

THEY LOVE IN SECRET

AND NOT VERY WISELY, AMBITIOUS KAMMAS THINK.

St. John Men and Maidens Who Read Poetry, Patronize the Livery Stables and Hide Their Fond and Foolish Love Under the Family Umbrella.

The "falling leaf and fading flower" season of the year is with us and to many it brings regrets. Before the eyes of the heads of households float visions of coal and gas bills and heavenward-soaring flour; the impecunious dudelings sigh as they gaze on their abbreviated fall overcoats and sad prepare to meet their outraged tailors with calm effrontery; the housewife finds "Oh, such a surprise!" in the way of moths in the furs; and taken altogether it is not a particularly delightful season. To the poor or the sick it is extremely sad.

The particular variety for whom my sympathy is enlisted is neither poor nor yet delicate. Young, vigorous, oftentimes handsome they hardly seem to the casual observer to require sympathy; but to my trained eye and fine perception their sorrow, hidden though it be, yet "preys on the damask cheek." When I met them first in my gay and thoughtless childhood, I had no sympathy for them, no consideration for their rights—in fact I did not recognize that they had any rights or deserved any privileges. Now I know better—I've been there.

This peculiar class, which belongs to every community, members of which invade nearly all homes, is composed of young people, usually, whose parents object to the object of their choice. The objection may in many cases be well founded, but love is known to be blind to faults and to magnify virtues, even sometimes to supply them where they are not. Therefore it is that as many differences of opinion arise about one commonplace young man as arose when the seven blind men met the elephant. Parents and guardians of even the most argus-eyed and discerning species are not going to separate two loving hearts. Ah! no. The result of opposition frequently is that the hot heads contrive some way of meeting and meet they do in spite of bolts and bars.

The places where they meet, and the means by which they communicate, are not always of the kind fond mammals approve. For instance, a mother I know very well, who objects to Charlie's visits, would be very much shocked and grieved to see her pretty and impulsive young daughter chatting to Charlie under the friendly shade of a large family umbrella, as they pass sedately up and down an unfrequented street. If you told that proper and ambitious mother where her daughter was on that same evening, she would tell you it was "quits impossible." Minnie spent that evening with Miss —, dressing dolls for the "feast of days." Well, perhaps she spent enough of it there to avoid an absolute falsehood, but the stolen hour's walk with Charlie was the part of the evening she remembers best.

Clandestine lovers belong to every class of society, from the darling daughter of the *creme de la creme* to my washerwoman's rosy-checked daughter, who the other day married one of the sons of upper-tendom—her best young man *sub rosa* for a year. Most of the clandestine meetings are innocent enough, but when one's eyes are open she sees many things. There is much that worries even one so giddy as I. Why will attractive and otherwise sensible girls forget their womanhood and play with evil? To flirt with a married man, my dears, is very, very wrong, and does you a lot of harm. You stand on the edge of a precipice, and if your girlish eyes even get a glimpse of the depths of blackness it would make you dizzy.

During the summer months, all goes well with the clandestine lovers. Many a drive, row, walk is managed so well that no one is the wiser. At Bay shore, this summer, I've met them; you have seen them. They give you a look, and then, seeing you are not a friend of the family, turn their eyes seaward again, and go on talking their own sweet bosh. I was walking along the beach at Sand Cove a month or two ago, when my companion exclaimed, "Can that be Miss So-and-So?" "Yes," I answered, "and young Blank. His salary is too small; she must marry well. So you see the result." The result looked pretty. A figure in an airy summer dress and shawl sat on a rock with a book (poetry, of course), and another figure in a tennis suit sat on the sands at the feet of the first and smoked cigarettes. They were happy. So was mamma—she knew her daughter had forgotten young Blank, and was at tennis. Out on that perfect road for lovers—Howe's—you find them gazing on the blue Kennebecasis; on the lovely Red Head road, gathering daisies while the horse rests; down Mahogany, she watching the vessels far out, while he talks endless nonsense to her. How horses and livery stables must adore them! They are never in a hurry, never drive fast.

But ah! me, it was fall weather started me moralizing. Now all the pleasant meetings must end. Love is not love, some way, in this sort of weather out of doors. Can you, Adolphus, wear to Angelina that you adore her, when your teeth chatter and one ear is frost-bitten, while she has a purple nose and very red face? Oh, no, my dear fellow, it sounds like bathos. At parties the chaperon's careful eye is upon you.

Angelina's married brother belongs to your toboggan club. You seem to see yourself pine and life is as desolate as nature looks.

What is to be done? There are various things you might do. You might marry. Angelina is a very nice girl, the best out, but— You pause and bite your mousethroat. I understand. It costs money to live and your January bills will be quite heavy enough as it is. I see only one good plan. Give up Adolphus, Angelina, tell him you love him as fondly as ever, but it is a chilly day and you fear he must be left. Be civil to the goody-goody, moneyed young man your parents approve of, and perhaps by the time the winter is over you will find that he is just as clever and amusing in his way as Adolphus was. As for you, Adolphus, go to. You don't need any advice from the

GIDDY GIRL.

ST. STEPHEN PRESBYTERIANS.

They are Happy in the Possession of a Church Which is as Good as New.

The remodelled Presbyterian church at St. Stephen was opened for service, Sunday, Oct. 28. The interior is vastly improved in appearance, while the sitting accommodation is considerably enlarged. Rev. A. J. Mowatt, of Fredericton, delivered eloquent addresses, both morning and evening, and specially fine music was rendered by the choir. The offerings for the day amounted to over \$800.

Rev. Messrs. Gunn, Bruce, Mowatt, Sutherland and several other of the Presbyterian clergy were present at the opening.

The size of the building, before the alteration, was 58x38 feet. The improvements comprise an addition of fifteen feet to the length and a complete remodelling of the interior. Previous to the addition being made, the whole building, including the tower and spire, was moved forward nearer to the street line on which it fronts.

In the interior, a stained wooden ceiling has been substituted for the former one of plaster, and the general finish has been altered to a more elaborate and ornamental design. New pews, comfortably cushioned, replace the old ones, and the floors have been carpeted in tint to correspond with the color of the walls. A handsome ash pulpit, of elaborate design, stands on the raised platform occupied by the choir. The whole interior presents an appearance of freshness and comfort, in marked contrast with its former aspect.

Too much credit cannot be given to the congregation for the spirit and liberality displayed in effecting these improvements.

The contractors were Messrs. Stevenson & Mackenzie. The designs were prepared by Mr. G. Ernest Fairweather, of St. John.

New Brunswick Industries.

Messrs. Thomas Connor & Sons, proprietors of the New Brunswick cordage works, Portland, N. B., will make extensive additions to their factory, and considerable new machinery will be introduced.

A granite cutting machine, invented in New Brunswick, and just purchased by Camden parties, is attracting much attention among the stone workers of eastern Maine. The new owners are experimenting with it to see if it can be made to work satisfactorily. The machine has cutters one above the other, which are fixed to loose pulleys on a movable shaft. They are one inch thick, going to an edge. The cutters move up and down, and the stone is brought to them on a carriage, similar to that of an iron planer. If the machine cuts stone as rapidly and well as claimed, it will revolutionize the granite business.—*Bangor, Me., Commercial.*

Messrs. Ryan have completed an extension to their building and store at Moncton, N. B., for the accommodation of the knitting factory, purchased from the estate of J. A. Stephens by Mr. H. A. Gross, of Hillsboro, N. B. The extension is two stories high, and 22 feet long. As enlarged the upstairs apartments comprise one large factory room, 22x45 feet, and a front room 25x25, which is occupied as a storeroom and office. The machinery, which comprises not only that belonging to the old Universal Knitting company of Moncton, but that of the Archibald Knitting company of Halifax, is sufficient to give employment to 125 hands.—*Canadian Manufacturer.*

Examine Your Family Papers.

Many letters and documents relating to the colonial and revolutionary periods and of interest to historians and autograph collectors were brought by the Loyalists to the maritime provinces. Some of these, of great value, have been destroyed by descendants who did not realize their worth, but others are in existence and command good prices. The undersigned, acting for the leading American dealers, will be pleased to examine collections of family papers and purchase at liberal rates all having value. Such papers, as well as autograph letters and documents of distinguished persons belonging to any age and country, may be forwarded—by registered mail preferred—to Walter L. Sawyer, office Progress, St. John, N. B.—*Advt.*

October's gone—November's here. The Fall's out of the race, Grim winter with her snowy garb Is quickening her pace. But let her strive with all her might, Use all her frosty art, Though long she tries—she ne'er can chill A true New Brunswick heart.

MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The great Levy came and played and conquered; but the attendant satellites of the star were certainly of very small magnitude. It was a repetition of the old tale—a celebrated name to draw a large audience to a second-rate performance. Of course Levy played with all his old-time wonderful execution, tone and finish, but the less said about the rest of the performers the better.

I am sure I am very sorry to have put a member of the board of management of the Oratorio society to the trouble of making such an elaborate contradiction in the morning papers last Monday. Not that I intended for a moment to suggest that the rev. rector of the Stone church would run counter to the wishes of his vestry. Probably the idea was to get a good local in the press for the benefit of the society!

I am glad to hear that several new applications have been made for membership in the society. The rehearsal was largely attended last Monday, and there seems to be a very good feeling existing between the members and their conductor. The former appear to have every confidence in the exceptional ability of the latter and I know Mr. Morley thinks that there is splendid material in the Oratorio that only requires assiduous training to thoroughly bring out.

A London letter of an exchange says that Sir John Stainer, the former organist of St. Paul's, who retired from cathedral duties last spring, has recovered from the severe nervous attacks occasioned by an injury to his eye by a tennis ball, and is engaged in active work in the University of Oxford.

A little bird has whispered to me several times lately that a former resident of this city (an organist) is longing in his far-off inland city for the fogs and flesh-pots of St. John.

Mr. Morley's recital in St. Luke's church has been fixed for next Thursday evening, but as yet he has not completed the programme he intends to play. The choruses that the Oratorio society will sing, as at present settled, are *The Heavens are Telling* and the *Hallelujah* chorus. There is probably no doubt of the church being full, and I hope that those who attend will leave all their 5 and 10 cent pieces at home and bring nothing but quarters, 50 cent pieces and dollars for the silver collection.

The operetta which it is proposed by some ladies to give in the near future, in aid of the Oratorio society, is called *The Tyrolean Queen*, and is by C. F. Hanson. The music is not of the very highest class, but pretty and tuneful. The success of the piece depends a great deal on the dressing and stage management.

Messrs. McMillan & Co. will issue in a few days a new part song (four voices), by Mr. Morley, called *My Own Canadian Home*. This is a very fine composition, set to the beautiful words of our fellow-citizen, Mr. E. G. Nelson, and will doubtless become a great favorite in "this Canada of ours."

Practising on the cornet is like the practicing of a poor physician. It is perfectly destructive of the patience.—*Musical World.*

On dit, that the organist of the Mission church has sent in his report of "the new organ to the powers that be—though what that important document contains nobody knows as yet but the one who wrote it and the one who received it.

"F. C. R." writes from Boston as follows:

St. John music lovers will probably remember a visit Frederic Boscovitz, the talented Hungarian pianist, once made to their city. If I remember correctly he gave a piano recital in the spacious dining-hall of the Victoria hotel which was at that time (previous to the great fire) situated on the corner of Germain and Duke streets.

It is ten years since Boscovitz created a sensation in Boston, by his brilliant performances. He has recently taken up his residence among us again, and I think the readers of PROGRESS will receive with interest a word respecting him.

A few weeks ago he gave an informal musicale, at his residence in Boston suburbs, which proved a delightful entertainment for those present. He played his own compositions, and also some of Liszt's, with whom Boscovitz studied, some years ago.

During the evening Boscovitz invited his guests to step into his "work room." In this room he has a grand piano, the hammer of which are covered with a soft material, and a strip of felt, also, is run through the wires, so that he is able to practice a great many hours without disturbing anyone, for unless one is close to the instrument no sound can be heard.

In the same room there is a dumb keyboard, and quite a unique thing is a small box containing half a dozen piano keys, arranged in proper position. The box is portable and is used for finger exercise while travelling.

As a composer Boscovitz is well known. He has recently arranged a number of antique pieces, which are highly appreciated by lovers of pianoforte music.

He is soon to appear on the concert stage of Boston, when the public will again have the pleasure of hearing him.

cial Tuesday afternoon, and Miss Ryan's concert, assisted by the Mendelssohn quartet, Wednesday evening. Besides these, Mrs. Shaw and her concert company appeared at Music hall, Wednesday evening, and at the Dudley street Opera house, Tuesday evening, was given a first production of the opera, *Elena, the Fair Venetian*, by Mr. G. H. Hayes and Mr. Wm. H. Gardner.

The orchestra was composed of sixteen performers from the Symphony orchestra, and Mr. Percy J. J. Cooper took a leading part, viz., Riccardo. The *Times* speaks very highly of the whole affair, but suggests "to the composer that he needs training in part-writing, and to the writer of the words that we think he is quite capable of being far more original than he has been in *Elena*. The former's gift of melody is very great, and the latter's skill in manipulating words is remarkable. We shall look with expectancy for their next work."

FELIX.

MRS. MULCAHEY'S SPEECH.

Upholding the Family Name Causes an Eruption in the F. of M. Society.

There was an eruption in the Friends of the Heathen society, and it's blamed on me, 'cause I'm a young fellow. Ma was 'lected president, 'cause the regular annual meetin', which they hold every month, was held in our parlor. I guess ma suspected she'd be 'lected, 'cause I found a speech what she wrote in her writin' desk. I was ashamed to think what ma couldn't write a better speech than that, so I wrote one fun to keep the family name in good standin'. Ma's too proud to let anybody do anything fur her, so I didn't swap the speeches till a little after the meetin'.

Ma was excited, so's she couldn't speak when they 'sorted her to the chair, and she looked fur her speech and didn't know any difference. So she mustered up courage and proceeded as follows—[Mr. Editor, I send you the speech, 'cause I swapped them back again afterwards].

Dear friends of the heathens; I can't find words what will show you how much I feel distinguished by bein' risen to this onerous position. We are all engaged in one great work as flies in a mellasse punchin. We are working fur a common good. Like the little flies we have a large field afore us and may die at our task, but we are willin'. We may not resect next spring, but no matter. [I short that was a good point, but the friends of the heathens didn't applod.] Oh! we pray what the deer heathens will be takin' out of their blessed nakedness, and taught to ware clothes like other people, not to follow the examples of society ball people, but as we are with each of us enough clothes fur 2. Teach the deer heathin wimmin to lay their heads on manly bosoms what's got vests on them. Oh! take them from their evilness and dress them up. Teach them to eat meet like us people. Help us to teach them what missionaries aint good to eat. Inspire the heathin wimmin with the truth, fur we have them on our side we will suckseed. Keep the deer little heathin children from gettin' married and bein' widows so quick. Deer friends of the heathin let us work; let awl of us perced to the battle ground and fite. We are only poor weak wimmin, but we must do our wurk like the poor weak little flies.

Ma seemed to git onto somethin' jist here and was uncertain. So when she pawsed a woman what was sittin' by the piano moved what we adjorn, which move was carried. They didn't even move thanks to ma fur her parler and when they 'se out on the sidewalk you never heard sitch talkin' and one woman said what ma's a fool. Ma, she's been in a terrible state ever since. She took a few hysterics after the meetin' and I swopped the speeches so she don't know what's the matter yet, but says it me. Pa says so too and had me visitin' him up stairs. JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

A Fredericton Boy Abroad. Phillips' Congregational church, of Boston, one of the most important bodies of that denomination in New England, has just settled Rev. W. H. G. Temple as its pastor. Rev. Mr. Temple was born at Fredericton, June 19, 1850, but his parents moved a few years later to Brooklyn, N. Y., where the family resided until 1864. Mr. Temple was educated at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute until his father returned to the provinces, where he entered college, graduating in 1868 at the head of his class. He then became engaged in the marine and life insurance business. In 1874 he married Miss Julia M. Dane, of Yarmouth, N. S., and soon after removed to that town and became engaged in mercantile pursuits. In 1881 he took up mission work among the neglected children of the town. He became a lay preacher in 1883, preaching regularly every week until 1885, when the impulse was too strong to longer resist, and he concluded to enter the ministry. He came to Boston, was examined by the Suffolk South association for license, and on Nov. 1, 1885, commenced his labors in the Sheffield pastorate, where he remained until he received the call from the Phillips church.

Business Prospects Good. "Despite the wet weather, I find business for the last three months better than at this time last year," said a leading bookseller to PROGRESS a few days ago. "Early in the summer business was very much better than it has been for the bad weather, which looks as though the prospects were good."

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