decoration lavished upon his scarlet jersey. In the words of Josiah Allan's wife, "He was more dressed up than men usually are." On the breast of his jersey was embroidered a medallion bearing the legend "Blood and Fire," underneath it was a sort of antidote in the word "Hallelujah." But directly across the shoulders, at the back, was the startling question, worked in vivid yellow, "Do you believe in Hell?" I suppose I may write the word in full, for that was the way it appeared on the jersey. Now, what did this extraordinary decoration mean? And what was the use of it? Was it calculated to deter anyone from wrong doing? Or, merely to serve as a unique ornament and to attract attention?

It Disgusted Him.

Some of the amateur ball players are thoroughly disgusted with the way they have been treated by the public. One of the Thistles got excited while speaking to PROGRESS on the subject, and said:

"Remember that great game we played with the Franklins. There wasn't a finer game played this year, and everybody knew it was going to be worth seeing. We distributed dodgers, and I sat up all night painting a big transparency, and had it driven all over the city the next day. The game was attended by 189 men and 29 boys. Just think of it!"

Answers Coming all the Time.

More than a month ago PROGRESS offered a year's subscription to persons sending in 20 names of New Brunswickers living abroad. The response has exceeded all expectations, and nearly every mail since that time has brought long lists of names of provincialists living in all parts of the world. Sample copies have been sent them, and, with few exceptions, they never fail to subscribe. They all have a warm place in their hearts for their old home, and are delighted with PROGRESS.

They Failed To Fill.

The failure of the St. John races to fill has caused a great deal of disappointment among horsemen and those who frequent the turf. It was a surprise too great many who had hoped to see some good races at Moosepathlia fall.

They'll Have to Hustle.

After Monday's game was over the captain of the Auburns remarked: "We're not playing ball today, but I think we will have to hustle to beat them. They are the strongest team we have met outside of our own state."

The Sports on Sunday.

The sports on the C. and A. grounds always draw a crowd, and since the list of entries for next Saturday has been published a great deal of interest has been manifested. St. John is going to get there, Eliza.