= 1891.
arerooms.
BEHOLD LIKE A
Sweeper.
A
TH RUG,
RTIERE,
easonable Presents.
NER.
HING!
MEN.
verness and Military Cloaks—all
Fireman's Coats, Leather Jackets,
ES.
LOAKS, with Capes.
OTS AND SHOES.
WILLIAM STREET
AGENCY.
D.
TFORD.
RANCE CO.
Year Policies issued
s. Losses promptly
General Agents,
REET.

Feb. 21.

non has returned to her home in
wo weeks visit here.
nderson has gone to St. John to
s. Charles Hazen, Germain street.
photographer, of St. John, spena
st week.
of St. John, made an official visit
night visited St. John, West End,
nnn returned from St. John on
St. George, C. C., is visiting Miss
sh hotel.
hill, of Fairville, St. John, visited
y.
of Minnesota, is here visiting her
, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Clinch.
mon, of St. John, visited here on
. Knight went to St. John on
Spike went to the city on Monday
VEGA.

BATHURST.

r sale in Bathurst at A. C. Smith
nith, of Newcastle, was in town
ng the funeral of his mother, who
y of heart disease.
s, M. P., and Mr. Samuel Bishop
last week, the former from New
r from Halifax.
or Merserreau, Newcastle, visited
n last week.
ner, of Shippagan, left by express,
alifax, from which port he took
e on Saturday.
ewart returned on Saturday from
John. Mr. Frank Mullins also
city the same day.
riends enjoyed a very pleasant
rs. Percy Wilbur's, one day last
ackhall is in the telegraph office,
f her sister, Miss Belle, while the
er home in Caraquet.
Crocket was in Bathurst during
of the past week, arranging the
chool difficulties, and succeeded,
ng matters satisfactorily. There
enough superfluous religion float-
l atmosphere to supply a tolerably
poor heathens." If some of the
of PROGRESS would locate the
think we could safely undertake
gion.
st, of St. John, was here during
Mrs. Harry J. Gammon, of Monc-
ly a very brief stay.
Mr. Walter H. Buck's large circle
s have heard, through your society
latest s(Peck)ulation, have re-
vey, through the same channel,
de best wishes for a full measure
ess.
e R. C. congregation have formed
rcles, which are to meet twice
remaining winter months, to ma
es for their proposed church fair
en under the auspices of Rev.
ke place next Thursday evening.
a very interesting programme has
d no doubt the affair will be well
TOM BROWN.

ANDOVER.

many friends of Mr. Lewis Pickett,
rn that he is recovering from the
congestion of the lungs, from which
long. For a few days little hopes of
re entertained. His son, Henry,
military school, was telegraphed
home Tuesday. Rev. Mr Pickett,
rived on Wednesday to visit his
eturned from St. John Tuesday.
part went to Edmundston on Wed-
r brother, who is very ill.
Hoyt, who has been so seriously ill,
ne.
Black returned from Boston last
end the remainder of the winter
r spent Sunday in Hartland.
Sanders, commercial traveller, of
ique, registered Sunday at John-
eft for Woodstock Monday.
yton, Halifax, spent Sunday at
ANON.

CORNET BAND
NCERT,
ANICS' INSTITUTE,
Y EVENING, FEBRUARY 4.
l perform several selections for the
cluding the greatest Musical Hit!
e Polka.
Cohalan, Mrs. Perley, Miss Quin-
Cohalan; Messrs. P. W. Lantalum,
A. T. Moore, J. Y. Lantalum, Prof.
mond, W. A. Brown, D. J. Gal-
Cents; Reserved Seats, 35 Cents.
Smith & Co.
7.15; Concert commences at 8 p. m.
JAMES CONNOLLY,
Secretary.

Board of Works. 8Mar91

PROGRESS.

VOL III., NO. 145. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1891. PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE LOAFERS MUST WORK

THAT IS THE DECISION OF THE SAFETY BOARD.

Expenses Must be Cut Down in This Department—The Chief Wants a Fancy Railing and a Glass Front—He is too Public—What the Aldermen Think About It.

The appointment of Officer Jenkins to the captiancy of the Northern division has evidently put the common council on its mettle. Most of the aldermen had been led to believe that matters in this direction would have taken a different turn, but they were more forcibly impressed than ever with the fact that their wishes are not taken into account when matters pertaining to the make up of the police force are under consideration.

The board of public safety signified its intention Wednesday afternoon of acting in precisely the same spirit in regard to the chief of police when it was considering police matters. His wishes would be ignored by the aldermen as theirs had been by him.

The apparent quietness in police circles of late had led many to believe that the council had tired of its endeavor to have something to say about the police force; that it had thrown up the sponge in disgust, and that the chief was conducting the department according to his own sweet will.

And so he has been. Things assumed a different aspect, however, when the board of safety met Wednesday afternoon. The police committee had held a meeting a few minutes before, and had drawn up a report, in which was embodied the views of every member, with the exception of Alderman Kelly. He did not agree with the report. This was quite evident when Chairman Tufts presented it to the board, which thought Ald. Kelly's ideas too much in line with those of the chief to suit them, and he was consequently in a hopeless minority.

The council has the power to fix the salaries of the police, but it has been the custom to allow the chief a little latitude in this respect. He was permitted to place each man's salary opposite his name on the monthly pay sheet. This duty has been transferred to the director of public safety. The chief was of the opinion that because he reduced a man in rank, his salary should also be reduced. The board thought differently, and decided to have the pay-sheet filled in by a man whose ideas were in accordance with its own.

But the report of the police committee proved the most interesting part of the proceedings. Its main object was a reduction of the expenditures of the police department. In this, also, the committee differed from the chief, inasmuch as he hopes to secure a patrol waggon, a newer style of revolvers and handcuffs; closets for the men who have nothing to hang in them, unless they go on duty in their shirt sleeves; and a gymnasium for those policemen, who are badly in need of exercise after twelve or fourteen hours patrol duty. At the meeting he made further application for expenditure to the extent of nearly $50 for a newer style of fence around his office, pigeon holes to put his already large accumulation of documents in, and a glass case for a desk. Some of the board were in favor of granting this latter request, if the chief wanted the glass case for himself, and one alderman was willing to second a motion to that effect on condition that he be given the key to the innovation. If the "colonel" would don his full uniform and go on exhibition he might be converted into quite a source of revenue.

The object of many of these "improvements" was said to be a desire for privacy on the part of the chief. As things are at present what is said in his office might be heard in the guard room. This plausible reason provoked a smile even from Chairman Kelly who doubtless remembered several interviews with the chief in his private office and how thoroughly private and confidential they really were.

The committee's recommendations were quite comprehensive, and advised that the present force be reduced to 34 men, of which 28 will be patrolmen and six to be made sergeants, the reductions to be made either by voluntary resignation, death or dismissal for some proper cause; that after March 1st, the captains and detectives do patrol duty, and receive patrolmen's pay; that the sergeants continue as at present; that the chief of police shall not leave the city without permission from some person to whom the council may delegate that authority, except when in pursuit of offenders.

Ald. Chesley had something to say about that part of the report referring to the captains and detectives. The chief was always crying out for more men to do patrol duty, while there were a lot of men paid by the city, lounging about the station, an doing doing nothing.

The clause relating to the chief's excursions out of town, also came in for some remark. One alderman drew attention to the fact that on New Year's day, when the police were most likely to be needed in the city, the chief was out driving on the Marsh road. Ald. Kelly explained this by saying that he was on the lookout for smash-ups, whereupon it was remarked, that he had forgotten to take the police surgeon with him.

This is perhaps explained by quite an amusing story, which would lead one to think that the affable police surgeon has more to do with the force than look after its health. "Doctor Dan" loves politics as he does his life, and a little political manœuvering is a great satisfaction to him. He has some confidence in himself, and his influence also, for just a week before he drove out the road with the chief and the magistrate, he remarked that when he returned the new captaincy would be settled. Sure enough it was, for soon afterwards the announcement was made that by the grace of Chief Clark, Officer Jenkins was Capt. Jenkins. At the same time the chief must have felt peculiar, when he remembered the conferences between himself, the recorder and John Weatherhead in reference to the latter's reinstatement. It was generally understood that this was decided upon, but Clarke's fickleness had not been counted upon.

A feature of the report which will, perhaps, raise some curiosity, is that in regard to the establishment of a secret service. But it has not that dime novel air about it which its name might lead one to infer. It may have been suggested by the one now in operation in connection with the police force, by which the actions of the men are watched and reported. The new system, however, will report to a committee of the council instead of the chief.

The developments in police matters during the past few months, have probably had a great deal to do with the inception of the secret service idea. There has been much going on in the force which seriously affects the interests of the city, but about which the council know nothing. There was every indication that those detailed to watch their brother officers were very much worse than the men they watched. Whether the council approves or not of the secret service idea it must look with approval upon the recommendation to abolish the loafing system.

Lost in a Street Car.

A man with several children had a curious experience on his way home from St. Peter's church, last Tuesday night. He had taken the little fellows to have their throats blessed, and was returning in a street car. Business was good on that particular night, and the car rapidly filled with passengers, until, with repeated movings, one of the children got lost. The father looked about him and called, but got no answer from the little fellow. No one had seen him leave the car, nor could any one tell what had become of him. The father got somewhat excited, and soon had most of the passengers in the same condition, when a lady at one end of the car, in rearranging her somewhat expansive skirts, found the boy. He was sitting alongside of her, crouched down and completely hidden by her dress. She apologized to the alarmed parent, but the little fellow looked dazed and said nothing.

We Won't Do It Again.

PROGRESS has no room this week to speak of the wonderful dictionary offer—the splendid edition of Webster and PROGRESS for one year for $3.75—because the advertisements have poured in and overflowed upon the fourth page from which advertisements are, if possible, excluded. Sometimes stories are told of newspapers refusing large and good paying advertisements. There is a good deal of the story about it however. This paper has, however, too much advertising this week in justice to its readers. It won't occur again, for if it is found that sixteen pages will not accommodate the business—well, it will be time enough to talk about that when it comes.

Worse Than a Red Rag.

Boss Chesley is kept busy these days watching for people who are thoughtless enough to think and speak of bears. One day this week he meet four men coming from different points of the compass, and each of them had shot a bear. The rag is becoming very red now, and some caution has to be exercised in using it.

A Race with His Parchment.

Mr. John Rossiter, who left town for the west and his fortune this week had a race with a pleasant parting gift—his address, which was not quite finished when presented, and which followed him a mail later. It was a novel and bright idea on parchment, which Mr. Rossiter can hand down to his grandchildren with pride.

Just A Line.

"Just a line"—to bespeak favor and success for the new firm of White, Colwell & Co., who have bought of the business of J. R. Woodburn, the candy manufacturer. The new firm is composed out young men, careful, energetic and capable. That is the best possible addition they could have to their capital.

FISH SOUP FOR WATER.

MONCTON PEOPLE SIGH FOR THE PURE ARTICLE IN VAIN.

Milk too Dear for a Substitute and Liquor Prohibited by Law, yet more Eels Emerge from the Hydrants than Water—Legislation Wanted.

MONCTON, Feb. 4.—If there is one thing above another that the citizens of Moncton are suffering for at the present time it is legislation! Very few cities are troubled in that way I know, but we are. We want legislation and lots of it, enough at least to enable us to get something to drink. We can't drink water except at the peril of our own lives, and unless something is done soon we shall all be like that time-honored humbug, the pelican in the wilderness, and subsist on our own gore. We don't have water any more, we have fish soup, and for the small amount of the water tax, about 50 cents a month, we can enjoy it *ad libitum ad infinitum*, have it for breakfast, dinner, and tea, without even saying "hang the expense!" True, it resembles the shade of Hamlet's father insomuch that it is "rank and smells to Heaven," but that is a trifle, when one considers what a rich fount of nourishment it is. Why, a London soup-kitchen is not to be mentioned in the same breath with it! They took 48 eels out of the hydrant, down at the general offices on Monday, and they were all dead and ready for the frying pan without even the trouble of skinning, and the water in the hydrant was so thoroughly permeated with them, that with the addition of a little flour for thickening, it was already for gravy. Now, of course, we know that being fed like the Israelites without much effort on our own part is a great advantage, and we are not quarreling with our bread and butter, or rather our fish patties; but we really are in danger of perishing from thirst. We are in the condition so touchingly portrayed by the imaginative pen of the poet whose name has not descended to posterity, but who touched a responsive chord in our hearts when he wrote—

"If all the world were apple pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What would we have to drink?"

A gentleman residing some miles out of town, who is interested in a dairy farm, comes before the public in last Saturday's *Times* with the suggestion that we adopt milk as a staple drink, wax fat and lusty, and live to a patriarchal old age, dying at last with a smile upon our lips, and a goblet of milk clasped in our nerveless hand. But when one considers that milk is six cents a quart, a practical application of this excellent advice is going to come high, because one really requires a bath at least twice a year, and whatever liquid we decide upon to take the place of the once plentiful water, will have to be used as a cleansing medium also.

I wish the powers that be would stop electioneering, and turn their minds to this all important subject! How are the candidates going to hold up their hands on nomination day, and utter the time honored ejaculation, "Gentlemen electors! my hands are clean!" if those members are so palpably grime, that it is impossible to tell where the hand ends, and the coat sleeve begins?

In this, our darkest hour of trial, we turn with parched lips and haggard eyes to the temperance people, especially the W. C. T. U., and cry, "What are you going to give us in return for our dearest liberties of which you have bereft us? Owing to your efforts in the so-called holy cause, brandy is forbidden to our lips, and spruce beer is an abomination! cider is a temptation of the evil one, and Moxie's nerve food, a snare of the prince of darkness! Wherewithal shall we quench our thirst for toast water is noxious unto us, barley water is but another name for malt, and lemonade is unpleasant in the lavatory, since it curdles the soap, and inclines to make one as adhesive as a postage stamp in its first youth.

And so we stretch out yearning hands to you, Oh temperance people, and ask you to provide us with a liquid of some kind. For a few brief moons, we can melt nature's downy coverlet of snow, and drink of its crystal clearness, flavored with roots and other atmospheric disturbances, but the time is approaching when there will be no more snow, and so we appeal to you either to invent a new and cheap temperance drink, with which the reservoir can be charged—after we have had it nicely scrubbed and disinfected—or else let the Scott Act be declared *ultra vires* and liberty of conscience be restored to us once more, so that we shall feel free to qualify our Russian fish pie, served in a liquid form, with a little alcohol, on the same principle that we load the air with Dalmation powder in summer, since alcohol kills microbes and germs, and molecules, and all the ninety and nine horrors which go towards making up the sum total of Moncton's water supply. * * *

Advertise in "Progress." It pays.

A CHAMPION PREVARICATOR.

Some of the Pranks He Plays Upon the Placid Celestials.

It has been said that the three champion prevaricators of the province reside in Fredericton. It is also stated that a certain hotel proprietor there is one of them, and that another hotel proprietor is the other two. The capital city may not know how to play base ball, and it may have to hustle to hold its own at curling. It may have forgotten how to play cricket or it may be a trifle rattled on the horse question. But in the arena of fiction it acknowledges no rival.

The Sabbath is a day of unmitigated repose at the capital. The average celestial on that day is saturated with sanctity to the furthest frontiers of his person. A tidal wave of silence flows in and holds the fair city in soak for the space of twenty four hours. No ungodly murmur from the world at large breaks in upon the hallowed calm.

But on Sunday last the slumbrous calm was disturbed by a startling report. It was not stated that the dominion parliament had been dissolved and that writs for a general election on the 4th of March had been issued. Through the streets, and over the telephone wires and into the churches the rumor eddied and flowed.

The placid celestial became excited. He forgot about Jonah and the whale and talked about Sir John and the leviathan of reciprocity. He was troubled with worldly dreams on Sunday night. And it was not until Monday that he learned that he had been hoaxed and that the champion prevaricator had been getting in his godless work. And he learned, too, that the works of the wicked prosper. For on Tuesday it appeared that the prevaricator with his bogus telegram was only one day astray in his reckoning after all.

Behold, also, the prevaricator again at his work. Caribou have been very plentiful this winter and have been seen close to the haunts of men. "Why," said the prevaricator to a guileless Saint John man, "I never drive out to my estates at Killarney without running into a flock. They come right into my yard and rob the swill barrel!" whereat the guileless Saint John man is amazed and yearns to be shown the animals. Whereupon the prevaricator telephones privately to his steward at Killarney to turn a couple of heifers out onto the lake. And so the guileless Saint John man is driven to Killarney and seeing the animals on the lake, marvels greatly at the prevalence of caribou.

And so ye weary world doth wag along, till happily ye days draw nigh when ye wild and frisky caribou shall graze upon ye resting place of ye prevaricator.

BILDAD.

What Do You Think of Lent.

A correspondent asks PROGRESS how to keep Lent; what she is supposed to do and what not to do. She also inquires if there is much real observance of Lent outside of the churches; if there is much real self-denial or rather a show of it. Her questions are pertinent, and she inquires from many stand points asking for a reply in PROGRESS. The subject is one about which so many different views are held that PROGRESS could not expect to give a satisfactory answer, but the editor is willing to open its columns to contributions on the subject for next Saturday's issue. Let everyone who has an original opinion upon the subject jot it down as concisely and brightly as possible, and send it in not later than Wednesday morning, and as much earlier as possible. Such an article composed of different opinions of Lent and its observance should be most interesting.

Where Civility is Scarce.

There is one old gentleman in town who hasn't the highest regard for one of the brilliant youths who adorn the stamp department at the post office. He was buying stamps there one day recently when the spectacled clerk, gave him a cent in change, which was certainly not a credit to any nation, and so battered that the gentleman had doubts of his ability to pass it again. He asked for a good coin instead of the mutilated one, but was treated with a shower of abuse from the window, and a request to go some place which the gentleman hopes he will never see.

What Can Be Done at "Forty Fives"

The event most talked about among sporting men lately in the game of cards played by a St. John and Halifax man well known it connection with the Pickering base ball business. It can be safely assumed that they were not playing for the fun of the thing since they sat for four days, at the table and at one time the St. John man was $520 ahead of his competitor. He lost $300 of that however before the game ended.

A Still Cheaper Plan.

The "Robin Hoods" have changed their quarters again. It is not recorded whether they paid the rent or not this time, but there is no doubt of the cut in expenses. The club only meets now when invited out.

WHO WILL BE VICTIMS.

BOTH PARTIES HUNTING FOR WILLING SACRIFICES.

Who will Give Their Time and Cash for a Chance at Ottawa—The Young Men Bound to be Represented, Probably by Mr. McKeown—Who is the Third Liberal.

The politicians have declared war, and the writs are out for a general election in Canada. The air is full of rumors and surmises; everybody is trying to talk himself and his neighbor into some kind of enthusiasm, and all that is needed to open the campaign is the selection of the victims, and the colored posters upon the dead walls to announce the preliminaries of the sacrifice.

Never since confederation showed its head, have the election writs found such a muddle in the politics of the city and county of St. John, and for that matter in some other portions of the province.

No man is quite sure where he will find his neighbor, whether they will stand shoulder to shoulder and back to back as on the last occasion, or peer at each other from different sides of the fence. Others have mounted that unsightly structure, and are waiting and watching for a good soft spot to drop upon.

And this last position is by no means the special property and privilege of the intelligent voter. The equally intelligent prospective candidates and orators have also in many instances spoken for a reserved seat upon that elevated position. They can hardly conceal their anxiety, however, for fear that they will be permitted to remain just where they are and not invited to take part in the fracas.

The men who were elected last time by the Liberals will all be candidates again, but it is quite unnecessary to remark that they will not stump from the same platform. Times have changed since Berryman's hall resounded with the grit cheers of victory in 1887 and Messrs. Skinner, Weldon, and Ellis, bowed their acknowledgments to a fooled electorate, and looked as happy as the "three little maids from school." The group would have been more effective, in the light of recent events, if some one had held over them the witches motto, "When shall we three meet again." Mr. Skinner's coat has been to the tailor and dye house since that time.

This does not seem to be any good reason, however, why the Conservatives should not hoist their banner over him and follow him to the end, whether it be victory or defeat. So far as he is concerned his candidature is practically settled upon, and the two questions that remain, are, who will make a good mate for him in the county, and who can present a firm front against Ellis in the city.

Perhaps it is sarcasm that prompts the Liberals to offer the suggestion, that Mr. McKeown would make a good mate for the ex-judge of probates. He has, it is true, several qualifications which point in this direction; for example, his support of the Liberal party at the last elections, dominion and local, and his adoption and election by the local opposition about a year ago, together with his change of opinion and support in Dominion politics since. Mr. McKeown is a promising weathercock. Still, any man has a right to change his opinions so long as he does not change them too often.

Mr. McKeown, however, should be credited with frankness—much more frankness than his colleagues, Dr. Silas Alward and Dr. Stockton, who fought shy of talking with a representative of PROGRESS on Thursday.

The junior M. P. P., for the county, was seen in the second story of Chubb's building looking idly out of the wide front window of Dr. Alward's private office, when PROGRESS started on its errand for information. He laughed lightly when asked on which side he was politically, and with true legal quickness, evaded the blunt query. He said, however, that he was in the hands of his friends; of those who had stood by him and seen him safe to his present position. Whatever they decided upon he would abide by. He had heard his name mentioned, with others, in connection with the Conservative nomination, but nothing of course had been decided upon.

"Are you in favor of unrestricted reciprocity, Mr. McKeown," asked PROGRESS.

"I am not," was the prompt reply. "I am in favor of a reciprocity along the line of 1854, but I am against the unrestricted business."

While he could not speak for his colleagues in the local house, as to what course they would pursue, yet one might easily assume from his remarks that they would support him, and shared his views on reciprocity. So far as Mr. Stockton is concerned, this is denied by those who should know something about his opinions, but it is equally true that he has not declared himself this year.

Neither has Dr. Alward, who was found in political conference in his sanctum. He did not want to be interviewed, evidently not until Saturday morning—after PROGRESS came out. In the meantime he is practicing the balance act.

While all this was going on the old war horse, Mr. Weldon was tied in Fredericton at the supreme court. The wires had been kept busy in the meantime but there is nothing like being in the spot and so Mr. Weldon thought for he rushed back just as the wheels were put in motion and the summons went forth to the "Young Liberals" to meet.

The opposition walks around with smilsoon as the judges would let him go. Then ing face but a troubled mind. Their opponents have not only gobbled their policy but their strongest men as well. Alward Stockton and McKeown, while not considered in the light of suitable candidates in that party, made good second men. They were always ready to work night and day with only Hope for their reward. Hope went back on them when they raised their voice in the local business for both Weldon and Ellis refused to sign the nomination papers. That means a far roughed road for the dominion candidates now.

Some very amusing combination tickets have been formed for them by the wags about town. Some of them read as follows: Messrs. Weldon and McLean, for the city and county, and Major Tucker for the city: Messrs. John. W. Gilmour and J. E. B. McCready for the city and county, and R. C. John Dunn for the city; Messrs. Robertson and O'Brien for the city and county, and Mr. Ellis for the city.

What will be nearer the mark, however, will be C. W. Weldon and Henry Hilyard for the county and Ellis for the city. Mr. Hilyard is the new man talked about. He has a good old name, and is a popular business man known to be more fair dealing than the average man. His consent has not, PROGRESS learns, been obtained, but the party will try very hard to get it. Mr. Carleton will not run. He says that the mention of his name is nothing more than street corner gossip.

The names of Simeon Jones, and Howard D. Troop have been connected in one way or another with the Conservative nomination, also that of Douglas Hazen who, it is understood, is not prepared to enter the lists at present. If there is one thing more certain than another it is that the Conservative "boys" are going to place one of the candidates. They are fluctuating between Hazen and McKeown, with the odds in favor of the latter.

The conventions will meet early in the week, and the whole business will be settled so far as the candidates are concerned. In the meantime, report says that if Mr. McKeown is chosen, the bosses of Dufferin and Stanley wards, will go and help Messrs. Costigan and Adams; that the Liberal's greatest fear is that Howard D. Troop will be put up against Mr. Ellis; and that Mr. Stockton will be pursuaded to enter Albert as Mr. R. C. Weldon's opponent.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Beginning next week, Saturday, February 14, PROGRESS will be a sixteen-page paper—double its present size—and will sell on the streets and at the news stands, for five cents a copy. Let everybody get a copy of the first issue, and see what it is like.

It Made Him Desperate.

A young man who attended the Salvation army wedding, recently, does not like to think about that event now. He took his girl to see the ceremony, and it was generally supposed that the pair were in such an advanced stage in their courtship, as to be more than ordinarily interested in the proceedings. And they probably were. But the young lady made a change of front after the meeting that surprised her friend and made him desperate. She was apparently not as much impressed with the ceremony as to want to be a principal in one of a similar nature, especially with the young man who had taken her there, for, after the benediction was pronounced, she turned her attention in another direction, and was escorted home by another young man. The rejected one felt very badly, and signified his intention of "going to the dogs," to accomplish which he had made up his mind to drink three bottles of ginger beer.

New Faces at The Bijou.

There were a number of new faces at the Bijou this week, and the performancs were in many respects quite different from those of last month. The new features seemed to please the audience immensely, while Curran's Irish specialties seem to grow in popularity, the longer he stays.

Advertise in "Progress." It pays.