

CHRONICLES OF "TRIM."

A CHARLOTTETOWN SCRIBBLER CREATES A SENSATION.

Which is Described by "Progress" Correspondent in the Following Chronicle—People who Rushed into Print and Others who Kept Quiet.

It came to pass in the island called Prince Edward, in the fifth month of the second year of the reign of good king "Jed," that there arose in the chief town of that island, a man, mighty in his own estimation, but mean in the eyes of the people. And he wrote a book—behold! This was also a cunning man, and he had the book printed in a far off city to deceive the people, and he called the book Society. And behold, it was wrought about with divers colors, blue, and black and white, and he called it beautiful. And it was so. And it came to pass that the book was sent to the market places, even to the stalls of the chief book merchants in the land, and behold the people of the land bought freely thereof for shekels of silver. And behold, when the people got them to their own homes, each one locked himself up in his secret chamber and opened the book and read thereof. And behold they were sore distressed and they arose in their wrath and said: "Let us consult together to see who hath done this wicked thing." And they held consultation together, even the chief priests and scribes and elders. And they accused one another with divers and strange words, and much commotion. And one of the accused—a mighty book merchant in the land—arose and wrote unto the examining scribe saying: "Behold I have not done this thing: I am falsely accused, because, verily ye have no proof that I am guilty." And the people cried with a loud voice, "He hath not done this thing; he is innocent." And they agreed not among themselves, and there was much bickering, and the sun went down upon their wrath.

Now there were in the Market Stalls two other book merchants, and behold they shall be called "Chance and Greater." And their hearts did burn within them, and they said, one to the other: "Let us sit down and write to the chief scribe, lest, peradventure, we be blamed, and our bread be taken from us;" and they did so saying: "Behold we never saw the book. We sold it without reading and as soon as we read it, we refused to sell it, and it was so. And the people gnashed their teeth and said: 'Verily we cannot tell who hath brought this evil upon us.' And they were sore distressed, because they could not visit their wrath upon 'Tom Trim.' And it came to pass that there was much discussion in the chief town, and when the good King heard thereof he ordered the book to be straightway brought to him; and it was done. And he called together the members of his house, even the queen, the queen's sister, the prince and princess, and the mother of the princess, and they assembled. And the king spake unto them saying: "Sit ye down that I may read unto you the words which are written in this book. For, behold, a mighty man hath appeared among us, and hath dealt with us, and, peradventure, our fame will be spread abroad throughout the land. And it came to pass that the queen had already bought of the chief book-merchants and had read the book and she knew that the king understood not whereof he spake, and she said: "Behold O, king! thy servant hath many important duties to perform, for it is not yet noon; therefore, I pray thee, excuse thy servant." But the king would not. And behold she troubled the king that he fled to his private chamber and fastened the door," for, he said, "otherwise I may not read the writings of 'Tom Trim.'" But, behold, when the king had read, his anger was kindled, and he thrust the book into the furnace and it was consumed with fire.

And behold one of the chief law-makers of the land, a mighty man of speech, sought through the chief town for the book and bought freely thereof, even to the number of ninety and nine, being all that was left. For saith he, "Verily and of a surety this 'Tom Trim' be one of my people. For he attacketh the people in high places, even as I do, and I will make him my scribe, for, peradventure, I will soon be a ruler in the land." So Doo Labis was comforted.

And it came to pass that the sweet singers in the Synagogues of the chief town assembled and took counsel together and said "Behold this man accuseth us of intending to wash—This moveth us to much anger, inasmuch as one of our multitude desire to wash"—and it was so.

And there was also a mighty merchant in the land, who was called Lewis. And he marvelled at the dissensions among the people and said: "Verily I will visit the stalls of the book merchants and behold with mine own eyes what hath caused this commotion. And he went. And it came to pass that the book merchant denied 'Tom Trim,' saying: "Verily I know not the book" for he was afraid. But, behold, this mighty merchant was of great cunning, and he went unto the chief Examiner and said unto him: "Deliver unto me, I pray thee, a book wrought with divers colors, blue, and black and white, and the name thereof is Society, and he delivered it unto him. And the countenance of the mighty merchant became illumined, and he got him quickly to his own house. And behold when he had read the book, thus he spake: "I will hide these writings of 'Tom Trim,' lest peradventure, they be found in my habitation, for he hath dealt unfairly with the people of our land." And he was sore at heart. Now, behold, the scribes of the chief town were of the number of five and they were at war one with the other. But they were at war one with the other, they were astonished and said "Come let us reason together." And it was so. And, behold, "Jiggs," one of the five, a meek man and a holy, spake unto them saying: "Verily this man hath committed a grievous wrong and deserves condemnation, but I pray that ye remember the good that he hath wrought among us, inasmuch as he hath already given us the great causeway under the sea, and hath commanded that wine bibbling and drunkenness be banished from our land." But one scribe said "nay" and another "yea," and there was great strife. And it is so, even unto this day. And, behold, "Jiggs" was discomfited and departed unto his own house.

And it came to pass that the young women of the chief town, who stood in the stalls of the market place, were mightily pleased with the writings of Tom Trim and said, "Behold the high and mighty people of the land are brought down, and are mocked in the public places. And they rejoiced with great joy. And the fame of 'Tom Trim' spread throughout the land, increasing daily. Now, these are the chronicles of 'the Book of Trim,' and these chronicles are true and right, but the end is not yet. SEALAH. Charlottetown, 28th February.

DOWN IN FLORIDA.

A New Brunswick in Jacksonville Writes of His Impressions. JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 25th.—Although the almanac reads February, it is hard for one used to its chilly northern blasts to realize that such is the name of the month, for, here in Florida we are enjoying the perfect days of June, while other parts of the country are having sad experiences with blizzards, northerly cyclones, etc. For the last month we have had the most beautiful weather imaginable; the sky never seemed bluer, nor the songs of the birds sweeter. The city is full of tourists and invalids and the hotel men are happy. The season is just at its height, the great rush beginning when Lent came in; every steamer from New York brings long lists of passengers, and all incoming trains are crowded.

Jacksonville is the distributing point for the tourist travel of the state, and the headquarters from which excursions are planned. Previous to the yellow fever epidemic of 1888, a great many families were content to winter here, but now they go further south and spend only a few days in Jacksonville, going and coming. The city has never fully recovered from the effects of the epidemic, notwithstanding all that property owners say to the contrary. Numbers of people went away who never returned, and one has only to look at the vacant houses to know that it is but too true. Still the sky is just as blue, the songs of the birds as sweet, the air as balmy, and they delight the senses of the invalid and tourist just as much as before the epidemic. Invalids of all kinds and in all stages of various diseases are to be met with on the streets and in the hotels, wheeled about in chairs and reclining in hammocks on the broad piazzas. The most common disease is consumption and all its stages are represented. The most hopeless cases spend nine months of the year here and although they do not obtain a permanent cure they are greatly benefited and their days are lengthened. The majority, however, only spend four or five months and return in the spring with the birds. The various suburban resorts and places of amusements are well patronized and attract large crowds daily. The sub-tropical exposition perhaps draws the largest crowd and has something new on the boards every week. The Rev. Sam Jones is the chief attraction just now, and is making himself extremely popular by his eloquence and wit. Boating parties on the lovely St. John's and excursions to Mayport, Burnside and Pablo beaches, Palatka and other places are the order of the day. The most popular excursion is the one to Palatka. The steamer leaves Jacksonville at 8 a. m., and, after rounding the curve on which the city is built, goes south for 75 miles, passing on the way several landings. The first of any note is Mandarin, where, among grand old oaks and orange trees, is the home of Mrs. H. B. Stowe. At Green Cove Springs the river widens into a lake five miles broad, and here is situated quite a thriving little town; after passing it no other town of any size is seen until Palatka, the "Princess of the river" is reached at 1 o'clock. After stopping here half an hour for dinner the steamer retraces her way homeward, and Jacksonville is reached at 6 o'clock.

I have already taken up too much space and will now close, but, after I visit St. Augustine and a few other places, you will hear again from a TRAVELLER.

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THE DAYS OF LANERGAN.

PRICE WEBBER HEARS FROM AN OLD LYCEUM ACTRESS.

Plays That Were Favorites, and Those who Acted Them—Amusing Incidents That Occurred During the Performance of "British Born"—Some Popular Songs.

Lore's Sacrifice is a standard drama of the old school class of plays, and it was generally used by Mr. Lanergan as an opening bill for his different seasons, for the reason that all of the characters require very good performers, and shows the company to advantage. It has not been played much of late years, the combination system now in vogue superseding it, and where one part is as good as the other, there is no great chance for a "star" to make a powerful impression. No particular scenic effects are necessary, the piece altogether depending on the interest of the plot and dialogues. The cast was as follows: Matthew Elmore.....J. W. Lanergan Paul Lafont.....T. Book St. Louis.....H. R. Lampe Jean Rise.....L. F. Rand Eugene DeLorme.....H. Crisp DuVray.....J. S. De Bony Margate Elmore.....L. B. Lampe Major Galbrath.....Lizzie Anderson Hermine de Vipont.....Mary Sherlock Lizzie Anderson was the wife of George Ketchum, well remembered as a popular Boston Museum actor, and the lady was a very fine actress in what are known as leading heavies. Frank Rand was an excellent light comedian, and is still acting in the United States.

John Roy is a play that is always welcome to the Scotch, and it abounds in Scotch music and songs. The plot follows the well known novels of Sir Walter Scott, and "Baillie Nichol Jarvie," "Rob Roy," "The Douglas," and "Major Galbrath," are distinct types of character. When I saw the piece it was played by the following members of the Lyceum company: Rob Roy McGregor.....W. H. Whalley Rashleigh Osbaldiston.....J. Taylor Frances Osbaldiston.....R. Crashaw Baillie Nichol Jarvie.....J. B. Fether Major Galbrath.....J. W. Lanergan The Douglas.....W. F. Cutter Mr. Owen.....H. R. Lampe Sir Frederick Vernon.....E. L. Farwell Helen McGregor.....E. B. Holmes Capt. Thornton.....Rachael Johnson Diana Vernon.....Lizzie Fiske Mattie.....Mrs. Browne

The songs and choruses are excellent, among them being: "Soon the Sun will go to Rest;" "A Famous Man was Robin Hood;" "A Highland Lad my Love was Born;" "My Love is like the Red, Red Rose;" "The I leave you now in sorrow;" "Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonnie Doon;" "Hark! from St. Mungo's Tower;" "The Lament;" "Auld Lang Syne;" and "Pardon now the Bold Outlaw."

Of the above cast, Mr. W. H. Whalley was a fine actor, being then the leading man of the New York Bowers Theatre. Mr. Crashaw was a magnificent singer, as well as being a good actor,—he is also the author of the well-known song "A Hundred Fathoms Deep."

Miss Rachael Johnson was afterwards the wife of Mr. Macauley, and she was one of the best actresses that ever graced the boards. Lizzie Fiske was the wife of the comedian, M. W. Fiske, and was a charming vocalist.

John Roy is as distinctly Scotch as British Born is English, and both appeal powerfully to nationality. Speaking of British Born reminds me that three seasons ago, when playing it in one of the towns on my route, an amusing incident happened. The actor who was playing the part of the "Governor of Bolivia" got rather mixed in one of his speeches. It was in the place where he says: "Here, where martial law reigns, I am omnipotent."

He then exits, and it is usually followed by a round of applause. In the case I refer to, however, instead of speaking the lines I have quoted, he said: "Here, where martial law reigns, I am—I am—he could not think of the word 'omnipotent,' and so finished by saying: 'all here!'"

Just as he said this, his sword became entangled between his legs, and he fell, sprawling on the floor, and a fellow in the audience yelled out: "Guess not!—you are all there!"

A perfect roar followed this sally, in which the company heartily joined.

A beautiful drama, by Watt Phillips, entitled Maud's Peril, was another great success at the Lyceum, and it was finally played by the following cast: Sir Ralph Challenger.....L. P. Roys Gerald Gwynne.....H. Crisp Toby Taperley.....Shirley France Barrill.....S. H. Fosbery Lady Maud Challenger.....Rachel Noah Katie Sefton.....Susie Cluer Susan Taperley.....Louisa Morse

Of the artists who played in this piece, Rachel Noah is well remembered as being one of the most gifted versatile actresses that ever played in St. John, and was gladly welcomed whenever she appeared. Mrs. Louisa Morse was also the recipient of many kindly notices for her always careful and correct impersonations. I have received the following letter from the last named lady, which I take great pleasure in publishing, as it tells its own story.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, February 5, 1891.

Dear Sir:—I have been constantly engaged every season since I played in St. John. I am now, and have been for the past five years, with Mr. Deanna Thompson, playing in the Old Homestead. This is our fourth year in New York city. I often think of St. John, the many pleasant days I passed there, and the many friends I made there; and hope to revisit it again some day not far distant. Yours, truly, Mrs. LOUISA MORSE.

Mrs. Morse may rest assured that she is still remembered with pleasure, and will be most warmly received when she again appears in St. John. She is now playing "Aunt Matilda Whitcomb," the principal female character in the piece she refers to—The Old Homestead, the run of which has been something phenomenal in dramatic history. H. PRICE WEBBER.

IN AMERICA'S CAPITAL.

New Brunswickers to the Front in the United States. WASHINGTON, FEB. 28.—Names are often misnomers but not so the cognomen of PROGRESS, and in my home it finds a welcome, is read and commented upon, favorably, not only by the native of New Brunswick (myself), but by others who have only the most misty idea of that province and its busy, harbor city. I have often felt impelled to extend to my personal greeting and now avail myself of an opportunity.

It is many years since I first saw light of day in New Brunswick and I as little thought, with my advancing boyhood, that I should one day find myself temporarily employed in Washington as the Editor of PROGRESS, whose name is familiar to me, ever expected to settle in the fog, ridden city of St. John, the editor of a fearless, critical, independent, progressive newspaper, but ordinary mortals are not gifted with second sight, and "life is only a game of whist."

Would it interest you to take a momentary view of Washington, as it appears through my glasses, in these last days of the 51st congress?—a congress made remarkable by unusual events, including the arbitrary ruling—not to say gag laws—of Speaker Reed, who hails from the border state; the passage of the McKinley tariff bill, which claims as full a share of discussion in Canada as in the United States; the attempted passage of the elections bill, that unhonored child of one of the brilliant sons of Massachusetts, by name, Henry Cabot Lodge.

At this date the city is filled with women—old women, young women, middle-aged women, women suffragists, temperance women and literary women, and they all seem impressed with one idea—they are clamoring for their "rights" and bound to win. I admit my prejudice to jostling against women in the ranks of voters and law makers. I retain many of the old-fashioned notions as to woman's life—"women's sphere"—and feel that her opportunities for wielding her influence in the home-life should satisfy and content, but I am forced to the conclusion that they are gaining ground—they are becoming a power in the land and they have accomplished much good. It was no vain boast that Mrs. Mary E. Lease, of Kansas, made night, that the women of Kansas defeated John J. Ingalls in his late canvass for reelection to the United States senate, for undoubtedly they did; but it will be many years before his equal sits in that chamber again as a representative of the Kansas people. He is a man of broad mind, a student, a diplomat, a finished orator, and a dignified gentleman of polished manner, who graced the presiding chair of the senate, and who was respected alike by both political parties for the even-handed justice that characterized all of his decisions, but the people of Kansas declared him wanting, in that he failed to represent them, did nothing in their interest, and ignored their wishes. It was from this standpoint that Mrs. Lease criticized him at length and harshly, at the same time securing to herself the unlimited applause of "Jerry" Simpson, the member elect from Kansas, who was a New Brunswick boy. Mrs. Lease then directed her discourse against capitalists, and assured her audience that they proposed to fight the capitalists from the banks of Wall street to the gates of hell! Yes, unquestionably, the women are gaining ground, and one has only to visit Washington during the session of the women suffragists' annual council to fully appreciate that fact; at least such is the opinion of M. ALBERT.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN.

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