HATS.
& CO.
buyers to their Stock of
Felt Hats,
STYLES.
straw, Cloth and Felt—all grades;
s of
MIDDY CAPS, Etc., Etc.,
ment of ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE.
TREET. - - - 57.
& DALY,
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ER SALE.
ng and Summer Goods.
5 cents;
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ES, WATERED SILKS, PLUSHES,
; do. do., $1.00 for 75c.;
URE SILK GLOVES, at greatly reduced
;
s to clear.
ortionately Low.
Y & DALY.
lge Bicycles,
Nos. 1, 2 and 3,
$75 and $115.
ast received another supply of these
World-Renowned Machines.
made on an ordinary Rudge, No. 1, roadster.
46 and 48 King Street,
Brunswick.
BOOKS.
GS' BOOK STORE, 171 Union Street.
of School Books have a chance of
TOGRAPH ALBUM.
Government Notice.
UCTION SALE OF IMPORTED STOCK.
FILLIES and SHEEP.
ERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION AT FREDERICTON,
On FRIDAY,
5th day of October next,
the Grounds of the FREDERICTON PARK SOCIATION, the following Pure Bred Stock, ported by the Government of New Brunswick:—
Clydesdale Filly, three years old;
Clydesdale Fillies, two years old;
Shire Fillies, two years old;
Percheron Fillies, two years old;
Rams, including Southdowns, Shropshire Downs and Leicesters;
Shropshire Down Ewes.
onditions of Sale and additional particulars wil nnounced hereafter.
he Stock will be shown on the grounds of the dericton Park Association during the Fair on the and 4th days of October, and can be seen at any e at Fredericton.
educed rates of transportation to the sale over railway and steamboat lines.
CHAS. H. LUGRIN,
Secretary for Agriculture.
redericton, Sept. 4, 1888.
ASAL CREAM.
A CURATIVE BALM FOR
old in the Head, Catarrh,
Catarrh Deafness
and Headache.
ce, Only 25 Cents a Bottle.
Prepared from original receipt by
R. D. McARTHUR,
MEDICAL HALL,
No. 59 Charlotte street, opp. King Square.
"MANITOBA."
New Brand of "MANITOBA" Flour
Is Unexcelled in Quality.
is made from selected Manitoba Spring eat.
makes a big loaf and a good many of n to the barrel.
GILBERT BENT & SONS,
South Market Wharf.
UNION
BAPTIST SEMINARY,
St Martins, N. B.,
ll be Opened on September 20.
rangements will be made for an excursion to artins on that occasion.
Inquiries respecting accommodations, terms lasses can be made to
J. A. GORDON,
General Supt.
. F. SIMPSON, Principal.

PROGRESS.

VOL. 1., NO. 21. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888. PRICE THREE CENTS.

ECHOES OF THE EXODUS.

OH, CHARLEY WAS A DARLING, THE BOLD CHEVALIER.

No More Creditors Who Are Willing to Own the Corn—How George Crawford Got His Bill of Sale from Richards and How Richards Got His Furniture from Brophy.

There is a general impression that "Charles L. Richards, gentleman, one, etc," has gone to a warmer climate.

That climate is said to be Lower California. There is a place there known as Los Angeles.

Which, being interpreted means "the angels."

Charley is "a little lower than the angels," but he gets there just the same.

Other members of his family have followed him. He will re-establish his household in a summer clime. He will sit beneath his own vine and fig tree.

The public of St. John has been his oyster, and he has swallowed it. Not much of an oyster for him.

Meanwhile, no more creditors have come forward. If no more file their claims, the assets will perhaps be enough to go around.

This depends very much on the interpretation of George Crawford's bill of sale. He claims that it covers everything. The creditors think that it covers only the household furniture, and that the proceeds of nine cases of other goods should go to them.

Mr. Crawford is not a myth, as some people supposed. He is a veritable piece of flesh and blood and his bill of sale is founded on a valuable consideration.

When Mr. Richards sold his furniture last spring, went to board for a short time and then began housekeeping again, he was apparently carrying out a plan well worthy of his fertile and ingenious brain. He realized something out of what he had sold. This was assets in cash, enough for current expenses, but not sufficient to provide for his future movements. He must raise the wind. And he had nothing to offer as collateral.

An ordinary man, with no collateral and no capital but cheek, would find it difficult to get money in such a crisis. Mr. Richards was not an ordinary man, and he calmly proceeded to provide himself with the collateral required. His method was of the most simple kind. He furnished his house on credit, and gave a bill of sale on the furniture.

Mr. Richards was the close friend of at least one well-known usurer, who has no scruples when the "collat." is all right, but on this occasion the pair did not work together. Mr. Richards made an excursion to the land of his birth, up the river, and descended upon Mr. George Crawford.

Mr. Crawford is an eminently respectable man, who delights in doing good to his neighbors. When the grass gets winter-killed, or the rot blasts the potatoes, the up-river grangers find in him a friend at the rate of 2 percent. a month. He lends in small amounts, by which system his business cares are multiplied. It is much easier to worry about one net sum of $500 than about ten sums of $50 each.

This profound truth struck Mr. Richards with so much force that he lost no time in impressing it on Mr. Crawford. The latter become convinced and called in a lot of small loans in order to get a tolerably fair-sized pile for his friend Richards. Charley told him that he had a dead straight tip on a speculation, by which the money would be doubled. He got $852. As security, he gave Mr. Crawford a bill of sale on his household furniture. The benevolent Crawford was so well satisfied with the prospects and the security that he charged Mr. Richards only 12 percent. interest.

It is understood that the creditors admit the claim of Mr. Crawford to the furniture in the house. Over the rest of the stuff Mr. Crawford and the creditors are likely to emulate the monkey and parrot of ancient history. The bill of sale has no schedule annexed.

It was the boast of A. T. Stewart, of New York, that nobody could steal as much as a handkerchief from his big store without his knowledge. As soon as he died some one actually stole his body. In the same way Mr. Brophy, janitor of the Pugsley building, believes that nothing unusual can go on in that structure day or night and escape his eye or ear. He was intensely surprised, however, to find that all of Mr. Richards' office furniture, law library, etc., had taken wings unto itself and disappeared. He does not believe it could have happened while he slept, and thinks it must have vanished while he was at dinner. Hereafter, when lawyers are in arrears for rent he should take his meals with the dining room door wide open, or have his banquet in the lower hall.

There is every reason to believe that Mr. Richards will do well in his adopted land. This country was too small for him. With all his industry the largest haul he ever made at one time was a trifle short of $4,000. This was the proceeds of a cargo of rosin and turpentine sent from the South several years ago and consigned to him subject to the payment into a bank of the amount of the invoice. He did not pay the money, but he succeeded in getting a delivery of the cargo, and had it sold at auction. The National Bank of Charleston subsequently brought suit against the auctioneer and purchasers of the cargo, and made them pay for it. The court in its judgement mildly referred to Mr. Richards' share in the matter as "a tortious act."

The people who had to foot the bills defined it differently, and qualified their definition with adjectives of much strength.

Better opportunities may await Mr. Richards in his adopted land. He has gone South to grow up with the country.

Gone but not forgotten. Good-bye, Charley.

COULD THEY DROP OVERBOARD?

"Traveller" Sees a Chance for Accidents at the N. S. S. Company's Wharf.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: Please go to the Nova Scotia steamer's wharf, Monday evening, on arrival of the *Secret*, and inspect the lights, the clean lamp, the old man and his lantern, the gangway, the chances for a passenger or two to drop overboard and never be missed, and let me know through your valuable paper if you think the whole arrangement can be equalled on this continent. They get a good round government subsidy and a very liberal patronage, and it seems to me an electric light and a live agent or two might be demanded.

A TRAVELLER.

St. John, Sept. 15.

A representative of PROGRESS was on the Nova Scotia steamship wharf, Monday night, when the *Secret* came in, as "Traveller" desired. He inspected the lamps on the wharf and found that a little water and a rubbing would do the glass of them no harm. He did not see any clean lamps except the lanterns, of which there were two. The "old man with the lantern" must have been the man on the steamer at the other end of the gangway, as the man on the wharf was quite young and had a black moustache. The gangway looked pretty steep and rather narrow, but the chances for a passenger or two dropping overboard without being missed seemed very meagre—unless the passenger should go to the other side of the steamer, when those on board were busy and could not hear the splash. If "Traveller" followed the crowd he would be all right. There was a man with a lantern at each end of the gangway. The lanterns were clean, but were held down at the passengers' feet, and when a couple of ladies came along one would not know there were any lanterns there.

PROGRESS has some doubts whether the "whole arrangement," as "Traveller" calls it, could be equalled or not on this coutinent, but would not like to see any worse landing place. The "whole arrangement" should be improved. A passenger coming out of a brilliantly lighted cabin finds himself in darkness, and it is not a very pleasant position to be in when landing from a steamer. The lights on the wharf are dim, and one cannot tell the features of a person standing five feet away. Men are stationed at each end of the gangway, but when the number of passengers is large, and they are restless, there is a possibility of somebody meeting with an accident. An electric light on the wharf would be a great convenience to passengers. Indeed, in these progressive times, it is a necessity. For a steamship company having the patronage the Nova Scotia Steamship company has, the landing arrangements are not up to the standard.

In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye.

Whether it was due to the kindly and expressive countenance of the Metropolitan or the very graphic send-off given to Mr. Richards or both, combined with the general excellence of the paper, PROGRESS had a great sale last Saturday, greater than any previous number and that is saying a good deal.

"PROGRESS is no good," said a jocose gentleman to a prosperous newsboy.

"I dunno; it sells better than any other paper," was the the reply. So it does and the boys know it well. Few people know it and less perhaps care but it is a fact that every live boy who sells PROGRESS makes from 75 cents to $6, Saturday mornings.

How happy the boys would be if they could do that every day!

Never mind, boys: you'll soon have the harbor commission and the winter port and the wharf railway and the grain elevator and the short line and dry dock and the wet dock and the Courtney bay and Navy Island bridges and the Carleton tunnel and the union of St. John and Portland and Union and Charlotte streets may be paved next summer—and then every day'll be Saturday, by-and-by.

The Prize Winners.

The albums offered by D. J. Jennings to the lucky ones buying school books at his store were won by: Willie Quinn, 1st prize, No. 124; Sarsfield Sweeny, 2nd prize, No. 138; John Kingston, 3rd prize, No. 121.

PICKERING THE PIRATE.

ALLEGED DESCENDANT OF THE GALLANT CAPT. KIDD.

His Hopes, Fears, Successes, Trials and Triumphs, as They Might Have Been Stated by Himself in a Letter to the "Police Gazette"—Why He Has Succeeded.

HALIFAX, Sept. 20.—The *Police Gazette* having requested my portrait and an account of my career I gladly seize the opportunity to oblige a paper which has been the object of my admiration from my youth up. The only stipulation I make is that my picture shall be printed on the first page, ahead of the other criminals. I don't take a back seat for anybody but Jesse James.

I am a native of this city and a lineal descendant of the late lamented Capt. Kidd. People say that I resemble him very much. I never concealed any treasure, however, with the exception of about $200 that had belonged to one Robinson. I hid that in my trousers pocket. Nor did I ever murder anyone named Moore. If any such man had come in my way, a year ago, I might have killed him. He didn't, and my private graveyard has been full for a long time—so full that, last Tuesday, the corpses laid out on the ground without any cover.

Speaking about Capt. Kidd, everybody knows that he contracted a disease of the throat at one time and finally died of strangulation, leaving a good many enemies behind him. If he had had the sense to reside in Halifax, he would have been a prominent citizen, and when he was full of years and honors he would have come to his end with delirium tremens or enlargement of the gall or some such nice, quiet, aristocratic Halifax disease.

After he was dead and unable to defend himself, some of these enemies of Capt. Kidd started the story that the devil came after him in person. It was an atrocious slander. The devil has always been mighty careful not to have anything to do with our family. He seems to be afraid that if any of us got into his territory it would turn the tide of immigration the other way.

I have often thought that I could have given Capt. Kidd some points.

His style was to rob people and then murder them. I think it is as well to let them live, as a general thing. Dead men tell no tales, of course, but if live ones ever do it is easy to bribe a Halifax paper to call them liars.

I draw the line at people who say, "What's that?" When a man asks me this insulting question, I usually saw his head off and put him in pickle.

Capt. Kidd was not an economical man. I am. The Socials paid me $5 for playing a game of ball, last Tuesday, and I saved $200 of it. To make money seems to come natural to me. In any other city I probably wouldn't attract anything but flies; but here in Halifax I draw the dollars like a magnet. I don't brag of that, though, so much as I do of the fact that I save 'em. I can economize anything, even the truth.

After what I have said above, you will, of course, conclude that I am a modest man. Last Tuesday was the greatest day of my life, but after I had finished the work I was engaged to do, I went right away and hid myself.

A professor of phrenology, who examined me last spring, said that I had a great head. I give you this for what it is worth.

Your young readers might better imitate me than Capt. Kidd. Somehow, I think there is more "get-there" about me than there was in him. When I make up my mind to do a thing I always carry it through. That is the one feature in Mr. Ananias' character that I admire and venerate; obstacles that he couldn't get over or climb around he lied a hole through.

You ask me to give you some rules for success in life. These are mine:

Never put off till tomorrow a man you can "do" today.

Let me make the decisions of a base ball game, and I care not who makes the playing rules.

Policy is the best honesty.

Over the fence is out.

Yours fraternally,

WILLIAM KIDD PICKERING.

The Latest in Base Ball.

The last great games of the season will be those of next Tuesday and Wednesday, when the Nationals will meet the Augustas on the C. and A. club grounds. The visiting clubs holds the championship of Maine, and the boys will meet foemen worthy of their steel.

Robinson and Whitenect will have their benefit at the Tuesday game, and there should be a great turn-out. They have done some hard and effective work this season, and the lovers of the great game should all be on hand to show their appreciation of it.

A Chance for Business Men.

The special illustrated edition of PROGRESS which will be printed next Saturday affords a grand opportunity to enterprising merchants to secure valuable advertising space at regular rates. The edition will be 8,000 copies and the circulation is among the people who buy goods and pay for them.

HELD IN BONDAGE.

St. John People Who Have Contracted a Habit That Won't Let Go.

A long, lean, sallow-faced individual passed PROGRESS and a medical friend as they stood talking on a street-corner, Wednesday.

"Do you see that man?" asked the physician. "Well, he's an opium fiend."

"Do you mean to tell me that you can detect an opium-eater as you would an inebriate?" was asked.

"Certainly. One of my patients, who contracted the habit, found that out long ago. I started to cure her, but at first she wouldn't be cured. I went in there one day, when she had evidently been taking morphine, and asked her about it, and she denied it. 'Don't take the trouble to talk that way,' I said; 'I know you have had it; I'm just as sure as though I had seen you taking it.' After that sort of thing had happened two or three times, she became so thoroughly ashamed that she stopped."

"Do many St. John people use opium?"

"In one or other of its forms, opium, morphine or laudanum, quite a number of persons are under the spell of the drug. Injudicious physicians are chiefly responsible for the beginning of the habit. I can administer morphine with perfect safety, and in such a manner that the patient will not know what the medicine is, but all are not so careful. Then, you know, given to kill pain, it produces such a pleasurable elation that the patient's thoughts naturally turn to the favorite prescription whenever a period of depression comes. The drug is taken a second or a third time and then continuously employed. While it is used, the victim is in elysium. If it is discontinued, he becomes a flaccid, nerveless, trembling wreck. Very few people have the resolution to break off the habit, after it is once firmly fixed."

"Are hypodermic injections in favor here as they are with users of the drug elsewhere?"

"No. Very few have found out this idea. The worst case I know in St. John was created by a physician and it is the same physician who continues to do it. He visits the patient every day and gives her a hypodermic injection. Her skin must be pretty well punctured by this time.

"I blame the druggists for this state of things, almost as much as I do the careless physicians. Most of them will sell a narcotic as quickly without a prescription as they will with it, and they show no judgment, whatever, in the matter of refilling prescriptions. For example, if a physician gives a sedative remedy, such as this, the patient, at the next real or fancied need, goes and gets his bottle filled. It is within my own knowledge, that a prescription of this sort has been filled a dozen times.

"That man I showed you a moment ago," the physician concluded, "is probably unable to 'swear off.' He is the only St John man I know who is in that fix, though there are not a few women who could run him hard for the palm of superiority. When he was first treated by a medical man, it is doubtful if he was given more than half a grain of morphine. Now he will take anywhere between ten and 20 grains. If he should ever try to stop it he will realize for the first time what a fearful load his system has had to carry.

"If I should see a friend contracting such a habit as this, I would take him down to North wharf, as a friend, and push him off.

Last Year's Moths and This Year's Furs.

"We have been selling furs for a month past," said a prominent fur dealer in answer to PROGRESS' inquiry as to whether people were beginning to invest in winter clothing. "Beaver will be the favorite this year as it was last, although we are making up otter as well, principally in tippets and collars."

"How do you keep furs free from moths in summer?" was asked.

"We are never bothered with moths at all. If you want to banish them switch out your furs and put them in a dark room. Furs can be kept in a private house by simply switching them and tying them up tightly in a paper bag. Moths will never bother them then."

A New Glass and Crockery Store.

Mr. Chas. Masters' friends, and they are legion, will be glad to learn that he will open a new glass and crockery store at 94 King street next week. Mr. Masters has a thorough acquaintance with the wants and tastes of St. John people; he knows where he can buy the best goods at the best rates and he is an energetic business man. PROGRESS bespeaks for him that success which those qualities command.

Making up for the Exodus.

Mrs. Glazebrook, who resides at No. 14 Gray's lane, gave birth to her nineteenth child last night—a boy weighing 13 pounds. Mrs. Glazebrook is the wife of Charles Glazebrook, the pilot. Neither Mr. or Mrs. Glazebrook has yet reached the age of 50 years.—*Halifax Mail.*

OUR SPECIAL EDITION.

AN ILLUSTRATED ISSUE DESCRIPTIVE OF FREDERICTON.

To Give Some Idea of the Capital's Progress—Portraits of Public Buildings and Places and Some Prominent Men—Something Celestials Should Be Proud of.

PROGRESS, next Saturday, will, everybody willing, be a 12-page illustrated paper—the first of its kind that will have been published in the maritime provinces.

Some description of the issue and its object will be of interest to the thousands who look for this paper every Saturday.

The four extra pages will be devoted to illustrating the progress made by Fredericton in the past few years, and this will be done not so much by lengthy and uninteresting descriptive writing as by illustrations.

Fredericton is the beauty-spot and the capital of the province. The oldest and some of the finest structures in the country are within its confines. The two largest and, save the Suspension bridges, the greatest structures of their kind span the St. John river at this point.

Beginning with the business portion of the city, Phœnix square and Queen street, there will be two illustrations of the locality—one from a picture taken 50 years ago, and the other from a photograph of today. To attempt to describe the difference would be too difficult a task.

The old parliament buildings are contrasted with the new and magnificent structure.

Government house and the beautiful gardens and scenery in front will be given.

The City hall, the post-office and the normal school, three of the handsomest buildings in the city, will be presented.

The first hotel in the city will be included among the handsome buildings.

The university and campus will be given with a descriptive article.

The new iron railway bridge and the passenger bridge were photographed and electrotyped for the edition.

In addition to these public illustrations the portraits of Thos. Temple, M. P., Geo. E. Fenety, Esq., Mayor J. D. Hazen and others, will be printed with interesting biographical sketches.

No paper has ever printed an edition of this kind in the provinces. While it is the first it is not the intention of PROGRESS that it shall be the last. There are scores of places in New Brunswick that will stand booming and will not be behind in getting it.

PROGRESS was not born to die. It skipped the infantile period and all the ills incident thereto and is willing to use its rapid growth of strength and muscle to support the toddlers, encourage the rushers, aid the feeble and cheer the despondent.

THE "FORTY THIEVES."

And Some of Their Transactions in Halifax Years Ago.

"I was not surprised," said an old sport to PROGRESS, commenting upon the recent Halifax steal. "Years ago I was one of the boys who went to Halifax to back our boys at the oar. Everyone knows the story: how the Haligonians bought the race and then put up their cash. Yes, when they had a dead sure thing there was not enough money in St. John to stop their mouths. As a betting man nothing is more dastardly than to bet upon a certainty, and when that certainty has been negotiated for and purchased, then words cannot express the nature of the transaction. The sports of Halifax have been called the 'forty thieves,' and any man who has ever placed a dollar against them upon a game upon their field has had reason to regret it. I have referred to the boating days. Go ask the horsemen what they know of the turf there in years gone by.

"Apart from the steal and how it came about what a regrettable occurrence this is: that the two best ball clubs in the maritime provinces should have such a breach between them! The bridge which crosses it will be a long time building and St. John will not lay the first plank.

"I am told that our boys' confidence in Pickering was of the blind kind, which expects square treatment from any man. A little close inquiry would have informed them that Pickering is one of those who is always ready for anything that turns up. I have no doubt that now he can board at the Halifax or Queen all winter and have a bank account in the spring."

The Nationals' Neckties.

Anyone of an observant turn of mind must have noticed that each of the Nationals appeared in a brand new necktie Thursday afternoon. Hunter, Hamilton & McKay did the honors after the breakfast in the morning by inviting the boys into their establishment and yielding possession for a time.

They Are Prepared to Die.

Rural Nova Scotia must be a fine field for the life-insurance agent. A St. John man who has been at work there for the last few weeks, tells PROGRESS that during his stay he has written insurance amounting to about $75,000.

TENNIS IN THE CAPITAL.

Some of the Ladies and Gentlemen Who Handle the Racket.

FREDERICTON, Sept. 19.—I saw the finish of the lawn tennis tournament which has been on the tapis here for some days and exciting considerable attention. Every player's friends were on the spot and applause was not wanting for the varied results of good luck and good play.

I do not think as a rule that ladies or gentlemen of this city are equal in skill to St. John frequenters of the court—probably because they have not the same practice o courts as well fitted for the game.

Miss Laura Wetmore, who won the ladies' singles, plays with great dash and energy, but some unevenness. Her service is swift, severe and difficult and she returns fast and low with some tendency to drive into the net. Miss Wetmore is the strongest of the lady players on this court.

Miss Jennie Winslow plays with more unevenness than Miss Wetmore—not covering as much ground. While not as athletic in her movements she handles the racket with great skill and retains at all times capital control of it.

It was a surprise to the daily frequenters of the court to see the Misses Powys win the ladies' doubles. They played a cool, steady and deliberate game.

Another lady player and at times a brilliant one is Miss Maggie Allen. She is a new player and frequently is at anything but her best, which is always the case with beginners; she gives promise of being one of the best players at the court.

Of the gentlemen, Mr. Forester is noticeable for the great advance made in his play, being, I think, the best single player on the field this year. His game, which is entirely back, is sure and accurate. He volleys, and his worst defect is a rather gentle service, which can be handled severely and effectively.

If I have to name a second best, Lieut. Ward has it. It is sometimes a toss whether he or Mr. Forester can be called champion. Lieut. Ward plays an easy, graceful and pretty game, though not an aesthetic one.

Prof. Roberts, though a member of this club, is a Windsor player. The feature of his game is a swift and severe service, with an accurate return. He frequently plays unsteadily, but at times brilliantly.

I see more life and skill in Jack Wetmore's playing than many others, and a little more care would, in my opinion, give him the first place without a doubt. He places his balls with great judgment—but too frequently overplaces. He volleys sharply and well, keeping his position about the middle line, where, by his activity and long reach, he covers a deal of ground, and returns very difficult balls. He commands a swift and effective overhand and a fast and very much cut underhand service. His play is too much influenced by his moods.

Col. Maunsel, who usually plays a rapid and severe game, giving chances for few prolonged rallies, is not up to his standard this summer, having given his back a severe wrench.

Of the Messrs. Skinner, who were here from St. John for the tournament, Sherwood plays the swift and accurate game with continual volleying from the middle line. He has a tendency to return balls coming on his left with both hands, a play which, if I mistake not, is not usual in some clubs. His service is swift and effective.

Charles Skinner is not so sure as his brother. He doesn't make his first ball so often, but his game is severe and active. He plays back with little volleying.

Lieut. Benn possesses a brilliant game, but one less sure than he might from lack of steadiness. He works hard, covers much ground and makes some difficult returns.

Mr. Inglis is an active and untiring player, making an excellent all-around game.

F. A. Hilyard's double plays are admirable. He plays a very sharp and effective net game, has great reach, a quick eye and places with skill. His service is easy.

Messrs. Harris, Fenety, Goodrich, Roberts and Arthur Akerley are new members who cannot well be criticized. They all give promise of becoming players in the first rank. Fenety has a difficult service and plays an excellent back game, Roberts is alive at the net and Akerley is an all-around man.

CARTER.

Glad to See Him.

George Kennan, whose articles in the *Century*, on Russian prison life, have attracted so much attention, was at the Victoria on Thursday. He was on his way to Cape Breton and was accompanied by Mrs. Kennan. He has been spending the summer at Dennysville, Me., recruiting his health. Mr. Kennan is an old newspaper man, and his copy is so plain that compositors cry for it.

So Say the Medical Men.

The Arctic soda fountain is now on the decline, but the Arctic overshoe will soon be on its feet.