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ALL RAIL LINE.)  
EMENT OF TRAINS, IN  
1888. Leave St. John International  
Standard Time.  
Express for Bangor, Portland,  
Boston and all points west, (except  
Friday nights), for Montreal, Wood-  
stock, Presque Isle and Edmundston with Pullman  
car.  
St. Stephen, and for Bangor, and  
Fredericton, St. Andrews, Houlton and  
for Fredericton and intermediate  
points.  
Except Saturday night—For Ban-  
gton, and all points west, (except  
Friday nights), for Montreal, Wood-  
stock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls,  
using car for Bangor.  
ST. JOHN.  
Except Monday morning—From  
St. John, and all points west, and  
Houlton and Woodstock, Presque  
Isle and Edmundston with Pullman  
car.  
Fredericton and intermediate  
points.  
Bangor, Portland, Boston and  
from Fredericton, St. Andrews,  
Houlton, Woodstock, Grand Falls and  
St. Stephen, and from St. An-  
drews, Houlton and Woodstock.  
LEAVE CALLETON.  
Fairville and for Bangor and  
Fredericton, St. Andrews, Houlton,  
Woodstock, Grand Falls and  
St. Stephen, and from St. An-  
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Fairville and points west.  
Division. F. W. CHASE.  
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March 29th, 1888.

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ONABLE CLOTHS, consisting  
DEEP SUITINGS;  
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# PROGRESS.

VOL. I., NO. 3.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1888.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

## HITCHED TO THE PLOW.

A SCENE AT THE PROVINCIAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

Seven Lunatics Pulling a Plow Along a Hill—An Inhuman Spectacle—An Attendant Who Should Be a Patient.

The following paragraph appeared in the city papers on Wednesday, May 9:—  
Dr. J. T. Steeves, superintendent of the provincial lunatic asylum, has gone to attend the annual meeting of the Medical Superintendents of Insane Asylums of North America, to be held at Old Point Crawford, near Fortress Monroe, Virginia.

It was a good job that Dr. Steeves went away, Wednesday.

Why?  
Some of his assistants became insane, apparently, on the following day, and if he had been on the ground he might have been held responsible for the performances which their insanity caused them to indulge in.

A St. John man, whose business called him to the neighborhood of the asylum, saw the whole show. Spring plowing was going on, and the side of a hill was the scene of operations. A stalwart attendant held the plow: attached to it by ropes were seven lunatics! They supplied the motive power.

It is probable, of course, that the lunatics were no crazier than the attendant who worked such a team in full view of a public road. If that is the case, he also should be put behind the bars. If not, and if he is sane, he ought to be—what, ladies and gentlemen?

You would better treat that attendant to a medical examination, Dr. Steeves!

**Tip-Top Style.**  
"I agree with him," said a St. John tailor, yesterday. He had been reading what a Portland tailor had told the *Advertiser* about the fashion: "If you want to be in tip-top style," he remarked, "you will have to order your trousers made with very large legs. But as a matter of fact it is only the young fellows who delight in extremes that have their garments made in that way. It is best to have them cut of medium size and then they won't attract attention either from excess of fashion or lack of it. I have customers who order their clothes made exactly the same year after year and they are the best dressed people who come to me. So don't bother about what the fashion happens to be, but have your suit made to fit you comfortably."

**He Won't Do It Again.**  
There is one man in town who is not likely to get intoxicated again; at least that is what he says himself. He was in that condition one day this week and some friends who saw him endeavored to get him off the streets. The handiest place was the hall-way of a photographing establishment and there they took him. One of the party happened to know the photographer and so no customers being in the place he suggested that the intoxicated man be photographed. No sooner said than done. A few days afterwards the man's wife received a parcel containing the photograph. Nothing more need be said.

**The Boys Are Getting Rich.**  
Last Saturday, George Swanton, Wm. Stevens and Willie Ramsay captured the \$1.75 which PROGRESS gives every week to its three smartest newsboys. Swanton and Stevens had a tight race for the championship, and the winner finished by a length, so to speak, selling 168 papers to Stevens' 165. Both boys were so much interested, and found it so easy to sell PROGRESS, that they wanted to keep it up all through the evening, and today they will probably stay on the street from daylight until the children begin to go to Sunday school.

**How Many?**  
It seems a simple question, but it has proved enough of a problem to set half of Elliot row by the cars. People living in that neighborhood are struggling with it to the exclusion of eating and sleeping, and the various answers they give to it range all the way from 20 to 42. This is the conundrum: If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many will six hens lay in seven days? Don't all speak at once.

**He Has Left Off the Crutch.**  
St. John's crack pitcher, Robinson, has recovered from the effect of his interview with the pin. He will be all right for the games, Thursday. That is the reason why the base ball cranks are singing the doxology.

**A-Crowdin' Loyalty.**  
"Aint this a crowdin' loyalty," said an nrobin yesterday, "A holiday this week; another next, and nothin' to git crackers with."

## OUR ANGLERS.

Notes on Their Spring-time Occupations.

I have never heard so much talk about fish and fishing, "said Charlie Baillietto Progress" as is floating this spring. Outside parties, especially Americans are taking in our streams, and are forwarding their orders for equipments faster than I can supply them. I expect twenty or thirty visitors here by June 1st. Fly fishing will begin next week perhaps, but fishing is all that is going now, and that sport don't amount to much. At present Rocky Lake is one of the best places to cast a line, because it is surer than most spots. South Branch was always a sure stream, but that is shut out from the public now.

It has been leased by Messrs. John Thomson (of Wm. Thomson & Co.), Jas. F. Robertson (of Manchester, Robertson & Allison), and W. H. Barnaby. They have it for nine years. Peter's Lake is leased for the first time by some parties in the city. It is near Moffat's mill, some two and a half miles from town. The lessees are going to stock it with bass, which are said to be a lively fish—at any rate they will clean out all trash in the lake.

A club of 30 have control of Beaver lake, and are building houses about it.

Messrs. S. Hayward and James Ferguson are of those who leased Wedderburn lake.

Disappointment lake has also been secured by Indian town parties. The road has been improved of late by the government, and the lake is now easy of approach.

**Mount Allison Exercises.**  
No institution in the dominion has such pleasant reunions as Mount Allison universities. Old graduates from both branches, parents and students, clergymen and laymen assemble in Sackville's pleasant homes and spend a week of pure pleasure. The programme for this year is as follows:—

Friday, May 25th—Oral Examinations Male Academy.  
Saturday, May 26th—7 p. m., Social Reunion Ladies College.  
Sunday, May 27th—11 a. m., Theological Union Anniversary, Sermon by Rev. J. J. Treadwell, Hall; 7 p. m., Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. D. W. Johnson, B. A., Horton, N. S.  
Monday, May 28th—9 a. m., Anniversary Exercises, Male Academy; 1:45 to 3:30 p. m., Musical and Glee Society; 7 p. m., Students of Ladies College; 3:30 p. m., Meeting of Senate of University; 7 p. m., Theological Union Anniversary Lecture by Rev. W. Harrison, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; subject: The Religious Faculty—its nature, scope, and satisfaction.  
Tuesday, May 29th—9 a. m., Anniversary exercises of Ladies college; 3 p. m., Annual business meeting of Alumni society; 4 p. m., Annual business meeting of Alumni; 7:30 p. m., Conversation of Alumni and Alumni; Alumni Oration by Hon. Justice Burdidge, of Ottawa; Alumni Essay by Miss May Twissie, M. L. A.  
Wednesday, May 30th—9 a. m., University Convocation; 3 p. m., Annual meeting of Board of Regents.

**Jack Was There.**  
Mr. John Boden, formerly of the *Telegraph*, has been engaged in New York journalism for only a few months, but his ability has already won the recognition which all his friends expected. At the dinner tendered by the *Press* staff to the retiring city editor, Mr. Ashley W. Cole, the other day, Mr. Boden responded to one of the principal toasts, speaking on behalf of the local staff to the sentiment, "Our Boys; a Select Lot." Reports say that it was a good speech, and PROGRESS doesn't doubt it, but questions whether it was quite so vigorous and entertaining as his well-remembered effort in Bostwick's hall.

**A New Method of Teaching.**  
Professors Bober and Ingres, representing the Berlitz schools of languages, have given trial lessons in Fredericton and St. John, this week, and have pleased all who went to hear them. Their methods are so simple and the results so satisfactory that large classes have been formed in both cities. If twenty lessons are taken, the professors guarantee that the pupils can make themselves understood in either German or French, whichever is taken. Prof. Ingres and Bober are admirable teachers.

**Town and Country Residences.**

It is not every week that a man can buy a town and a country residence in one day or in one hour, and the opportunity which Mr. W. A. Lockhart announces at Chubb's corner this morning at 12 o'clock, should not be neglected. Mr. James F. Robertson's handsome city residence, and G. O. D. Otty's cottage at Hampton, are the properties. The man who bids highest, and high enough takes one or both.

**Everybody is Glad.**  
The sudden and severe illness of Mr. Fred C. Godsoe, last week, caused deep anxiety to many friends, who will be happy to know that he is convalescent. PROGRESS will be glad to set up the cigarettes for "Ted," when he gets out on the street again.

**Give Them a Good Send-off.**  
St. Alphonsus' L. D. and S. association, of Portland, will hold its first entertainment in St. Peter's hall, next Thursday evening. A minstrel circle and a farce, with literary and musical specialties, are included in the programme.

## WHERE IS MY HUSBAND?

MRS. CAPT. BONNELL WANTS AN ANSWER

To This Question—Who Can Give It?—Has Her Husband Gone the Same Way as Patrick McManus and Elias White?—No Move by the Authorities.

The near relatives of Capt. Samuel Bonnell have been in terrible suspense for more than three weeks as to the fate of that gentleman. He disappeared as suddenly and as mysteriously as if the earth had swallowed him. No persons can say with any degree of certainty that they have seen him since Thursday evening, April 26th.

Hope and despair, despair and hope are alternately in the ascendant in the residence of Mr. Taylor, the son-in-law of the missing man whose wife and two daughters there spend weary days and sleepless nights waiting and watching for his return or for news of him.

When PROGRESS called at the house Thursday and rang the bell there was a swift movement from the interior to the door and a pale, tear-stained and anxious face appeared with an inquiring look.

"Is Mrs. Capt. Bonnell in," was the query. "Yes, yes. Come, mother, some gentleman wants to see you."

PROGRESS went for news and had none to give to comfort the anxious ones, much to their disappointment.

Mrs. Bonnell is a fine-looking woman though grief and suspense have changed her greatly. She has not given up all hope of finding her husband alive again, but feels that it would be better to have news of him, whatever has happened, than know nothing of his whereabouts or fate. Both Mrs. Taylor and her sister are refined women and feel keenly the circumstances of their father's disappearance.

"I can't begin to think he is gone forever," said Mrs. Bonnell, wringing her hands. "He has become despondent perhaps and gone away for a time until he gets over his trouble. But yet I can't think he would leave us all in such suspense. I did not know anything of this until I received the telegram in New Jersey, when I came here at once. We had a happy and comfortable home there, and our family, a son and daughter, lived with me."

My husband and I lived here for a long time and everybody loved him. He did a good river business at one time and when he came here this time intended to charter a vessel to load with ashes and return to New York.

"Have any of the authorities offered to help me find my husband? Not one. I have seen no one who interested themselves in the affair save newspaper men. I am told that it is not an unusual occurrence for men to disappear in St. John and never be seen again and this may be another case. They say Mr. McManus' friends never heard of him, but are confident he did not leave the place. The friends of Elias White do not know whether he died naturally, was drowned or murdered. They only know that he is gone."

"Where is my husband? He was always a kind, indulgent man, who would harm no person. Who would harm him? He had a sum of money with him; how much I do not know, but quite a roll of bills; surely no one would do away with him for that. It is too soon to give up hope, but if I don't hear from him in a few days I will have this matter sifted. Trained detective service can be had in America if not in Canada, and it may news of my husband, dead or alive, can be had, I will have it. I am in hope that he went toward home, but every train man knew him as well as I did and they saw nothing of him. Someone said he was in Boston, but I cannot trace the report."

Thus Mrs. Bonnell concluded her story. Seldom has a sadder one been told. Her husband, her support was taken from her when hundreds of miles from home. She comes to find him and is left unassisted, unaided by the authorities to do so.

**Who Will Get Miss Annings' Cash?**  
Miss Annings' gift to the W. C. T. Union was accompanied by another and a less desirable bequest. The meeting hours of the union were formerly taken up with discussing religious, temperance, missionary and tract work and public improvements. Now-a-days, report says, these estimable ladies are full of legal lore, and occupy their time talking of their chances of getting the money and wondering how big the lawyers' fees will be.

**The Right Man for the Place.**  
Inspector I. B. Oakes writes PROGRESS to the effect that its announcement of his appointment to the principalship of the new Baptist seminary was not correct. He has not accepted the position. The friends of the institution are confident that Mr. Oakes is the right man for the place, but will have to accept the present position of affairs for a time.

## POINTS FOR THE JUNIORS.

Brooks Tells Aspiring Base Ball Cranks How to Become \$10,000 Beauties.

The base ball craze in St. John is assuming alarming proportions. The results, however, will not be made known for some months yet. I have been somewhat affected by the mania myself, and the change is particularly noticeable in my voice. This, I believe is the first stage of the disease. It finally spreads over one until about the middle of the summer, when a great looseness of the joints is apparent. My friends tell me I am too heavy to ever become a base ball player, yet I have a good voice and a sufficient quantity of it to become captain of a nine. I have bought a little book with the picture of a base ball player on the cover, which contains the rules of the National league and a few other hints about base ball, and where to buy everything connected with it. The rules in this book have evidently been compiled in haste and are of course incomplete. So when the managing committee of the St. John Junior league publish the additions, improvements and amendments made by them, I shall buy it also, and feel confident that I have the only complete base ball guide in existence.

I am afraid that a large number of the members of these numerous clubs do not thoroughly understand the true principles of base ball, and many others are debarred from entering this field on account of not knowing the way to become successful ball players. I sympathize with these people, both in heart and voice, principally the latter, and now take this opportunity of laying down a few rules which, if strictly observed, lead any intelligent young man to fame and \$10,000 a year.

The best place to begin learning to play ball is in your own back yard, and the time, every evening after tea. Here you will only be seen by the people of the adjoining houses in your endeavors to catch the ball and throw it through the dining room window. If your hands and head are both soft, a rubber ball will be the best to begin with. After you have done as much damage as you can easily pay for and the neighbors have ceased to notice you, asked some of your fellow workers to come to the shop, foundry or wherever you work, half an hour earlier than usual to play "catchers." All successful ball players have done this and many still do it. If you show any ability as a player somebody will ask you to play in a nine. Of course you must first say you can't play well enough. At this stage of your career it is too early to say you can "play all around" anybody. If the club that you first play in wins a game, several other clubs will probably apply for your services. Now comes the most important point. Young man, if seven clubs should ask you to play with them, in one day, say yes to all of them. By this, one may think you are a valuable man; besides, your name will appear oftener in the newspapers, and should a league be formed, one evening at least, would be spent in trying to decide which club you belong to. Another thing to be considered, is how to carry yourself when off the diamond. Some players walk with the head thrown back, but some of the most successful, and of course all their imitators, carry their hands in their pockets and bend the head forward, as if they were about to ask somebody if he wanted to fight.

The number of good base ball players now in the field surprises some people. It does not surprise me. The reason is that very few of the clubs have played a match game yet. On the 25th of May, there will not be half as many good players in the city as there are now. The number of clubs also will not be so great. However, it would not do to get too many crack players in one club so early in the season.

## BROOKS.

**The Whipping Post and the Pentitentiary.**  
About two years ago Judge King had William Roberts before him for sentence, found guilty of attempted felonious assault upon a young and innocent girl. His wife was at the point of death, and at the same moment he was sentenced she died, leaving four or five little children and a husband under a year's sentence and twelve lashes at the whipping post. On the ground of "good behavior" while in jail Roberts escaped the cat-and-nine-tails, but no sooner was he at liberty than his evil habits cropped out again. He stole several articles from the store of D. J. Gillies, and yesterday Judge King gave him three years in the penitentiary.

**He Reversed the Order.**  
News of a startling nature comes from the interior. Report states that a young man jumped into the river because a woman refused to become his wife. This is an unusual thing. Now-a-days men don't commit suicide because they are not married, but because they are.

## YOU CAN GET SHAVED

ON SUNDAY IF YOU WISH TO PAY FIVE TIMES.

The Ordinary Price—Barbers Get Private Orders from Gentlemen Who Never Shaved Themselves and from Hotel Guests—What a Barber Says.

"Can't you shave me this morning?"  
"No, sir! Not in here; it's against the law to shave you on Sunday in this shop. If you'll step to your hotel, sir, or give me the number of your house, I'll call on you before dinner and clean you up. What will it cost you? One shave, 50 cents; hair cut as well, \$1."

"This is a nice town," sneered a stranger last Sunday. "I've been on the road for two nights and a day and have bristles like a pig and no chance to get rid of them. Why don't I shave myself? Young man, talk sense; I would cut my jugular in two seconds if I tried to do such a thing. Why can't this hotel have a room and get a first-class barber to drop in Sunday morning and shave its guests? I feel out of sorts all day when my face is dirty. I look more like a tough than anything else; I can't go to church—Oh! look here, can't I get this beastly brush removed?" and he pulled savagely at his wire-like appendage.

"There are between 40 and 50 strangers in town every Sunday," said a barber to PROGRESS, "who would give 50 cents each for a shave. I generally clean up about ten every Sabbath. Sometimes I find one in bed—often asleep—and having no time to wait for him to make his toilet he sits propped up with pillows while I shave him. Then a few of my customers who get shaved every day have me call upon them before church Sunday. In this way I make sometimes \$5, often more. I work sometimes up to 3 o'clock in the afternoon and then cannot shave all who wish it."

"It appears rather strange that you, sir, should be allowed to sell milk on Sunday, and send your horses and men around every street to deliver it; that drug stores can remain open and retail cigars and soda water; that the street cars can make their regular trips, the drivers get the same pay and charge the public the same on Sunday as week days; that the ferry boat can ply between the east and west sides and collect tolls as usual; that the Portland rum-sellers, and some of the city ones, can retail hard liquor; that printers and editors and reporters and telegraph operators and messenger boys can work as hard on Sunday as Monday and I, a barber, am forbidden by the law from shaving a stranger or a citizen from 9 until 12 a. m."

## He Pronounced the Benediction.

The *Telegraph's* report of a recent meeting of the anti tobacco society concludes as follows: One member, a temperance man, objected to the words of the poet. This member claimed that smoking was not as bad as drinking, quoting the Bible—"no drunkard shall inherit," etc.—in support of his argument. He also claimed that the Bible said nothing against the tobacco habit and the society, or poet, had no right to put it on the same footing with the drinking habit and that if he had known the society was going to put the both habits on the same footing he never would have signed the anti tobacco pledge. Another member, in a strong address, supported the former speaker. After some further discussion the president pronounced the benediction.

## Portrait Painting.

The handsomely painted framed portrait which has been on exhibition for some time in Mr. Alfred Morrissey's and attracted much attention, is the work of Mrs. Etta Fenety, of Fredericton. Mrs. Fenety has made a careful study of portrait painting and her work is admired very much.

## We Can Spare Him.

There is an air of intense satisfaction about the office of Chief Marshal since the decision in the liquor cases. The chief says that if he had the enforcement of the Scott act in Portland, there would be no tummy business about it.

## "Worse Than the Chinese."

St. John Youth—"Dick, I'm going to Boston next week."  
Dick—"What are you going to do there?"  
"Oh, work at the same old business."  
"Yes! Got a situation?"  
"Ah! well—yes. But you needn't say anything about it."

## Worth Hearing.

Miss A. Salome Thomas, soprano, of Boston, sings at Miss Sanborn's dramatic recital and concert on Tuesday evening next, at the Institute.

## The Day We Celebrate.

St. John (Presbyterian) Sunday school will picnic up the river, Dominion day. A good crowd will go, as Gordon division will have no excursion that day.

## NOTES IN BUSINESS QUARTERS.

The business department of Messrs. Daniel & Boyd has been removed to the first floor where an office second to none in the city has been fitted for it. The main entrance to the building hereafter will be through the wholesaler-millinery department. The floor above will also be changed in such a manner that there will be more room to display the handsome stock and also more convenient to everybody. The wholesaler millinery department, which will be under Mr. LeBlanc's superintendence, will, when it is opened, be second to none in Canada.

Mr. LeBaron Robertson has removed his rubber stamp depot to the Davidson building, Prince William street.

It is said that certain gentlemen who first appeared in St. John in the interests of the Street Railway company, one of them being Mr. de Camp, have entered suit against the company in New York for payment of their services. Contractor Zebby went to New York a few days ago.

The London House retail on Charlotte street shows a fine line of goods in its windows. By the way, this establishment has improved wonderfully since the Market square retail was closed.

Watson & Co. think they see an opening for a branch bookstore on the corner of Princess and Charlotte streets, and have stocked a neat establishment there with popular books and stationery.

Mr. D. J. Jennings can be called "a hustler." He knows when and where to advertise and how to strike. The Junior base ball clubs are his forever since he promised that trophy. He has removed from his old and somewhat cramped quarters to a few floors down street, where he can display his goods to advantage. Mr. Jennings is a live dealer and PROGRESS wants to see him succeed.

Mr. Carson Flood, of Messrs. C. Flood & Sons, is in New York on a business and pleasure trip. He will be gone ten days.

Manager Wm. Greig, of the Maritime Lead and Saw works, left the city, Monday, on a ten days business trip.

R. O'Shaughnessy has received one consignment of angling goods and will in a few days announce a full assortment of fishing tackle for sale. He knows where the best trout streams are and can give a "green one" plenty of pointers. Besides this he has lots of friends who won't hesitate to patronize his stock.

J. Allen Turner keeps the most attractive fish store in the city and the best fish can always be had there. He says that salmon and trout are coming, and halibut, haddock and fresh cod never were better.

Messrs. Estey, Allwood & Co., Prince William street, among their other specialties, have a large assortment of best fishing tackle for salmon and trout fishing, including camp outfits. Among their stock are some elegant split bamboo rods, also rods and reels to meet the views of all in price. They have also some fine fishing rods for ladies, as it is quite the fashion now for the gentler sex to have their share of all summer sports.

## The Free Public Library "Annual."

The friends of the Free Public Library gathered in force at its rooms, last evening, and took part in the annual *conversazione*, which was never more successful than on this occasion. Admission was by card, but special invitations had been extended to the common council, the library commission and the mayor of Portland, and these were well represented. It is needless to say that a very pleasant evening was spent by all who were present, not the least delightful feature being the entertainment, of which the programme was as follows:—  
Opening Address..... His Worship the Mayor  
Report Ladies' Committee..... Secretary  
Address..... Judge King  
Solo..... Mrs. Givens  
Address..... Dr. I. Allen Jack  
Instrumental duet..... Misses Travers and Jack  
Reading..... G. Herbert Lee  
Song..... G. G. G. Quartette  
Instrumental duet..... Misses Jordan and Skinner  
Refreshments were served by the ladies' committee, in the inner library.

## Death of Rev. J. E. Reud.

Rev. J. E. Reud, pastor of Portland F. C. B. church, died yesterday morning at his residence. He has been ill for a long time. May 5th PROGRESS printed a full biography of deceased, which his friends can procure at this office.

## Good Bye, Citizen Train.

George Francis Train will pack up his traps and go to Omaha. Good bye, Citizen Train. You are capable of making more noise than most men, and that is the worst and best that can be said of you.

## A Vigorous Pool Player.

One of the pool players of the Irish Literary and Benevolent society overdid himself, the other evening, and sent one of the balls through the window into the street.