

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 23.

MAYOR PETERS MAKES A SPEECH.

His worship the mayor has, in his own way, partly carried out the suggestion made to him by PROGRESS a month or two ago. That suggestion was that prior to the expiration of his term he should give the citizens an account of his stewardship, review his course, and tell them in what position the affairs of the city were. At the organization of the new council, on Tuesday, he spoke for about an hour and a half, dealing with various matters and voicing his own opinions in a clear and positive way.

The speech, as whole, was a good one, and while PROGRESS does not agree with all his worship's views, it gives him credit for speaking clearly and to the point. His advocacy of the idea, originally advanced by PROGRESS, that the council should be reduced, and a portion at least be elected by the citizens at large, is likely to hasten a condition of things that every taxpayer would be glad to see. Altogether, there is much in his worship's remarks that will be found worthy of careful consideration.

His worship took this opportunity of advertising the Rodney wharf "scheme," as he admitted it was designated. He took very strong ground in the matter, but the arguments advanced in favor of the site must be weighed in connection with the reasons already given why the Sand Point site should be selected. The very weakest part of the mayor's argument was that because sixteen members of the council voted for the scheme, "the consensus of opinion was very strong in favor of Rodney wharf." That does not mean anything. Does the mayor remember the "consensus" in favor of Mr. JAMES D. LEARY's scheme when that gentleman first came to the front? The mayor is as well aware as anybody that the same Mr. LEARY now not now the owner of land at Sand Point the "consensus" would be in favor of that site. Does anybody doubt that at least three members of the board are opposed simply through Learyphobia, apart from the merits of the case. The mayor finds it convenient to base a theory of public opinion on a vote of the council, but he forgets that the council came within an ace of refusing the grant for exhibition purposes last year, and it was only by his casting vote that what he considers a most important measure was carried. Then, too, he found the council opposed to a civic census, which he also considered of vital importance. His worship evidently does not think the votes of the council represent public opinion unless they are in the line of his policy. In these two notable instances the council failed to do what was admittedly in the best interests of the citizens. Why should the body be considered any more infallible in its attempt to have the Rodney wharf site selected for harbor improvements? His worship is not consistent in his opinion of the council's wisdom.

The highway to Indiantown was constructed under the terms of the union act. Whether it has been necessary to expend on it \$92,000 is another matter. The original estimate was \$60,000, so that there has been an increase of more than 50 per cent. if the larger expenditure has been justified it is apparent that those who made the original estimates knew very little about the matter. His worship now thinks that some of the other streets should have immediate attention, though when it comes to the matter of sewers he claims that we must proceed slowly, not hoping to get everything in a year or twenty years.

It is doubtless a satisfaction for his worship to drive strangers around the city, and point out to them the beauty of our highways, but the question is whether, with the limited means at command, other things should not have prior attention. A good looking mayor naturally wants a good looking city, but there

are things to be done which are even of more importance than smooth highways, even though they make very little show.

The mayor seeks by comparison to show that the St. John assessment rate of \$1.47 on the \$100 is very moderate as compared with the rate of many cities of Canada and United States. To quote the figures of these cities is only a superficial way of looking at the matter. The question is, are we getting for our \$1.47 the same proportion of value that is given for the rates of taxation on the cities named? While PROGRESS cannot attempt to go into detail, it asks those of its readers who are familiar with the cities in the list, to consider what advantages their citizens enjoy as compared with what we enjoy. The rate of Boston is \$1.26. His worship says that the figure is low because Boston has completed a great deal of the kind of work that we have yet to do. This is only partially true. Boston, especially in the annexed districts, is continually undertaking heavy and expensive works, and must continue to do so for years to come. It is also true of Boston that the man with merely an income of less than \$2,000 pays only a poll tax of \$2 a year. In St. John a man with \$1,000 income pays \$16.70. Does the working man get the worth of his taxes from the city? In the same way, other instances could be quoted from his worship's list. It should also be borne in mind that while the taxes in American cities cover everything, they by no means do so here. The most important thing about our assessment, however, is not that it is \$1.47, but that it has grown to that figure by a steady increase year after year, and that the indications are the increase will continue for some years to come. The question is, where will it end?

The plan outlined by PROGRESS two or three years ago, of reducing the number of aldermen and electing from the city at large has been carefully considered by his worship, and he offers a scheme which is worthy of careful attention. He proposes to reduce the number to eighteen, elect half from the city at large, and have each half elected in alternate years. The move is in the right direction.

Taken as a whole, the mayor's speech does him credit. It is clear and outspoken, and it is by all odds the best inaugural delivered by any mayor in recent years. While PROGRESS does not agree with all his worship's views, it is glad that he has thought fit to follow, in his own way, its suggestions as to his reviewing the work of his term in office. It still holds, however, that the time for such a review is toward the end of an old term rather than at the beginning of a new one. He should define his position and explain his acts before he asks the people to re-elect him.

It is a pity that the mayor thought fit, at the close of his speech, to sneer at the principle that the office should seek the man, rather than the man the office. The idea that every man should be encouraged to offer because he wants the position is not the correct one. There must be behind his ambition some public feeling that he is fit for what he seeks. It was so in his worship's case in the first instance, and the permitting him to enter upon a second term unopposed was another expression that the people wanted him. His worship may think he owes his position to his own enterprise in seeking it, but he should remember that his name was brought forward by others because of the attention he had given to civic matters in the past. He was really pushed to the front, whether he wants to think so or not, and so should every mayor be. The office is the gift of the people. They should choose their man, and no man who has a true sense of dignity will pose as a beggar for the office until he is assured that a reasonable number of the electors are anxious to see him there.

"ASTRA" AND HER CRITICS.

During the last few weeks, several anonymous letters have appeared in the *Times*, attacking the lady who is well known to every reader of PROGRESS as "Astra." It is not the practice of this or any other paper to take up the cudgels for any correspondent in such case, and for that reason PROGRESS has stood aloof, leaving "Astra" to reply or treat the matter as beneath notice. It may be said in this connection that every writer of note on the staff has at one time or another been the subject of personal attack in some form on account of matter which has been published, and that in such case the rule has always been the same—the quarrel of the individual is not to be made the quarrel of the paper. The case of "Astra" was therefore, at the outset, on a plane with that of all previous cases, but as the attacks on her have been unusually malicious and unmerciful, it is but right that PROGRESS should now refer to them.

The letters in the *Times*, so far as PROGRESS has read them, have appeared to be the work of some cowardly blackguard who was wholly beneath notice. Though bearing female signatures, PROGRESS has every reason to believe that no woman had anything to do with their composition. It cannot believe that any female who would be tolerated in any society other than that of Vulcan street, could lend herself to such a dis-

reputable piece of work. The act is that of some low-bred fellow, regarding whom any mere words would be as much wasted as on a cur that barks at humanity from the concealment of its kennel. The wonder is not that the malice of a sneaking nature could produce letters attacking a lady, but that a paper in the province could be found to publish these letters. It may be safely assumed that the *Times* is the only one paper which would lend itself to such a dirty piece of work.

The correspondent who has been the subject of the attack needs no vindication from PROGRESS. Those who have the pleasure of her acquaintance know her to be a lady who adorns the refined circles in which she moves when among her social equals. As a writer, she has afforded pleasure and instruction to the thousands who read PROGRESS in every part of the world. The department which she conducts is the most difficult in the paper to keep up week after week, dealing as it does with all kinds of topics and answering the promiscuous queries of hundreds of curious people. "Astra," over that and other signatures, has always been a most valued correspondent, and has had a standing offer to take a position on the office staff. That offer is still open, and it rests with her to accept it at any time she may see her way clear to do so.

PROGRESS feels that it does no more than its duty in vindicating its correspondent in this instance, and in expressing its full appreciation of her valuable work. Where she has dealt with so many subjects, and has not hesitated to hold up local frauds for their true value, it is not surprising that she should excite the ill-will and envy of one or two of the morally deformed in a community. It is to be hoped she will realize that no harm can possibly come to her high reputation by the cowardly attacks of the thugs who hide in ambush in the columns of the meanest paper in Canada—the ill-printed and worse edited *Moncton Times*.

LOOK BEYOND THE MONEY.

A correspondent in Nova Scotia asks PROGRESS this question:

Could you not publish, for the benefit of your bachelor subscribers, the names of young ladies of good financial standing in the different towns? This is a joke, or intended to be one. It is only too true, however, that there is such a list in existence there would be no lack of men who would be willing to take "pointers" from it to guide them in their search for wives. This is a practical age, and the question of whether a girl has or has not money, present or prospective, is apt to largely influence some people in their choice. No one can pretend that wealth and true love are antagonistic to each other, but when the former is a *sine qua non*, in a young man's eyes, the chances are very small that the latter ever enters into the question. It has always been so, and is likely to be. This age is no more mercenary than past ages have been, and human nature will be the same when these generations have passed away. When the motive in seeking a wife is wealth first and love, if possible, afterwards, it is hardly to be hoped that a marriage will have the best results. If love exists as the first condition, then wealth may be made to greatly increase the happiness of the pair. Love and poverty are not usually in that harmony which poets have sung about.

In the same line, the girl who accepts a man who is rich, because he is rich, makes the mistake of a lifetime, if he have not qualities for which she could love him were he poor. She sells herself, and sells herself cheap. In some cases the world realizes it. In others, the household skeleton is hidden from prying eyes, but it is there in no less fearful reality. PROGRESS recommends its correspondent to take another view of what makes a woman desirable as a helpmate. The financial standing should never be the main motive in a young man's quest for a wife.

The city of Chicago, regarding the government of which some information is given elsewhere in this issue, has solved the problem in regard to enforcing the law for the regulation of saloons. It gives the mayor the control of the police force, and when the right kind of a man is in office, the rest of the operation is simple enough. He has the power of dismissal of every man from the chief down. The promise that he would discharge any policeman upon whose post a drink was sold after hours, has had the effect of making each man remember that eternal vigilance is the price of position. Such a system would work in St. John. It cannot be doubted that the police are fully aware of bars where the law is violated every night of the year, but they do not make it their business to interfere. They consider that they are not bound to search out such places, and there is no risk in their not reporting them. There is too much official indolence here, as PROGRESS showed a few months ago in an account of the Saturday night scenes in some of the most prominent bars in the city.

In the latest development of the reformatory question—the procuring of the old penitentiary buildings by the personal efforts of Lady TILLEY, it should not be forgotten that the friends of the reformatory have labored long and hard to secure what she has obtained. It seems a pity that Lady TILLEY did not realize

earlier that she had an influence which the leading citizens of St. John did not have, and that she did not co-operate with them in their earnest and laudable efforts.

The czar of Russia officially declares that the famine in his dominions is over, but that is no more an evidence of fact than have been some of the official declarations as to the prosperity of Canada under this or that policy. Hard times and hunger are not much affected by the statements from head quarters, in any country.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

An Easter Hymn.
There is a land, a pleasant land,
Where Christ has gone before,
Where the redeemed, a chosen band,
With praises loud and measure grand,
Unceasingly adore.

Jesus who did for us alone,
And purged our sin away,
There sits on His exalted throne,
To claim that homage all His own,
On this bright Easter day.

May love to Him our thoughts engross
As daily now we strive
To cling more firmly to His cross,
To count all earthly gain but loss,
And closer to Him live.

That when before His face we stand,
We may His pardon gain,
And find a place at His right hand,
Amid that bright and chosen band,
Free from all earthly stain.

PERO.

Mr. Miles and His Work.

When anybody who admires good pictures visits the studio of Mr. John C. Miles, in the Pugsley building, he is likely to come away with the regret that he cannot purchase the greater part of those he sees on the easels and around the walls. The collection is not so large as it is choice, for Mr. Miles finds that the public have learned to appreciate his work, and the sale of it is only a question of means to purchase. The oils, such as the Scoville homestead, views on the Nepisiguit, Restigouche and in the harbor of St. John, etc., are all good specimens of painstaking effort which have been crowned with success. The black-and-whites are so well known to everybody that it is hardly necessary to mention them. In this class of work Mr. Miles easily distances every competitor in this corner of the world. He is now giving his attention to portraits in oil from sittings, and will soon be in a position to exhibit some specimens of what his brush can do in this line. The beauty of a good oil painting from life is beyond comparison with that of any other class of portrait. Some well known citizens are among those who will shortly be immortalized on canvas by Mr. Miles.

Sir Walter Scott's Friends.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In your issue of last week I saw a paragraph copied from the *Scottish American*, stating "that the queen was the only person living who had spoken to Sir Walter Scott. Now, I beg leave to contradict the statement. My mother, who is still alive, knew Sir Walter quite well when she was a child, he being a friend of her father's family. When we consider that Sir Walter Scott practised law in the city of Edinburgh for years, it seems almost incredible to suppose that he should be known only to two, whose ages are not so great that others a good deal older might not still be alive who knew him, especially when we remember that he was a most genial man, and very fond of children. I have taken the trouble to write this, as the thought came to me that if all history has been made in the same hasty manner there must be very little recorded of past events worth believing.

HELEN L. GALT.

Fredericton, April 19.

Thank You For This.

The Ramblers cycle club have issued to members a card bearing the club colors and giving a detailed list of the afternoon club meets from May 7th, when the season begins, to October 29th, when it ends. Dates are also given of holiday runs. The events are printed between the spokes of an ordinary bicycle and are very prettily done. Besides these and the officers' names, there is on the last page a code of club signals. The card is a handsome piece of workmanship done by PROGRESS, and is being distributed to members, together with a silver badge and a copy of bye-laws, on payment of dues.—*Halifax Herald*, April 20th.

The Dark Side of City Life.

Two small boys had a fight at the head of Paddock street last night. Ald. Barnes separated them.—*Sun*. A little girl named Mason was knocked down by a team as she was crossing Mill street yesterday afternoon. She was badly frightened, but not much hurt.

A life and drum band, with headquarters on Union street, paraded through several streets last evening playing some lively airs, and of course they attracted much attention.—*Telegraph*.

Delivery men would do well to find out who they are before they let horses to small boys. A citizen complains that a young lad recently drove a horse on the sidewalk of some of the principal streets.—*Sun*.

Between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, the awning over the windows of Wilson's butcher shop on Brussels street, caught fire. The blaze was smothered before much damage was done.—*Telegraph*.

As Dr. McAlpine was driving along Charlotte street last night the wheel of his carriage caught in the car track, which frightened his horse, causing it to plunge and kick. No damage was done.—*Telegraph*.

They Object to the Water.

Complaints are made by several parties that irrefragable persons are allowed to take charge of the hose nozzle at fires, and that they abuse the power in their hands by directing the stream on persons engaged in protecting their property.—*Newcastle Advocate*.

LET'S HAVE A YACHT RACE.

Editor Stewart Talks About It and Makes A Suggestion.

That daring yachtsman, Editor Stewart of the *Chatham News*, still persists in his statement that a sail around the Nova Scotia coast in a small yacht would not be a difficult feat. This is what he has to say:—

"PROGRESS says that our statement that the St. John yacht, *British Queen*, could sail to Halifax, 'has provoked some amusing comment.' It must have been by smooth-water and fair-weather sailors. There are at least two hundred boatsmen in St. John, who would, any two or three of them, sail the yacht around. The first day's run, with a leading or following wind, would take them to Briar Island, and the rest of the trip would be short stages from port to port. An open boat, very little larger than the *British Queen*, sailed from Gaspe to New York not long ago, with Lecturer Armstrong on board, and he kept his dates as regularly as if he had been railroading or steamboating. Even smaller boats have crossed the Atlantic ocean. The 'amused comments,' therefore, were not made by men who know very much about yachting. PROGRESS says that 'several new boats are being built. Mr. Fowler has one, Mr. Thomson proposes to have something that will make the others look about them, to say nothing of Mr. Troop's new boat, or that of Elijah Ross.' St. John is evidently wide awake on the yachting question at last, and the prospects of an interprovincial race are good. One of the larger boats will, no doubt, be the champion. It would not be wise to send a smaller boat than the largest of the Halifax fleet. Size more than pays for itself in a yacht race, even with the time allowance against it, and St. John should not send a boat under 26 ft. load line to race against *Yola* and *Lenore*, the former being 26 ft. and the latter 27 ft. 1 inch. We hope PROGRESS will pound away at this matter. It has been successful in all its undertakings, it has the ear of both St. John and Halifax, and it can secure an interprovincial yacht race if it undertakes the task."

There is no doubt that PROGRESS' suggestion has met with very much favor in both cities, and local yachtsmen are looking forward to unknown competitors in the other city who may show them how to sail a boat. Plenty of fun would centre about such a race. Every man who could get or steal leave from his business would be on the ground to see the fun. The railway should carry any yachts over and back for nothing in view of the passenger business a race would bring them. Perhaps this suggestion is worth following up, for in these days railways are among the largest advertisers bidding for business, and in what other light could such free transit be regarded.

Remarkable Training of the Eye.

The capacity of the human eye for special training is even greater than that of the hand. A young lady employed in one of the clipping bureaus in New York city can see certain names and subjects at a glance at the page of a newspaper. They are the names and subjects she is paid to look up through hundreds of newspapers every day. What the ordinary reader would have to read column after column to find—and then might miss—the secret at what seems the merest casual glance at the sheet as soon as it is spread out before her. "They stand right out," said she, laughingly, "just as if they were printed in bold black type and all the rest was small print. I couldn't help seeing them if I wanted to. When I begin to look up a new matter and drop an old one it bothers me a little—the latter by being in my mental way but in a few days one disappears and the other appears in some mysterious way. I can't tell how. I used to think bank cashiers and tellers were a remarkable set of people, but I know find that the eye is much quicker than the hand and is susceptible to a higher training."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Tommy Acted as He Would at Home.

A certain small Tom was going out to luncheon by invitation. His mother was anxious he should behave well, but wisely recalling that simplicity is the essence of all true politeness, gave him but one caution. "Act, Tom, as if you were at home; take what you want with a 'Yes, please,' and decline anything with a 'No, thank you,' be as honest as at our own table," trusting that with his confidence established the continual home-sowing of precept and example would bear its fruit. At night Tom reported results. "I guess I did all right, mother," he said, "though I got a laugh on me once." "What was that?" inquired his mother. "Well, we had baked apples, and when it came my turn to be served Mrs. G. said: 'And now, Tom, which apple do you want?'" "You told her, of course," interpolated his mother, as the boy hesitated a little. "You know I have often explained that it is good manners to give a choice when one is asked."

"Yes, mother, I told her, and that was the laugh. I said: 'The one I want is gone.'"—*New York Times*.

PERTINENT AND PERSONAL.

Mr. F. W. Green, agent of the Confederation Life Insurance company, for the Maritime Provinces, was in town this week. He found PROGRESS among many others he called upon. Mr. Green is a Toronto man who has made a success of insurance in the Maritime Provinces for himself and his company.

Get Your Feather Beds Ready.

Mr. John Frodsham has resumed his spring and summer business of renovating and cleaning feather beds. Those who have tried his process have always found it very satisfactory. He can be found at the old stand on Waterloo street.

WHAT A LANDLORD THINKS.

Different Classes of Tenants and of House Owners as Well.

"I read your stories on house hunting experiences," said a landlord to PROGRESS this week, "and while there is much that I can endorse from the landlord's point of view, there is a great deal more I could add if I were so disposed. It would not do, for I would have to illustrate by anecdotes that would be altogether too pointed. Everybody would know who I meant, and, besides, as long as I have houses to let, I do not want to get the reputation of a man who is always finding out something bad about his tenants. To my mind, however, the landlord is the one who deserves sympathy. He generally tries to do what is right, but you have no idea what kind of people are found in a mixed army of tenants."

"The easiest people to get along with are those who have always been used to living decently. The trouble is from those who have not been used to much and look for everything. The more you do for them, the more they want you to do. I suppose everybody who has travelled, has noticed that the most exacting patrons at hotels are of the shoddy class, while the least likely to complain are people of position. It is the same way with people who rent houses. I never have complaints from people who amount to anything. I try to do what is right, and they know it. The snobs, as I may call them, are the people who keep up a continual running to me about this thing or that, from the 1st of May in one year to the 30th of April in another."

"So far as my observation goes, there will not be an extra amount of moving this year. St. John has a good class of houses, as a rule, and people are more contented than they used to be when things were less convenient. A good many people hate to move unless there is an absolute necessity, and the more landlords try to have their houses complete, the fewer notices to quit will they get from tenants. That has been my experience, but I do know of some landlords who always expect a general turn over on the first of May. If you would see the houses they have you need not wonder at this. They have an idea that it is better to make money by keeping poor accommodations than by having people dissatisfied and by going to a little outlay in the first instance in order to get and retain a better class of tenants. Those are my ideas on the subject. I am not ashamed of my houses, nor of the people who rent them."

The Home Physician.

There are some books beside the bible that are needed in every house, and the *Practical Home Physician* is one of them. This is an illustrated work of over 1,300 pages which treats of all the diseases that human flesh is heir to, and suggesting modes of treatment. The presence of such a work of information in a home has an actual value inasmuch as it tells one frequently what a physician would, and without a fee. It is more valuable, however, in presenting an opportunity by means of its numerous, simple illustrations for everyone to know what ails them when "out of sorts." An extract from the local prospectus gives a better idea of the work.

The *Practical Home Physician* stands alone as the standard family medical book. It is written, prescriptions and text, in plain English, so that everyone may readily understand it. It is the only family medical book written by a number of the leading doctors of the world, each one being a specialist in the department of which he treats, and all of them professors in the leading medical colleges. Over one million copies of the old edition are in use; and so great has been its popularity, that over seventy-five thousand copies have been exported to Australia, and ten thousand to South Africa. It has been translated into Spanish and scores of thousands sold in that language. Owing to the great popularity of this book, and knowing also that a million homes are still in want of it, and being determined to furnish the latest and best in every respect, with the most recent discoveries in medicine, we some time since decided to revise the work with that end in view. The first edition was the work of four doctors of the highest standing, and to assist in the revision, three others, noted specialists, have been employed; so there can be no doubt that the work has been completely and thoroughly done. The old edition supplanted all rivals, and the revised one brings everything up to date and completes all portions which were found wanting, or needing correction in the old.

The Song in the Air.

There's snow in the quiet valleys
And over each silent hill;
Unrobed are the echoes of summer—
The brook in its bed is still.
But from under the soft white cover
Outspung on the sun-baked plain
Uprises a tender murmur
And the note of a glad refrain.

And above in the blue comes whirling
The flight of swift winged bird—
The air that is idly straying
Soft are humming those they're hatching
From the bird and the whirling flowers
That the sleeping world may hear;
"Come forth from your long, long dreaming—
For the spring, sweet spring, is near!"
—*Kate A. Bradley, in Boston Leader*.

SPRINGHILL.

[PROGRESS is on sale at J. S. McDonald's book store.]

APRIL 20.—Quite a number of young ladies and gentlemen went to Parrboro this week to sing at a concert there. An excursion train left here at 7 p. m. and arrived in Parrboro a little after 8. After a most enjoyable evening the party returned to town, between 12 and 1 o'clock. The 98th. band of the journey with most delightful music. Mrs. Eason, of Halifax, is in town, visiting her sisters, Mrs. Dr. Byers and Rev. Mrs. Wilson. Mr. Donald Ferguson is creating a new scheme on the upper part of Main street. I understand it will be quite an ornament to that part of the town. Mrs. Capt. Croyer, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Robt Redpath, left Thursday for Acadia. The school examinations took place last week, and were well attended. The exercises were most interesting and the singing in Miss Le Ede's Poppet's department particularly good. Mrs. Perrie, of Cape Breton, mother of Mr. L. A. Perrie, is in town, on route to New York, to visit a daughter there. The 98th. Band are arranging for a concert to be given about the 1st of May. MANS.