

NER'S
Warerooms

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signs in

d Brussels,
FROM REGULAR PRICES. **51**
ce for Bargains.

INNER.
& DALY,
Street.
ER SALE.
ing and Summer Goods.

25 cents;
cents;
price;
DES, WATERED SILKS, PLUSHES,
e. do. do. \$1.00 for 75c.;
PURE SILK GLOVES, at greatly reduced
ces to clear.

ortionately Low.
& DALY.
, Stationery,
AGES, LEAD PENCILS, PENS.

SSORTMENT AT
S, Colonial Book Store,
NG STREET.

HATS.
S & CO.

of buyers to their Stock of
Felt Hats,
STYLES.
Straw, Cloth and Felt—all grades;
ades of S. MIDDY CAPS, Etc., Etc.,
ortment of ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE.
STREET. - - - 57.

's Veiling,
ND—
DRESSES

Without Being Taken Apart
AT—
- - - 32 Waterloo Street.

ET IT NOW

BOOK STORE,
N STREET.

A NICE LOT OF
PERFUMES,
In Bulk,
JUST RECEIVED AT
T. A. CROCKETT'S,
162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.
8 Car Loads

SUGAR,
Granulated and Soft Grades.

FOR SALE BY
GILBERT BENT & SONS.

AN ADDITION.

MR. JOSEPH A. MURDOCH,
Confectioner, 87 Charlotte Street,
DEGS TO INFORM THE PUBLIC THAT
he will serve the

Best Oysters in all Styles
in the PARLORS connected with his present
Store.

87 CHARLOTTE STREET.

PROGRESS.

VOL. I., NO. 25.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1888.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

"I'M TIRED OF YOU ALL."
AN HONEST OPINION FROM A
BRIGHT YOUNG LADY

Of the Fashionable and Fast Young Men of
St. John—She Has Them Down Pretty
Fine, and Says Some Remarkable Things
about Them.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
To one class of men (not the best): You
are going to be the future great men—city
fathers, judges, governors, premiers—I
suppose, and your present life is an able
and fitting preparation for it.

Often, when I see you adorning club
and hotel windows, or standing at the head
of King street, a mild oratory seizes me, and
I wonder what your future will be. You
won't live very long, many of you, and
perhaps it is just as well. Intellectually,
morally and physically you need develop-
ment. Perhaps you believe in the doctrine
of the transmigration of souls, and expect
to live so many times, that the idea of
making the most and best of the present
does not appear necessary or attractive. I
know most of you do not believe in the
religion of your mothers, and until they
drop the future punishment idea it is more
pleasant for you not to.

You are languid, and never by any
chance do you betray astonishment. You
regard any display of emotion as bad form.
Now, bad form is a very good term, and it
strikes me that most of you are in bad
form, physically, at least. The other day,
one of your number—about as muscular a
specimen as you possess, too—accompanied
me on a walk; not a very long walk, either,
twelve miles—six miles, a rest, lunch and
return. Lovely day; not too warm. For
three miles out our friend did pretty well;
on the fourth mile he only looked warm,
and did not complain; fifth, said, "Awful-
ly warm! aren't you tired?"

Tired! I was enjoying myself. The
air was exhilarating and my blood flowed
joyously. The homeward journey, pleasant
enough for me in the fragrant summer twi-
light was a positive agony to our friend,
apparently, and wherefore? Late hours, no
exercise to speak of, too much whiskey,
beer and smoking. How many of you ob-
serve even the simplest laws of hygiene?
Few. You go to bed at all hours and many
of you suffer from insomnia. No wonder.
Pipes, cigars, cigarettes, any manner of
smoking indulged in to excess plays the
very deuce with your nerves. Then you
drink—how much you only know yourselves
—but too much I assure you. When, as
you know well, you need corpse revivers
in the mornings in the shape of B. and S's
cocktails, or the artfully prepared con-
coction you get at a certain drug store, you
must know you are overdoing the matter.

If some of the time spent at cards and
billiards was spent in a well ventilated
gymnasium or in open air exercise, not
dawdling up and down King street, but
walking many miles out a country road, or
in cricket, rowing or tennis, you would
find an improvement in the steadiness of
your nerves.

Poker is all very well, but no Jack-pot
on earth would keep me up until the wee
small hours. Billiards I enjoy myself, but
may I be preserved from falling a victim as
some of you have. When side force screw
and financing engross all your thoughts,
and you keep a private cue under lock and
key, and you won't play English billiards
because it tends to destroy the accuracy
with which you play the three-ball game,
then, I think, you are making it a craze.
One of you delivered me quite a lecture on
the game: "You must preserve a graceful
equipose of mind and body. Never elevated
by success or depressed by failure; make
every position an attitude of studied grace,"
and much more to the same effect. I in-
formed him I played for enjoyment and
exercise; not show and science.

Then, mentally, are you developing?
You read French novels, and trashy Eng-
lish fiction; you read light magazine arti-
cles. How many of you keep up with the
world of thought? Of solid literature you
read very little, if any. That is not your
style. You amuse yourselves in your own
artless fashion at your clubs. One very
funny way is to form a singing class of all
the members present, except one who acts
as judge. The class thus formed stand in
a row—dignified sight, indeed! and render
their favorite airs in solo. The worst effort
makes its author liable for a penalty. Half
audible quavering and walking through a
window are your entertaining pastimes. As
for your moral development it is obtained
by standing in strings between lamp-posts
for a few minutes. Sunday evenings—the
cigars you smoke are usually adorned and
also paid for. You manage that some way.
Your washer-woman is not so apt to be
settled with. Your financing is rather in-
timate and amusing. Your idea of right
and wrong strikes me as very vague. You
go on "a keg" with your fiancée—she, in-
consequence little girl as she is, promises to give up
wine at dinner and nice, cool claret-cup all
summer, and you promise by all you hold
sacred—not much—to give up drinking al-
together. Not another drink will you take

PHOTOGRAPHS OF LIFE.
FROM THE CAMERA OF A WANDER-
ING ARTIST.

A "POP THE QUESTION" MISSIVE.
Which Was Read to the Girl by Her Majesty's
Letter Carrier.

The Nerepis mail carrier had a curious
experience a few days ago.
He is a bright, intelligent, young fellow
who, during his vacation, has relieved his
father from the task of carrying Her Ma-
jesty's mails some distance into the back
country.
Country mail carrier's stories would fill a
book and be good reading, but it is doubt-
ful if among their manifold and frequently
queer duties any one of them was ever called
upon to carry a "pop the question" missive
to a girl and then read it to her.

A very modest young farmer in one of
the settlements back of the Nerepis had
come to the conclusion that man was not
made to live alone and resolved to marry.
He knew whom to ask—he had made his
mind up some time ago about that but how
was he to do it?

He had read in one of the sensational
novels of the day that it was right and
proper to make his intentions known to the
parent of his beloved and after one week of
thoughtful preparation he devoted Sunday
to the composition of an epistle which two
days later threw another household into
great excitement.

The letter was read to the stern parent
by the senior mail carrier who was too un-
romantic either to note the effect of the
communication or bother himself about it
afterward.
His suit being favorably entertained the
young farmer decided to "pop the question"
by letter, ignorant of the fact that his girl
had completed her education before she
learned to read.

She was expecting some word from her
beau and was always on hand when the
mail stage arrived. At last the letter came
and then there she commanded the
young guardian of the mails to read the
missive. It began "My Dearest Ella,
You must excuse me for calling you this,
but I hope soon to call you dear —"
and so on, concluding with the very im-
portant question "will you marry me?"

The younger members of the family had
assembled around their sister in the mean-
time, and when one of them comprehended
the import of the message away she flew,
shouting as she ran, "Oh, Mar! Mar! it's
come, it's come."
Then the parents hurried to the scene
and the letter had to be read and reread
until the mail carrier had it by heart as well
as his hearers.

She was calm, collected and refused
even to blush. 'Twas quite evident what
her answer would be, but the obliging
messenger was in no humor to outrage all
romance by writing the answer at her
dictation. So, hastily saying farewell he
departed, leaving the happy family by the
roadside.
Marriages are made in heaven—so they
say.

Addressed by a "Plebeian."
"It just serves us right. Why for good-
ness sake did we make such fools of our-
selves?"

Which speech, delivered by an irate lady
member of a prominent club, did not mend
matters much. There was general con-
fusion. Opinions and suggestions fell thick
and fast only to be withdrawn or quashed
the next moment. The hot heads—for
these are always present even in a polite
ladies' club—declared such impudence
was astounding. They, the descendants of
the oldest families of the city, the *crème
de la crème*, of the F. F.'s, to be addressed in
a body by a plebeian!

Why, such assurance could not be
measured. And then began mutual re-
primands, reproaches, fault findings and
all because of what?

A cultured lady had dared to address a
number of ladies in quite the usual way and
her courteous and kind communication
brought on the discussion.
It waxed warm and no conclusion was
arrived at until a lady who had been a silent
listener, remarked, "How many of you can
go back to our grandfathers?"
Here was a crusher. Treason in the
camp and from such a source. Yet it had
its effect and many of the "F. F.'s" who
were loudest in their expostulations, came
into the procession and held their peace.
All of us are descended from Adam.
They fought together.
"Your Honor," said Mr. Robert Oldfield
Stockton to Chief Justice Allen, at the
reception last Saturday, "the Stocktons and
the Allens fought together in the time of
the Revolution." The Chief Justice seemed
very much moved by this touching refer-
ence to "old lang syne."
With Charles Scribner's Sons.
Frank D. Hall, one of the bright boys in
the book business in this city has gone to
New York having secured a good situation
with Charles Scribner's Sons of that city.

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THE STANDING ARMY OF LOAFERS.
One View Taken of the "Military" by
Citizens of Fredericton.

To THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: In the
last issue of the *Fredericton Capital* the
editor bewails the ill-feeling—the existence
of which he feels it useless to deny—be-
tween the citizens of all ranks and the
"military"; and protesting to be unable to
understand the cause, finds a possible rea-
son in the "jealousy" of the different
classes—those of the better class, pre-
sumably, regarding with disfavor the "feel-
ings of caste" which have "been steadily
growing since the establishment of the per-
manent force of soldiers," and others—em-
bracing the laborer and the "street-corner
loafer"—viewing the amusements of the
"aristocracy and gentry" with "socialistic"
eyes.

That the *Capital* can find no justification
for these feelings of jealousy might perhaps
be uncharitably explained by the readiness
with which certain members of any com-
munity are willing to toady to those who
usurp the prerogatives of the "aristocracy
and gentry"—sometimes with scant claim
to the title; but by outsiders generally—
and especially by those not enamored of
"aristocratic" tendencies—the feeling will
doubtless be attributed to the natural re-
pugnance of hard-working citizens of all
classes to the presence of a small standing
army of loafers domiciled in Fredericton,
who seem disposed to supplement this nat-
ural feeling of dislike by acts of the most
aggressive and annoying character.

The members of the force are, of course,
not responsible for the establishment of the
military school. That beneficent gift owes
its origin to parliament, and to the insane
desire of the people of Fredericton them-
selves, who used considerable effort to
secure its location there. The idea seemed
to be that as the school was to be established
and would involve a considerable expendi-
ture, Fredericton was as well entitled to it
as other places of less distinction. The
"boom" was granted; and while one sym-
patizes with that portion of the community
who regard the "force" with dispair, it is
hoped that all—regardless of "caste"—will
be enabled to perceive that the expenditure
of a few thousand dollars annually is a poor
equivalent for the maintenance of a
body of men—individually, no doubt, of
some merit—collectively of no use whatever,
except to those ultra loyalists who find in
them, the representatives of the "prestige
of Great Britain."

The *Capital* says the "fruits of re-
sponsible government were leaving their
impression upon the people." One of these
"fruits" has been our comparative immunity
from funkiness; but sufficient incentive is
furnished to that peculiar vice by some of
the methods of those who administer "re-
sponsible government" without the ad-
ventitious aid of a little coterie of "gentry"
whose principal duty, after drawing their
pay, appears to be the development of
"lawn tennis" to the music of a band, every
button on whose uniform is paid for by the
hard earned money of the "laborer" who
views the "aristocratic" circus with
"socialistic" eye.

Children's Books, good value, at Mc-
Arthur's, 80 King Street.
For an Idle Hour.
The *Girl in the Brown Habit* and *Straight
as a Die* are two books of Mrs. Edward
Kennard's republished recently in the cheap
series of the National Publishing company,
Toronto. The former is very similar to
Killed in the Open by the same author,
possessing all its raciness and interest.
Straight as a Die is superior to both, but
all of them are above the average novel.
For sale at McMillan's; Price 30 cents.
The latest novel by Mrs. Foote, now just
brought out in Ticknor's Paper Series, is
John Bodevine's Testimony, a remarkable
story of life in the Rocky Mountains, full
of vitality, and at the same time, as the
Church Review says, "most excellent and
agreeable." The author has for some
years lived at Boise, in Idaho, and hence
the local coloring of her stories is at once
accurate and vivid, and the reader feels the
deep interest which rises from thorough
sympathy and comprehension. As *Life*
terse-ly said of this story: "It unites
Howells and Bret Harte by the first trans-
continental line of culture."

It is Sure to Draw.
The programme of the first church con-
cert of the season is printed elsewhere and
should be read attentively. The ladies of
Leinster street church can be congratulated
upon having secured such popular and ex-
cellent talent for the evening. They are
sure of a good house—in fact concerts and
crowds are synonymous in Leinster street
church.
What Should Be His Fate?
A well known wholesale and retail
druggist says the country business is fine,
but city trade is slow. "This confounded
weather" says he "keeps people in the
house and they don't have a chance to
catch cold."
New Birthday Cards at McArthur's, 80
King Street.

EVENTS IN OUR TOWN.
SUBJECTS TOUCHED UPON BY A
BOSTON JOURNALIST.

Yarmouth and Boston—The Engraving
Subject in the Hub—The British American
and Their Lively Interest in Their
Adopted Country.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
BOSTON, Oct. 15, 1888.—I was in Yar-
mouth, N. S., a few weeks ago, reveling in
one of those luxurious vacations that all
newspaper men enjoy every two or three
months, and fate, or necessity, I don't re-
member which, led me into one of the local
barber shops. I say, one of them, for if
my memory serves me aright, there is at
least one other in that somewhat ambitious
town. One of the customers, who was
waiting for his chance to be scalped, adroitly
brought the conversation around to the
subject of Boston—all conversations usual-
ly drift in that direction in the land of the
Bluenose—and incidentally propounded the
reflective query whether Yarmouth would
ever be as big as the City of Beans.
To this the knight of the razor, with all
the originality and importance that usual-
ly characterizes a Yarmouth man, loftily
replied:
"Pshaw! Why Yarmouth is as big as
Boston now."

Whether the relative sizes of the two
places are as near alike as that tonsorial
artist would have it, I will not stop here to
discuss; but one thing is certain, the Yar-
mouthians have scarcely as much to keep
them thinking and talking about as have
the people of Boston at the present time.
Even the hustling metropolis of St. John
will have to take a back seat in this respect,
although I will freely admit that the subject
of floods has not been of such vital interest
in this vicinity.

The weather has been pretty damp, it is
true, but the only floods we have suffered
from so far are the floods of talk that have
been steadily flowing from campaign plat-
forms innumerable. Politics is the key-
note of the day, and even that erstwhile
engrossing question, retaliation—which is
really nothing more or less than one phase
of the great political fight—has given way
to that more momentous one. Who will be
the next president? Shall free trade be
upheld, or will victory take up its permanent
abode on the banners of protection? Well,
we will see next month which will be which.

The only excuse I have to make for
lugging this political business some more
into print, and thus adding to the general
agony, is the fact that the time is rapidly
approaching in which a new factor, that the
people of Canada cannot fail to be inter-
ested in, is soon to play an important part
in American national and local politics,
particularly the latter. In short, I mean
that what is now popularly known as the
British American element, hitherto a dead
letter so far as political influence was con-
cerned, is rapidly crystallizing into such an
important body that general attention is
being attracted to its growing strength.

For a long time the citizens of the
United States of English and Scotch and
Canadian nativity never took any particular
interest in the somewhat important matters
of election and government. In fact, they
were not citizens at all, for they never took
the legal steps necessary to make them-
selves such. But now all this is changed,
and nearly all the British-Americans, so
called, in this ring-ridden part of the re-
public, at least, have either become nat-
uralized citizens, or are in process of
being made such. Like the rough board
that enters the planing machine, they have
gone into the judicial hopper in a crude
and politically useless state, and when
they emerge therefrom in due course of
time, they will be *bona fide* citizens of this
great and glorious, excuse me! of this
somewhat remarkable country.

The readers of PROGRESS are, of course,
familiar with the cause of this really notable
movement. People who keep newboys so
busy winning prizes, as do its readers,
usually keep posted concerning current
events. Out of that famous Queen's jubilee
riot at Faneuil Hall, Boston, a year
ago last June, has sprung a great organi-
zation, with 60 branches in this state alone,
and whose growth even yet is only begun;
an organization that is banded together
under the name of the British-American
association, in solid opposition to ring and
race riot, and which has at heart the best
and loftier interests of the United States.
It supports a staunch weekly organ, the
British-American Citizen, and the members
are really better citizens now than many
men who can trace their blue life-fluid
back to the remote period when the pil-
grim patriarchs cast an anchor to wind-
ward in Plymouth bay. In this city alone,
where it seemed at times as though it would
be necessary to chain down the public
buildings, in order to prevent their being
carried away by some of the "city fathers,"
they have created no end of stir, and the
good their movement has already caused is
incalculable.

To come more nearly "to hum," it is a
pleasant fact to record that no small por-
tion of the British-American association's
membership is made up of natives of New
Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In fact, they
are largely in the majority in some of
the branches. Even if the United
States authorities do continue to make
sarcastic remarks about fish, and occasion-
ally deprive a thrifty "down-homer" of the
half-dozen pairs of winter socks he has
brought to Boston in his valise, the provin-
cialists as a body, are determined that
the country shall never become corrupt
while they can do anything to prevent it.
All of which is highly commendable, and
is respectfully submitted to the country at
large.

I never was so sorry for anything as I
was for the fact that I missed that Faneuil
Hall disturbance. A riot has a strange
fascination for the average mortal, even if
he is morally certain that he will furnish an
item for the newspapers by coming in con-
tact with it, and I am no exception to the
rule. But I was enjoying another kind of
a riot in that dizzily-revolving city of Hal-
ifax just at that juncture and so lost an
elegant chance of being jumped on by an
Eighth Ward hod-carrier, or used as a
patent cobble-stone cleaner by an infuriated
member of the O'Shaughnessy Diminutive
Battalion. Just my luck! Every time a
man goes to Nova Scotia something inter-
esting happens—out side of Nova Scotia.

As intimated above there are several
other interesting matters that are at present
agitating the minds of this free and en-
lightened people. The retaliation matter
can be disposed of in four words: It is all
bluff.
Then there is the great school controversy
merits more than four words, and for the
existence of which, please thank British
Americans again. They are perfectly
willing to take the blame for it. Reduced
to its simplest elements the question is
this: Shall the Roman Catholic Church be
allowed to set up a system of private pro-
prietary schools in opposition to the great
public educational school system, or shall
it be compelled to keep its children in the
latter? The priests say that the children
shall be transferred to the private institutions
while the protestant majority emphatically
answers that they shall not. On this line
of action a bitter fight is being waged, and
the unprecedented spectacle of 25,000
Boston women qualifying themselves to
vote for school committee has just been
witnessed. There is lots of fun ahead; and
still that barber maintained that Yarmouth
was as big as Boston!

An acquaintance of mine and a St. John
man at that whose name I will not
recognize, has just returned to the Hub,
after an interesting "tramp trip" through
Europe. He spent four months in his
journeyings, and during that time went
through portions of Great Britain, France,
Germany, Austria and even Turkey. He
had many interesting experiences, and was
many times asked by enlightened foreigners
if he was acquainted with so-and-so "in
America." His most interesting experience
however, was the feat of getting home on a
little more than nothing. Through the
exercise of his natural shrewdness, for
which all St. John men are famous, he
managed to get back to Boston with 15
cents and a Turkish silver something-or-
other in his pocket.

The weather is very frosty when a New
Brunswick falls out of line in the proces-
sion.
THOMAS F. ANDERSON.
Pocket Books, Purses, etc., good value, at
McArthur's.

They Have Got Something.
The liquidators of the Maritime bank
are somewhat reticent in regard to the
salaries they are getting or expect to get
for their services. Of course the whole
matter is in the hands of the Chief Justice
and much depends upon his valuation of
their services. In answer to a query
from PROGRESS a day or two ago, a gentle-
man advanced the theory that the liquidators
had drawn "something" from time to time.
How much he either did not know or would
not say. Everybody expects that the gentle-
men have got something and will get more,
but it is a matter of some interest to a large
portion of the interested public to know
what their remuneration is or will be.

She Must Have Had a Sporting Father.
They ranged from five to nine years, as
intelligent a class of girls as this city
affords. "Can you tell me," asked Miss
G., the teacher, "what man is most
popular and distinguished in the United
States? Now, answer quickly, please."
There were a number of answers, all of
them a little wide of the mark, when a wee
five-year-old spoke up and said: "I know."
"Who is it, Gracie?"
"John L. Sullivan!"

Who Steals the Best Colliers?
The above question can be answered by
two persons. The lady who saw the "gentle-
man" coax the dog to his side, then looking
up and down the street, fasten the valu-
able collar and put it in his pocket. Then
the thief knows his own name. Query:
Wouldn't it be a good idea to return that
collar?

Blank Books, all sizes, at McArthur's.

TRACTION GOODS ROOM.

Costumes, Robe Dresses, Embroidered Costumes, Wrappers, Wool Wrapper Patterns, Habit Cloths, Variety of FANCY and PLAIN COSTUME, Stripes, Etc., in all the Latest Designs.

General Dry Goods Store, 179

Veiling, DRESSES

Without Being Taken Apart, 32 Waterloo Street.

GET IT NOW

BOOK STORE, STREET.

The Globe and Thanksgiving.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: Why the editor of the Globe should have taken the trouble to pen the sneering article on the Harvest Thanksgiving services held in the Episcopal churches last Sunday I cannot understand, unless it be that he is so used to dipping his pen in gall that the habit has become a second nature. He tries to make a point of the fact that bunches of grapes are used in decoration with "aesthetic taste," rather than the "substantial turnip, the tender carrot or the rotund and generous squash"—missing the point that grapes and wheat are used so largely owing to their symbolical character of the great sacrament of the Anglican church. He evidently does not think that the worshippers should have returned thanks to the Great Giver of all, because the season has not been quite so favorable as hitherto, also the harvest has not been very bountiful. In this Province clearly showing that the old habit of grab all has not died out. Unless he gets everything he is not going to be thankful. I do not find that, though the season has been trying to the farming interests, yet that these interests are on the verge of ruin. Bread stuffs certainly have risen slightly but that has not been occasioned by any shortage in New Brunswick and why the Anglicans should be held up to ridicule for raising thanksgivings for mercies received, is as I stated before hard to understand.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 17, 1888.

A Preacher Frees His Mind. TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: A friend of mine has placed one or two copies of your paper at my disposal, and I am glad to say that you are not afraid to "speak right out in meeting," when such speaking is called for. In a recent issue you call attention to the "nameless" condition of your streets, and a hard matter it is for stranger to pilot himself around your city, because the streets are nameless, and most of your houses numberless, so far as signs are concerned. I do hope to see progress in this direction.

But there is a greater evil to which I beg to call attention, and that is the "gate nuisance" at the I. C. R. station. At stations where passenger trains are leaving every few minutes no such officer is needed as the one who stands by to punch your tickets at the I. C. R. And how long must passengers, in their hurry, and loaded with wraps and parcels, or having children to care for, be subjected to this annoyance and imposition? Even the hotel boys are not allowed to pass in with the gripack they may be carrying in for passengers who have bought tickets for the journey. And yet I have seen boys and girls, and men and women, taking leave of their friends just as the trains were leaving, and have been told that these parties were personally known to the uniformed official at the gate, showing how "kissing may go by favor." In the interests of all concerned, PROGRESS, will you not come down on this gate nuisance, so far as "punching tickets" is concerned; so that St. John friends may not have to explain longer that this gate and its keeper are among the necessary evils existing in the city.

Elgin, A. Co., Oct. 14, 1888.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

When kingle, klangie, klinge, Far down the dusky dingle, The cows are coming home, Now sweet and clear, now faint and low, The air is ringing with their low, Life changing from a sad to a cheer, Or patterling of an April shower That makes the daisies grow; Ko-ling, ko-lang, kollinglingie, Far down the dusky dingle, The cows are coming home, And old-time friends and twilight plays And stary nights and sunny days, Come trooping up the misty ways, When the cows come home. With jingle, jangle, jingle, Soft tones that sweetly mingle, The cows are coming home; Mademoiselle and Mademoiselle, Queen Bees and Sybil, and Spangled Sue, Across the field I hear her "loo-oo" And clang her silver bell; Go-ling, go-long, gollinglingie, Fish faint, far sounds that sweetly mingle, The cows come slowly home; And mother-songs of long-gone years, And baby joys and childish fears, And youthful hopes and youthful tears, With the cows come home. With ringle, rangle, ringle, By twos and threes and single, The cows are coming home; Through violet air we see the stars, And the summer sun a-shipping down, And the maple in the hazel glade Throws down the path a longer shade, And the hills are growing brown, To-ling, to-rang, tortingeringie, By threes and fours and single, The cows come slowly home; The same sweet sound of wordless psalm, The same sweet June-day rest and calm, The same sweet smell of bud and bloom, When the cows come home. With tingle, tangle, tingle, Through fern and peewinkle, The cows are coming home; A-lottering in the chequered stream, Where the sun rays glance and gleam, Clarine, Peachbloom and Phebe Phillis Stand knee-deep in creamy lilies, In a drowsy dream; To-ink, to-ank, to-anklelelelele, O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle, The cows come slowly home; And up through meadow's deep ravine Comes the brook's old song and shaven And the crescent of the silver queen, When the cows come home. With kingle, klangie, klinge, With loo-oo, moo-oo, and jangle, The cows are coming home; And over there on Melvin Hill Sounds the lone cry of whip-poor-will, And the downdrops lie on the tangled vines, And over the poplars Venus shines, And over the silent mill; Ko-ling, ko-lang, kollinglingie, With a ting-a-ling and jingle, The cows come slowly home; Let down the bars; let in the train Of long-gone songs, and flowers and rain, For dear old times come back again, When the cows come home.

SHE WAS DISMISSED.

At 20 minutes past 2, Richard Balderston, sitting in his inner office, heard the door of the clerk's room open, and a voice inquired: "Is Mr. Balderston in?" The clerk rambled something in reply, and a moment later appeared with a card, which he handed to his chief. "Ask Mr. Turbot to step in," said the latter at once. A man of 30, of fashionable aspect, good-looking, grave and well-mannered, entered and removed his silk hat with his gloved hand, and glanced at Balderston with a kind of courteous indifference. He looked like a club man who had seen the world and become bored by it. He was well-dressed, well-shaved, well-appointed in every way; his gray eyes were lazy, but unfathomable. He made no sign of seeing into others, but to allow no one to see into them. His voice, as he said, "I believe you asked to see me?" was languid and gentle. "You are from the detective office?" returned Balderston, who felt slightly embarrassed. "As you see. What can I do for you?" He seated himself as he spoke, and regarded the other with an air of meditative tolerance, though the broker must have been five years his senior, and was well known on the street as a wealthy and prosperous man, of good family.

"You see, the situation is this. I am obliged by my business to be away from home from 9 o'clock till four. I work hard, and am not over-fond of society. My wife, on the other hand, has nothing but society to attend to. She has French blood in her—that may have something to do with it. She is young and pretty, and vivacious and all that. She has her social engagements, and keeps them, so far as appears." "You mean, she pretends to keep them, and does not?" "Well, I have had reason to suspect something of the kind." "What reason?" "For instance, the other night, after dinner, she went out, ostensibly to a reception at Mrs. Huntley Murray's. Her cousins, the Lesurers, were to bring her home. After she was gone I took it into my head to drop into the comique. It isn't the sort of place I'd care to take my wife to. But as I was coming out with the audience, I saw her in the crowd ahead, leaning on the arm of a man who was a stranger to me, and who looked like a gambler. I tried to get to them, but they were out first, and got into a hack and drove off. I went home and waited. At 1 o'clock Mrs. Balderston came in. She described it to me, and the people she met. I concluded to say nothing until I had something unassailable to go upon." The detective stroked his moustache and mused for a while. "You say you were behind her coming out. Then she must have had her back to you. How can you be certain it was she?" "Oh, I recognize her by her shawl. It was a valuable lace shawl that I had bought for her the week before. There's not another like it in town. Besides, I should know her anywhere by her shoulders and carriage. And that isn't the only time.

I have been told by friends of mine that they had seen her at places where I knew she was not to have been. I could wish, at least, she would be more careful." "You and she live alone; no one else in the house?" "Only these servants, and her maid, who is as much a companion as a servant." "Ah! Have you ever thought of sounding the maid—buying her up?" Balderston shook his head. "There's nothing to be got there. The girl is very innocent, and knows nothing. Mrs. Balderston never takes her out with her. That would be no use." "Now, we may as well speak plain. What do you want? A divorce?" The broker winced. "Not if I can avoid it. I care for my wife. I don't believe she's bad. I hope not! She would not be so wretchedly imprudent if she were. If I can bring her up sharp, make her realize what she is about, appeal to her strongly, I think I can win her back. I'd make the attempt anyhow. But this must be stopped." "And you want me to watch her, take her in a compromising situation, and bring her to you? That is the commission, as I understand it? Very well. Then the sooner we begin the better. What are her ostensible plans for today?" "She was going out to make calls at half-past 3. At 6 o'clock she is to be at Mrs. Murray's, at afternoon tea. She dines en famille with her cousin at half-past 6, and they were to attend the performance at the 'Star' later."

The detective took out his watch. "Three o'clock now." If you wish, we'll start at once. I must see Mrs. Balderston, to begin with. Then I'll do what I can." "We shall hardly get home before she leaves," replied the broker, "but we'll take the chance. Come along!"

The Balderstons lived in a southwest corner house on Madison avenue. As the broker and the detective came up the block, the door of the house opened, and a lady came out. She had a parasol in her hand, which she held in her direction. She ran lightly down the steps, turned the corner of the street above, and was out of sight. "That is my wife," said Balderston. "Good!" exclaimed the detective. "Now, go to your club, and stay there till you receive word from me. I shall reappear before midnight," and quickening his pace, he also turned the corner and disappeared. Balderston, with a sigh, faced about, and ten minutes later was in the club reading-room, buried in a newspaper which he was not reading.

It was 11 o'clock when Balderston, who had by that time passed through nearly every phase of suspense, anxiety and positive suffering; who had snubbed or offended every friend he had in the club; who had bullied the waiters, cursed the cook, chewed up the cigars without smoking them, and given himself a headache with brandy and soda, was timidly approaching by the call-boy, with a card on a salver. He snatched the card with a kind of fanned growl, and instantly bolted out of the smoking-room, and encountered Mr. Turbot, calm, penetrating and indifferent as ever, in the hall. "Get your hat and come with," said the detective, quietly. "We have got all the evidence you will need. But keep cool." The broker got his hat, which, in his agitation, he put on wrong side before, and accompanied the detective into the street. "Well, how was it?" he demanded, stammering in his eagerness. "Well, it is not very agreeable," the other replied, as they walked along; though I'm bound to say it might be worse. Do you wish me to tell you exactly what happened?" "Yes, yes; go on!" said Balderston, trembling uncontrollably. "Well, after leaving you I followed your wife down the street to Fifth avenue, then up for two or three blocks to Fortieth street. Then she crossed over and entered the park behind the reservoir. On one of the benches near the Sixth avenue side was sitting a man, tall, well-dressed fellow, with a black moustache—" "I know!" broke in Balderston, with a groan. "The same fellow! Were—" "He got up when he saw her, and when she came near enough, he took her hand, and bent down and kissed her—" "Good God!" faltered Balderston, faintly. "Are you certain of that?" "I own it surprised me a little; for a woman so well known as your wife must be, and in so public a place, it was imprudent." "Imprudent! But go on!" "They sat down together on the bench, and remained there for a full half hour. He seemed to be urging something upon her, and she hesitating and temporizing." "Hesitating! And he had kissed her!" He struggled hard to command himself for a moment, and then said: "I can't stand dragging it out this way; cut it short." "With pleasure. They went into a restaurant on Sixth avenue. They sat side by side, instead of opposite each other. A bottle of champagne was ordered, your wife drank four glasses. They—well, the truth is they became pretty confidential. At last they got up and went out, and walked slowly down the avenue, arm-in-arm. They were both talking with a good deal of vivacity; I saw her shake her head occasionally. They kept on to Ninth street; there they crossed over to the Bowery. They went into one of the variety theaters there, but did not stay long. On coming out, they took a surface car up-town. A few blocks above Union square they got out and walked down a street. They stopped at the door of a place—I know it very well—it purports to be an Italian restaurant. A certain class of people go there for supper." "Well?" said Balderston between his teeth, as the other paused. "Well, she's there now." "There now! In that place with that fellow! Where—" "Keep cool," Mr. Balderston, said the detective composedly. "There's no further harm done yet. You will go quietly in with me and tell her to come home, that's all; we shall be there in a moment. It's that house with a hack standing in front of it—and a lady just coming down the steps. By this way, it is your wife!" Balderston stopped short in his tracks—he was barely thirty paces off—and glared at her. She wore the lace shawl that he had so lately presented to her. Her tall companion with the black moustache followed her down the steps and handed her into the hack; as he did so, their lips met.

A spasm passed through Balderston's frame. The hack drove on. The man with the moustache reascended the steps and disappeared through the doorway. "Wake up, man!" exclaimed the detective, grasping Balderston by the arm and pulling him forward. "We must not lose sight of that carriage!" And he broke into a run, Balderston staggering after him, with his brain on fire. The hack turned into Lexington avenue, they after it. By good fortune they here met an empty hack, which the detective hailed and gave the driver directions to keep the other vehicle in sight. They seated themselves and were rattled along, Balderston breathless and pale, his hands and teeth tightly clenched. "Now, mind you do nothing rash," said the detective, after a moment. "The woman can be saved yet, if you take her in the proper way. She is evidently going home," he added, as they turned down towards Madison avenue; "talk to her quietly at first, give her time to show her hand. If you put her on her defense too soon you'll lose a point. If she lies to you—as of course she will—then make your charge firmly and coolly, and I will back you up. She will not hold out long, and then you will have everything your own way. Hold on, driver!" he called out of the window; "we'll get out here."

As they alighted on the sidewalk, they saw the other hack just driving away from the door of Balderston's house, half a block further on, and a moment later the door of the house was heard to close. "She has got away," and imagines herself safe. You can introduce me as a friend of yours, and then lead the conversation up to the point. Remember that the more agitation you betray, the greater will be her advantage over you."

Balderston opened the door with his latch-key, and they entered quietly. They went up stairs at once, their feet scarcely sounding on the soft carpet. There was a sitting room in the front of the house, and a library at the back. A glance showed that Mrs. Balderston was in the library. She had certainly improved her time. In the five minutes or less allowed her, she had slipped out of her tight dress, thrown on an elegant negligee, got her feet into a coquettish pair of Turkish slippers, provided herself with a novel, and unconsciously coiled on a sofa drawn up to the table, so that the light from the lamp fell over her shoulders. Leaving the detective temporarily in the shadow of the sitting room, Balderston was in the library before his wife was aware of him. At all events, she started with surprise, and exclaimed: "Oh, Dick! you quite frightened me! Have you been to the club?" "Yes. Did you and your cousins enjoy the Star theater?" "Oh, tolerably. But how pale you look, dear; are you ill?" "No, in their carriage, I suppose?" "Of course. I have been back nearly an hour. I was half asleep. Sit down, won't you, Dick? I have just sent for Marie to bring me some tea. You shall take a cup with me, will you not? I'm sure you need it."

"Thank you. Before we take tea together, let me introduce to you a friend of mine, Mr. Turbot." Here he turned back to the sitting room and drew in the detective, who acted as if much embarrassed, and said something to Balderston in a hurried undertone, to which the broker paid no attention. "Possibly you may have seen Mr. Turbot before?" he added, eyeing her intently. Her face expressed only a courteous though slightly surprised welcome. She rose and inclined her head gracefully. "This is the man who has had the pleasure. He will excuse my costume, I hope. I did not know—" "My dear sir," interposed the detective hastily, turning to Balderston: "I wish to say to you—" "One moment, if you please," the other broke in, his voice rising. "I need no advice. Clara—Mrs. Balderston—answer me this: Did you meet anyone in the park behind the reservoir this afternoon?" A look of perplexity came into her face; he hurried on angrily and excitedly, shaking off the warning hand that the detective laid on his arm. "Will you deny that you dined with that fellow in a Sixth avenue oyster dive? that you went with him to a Bowers concert saloon? that you afterwards followed him to a low resort on—" "Richard," said Mrs. Balderston, rising and regarding him with a sad and indignant glance. "I am afraid you are not yourself. Mr. —, your friend, will excuse me if I ask leave to retire; I am not accustomed—it is late—"

At this moment the door opened, and Mrs. Balderston's maid, Marie, entered with the tea tray. As the detective's eye fell upon her, he started; and then a light of comprehension broke over his countenance. "I see it all now!" he exclaimed. "That is the person you pointed out to me this afternoon. She has been borrowing her mistress's shawl without leave. She has made a fool of both of us, sir!" Balderston uttered a guttural exclamation, tottered back, and dropped into an arm-chair that was luckily in the way to receive him. Marie gazed for a moment at the detective, turned white, let fall the tea tray, turned and fled. "What does all this mean?" demanded Mrs. Balderston, in amazement. "It was an awkward moment."

JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Why He Thought He'd Wait. Dentist—Mr. Doppeneimer, you won't feel me pull the tooth. The gas will make you insensible. You won't know what's going on. Doppeneimer—Isn't dot so? Well, I don't know. Dentist—But why not let me pull it today? Doppeneimer—Well, I don't know how much moush der wash in my pocket-book.—Life. Wasn't Taking Any Chances. Horrified Aunt—Why, Mandy, you'll catch your death of cold if you wear that dress. Remember, you're not at the seaside now. The season's over. Mandy (calmly)—I know it, auntie, and I'm 29 the first day of next January. This is the first time Mr. McPherson has asked me out for a drive. There's only three months left of 1888, and I'm not taking any chances this year, auntie.—Chicago Tribune.



"A BIG OFFER."

HOW TO SMOKE A CIGAR. A Tobacco Firm Instructs the Smoking Public.

The following directions as to the proper manner of smoking a cigar form a preface to a general cigar and tobacco price list issued by a tobacco firm of Buffalo. They are worth cutting out and sticking up in a prominent place in every cigar store in the country. Were this done, and the attention of smokers called to them, complaints of poor cigars would be much less frequent than they are. The rules are as follows:— 1. Never buy cheap cigars. There is no economy in it. If you can't afford good cigars, smoke less and enjoy your smoke. It is folly to suppose little cigars are the best. 2. You cannot tell whether a cigar is good or bad unless you light it properly, that is, thoroughly. A good cigar will not be much better than a poor one if badly lighted. 3. If your cigar goes out, be sure to blow through it as soon as possible, so that when you light it there will be no dead smoke in it. 4. Leave the ashes of your cigar until they fall off. Your cigar will burn straighter and taste sweeter if you don't knock the ashes off. 5. If you think smoking injurious to your health, stop smoking in the morning. A great many people have stomachs out of order, and no man ailing in that way can smoke before or immediately after breakfast. The best time to smoke is after dinner, and after supper, and straight ahead until bedtime. Smoking would not hurt a baby if this rule was adopted. 6. Never give anybody a light from your cigar. Carry matches.

A Golden Opportunity to Buy CLOTHING

AT THE LOWEST PRICES. LARGE, NEW COMPLETE STOCK From which to Select.

WM. J. FRASER, 47 King Street. One door above the Royal Hotel. Trunks Retail at Wholesale Prices. R. O'SHAUGHNESSY & CO., Manufacturers of and Dealers in Trunks, Bags & Valises, Fishing Tackle. 83 Germain Street, ST. JOHN, N. B. JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, 84 Prince William Street, P. O. Box 303. ST. JOHN, N. B.

Tenders for Hose. TENDERS will be received at the Common Clerk's Office, City Building, up to twelve o'clock, noon, of SATURDAY, 20th inst., from persons willing to supply the Fire Department with 600 FEET BEST HOSE, with Standard Couplings to fit hydrants of the City of St. John (east and west of Portland). Tenders to state where Hose is manufactured, name of manufacturer, highest pressure Hose is guaranteed to stand, and price delivered at Hook and Ladder House, King Street, east. The Committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender. GEO. A. KNODELL, Chairman Fire Dept's Committee.

IN THE MATTER OF The Maritime Bank of the Dominion of Canada (In Liquidation). A FIRST DIVIDEND of fifty cents on the dollar will be paid at the office of the Liquidators, Bayard Building, Prince William Street, on and after THURSDAY, 26th inst., to the holders of notes issued for circulation by the above named Bank. The holders of these notes must lodge them with the Liquidators prior to or upon receiving dividend. F. McLEOD, G. TAYLOR, DAVID McLELLAN, Liquidators of the Maritime Bank of Canada. St. John, N. B., 1st October, 1888.

Take Care OF YOUR FACE AND HEAD. McINTYRE, ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SALOON, Face and Hair Washes IN THE CITY. Sample bottles upon application. Don't fail to give them a trial. D. J. McINTYRE - - - 86 King Street.

STAND UP!

You people who WORK HARD FOR YOUR MONEY, and tell us if you can, where lives the man or woman who is not anxious to get the most in QUALITY and VALUE for every dollar they spend? Such people do not exist in this community. Therefore, we don't need your patronage BUT DESERVE it, by offering you one of the most remarkable things in money value ever shown over a Dry Goods counter, namely—OUR

64c. TANT-MIEUX 4-BUTTON FRENCH KID GLOVE, Every Pair Equal to Josephine.

Don't allow your (reasonable) prejudice against cheap Gloves to prevent your discovering for yourself that our Glove is all we represent. The SECRET is in the fact that the Glove comes direct from the TABLES of the MAKERS to our counters, and is sold upon a SIMPLE COMMISSION PROFIT. Sent postage prepaid to any address.

FAIRALL & SMITH.

Overcoats. Overcoats.

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Men's, Boys' and Children's READY-MADE CLOTHING. CASH ONLY.

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London House, RETAIL. We are now opening our FALL AND WINTER DRESS GOODS, WHICH COMPRISE THE Leading Grades in the Paris Market. SPECIAL. We Will Continue to Receive Novelties Weekly during the Season, Always having something NEW to offer buyers at LONDON HOUSE, RETAIL, Charlotte Street. NASAL CREAM. A CURATIVE BALM FOR Cold in the Head, Catarrh, Catarrh Deafness and Headache. Price, Only 25 Cents a Bottle. Prepared from original receipt by R. D. McARTHUR, MEDICAL HALL, No. 50 Charlotte Street, opp. King Square. "The Book of the Season." LOOKING BACKWARD (2000-1887) By EDW. BELLAMY. FOR SALE BY ALFRED MORRISSEY, 104 --- King Street --- 104. The Cigar LITTLE KING. TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, 84 --- King Street --- 84. Beef, Mutton, Spring Lamb, Veal, Lettuce, Radishes, Celery and Squash. SUGAR CURED HAMS. Bacon, --- Lard. THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market. BUSINESS MEN, CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS Are the Best AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY. The best market affords always on hand P. A. CRUIKSHANK, 49 Germain Street, Opposite Market Building. Havana and Domestic CIGARS. I have a complete assortment now in stock in boxes and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and DOMESTICS. THOS. L. BOURKE, 11 and 12 Water Street. A. & J. HAY, 76 King Street. Spectacles, Watches, Clocks and Jewellery. JEWELRY made to order and repaired. WEDDING RINGS guaranteed 18 K. ASS. T. J. McPHERSON, 181 UNION STREET, FRUITS A SPECIALTY.

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OF FLANNELS, which is in all grades.

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UNUSUALLY CHEAP.

Grey, Red, Sky and Pink.

Embroideries to match; CREAM and WHITE FLANNELS, and Domestic.

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Jellies,

NOT SURPASSED. Those who

in the home-made Jams and Jellies,

and the demand increases daily. Don't

TREET.

ore--KING STREET.

the night that he often "sees a halber-

with an axe, dressed in black and red,"

ing toward him in a threatening fashion.

the other hand, Anthony Trollope set

his work in a methodical way. He

own every morning to his desk, rain

ing, at 5.30. "I allowed myself," he

tively says, "no mercy. I was called

by groom, and did so much writing

larly before breakfast." William

also thinks the morning the best

for writing. He writes two hours be-

fore and two hours after morning luncheon.

He says that he writes at inter-

vals, sometimes in the morning

sometimes in the evening. The method

of Payne is this: he carries the plot

and in his head till completed, when

he writes it over as rapidly as possible,

often writing 15 out of the 24 hours of the day.

He may close this part of the subject

by the opinions of two American novel-

ists to the best time for writing. Said

Howells, in a recent interview with a

paper man:

"The first half of the day is the best part

of a man's life. I always select it for my

writing hours. I usually begin at 9 and

at 1 o'clock." To the same effect is

the testimony of the late E. P. Roe, in the

number of Lippincott's Magazine. "I

write to my study," says he, "immedi-

ately after breakfast, usually about 9 o'clock,

and write until 3 or 4 in the afternoon, stop-

ping only for a light lunch. * * * In former

times I wrote at night, but after a severe

attack of insomnia, this practice was almost

entirely abandoned. * * *

Finally, it should be borne in mind that

the time for good writing is largely influ-

enced by circumstances and by environ-

ment. Many of the distressing and annoy-

ing circumstances incident to city life are

entirely unfavorable to easy writing.

And, noises and harsh sounds have

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN CITY SOCIETY CIRCLES.

And a Summary of the Happenings Elsewhere in New Brunswick--Colonial Talk--Moncton Society--Woodstock Whistings--Michibie and St. Stephen News.

Mrs. Isaac Burpee is visiting her daughter in Kingston Ont.

Miss Allie Ring is visiting her Uncle Dr. Ring in Boston. The visiting physicians were very sorry to lose Miss Ring from the training school in connection with our public hospital where she had been giving every satisfaction, but it is understood she will shortly take up her studies again at one of the American institutions.

Mr. C. H. Fairweather and family will vacate their Rothery residence for the winter and will reside in the city on Orange St.

Mrs. Robert Reid and Mrs. Purdy are spending a few weeks in Boston.

Mrs. M. Hazen and daughter will spend the winter in Halifax.

Mr. P. Mackie and Miss Mackie, from Islay, Scotland, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Bell, at their residence, Orange street, where a very delightful whist party was given last Monday evening.

The same afternoon a number of Mr. and Mrs. Bell's friends assembled at Trinity church to witness the christening of their little daughter. An appropriate and beautiful little silver bell rattle, with a Scotch thistle for the tongue, was among the many pretty gifts to the favored infant.

Mrs. Dr. Allan, of New York, is with her sister, Mrs. Watson Allen, Leinster street.

A young lady wishes to know "why is it a small man will invariably ask a tall large woman to dance with him? Does he ever consider how ridiculous he must look and how frightfully awkward it must be for the poor woman?" I think if I were a short man and admired a very tall lady I'd invite her to "sit out" the dance on the hall steps, and give her a fair chance to look up to me by sitting a step higher up, and thus escape the sometimes absurd "dignity and impudence" appearance at least.

Miss Katie Ferguson and Dr. McGowan, who have been visiting their friends in this city, left Wednesday morning for their homes in Boston.

Miss E. Smith, who has been spending the summer with Mrs. Gilbert Murdoch, has returned to her home, leaving in St. John hosts of friends, who were heartily sorry to bid her farewell, but hope she will soon repeat her visit.

Judging from the rush and line of coaches, and beautifully costumed ladies, on Wellington road, Wednesday afternoon, one would certainly fancy a grand wedding was being celebrated, though such was not exactly the case, but Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Daniel were holding a large reception in honor of Rev. Mr. DeSoyes and his bride.

It was, of course, a wretched day, but this did not prevent the attendance of the numerous friends, who, once inside the hospitable residence, had no thought for the gloominess without.

Mrs. DeSoye wore an electric blue suit trimmed with velvet and bonnet to match. Mrs. Daniel was attired in a handsome black silk and lace, and was most lovely.

The Half-hour Reading club will meet at the residence of Mrs. T. Walker, Princess street, next Thursday evening. The subject of the evening will be poetry. Miss Sharp and Mr. C. A. Kinnear are to be the essayists.

"I can't understand why it is," said a Carleton news lady, "that we see so little Carleton news in your social column. I'm sure we are just as pretty, dress equally well, and have quite as gay times as you on the other side of the harbor, and although it has been livelier than it is at present, still we manage to keep alive this dull weather, which I believe is as much as can be said of any part of the city just now."

"Well, tell me all the Carleton news of this week. Any weddings?"

"Yes, one last Wednesday morning at 8.30. The friends who had courage enough to go to the united disadvantages of the very early hour and pouring rain, witnessed in the F. C. Baptist church the marriage of Mr. C. Clark and Miss A. Clark. The bride was attended by Miss Jennie Clarke and Mr. F. Beattie supported the groom. Miss Clark was attired in a grey travelling costume. The church was prettily decorated with choice roses, fuchsias, etc. They left by the Flying Yankee for an extended tour through the states. I could tell you of four more very interesting events to take place ere long. But, as these are known only as yet to the ladies' 190 particular friends, I may not tell any further than that they will come off in the Presbyterian church."

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chandler, of Dorchester, spent Tuesday evening in this city at Mrs. Macnamara's and proceeded next morning to Boston and other American cities to attend a convention.

One of the social events of the week was quite a large party at Mrs. John Horn's, Camarthen street. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers and the company enjoyed itself thoroughly until a late hour. There were no fewer than four brides present.

On Tuesday evening next, a parlor concert will be held at Mr. J. Wilmot's, in aid of the Carleton fountain fund.

I have already heard plans for a sleighing party, when the snow arrives. Such cold-blooded slaughter of dear old summer makes one shiver.

Dr. and Mrs. Walker, who have been spending the summer at their home in Halifax, return to South Bay next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis leave this evening for Montreal, to see their son, who is attending McGill college.

Miss Barr is still visiting at Mr. J. F. Harding's.

Miss Alley, of Bar Harbor, is staying with Mrs. C. F. Scammell, Leinster street.

Miss Jennie Clark has returned from Halifax, where she has been visiting for some time.

One of the *Blonde* that just finished reading Henry Irving's *Aladdin*. Isn't it charming?"

"Do you not mean Washington Irving?"

"Oh! it's just the same thing. He has two names, you know!" THE GOSSIP.

CELEBRITY TALK.

FREDERICTON, Oct. 17th, 1888.--St. Anne's church was very prettily and appropriately decorated on Sunday for "Harvest Sunday."

Mrs. W. W. V. has been receiving

her friends this week assisted by her cousin Miss Richards. Mrs. Vanwart wore a very handsome Nile-green silk, gold ornaments and an elegant bouquet of pale pink rose buds. Miss Richards wore a handsome brown silk and bouquet of cream rose buds.

Matrimony is contagious. I have heard of two more weddings that are to take place soon and it is rumored that a well known bank clerk of this city has taken Judge Steadman's residence, and is to be married in December. I also heard today that a young church of England clergyman, well known in this city, was soon to take a wife from the vicinity of Fredericton. And yet I have another to tell you of, this time it is a leading lawyer of this city who, on dit, has captured one of our handsomest young ladies. But these are all secrets as yet.

Mrs. Robert Hare, daughter of Mr. William Clark, and sister of Mrs. John A. Edwards, of this city, has fallen a victim to yellow fever at Jacksonville, Florida. The sad news reached here Monday, Mrs. Hare having died on the 7th inst., after less than a week's illness. She has been a resident of Jacksonville about fourteen years. Mrs. Hare will be kindly remembered by many in Fredericton.

Hon. D. L. Hanington, of Dorchester, spent Sunday in this city.

Two of our leading physicians have gone away for a brief holiday. Dr. Coburn left yesterday for Philadelphia, where he will spend ten days, and return with his wife and children, who have been there for about six weeks. Dr. and Mr. Currie have gone to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Randolph and their daughter, Miss Myra, and Mrs. Judge Steadman left Saturday morning, for Boston and New York. They were accompanied by Mrs. W. W. Turnbull, of St. John. These ladies will attend the National W. C. T. U., which is being held in New York this week.

Miss Barker, of St. John, spent Sunday with her cousin, Miss Hanington, who is attending Normal school in this city.

Judge and Mrs. Steadman are going to board this winter at Mr. Wm. Fowler's, on Regent street.

Mrs. George Hunt and Mrs. Street have gone to Newcastle for a few weeks. Mrs. Street will visit her son, Mr. Lee Street, and Mrs. Hunt will visit her daughter, Mrs. Davidson.

Rev. Mr. Jeffrey and his daughter, Miss Maggie Jeffrey, of St. Mary's, returned last week from Quebec, where they have been spending a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jeffrey have moved into their new residence at St. Mary's. Miss Bedell of St. John will spend the winter with them. Mrs. Jeffrey receives her friends Wednesday afternoon of each week.

Mrs. Hill is here visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Morrison Jr.

The Metropolitan visiting at Grand Falls and Woodstock.

The Coadjutor Bishop returned from St. John yesterday.

Miss Burton of this city has returned from St. John where she has been spending a month.

The Misses Davidson, from Chatham, are here visiting their sister Mrs. Dr. McLean on Carleton street.

Mrs. Plant has returned to her home in Adrian, Michigan, accompanied by Mr. Plant's mother and sister who will spend the winter with her.

Mrs. Fenwick and her mother, Mrs. Hammond, of Montana, formerly of Fredericton, spent a few days in this city last week.

Mrs. Frank Hazen and Miss Smith spent a night in Fredericton last week on their way from Bathurst.

Mrs. Hilton Green has returned home from her visit to Dorchester.

Mr. George Y. Dibble arrived in town from Woodstock today, and will leave for Prince Edward Island on Monday.

The Misses McPeak have returned from their visit to St. John.

Mrs. Capt. Tabor is visiting in St. John, and Miss Gertrude Hunt is spending a few weeks with Miss Tabor, Waterloo row.

Mrs. Parkin has returned home from Digby, Nova Scotia. Mr. Parkin will be home from England until the middle of November.

Mrs. Gordon and her daughters, Mrs. Fuller and Miss Ethel Gordon, mother and sisters of Major Gordon, have returned to their home in Kingston, Ont.

Several of our short term military officers have left the Celestial city, including Lieutenants Benn and Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Beckwith have gone to housekeeping again on St. John street.

Every one is looking forward to going to the grand opera Friday and Saturday evening.

It is well to have something to brighten us up a little, for it has been terribly dull for the past two weeks.

This is a hard season of the year for a society correspondent.

Mr. H. G. Winter, of the Customs department, is away on his holidays.

Miss Mary Rainsford, of Grand Falls, is visiting in Fredericton: She is the guest of Mrs. Robert Rainsford, Smyth street.

STELLA.

MONCTON SOCIETY.

MONCTON, Oct. 17.--Were it not for the ladies ball at Dorchester, I should have little to record this week in the way of society news, except the wear and tear of rubbers, the "corner" in gossamers, and the general "calling in" of all the umbrellas that have been trustfully loaned during the past six months, but which now in general requisition. In fact, the ball was the one gleam of sunshine in a very dreary week, for it was a most unqualified and brilliant success. So great a success that it may well be spoken of as the society event of the season, and the ladies who originated the idea, as well as those of the sterner sex, who assisted them to carry it out, have good reason to feel elated.

I have heard--if hearsay evidence will be admitted--that Mrs. Albert Hickman and Miss Hanington were the first to suggest the feasibility of a leap year ball, and although they were "wildest partners" as it were--their names not appearing on the committee--had it not been for their tireless energy and unflinching zeal the dance would scarcely have been what it was, for nothing in the way of good management seemed to be forgotten.

The ball was beautifully decorated with branches of autumn leaves, flags and spruce. The music--consisting of harp, violin and clarinet--was simply perfect and I heard several remarks that the floor seemed to be set on springs; it was so elastic.

Most of the guests from Moncton went down by the Springhill accommodation on Friday evening and the railway station presented a very lively and festive appearance at half-past five o'clock being crowded with the gilded youth of both sexes on their way to the ball. Quite a large party went down, nearly enough to fill a first-class car, though I noticed with a sinking of the heart, which I am sure was shared by all of my sex who were present, that neither of our "Three Fair Maids" were among the number.

Your correspondent having in his mind the lady readers of PROGRESS, took with him a voluminous note book and rendered himself most obnoxious to his lady friends by the various questions he asked, and the dresses of the various ladies, and this is the result of his labors.

Mrs. Benedict wore pink silk and looked charming.

Mrs. Butcher, cream colored satin and nun's veiling trimmed with swansdown.

Miss Harley, of Newcastle, who is visiting Mrs. Butcher, black satin with crimson roses.

Mrs. David Dickson, black silk and lace.

Miss Addie McKean, a very beautiful dress of black lace over maize colored cashmere.

Mrs. Maggie McKean, an equally pretty costume which I find hard to describe owing to my inability to decide whether it was blue or green, but I think it was that delicate shade known as "nile green," and Miss McKean herself, looked so distractingly charming that it was impossible to concentrate my attention on her dress.

Mrs. J. R. Bruce's petite figure, and bright face showed to advantage in a dress

TURNER & FINLAY.

DRESS DEPARTMENT.

The variety of materials and styles prepared for this season are the Largest and Most Complete WE HAVE EVER SHOWN.

Among the favorite Materials, perhaps, AMAZON AND SEDAN CLOTHS

will take the leading part, and we can show a collection

NOT TO BE EQUALLED IN THIS CITY.

BORDERED DRESSES.

The show of STRIPED AND CHECKED MATERIALS is greater than ever.

The materials of the most beautiful and serviceable character, and the blendings of color exceedingly stylish.

Stripes & Checks.

The show of STRIPED AND CHECKED MATERIALS is greater than ever.

The materials of the most beautiful and serviceable character, and the blendings of color exceedingly stylish.

SHIRTINGS.

OF THESE THERE ARE NO END.

The arrangement of colors in each is of the most perfect description. The variety may make a choice slightly perplexing, but will most certainly command admiration. The prices are from 30c. to \$1.50 per yard, and are the most stylish goods at the prices we have ever shown.

Dress and Jacket Trimmings.

Our stock of DRESS, JACKET and MANTLE TRIMMINGS this season possesses so much of novelty that it has been a subject of general remark. We are showing all the latest novelties in GIMPS, BRAIDS, ORNAMENTS, DRESSSETS, etc., etc., and customers will find the prices much under what the same goods have been selling for elsewhere.

We will be pleased to send samples of Dress Materials to any address postpaid, on application.

TURNER & FINLAY,

12 King St. and 11 Charlotte St.

of black silk and lace, with "marchal neil" roses.

Miss Thompson wore white India muslin trimmed with lace.

Mrs. O'Doherty, black lace, with crimson roses.

Miss Lynch, of Ottawa, primrose brocade with pearl trimming.

I tried very hard to ascertain who was the belle par excellence, but as the names of four ladies were mentioned as deserving that honor, I must do them equal justice. They were: Mrs. Butcher, of Moncton; Miss Main, of Amherst, Miss Knapp, of Sackville and Miss Peters, of Dorchester, who assisted them to carry it out, have good reason to feel elated.

I have heard--if hearsay evidence will be admitted--that Mrs. Albert Hickman and Miss Hanington were the first to suggest the feasibility of a leap year ball, and although they were "wildest partners" as it were--their names not appearing on the committee--had it not been for their tireless energy and unflinching zeal the dance would scarcely have been what it was, for nothing in the way of good management seemed to be forgotten.

The ball was beautifully decorated with branches of autumn leaves, flags and spruce. The music--consisting of harp, violin and clarinet--was simply perfect and I heard several remarks that the floor seemed to be set on springs; it was so elastic.

Mrs. Thompson, of Newcastle, is in town, visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Stavert.

Miss Grannie, of Halifax, who has been set on springs, it was so elastic.

Macaulay Brothers & Co., 61 and 63 KING STREET.

We are now prepared to place before our Customers the Largest and Most Complete

STOCK OF DRY GOODS

Ever Imported by us,

Having been personally selected in the Best Markets and wherever practicable from Manufacturers. We are, therefore, in a position to sell FIRST-CLASS GOODS with many advantages in prices, qualities and special makes.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

Guns, Rifles, STOP That Cough!

Revolvers, Pistols, Etc., Etc. Cartridges, Powder, SHOT, SHELLS, And AMMUNITION for Leading Makes of Fire Arms.

Game Bags, Gun Cases, Cartridge Belts, Loading Tools, Cleaners, Extractors, Duck Calls, Decoys, Flasks, Bullet Moulds, And Sporting Goods of all kinds.

T. McAVITY & SONS, St. John, N. B. FOR SALE OR TO LET.

THOS. A. TEMPLE. STREET TO ODELL'S GROVE.

Table with columns for lot numbers and prices. Includes rows for 120 ft, 40 ft, 40 ft, 40 ft, 40 ft, 120 ft, 120 ft, 120 ft.

Twelve Very Desirable Building Lots, each 40 x 120 feet, As shown on above plan of lots, Lying Between the College Road and Railway Lands in the City of Fredericton.

Terms easy. Apply to FISHER & FISHER, Barristers, Fredericton; E. T. C. KNOWLES, Barrister, 101 Prince Wm. St., St. John; or JOHN HOPKINS, Union street, St. John.

W. TREMAINE GARD, Practical Jeweller, Optician and Goldsmith.

No. 85 KING STREET, Under Victoria Hotel. Importer and Manufacturer of Fine GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, JEWELRY, Solid Silver Goods and Reliable SPECTACLES.

Fine Diamonds and other Gems in Stock and Set to order in any style. Electro Gilding, Silver Plating and Etruscan Coloring personally attended to.

Ranges and Cooking Stoves. A FULL LINE OF THE ABOVE INCLUDING THE CLIMAX, the leading RANGE in the market. Every one warranted.

COOKING STOVES--Wood and Coal; HEATING STOVES--In great variety; FRANKLINS, TIDIES, RED CLOUDS, MASCOTS, SILVER MOON, Etc.

We would specially bring to the notice of purchasers that we are Manufacturers and cannot only furnish REPAIRS, but are in a position to give extra value.

HENDERSON, BURNS & CO. FOR INTERNAL JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will never after thank their lucky stars.

All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money has been refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, \$1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2119, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

THE LATEST SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS. SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO The New York Labor News Co., 25 East Fourth Street, New York City.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

That daring sportsman and bright writer, Thomas Stevens, has added the second and last volume to *Around the World on a Bicycle*, which has attracted so much favorable comment from the American press and public since its appearance.

Happy possessors of the first volume will rejoice that the second is out and the opportunity is afforded them to follow the author in his delightful and daring journey around the world.

He starts from Teheran, and leaves us at Yokohama, his journey ended. His daily life and adventures are described in the simple, but very pleasing, descriptive narrative of the wheelman, and to give a clearer idea of his Oriental wanderings, there are 70 illustrations, nearly all of which illustrate the habits and character of the people, the nature of country and animal life. Not infrequently, a well-executed sketch of oriental architecture attracts and interests the reader.

Mr. Stevens' style needs no praise. He is one of the few writers who gains the interest of the reader at the start, enlists his sympathy and enthusiasm at the same time, and holds them to the end. Once read, the book is often begun again—it is hard to grasp all that it contains at one time—its bright literary excellence and the complete, interesting and instructive notes upon children of the East.

Consider as a whole the volume is a triumph for author and artist. Its handsome get up does great credit to the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price \$4. For sale at McMillan's.

Favorites With the Masses.

The people read, and ever will read, the stories of Dickens. They never die—never get old. Other writers of fiction come to the front, have their day and disappear, but Dickens is ever with the masses. This is shown by the demand at every public library where men and women are free to select what they please and the question of cost does not bar the way. The New York Sun has been getting some figures from the Cooper Union. Many who go to New York from the provinces never see more than the outside of this big brown building, but to many others of them, who are perhaps poor and friendless in the great city, it is a place of recreation and a haven of rest. The student and scholar seek the more imposing and less democratic Astor and Lenox libraries, but the mass of readers go to the Cooper Union.

According to an account kept by the superintendent of the Union, the demand for standard authors was: Dickens, 19; Cooper, 10; Thackeray, 10; Lever, 8; Bulwer, 7; Scott, 4; Nathaniel Hawthorne 1.

Next highest on the list come the unbound volumes of the Lovell, Seaside and Franklin Square Libraries with a demand of 5,617. Fiction, which included the complete works of most of the standard authors, some in double sets, came next in order with a total of 3,547. History held its own with 1,279. After these came useful arts, 694; natural sciences, 535; biography, 559; travels, 460; poetry, 299; and last of all political economy, 94.

Further particularizing the works of Dickens made it appear that *David Copperfield*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Christmas Stories*, *Our Mutual Friend*, *Dombey & Son*, *Bleak House*, *Edwin Drood* and *A Tale of Two Cities* were each asked for twice, and *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Little Dorrit*, and *Miscellaneous Works* were each asked for once. The superintendent said he believed this to be a fair specimen of the usual demand. There was a very decidedly greater demand for *David Copperfield* than any other work, but one of their two bound copies had been sent to be rebound. *Pickwick* had been completely worn out in the bound volumes, but turned up smiling in two or three copies under other heads.

The superintendent also gave it as his experience that *Vanity Fair* was by far the most popular of Thackeray's works, *Ivanhoe* of Scott's, and *Charles O'Malley*, of Lever's. They had a set of George Eliot which were not neglected, though by no means popular. A curious thing was the exceptional popularity of *Daniel Deronda*, which was sold almost every day. The older novelists were not much in demand. *Tom Jones*, by Henry Fielding was often asked for, but the people who attempted to read it wondered how it ever had been so popular.

At a second-hand bookstore, frequented by the poorer class, this demand was for novels which were interesting and cheap. The Lovell, Seaside and Franklin libraries were the chief stock in trade. The demand appeared to be for the Duchess, Bertha M. Clay, author of "Dora Thorne"; Mrs. Alexander, Miss Braddon, Miss Cameron, author of "Pure Gold"; Rosa Carey, author of "Wee Wife," and Mrs. Forrester, author of "Jane." Of course there were Mrs. Henry Wood and a dozen others, whose works would always sell sooner or later, but those he had just named were at present in the quickest circulation, and came in and went out times and again.

Hugh Conway's works had a great boom for a while, but he is now entirely out of the running. "Kiddie" Haggard has fallen very quickly in the popular estimation, and not one copy is sold now for 20 some months ago. Robert Louis Stevenson's works had a great boom some time ago, and are still in good demand. Of the

regular authors who never die out, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, R. D. Blackmore, William Black and Clark Russell may be mentioned.

Cooper will never die; neither will Maryatt. Both their works are constantly read by old and young alike. The influence of a play being performed at one of the theatres, founded on a novel by some well-known author, is very great. The performances of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* increased the traffic in all Stevenson's works enormously. Dumas' works have been read by thousands who never before had heard of them, and are being read more every day on account of the dramatization of *Monte Cristo* and the *Three Guardsmen*.

The owner of the bookstore had paid some attention to the mental growth of boys in their appreciation of literature. He had often seen boys, who were perhaps little better than thieves, buy their first dime or half-dime novels. Then he had watched them grow up and straighten out and become members of some healthy, honest community. As they had progressed in years they passed through the various appropriate classes of literature. When they wanted something with more nutriment in it than the dime novel, they strayed into the fields which were held possession of by Optic, Alger, Castlemar, Kellogg, Ballantyne and Kingston. Then they tackled Mayne Reid as a sort of stepping stone, then plunged with delight into all the bright, sparkling, healthy novelty of Jules Verne. A time often came when the list seemed exhausted, when the gap between boyhood and youth had to be bridged. Then they would come and say they could find nothing to read, and would be told to buy Frank Smedley's, Lewis Arundel or Frank Farleigh.

After this came some of Edmund Yates' works, or a simple story by Hawley Smart. Then came *Ivanhoe*, if its proper place had not been anticipated. The *Pickwick Papers* followed hot after, and with an introduction to Dickens the world of fiction was before them to choose as seemed good unto them.

The October-number of *Lend a Hand* opens with a trenchant editorial on "The Powers of Government"—suggested by Edward Bellamy's wonderful book, *Looking Backward*—in which the anomalies that many good people believe to be constitutional (or Heaven-suggested) are pointed out. Following this article, which will thoroughly commend itself to all thoughtful readers, are a story, "Johnny Lane," by Eliot B. Gurton, the opening chapters of a new serial by George Truman Kercheval, well-considered essays on "Apostle-ship," "Bishop Barrington," "Modern Social Conditions," and "The Sweating System" and poems by Mary A. Lathbury, Mary L. B. Branch and Mary Lowe Dickinson. The departments are unusually complete and helpful. Readers of *Progress* do not need to be told that to all who are interested in philanthropic enterprise *Lend a Hand* is a necessity. It is edited by Dr. Everett Hale, and published by the Lend a Hand company, Boston, at \$2 a year, 20 cents a single number.

A new novel by Du Boisgobey is *Marriage d'Inclination*, the story being founded on the burning of the Opera Comique, Paris.

Augusta J. Evans Wilson throws a remarkable vividness into her work. Among these her latest creations the reader feels "at home"; he imagines himself one of them; he becomes a factor of the story and fancies himself closely connected with, and personally interested in all the men and women of it. He is tossed by the flux and reflux of the good and ill fortune of Beryl; he shouts his applause when the real Dunbar gives way to love and honor in the court room; he settles down with the heroine in the "Anchorage" only to be reassured with her by the advertisement in the paper. But we must not spoil the readers' enjoyment by divulging too much of the plot! As is characteristic of this author's work, her strongest character is created with all the virtues which, as the story advances, are manifested in her—she is at her zenith from the beginning—whereas the rest are deficient at their creation and are allowed to grow and develop by contact with her.

At the *Mercy of Tiberius*, by Augusta J. Evans Wilson. For sale by Alfred Morrissey, St. John, N. B.

Notes and Announcements.

The London *Athenaeum* announces that the November issue of Sir Walter Scott's delightful shilling series, the "Canterbury Poets," will be "Poems of Wild Life," edited by Prof. Roberts, of King's college. Several Canadian poets are represented in this collection. The *Athenaeum* is not quite clear on all points of Canadian geography, and states that Prof. Roberts belongs to "the University of Kingston, Nova Scotia."

Of No Moment.

Anxious Mother—My dear, little Dick has been fighting again. Husband—He has, eh? Where's that switch? Got his face all scratched up I suppose?
"N-o."
"Clothes torn, maybe."
"No, he didn't get hurt this time. It was the other boy that got hurt."
"Oh! Well, boys will be boys, my dear. Is supper ready?"
Sewing machines of all kinds repaired by experienced mechanics, at Bell's, 25 King street.

THEATRE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Mr. W. Hill, a native of Liverpool England arrived in the city last Wednesday, having accepted the position of Organist at Trinity church. Mr. Hill has been in the United States for the last year, but has not been playing during that period. He is a pupil of Mr. Best, one of the finest English players, and so should be an acquisition to the musical talent of the city. The engagement is only for three months at present.

The Micawber club have caused quite a transformation at the Lansdowne Rink and few people would have thought it could have been turned into such a comfortable theatre. The Bennett Moulton company promises to give us a week of good opera though I hope they are fully prepared to play the Bohemian Girl and that we shall not have a repetition of what the Gilbert company gave us. There is a wide range between comic and legitimate opera.

A friend of mine, who is a musical man, a singer of good taste and judgment, and a capital tenor, met me on Monday last, with a face full of woe, and I naturally enquired the cause of his rueful countenance. It appears that, the day before, my friend A had some special singing to do in the choir of which he is a member, and also a solo to sing. Amongst the other members of the choir is one who has very little idea of singing, and absolutely no idea of time, or even the relative value of notes, and who requires a strong singer beside him all the time to keep him within reasonable bounds. Lately, this singer, who I will call X, has developed a habit of beating on the ground with his foot, which would be annoying enough if it was done in perfect time, but awfully exasperating when quite wrong. I fully sympathized with A when he told me that X had kept up his beating of time (?) through nearly the whole service, not even excepting poor A's solo—which was not written to be sung in strict time (even if X could have beaten it), but had several *ad lib.* passages, as well as rallen fantasias. A is rather nervous of singing alone in church, so that his feelings were not helped by this officious assistance. I remember a similar case, some few years ago, in an oratorio society, where one of the tenors sent all the rest nearly wild with this exasperating trick. Of course it is a difficult thing for one to deal with, as one cannot very well formally complain to the choirmaster or organist, and it would not be quite polite, I suppose, to tell the would-be timeist to shut up!

Not being able to multiply myself, which, no doubt, some of my friends (?) are thankful for, I was only able to attend one church last Sunday. From accounts I have however, there seems to have been a very general excellence in the Harvest Festival singing at the different Episcopal churches. At the mission church of St. John the Baptist, the most noticeable features were the singing, in the morning, of a treble verse part by two boys, admirably trained by Mr. Morley, in the anthem, *Ye shall dwell in the land*, and the psalms and hymns by the choir at the evening service. Of course, it is needless for me to say anything about the wonderful accompaniments played by the talented organist. To hear him play the 104th psalm, tone 81, is a treat never to be forgotten. I am sorry to say the Rev. J. M. Davenport was suffering from a very severe sore throat, so the choir and church were deprived of his valuable assistance the whole day, but I am glad to say he is now convalescent.

The Rev. Mr. Macneil's graceful tribute to Mr. R. D. McArthur's lengthened services to St. Andrew's choir were well deserved, but in his notice of the various phases through which the church, with regard to music had gone, he omitted to mention that a professed Italian opera singer had sung a solo at a Sunday evening service not so very long ago, which must have been a great shock to the shades of the departed elders as I believe it was to some of the living ones.

I was talking to an organist the other day, who has a choir of boys and he complained of the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient command over them as to regular attendance at practices and services. Of course these boys are voluntary choristers and naturally in that the difficulty arises. I agree with him in thinking that if the powers that be could see their way clear to give the boys a small stipend say only \$10 a year, the difficulty would be overcome. It would be a nice little bit of pocket money for them and also give the organist the chance to force prompt attendance. The congregation of the church spoken of are quite well to do enough to pay this little extra expense for the welfare of their choir.

FELIX.

Druggist—I've got a new play that's a corker. The heroine falls into a real threshing machine, is rescued by the engineer and marries him. It's going to cost me \$4,500 to put it on the stage.
Friend—What's the odd twenty for?
Druggist—Oh, I paid that to a newspaper fellow for writing the piece. —Terre Haute Express.

Best makes of pianos and organs for sale or to hire, at Bell's, 25 King street.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Peck & Fursman's is the best *Uncle Tom's Cabin* company that St. John has seen for a long time. Miss Partington as Topsy was above the average, and no fault could be found with *Uncle Tom*. The play proper was well put on and the audience had real enjoyment from it. The attempted funny business in some cases fell rather flat and was decidedly too long, keeping the audience until 11.30 for the fall of the curtain. Considered as a whole the company is better than the average one seen in the Maritime provinces.

I am again forced to call attention to the fact that it was 8.30 o'clock on Tuesday evening before the overture began and of course the performance did not begin for another quarter of an hour. This is most unfair to people who are promptly on hand at the hour named in the announcements and prejudices many persons against attending theatrical performances—especially when they have to wait in a seat which catches a draught from every point of the compass. If performances will not begin until 8.30 why not advertise the fact?

The management can be congratulated upon the immense audiences the company drew. There was lots of cash in every house. I am informed that the ticket count was 1,376 and the messengers, etc., must have brought the number between 1400 and 1500.

There were at least 200 more people in the Institute than there should have been. It is nice to have a crowded house, but I call that accomplished when the seats are full—it may be called packed when the aisles are jammed the same as they were Tuesday night.

You have no right to do it, gentlemen. When you sell persons tickets, you engage to provide them with seats for the performance. When you do not, you are cheating them and annoying those who have seats by placing a black wall in front of their view.

The Fifth Avenue Theatre company, which has played in several of the smaller provincial towns has "busted." It was time. The more bad troupses we can ruin and disband within our border, the better chance for our crown.

Of future events, the Bennett & Moulton Opera company attracts the most attention. I have no doubt the company is all it claims to be—its claims are put forth in a modest way—and well deserving of the patronage of the public. *Propos* of the fitting of the Lansdowne rink, at great expense for the performance, does it not occur to the St. John amusement public that it is about time that opera house was built?

Years ago, theatrical managers, striving after realism, introduced live horses and live blood hounds on the stage. Their enterprise was looked upon as a step toward something more than mere imitation. Then came the introduction of famous oarsmen with boats which were paddled on imitation rivers. Last year in the *Dark Secret*, a big tank full of water was sunk in the stage and George Hosmer rowed on it in his shell. He appears again this season. But the most startling piece of realism is to be found in *The Stowaway*, which started at Niblo's Garden, New York, this week. There is a safe-blowing scene in one of the acts, and the management has secured the services of two bona-fide ex-convicts who have cracked many a safe without the presence of an audience. These gentlemen, who are not wanted by Inspector Byrnes at the present time, appears on the stage with a complete kit of tools and do the act just as it is done in actual life. This makes a new safe necessary every night. Perhaps it would be a good idea to secure pardoned or acquitted murderers to do the killing in tragedies in the future. It would make it seem so much more real, you know.

Mr. Barnes of New York made his bow at the Broadway theatre in that city on Monday night. If the play is anything like a good version of the story, it ought to have a remarkably fine run.

That rather good melo-drama, *The Lights of London*, wears well and continues to draw full houses. It is now on at Jacob's Third Avenue theatre, New York, and W. H. Lytell is in the cast.

The Portland *Sunday Telegram* calls attention to the fact that Mme. Janauschek bids fair to continue on deck for at least another century. She has been giving farewell tours in America for a score of seasons but invariably reappears on the horizon. She fell down a hotel stairway last year and was nearly killed, but now comes the announcement that she is on her way over the sea for another farewell circuit.

Sol Smith Russell has made an engagement for E. A. Kidder's new play, *A Poor Relation*, beginning in April.

The regular season at the Fifth Avenue begins Oct. 29, with Joseph Jefferson in a special production of *The Riccio*, taking his familiar part of Bob Acres. Mr. Jefferson will have the assistance of John Gil-

bert, as Sir Antony Absolute, and Mrs. John Drew, as Mrs. Malaprop.

Mary Anderson will sail from Liverpool for New York on the 28th. She is always welcome.

Another clever American, who is pleasing the Londoners just now, is Geraldine Ulmer. She is a Boston girl and her father is the oldest watchmaker in that city. She has been doing the hard musical work in Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera, *The Yeomen of the Guard*, and she has been doing it well. She was the big success of the opening night.

Gillette is on hand with a new version of *She*, which will be brought out in New York on November 12. The "try it on a dog" business will be in Williamsburg a week previous to that date. The play will be under the direction of Al Hayman, and W. S. Harkin, who is now playing a leading role in *Mathias Vandorf*, will be one of the company.

Lydia Thompson made her American reappearance on Monday night, at the Star, New York, in what is said to be a good old-fashioned burlesque, called *Penelope*. M. B. Leavitt, who is managing the tour, is in his glory, and feels much better than he did in the old barn-storming days, when St. John people knew him.

She Was Very Fond of Music.

There is a great deal of joking at the expense of the girl who sits in the parlor playing "Who Will Care for Mother Now?" while her mother is at that moment at the wash-tub. Perhaps that sort of girl does exist, but it is evident that her opposite may also be found, says the *Youth's Companion*.

A traveller in Kansas records the following conversation held by him with one of the prettiest and liveliest girls at a party: "Are you fond of music?" he asked. "Oh yes, indeed I am!" she replied. "And do you play on any instrument?" "Yes, sir, I reckon I do." "On the piano? Or do you prefer the guitar?" "No, sir. But I'm great on the wash-board. I've been practising all day."

It Would Seem So.

"Why do doctors always write their prescriptions in Latin?" asked little Johnny. "My son," replied old Brown, "they do that in order to give the druggist a chance to add a dollar on the prescription for translating it."

He Wanted a "Get There" Watch.

"Do you want a stop watch, sir?" asked the jeweller. "Do I want a stop watch? No, sir I want one that will go. I've got a stop watch now." —*Jeweler's Weekly*.

LANSDOWNE RINK
MICAWBER CLUB. - LESSEES.
GRAND OPENING.
GEO. A. BAKER'S
Bennett-Moulton Opera Company.

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, 22ND OCT.

37 PEOPLE 37
2 PRIMA DONNAS 2
2 COMEDIANS 2
Our own Orchestra. New and elegant costumes.

IN A NEW REPERTOIRE.

MONDAY—Boccaccio.
TUESDAY—The Black Hussar.
WEDNESDAY—The Bohemian Girl.
THURSDAY—The Beggar Student.
FRIDAY—The Merry War.
SATURDAY MATINEE—The Bohemian Girl.
SATURDAY EVENING—Robert Macaire.

Popular Prices. Reserved Seats, 50 cents.

Seats may be secured on and after Wednesday next at the Bookstore of Alfred Morrissey and Morton L. Harrison, King street.

Leinster Street Church Concert!

THE CHURCH CONCERT SEASON will be opened on

THURSDAY EVENING, 25th inst., in LEINSTER STREET CHURCH, when the following programme will be carried out:

1. Orchestra.
2. Chorus (in costume). Choir
3. Piano duet. Mrs. Goddard and Mrs. Patton
4. Vocal solo—Vivian obligato. Mrs. Girvan
5. Reading. Miss Burnham
6. Quartet. Misses Rising and Goddard
7. Misses Rising and Goddard, Messrs. Watson and Binning.

8. Violin solo. Mr. A. Fawcett
9. Reading. Mr. Mason
10. Vocal solo. Miss Clara Watson

PART II.

1. Piano duet. Miss Goddard and Mrs. Patton
2. Vocal solo. Mr. Miller Olive
3. Vocal trio. Misses Currie
4. Reading. Mr. H. P. Kerr
5. Vocal duet. Misses Rising and Goddard
6. Scenes from real life. Saturday evening and Sunday morning.
7. Orchestra. God save the Queen.

ADMISSION TICKETS 15 cents each. Two for 25 cents. They may be obtained at Waterbury & Rising's, and at the door on the evening of the concert.

CAFE ROYAL,

Domville Building,
Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY
Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK,
DAVID CONNELL,
Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St.

Horses Barded on reasonable terms.
Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-outs at short notice.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

Commencing October 29, 1888.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, AT

16.40 a.m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

FULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.
18.50 a.m.—For Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.
14.45 p.m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations.

12.30 p.m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.
FULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM
Bangor at 16.30 a.m., Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p.m., Sleeping Car attached.
Vanoversoort at 11.15; 11.30 a.m.; 12.00 p.m.
Woodstock at 6.00; 11.40 a.m.; 18.20 p.m.
Houlton at 6.50; 11.45 a.m.; 18.30 p.m.
St. Stephen at 9.55 a.m.; 11.30; 19.45 p.m.
St. Andrews at 16.40 a.m.
Fredericton at 16.25; 112 m.; 18.15 p.m.
Arriving in St. John at 15.45; 19.10 a.m.; 19.00; 17.00 p.m.

LEAVE CALCETON FOR PARVILLE.
18.00 a.m.—Connecting with 8.50 a.m. train from St. John.
14.30 p.m.—Connecting with 4.45 p.m. train from St. John.

HARTMAN STANDARD TIME.
Trains marked * run daily except Sunday. *Daily except Saturday. *Daily except Monday.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division.
A. J. HEATH,
Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

1888—Summer Arrangement—1888

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 4th, 1888, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express. 7 00
Accommodation. 11 05
Express for Sussex. 12 25
Express for Halifax and Quebec. 12 25
A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 22.15 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax and Quebec. 5 30
Express from Sussex. 8 00
Accommodation. 12 55
Day Express. 18 00
ALL TRAINS TO BE BY EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., May 31, 1888.

UNION LINE.

Daily Trips To and From Fredericton.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, the splendid Steamers DAVID WESTON and ACADIA, alternately, will leave St. John (Indianapolis) for Fredericton, EVERY MORNING (Sundays excepted), at 8.00 o'clock, local time, calling at intermediate stops.

Returning will leave Fredericton for St. John, etc., every morning, Sundays excepted, at 9.00 o'clock.

Connecting with New Brunswick Railway for Woodstock, Grand Falls, etc.; with Northern and Western Railway for Deakton, Chatham, etc.; and with steamer Florenceville for Zel River, Woodstock, etc.

R. B. HUMPHREY, Manager. Office at wharf, Indianopolis, St. John City Agency, at H. CURTIS & Co.'s, Prince Wm. street.

PHYSICIANS.

We Have Just Received

A FULL LINE OF

JOHN WYETH & BROS'

Compressed Triturates

A CHIPMAN SMITH & CO.,
Charlotte Street.

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With Sewed and Taped Seams.

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Gents' Tweed Rubber Coats,
Made with above great improvements.

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NEXT DOOR TO BREEZE'S CORNER.

—IN STORE—

35 BBL. CHOICE NARROWS OYSTERS;
2 bbls. Lepreux CLAMS;

By the quart, gallon, bushel and barrel.
OYSTERS delivered on the half shell.
Prompt attention given to orders through the Telephone.

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1 Case STILTON Cheese;

1 " WILTSHIRE Cheese;

1 " ROUND DUTCH Cheese;

1 " CHEDDAR Cheese.

N. B.—Rhubarb, Jersey Sweet Potatoes, Pineapples, Bananas, Oranges, Lemons, Etc., Etc.

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This statement

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

Commencing October 22, 1888.

Express Trains will leave INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 6.40 a.m. - Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Woodstock, Grand Falls, and Edmundston. Fullman Parlor Car St. John to Bangor, 8.50 a.m. - For Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Hamilton and Woodstock. 4.45 p.m. - Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations. 8.30 p.m. - Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Woodstock, Grand Falls, and Edmundston. Fullman Sleeping Car St. John to Bangor. Returning to St. John from Bangor at 10.30 a.m. - Fullman Sleeping Car attached; 17.30 p.m. - Sleeping Car attached. Vanocboro at 11.15; 11.20 a.m.; 12.30 p.m. Woodstock at 6.00; 11.40 a.m.; 12.30 p.m. Hamilton at 6.00; 11.40 a.m.; 12.30 p.m. St. Stephen at 10.30 a.m.; 11.15 a.m.; 12.30 p.m. Fredericton at 10.30 a.m.; 12.15 p.m. Arriving in St. John at 7.10 a.m.; 12.00; 10.0 p.m.

Intercolonial Railway.

888-Summer Arrangement-1888

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 4th, 1888, trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:-

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7 00
Commodation..... 11 00
Express for Sussex..... 16 25
Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 22 15
A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 22.15 train to Halifax.
On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached to Montreal.
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 5 30
Express from Sussex..... 8 30
Commodation..... 12 00
Day Express..... 18 00
All trains run by Eastern Standard Time.

UNION LINE.

Daily Trips To and From Fredericton.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, the splendid Steamer DAVID W. WAGLAND, after- named, will leave St. John (Indiantown) for Fredericton, EVERY MORNING (Sundays excepted), at seven o'clock, local time, calling at intermediate stops.

Returning will leave Fredericton for St. John, every morning, Sundays excepted, at eight o'clock.

Connecting with New Brunswick Railway for Woodstock, Grand Falls, etc.; with Northern and Western Railway for Donkton, Chatham, etc.; and with steamer Florenceville for Zel River, Woodstock, etc.

R. B. HUMPHREY, Manager. Office at wharf, Indiantown. St. John City Agency at H. Curtis & Co.'s, Prince Wm. street.

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NEXT DOOR TO BREEZE'S CORNER.

-IN STORE-

35 BELLS CHOICE NARROWS OYSTERS;

do; 20 bbls. Grand River

do; 2 bbls. LORRAINE CLAMS.

By the quart, gallon, bushel and barrel.

OYSTERS delivered on the half shell.

prompt attention given to orders through the Telephone.

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ENGLISH CHEESE.

Case STILTON Cheese;

WILTSHIRE Cheese;

Round DUTCH Cheese;

CHEDDAR Cheese.

N. B.-Rhubarb, Jersey Sweet Potatoes,

Pineapples, Bananas, Oranges, Lemons,

Etc., Etc.

P. S.-COCA JELLY-the Queen of

Table Jellies.

FOR SALE AT

GEORGE ROBERTSON & CO.'S

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

There is a great deal of curious matter in Mr. Thomas H. Tashott's 'Portraits of Celebrated Race Horses. For one thing he records the horse Childers in 1773, who won 824 races in 18 months. On this the calculation was based that he ran a mile in 1.04. This statement has been made more easy in the form which has come down to us as Childers ran a mile in a minute. This was only a half-second less than the famous race between Fireball and Pumpkin, which occurred about the same time.

I like a good game of football. There is something in it that wakes a man up, and brings out all the pluck and vim in him. In this respect the English game is way ahead of the American national pastime.

Talk about the danger and the nerve requisite for a good base ball player; the old Rugby contest brings out all the bravery in a man, and skill, boldness and quickness are all necessary to pull a man through.

In my opinion, the Englishman's superiority upon the football ground relieves him of the taint that his games are "slow." Cricket may be called so, compared with the dashing and fascinating American game, but football never.

To go further, the Englishmen's love of the turf is ahead of any other people. England may be called the home of the racer; America is the domain of the trotter. There is as much difference between the two sports as between cricket and base ball. Each has its followers, but no true sport will say that a trotting match stirs his blood like a race between two fleet thoroughbred runners.

So if England is slower than America on the ball field, she makes it up on the turf.

Appos of this: Are we not favoring trotting horses to running. Perhaps it is natural, but let me observe that the sports do not compare.

The fishing season is over, and the boys who braved the flies and weather, camped out from spring to fall to rob the streams of their finny habitants, think over their summer triumphs, magnify them, clothe them in appropriate words, and fire them at whoever is fool enough to listen.

I heard an American—a Boston Yankee—say, the other day, that he saw a trout caught upon the Tobique that tipped the scales at 14 pounds! And when some one suggested that the catch was a salmon, he got mad and persisted in his statement. My only wonder was that he did not do the catching.

I don't know who started that story about an ice rink within the C. and A. grounds, but it amuses me a good deal. The bare thought of trudging any farther than the old Victoria to have a spin makes me shiver. I want everybody to patronize the favorite of the people and bring our national world pastime to the front.

Why in the world can't skating be made as popular in winter as base ball in summer? My recollections tell me that the management postpones its attractions until too late in the season, and when people begin to take an interest in the events the ice begins to go and the fun is over.

The University boys are preparing to give St. John foot ballists all they can go—so I understand. Well, come and see us, put your best foot forward and get a goal if you can.

After all, I want better weather than greeted the game last Saturday. Saturday seems to be a rough day on sports, lately as the cyclists know.

While we in St. John were pitying the Fredericton people because of their incessant rain during the horse and cattle show there does not appear to have been as good reason for our feelings as there might have been.

Even financially the show was not a failure, and if the weather had been fine the directors would have accumulated so much wealth that future shows would not have been in their line.

Joking aside, considering the buildings in the light of assets, nothing was lost by the exhibition and of this I am glad. We can't afford any such dampers upon first efforts.

I have the following note from O'Reilly: In the last issue of your paper, in the sporting column, was a paragraph in regard to Mr. George Tracey's not having entered against me in the competition for the Brown half-mile medal. I was sorry to read the note in which the paragraph was written, for I had been, last year, sporting editor, and knew the facts of the case, and knew the man, he never would have published such an article.

When Messrs. M. S. Brown & Co. offered for competition the handsome public medal, they put in the conditions a clause to the effect that no runner who had won a half-mile race previous to 1886 could compete. This was done to deter Mr. Tracey, who had just returned from New York, where he had won the half-mile race and the title of amateur champion of America, as it would not be right to expect meretricious provincials to compete with him with a certainty of being defeated. Messrs. Brown & Co. further stipulated that this race was to be run in Halifax annually, and it was only to tend

Dispensing of Prescriptions.

Special Attention is Given to this very important branch.

Medicines of Standardized Strength used.

By this means reliable articles will be supplied, and in each case compounded by a competent person.

WM. B. McVEY, Dispensing Chemist, 185 Union Street.

TO TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN CHEAP TELEPHONES.

The St. John Telephone Company are about opening a Telephone Exchange in this city, and are making arrangements, which will be completed in a very short time, for giving the public telephones at much less rates than have heretofore obtained in this city.

A Company also propose starting a Factory in this city for the manufacture of Telephones and other electrical apparatus, thus starting a new industry. The St. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY ask the public to wait until a representative of their company shall appear. This company is purely a local one, and we cordially solicit your support in our endeavor to introduce a new, better and cheaper Telephone than any yet offered the public.

ST. JOHN TELEPHONE CO.

A representative of the Company will be at the office of The Provincial Oil Co., Robertson Place, where those wishing to subscribe may sign subscribers' list.

For the School Children

An Elegant Card Given Away WITH EVERY SCHOOL BOOK.

ALSO A CHROMO GIVEN AWAY With Every Dollar Worth Purchased.

Call while it is yet time at MORTON L. HARRISON'S, 99 King Street.

TO THE Medical Profession.

HEALTH FOR ALL. Choice Table Butter and Finest Quality Cream

Received EVERY MORNING at the Oak Farm Dairy Butter Store, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET.

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Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat, RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS.

From the best mills. Always on hand. R. & F. S. FINLEY, Sydney Street.

VICTORIA HOTEL,

(FORMERLY WAVERLY), 81 to 87 King Street ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK - - - Proprietor.

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FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor.

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WM. CONWAY, Proprietor.

Terms, \$1 Per Day.

BELMONT HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIMS, Proprietor.

PARK HOTEL,

Having lately been REFITTED and FURNISHED, is now open to the public for permanent and transient boarders, where they will find a home with every attention paid to their comfort. Terms—\$1.50 and \$2. E. H. WHITE, Proprietor, King Square, St. John, N. B.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS - Proprietor.

FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION. Also, a First-Class Livery Stable. Concoches at trains and boats.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,

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Security to Policy Holders - - - \$1,775,317.81.

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SUPPOSE a special agent of the Treasury department should call upon you to-day, and say: "The Government would like to sell you bonds for any amount between \$1,000 and \$100,000, and if it is not convenient for you to make the investment at once, we will allow you to pay for the bonds in fifteen or twenty equal annual instalments."

And suppose, in addition to this, the Government, wishing to make this the most desirable investment in the world, should stipulate, in the bonds, not only to pay them at the end of the term, but, in case of your previous death, to pay them to your family, and at the same time release them from paying any further instalments!

Would you not at once close with such an offer? And yet this is, practically, what THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES has done.

This may be a strange way of putting it, but strange as it may seem it is nevertheless true.

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Policy, No. 72,972. Endowment, 15 years.

Issued July 26th, 1874, on the Life of C. L. C. L. Amount of Policy, \$10,000. Ten-Year Period, 15 years. Age, 40. Annual Premium, \$694.90.

If after making the first payment the policyholder had died, his representatives would have received \$10,000 in return for an outlay of only \$694.90.

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This is one of many policies showing what THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY has actually accomplished.

THE EQUITABLE

exceeds every other life assurance company in the following important respects: It has—

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The fact that the Equitable has a larger surplus than any other Assurance Company is significant for it means

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