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(NEW YORK)  
OR 1890.  
SUNDAY. WEEKLY.

Republican Journal of the  
FOR THE MASSES.  
December 1st, 1887.  
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VOL. III., NO. 110.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

## DENNIS AND HIS WOES.

**THE LAW IS SO CURIOUS THAT HE CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT.**

**His Crimes and How They are Punished—Hard Lines When He Gets Drunk, and Worse When He Hits a Man, Unless He Kills Him, Which Alters the Case.**  
Dennis O'Donnigan is a bad citizen. With a full realization of the prospect that this fact may be more clearly established under oath, PROGRESS makes the assertion.

Dennis drinks, which is bad, and he drinks North End whiskey, which is worse. As an infallible result, he gets drunk. Being unwary in his perambulations, he gets arrested, and when tried he is fined.

It happens to get drunk on Sunday, he is fined as much as \$8, a sum which neither he nor his friends happen to have on hand, and as a result he is sent to jail for 40 days.

Hard lines, Dennis! Hard lines! You are shut out from the sunshine for 40 days, because you tried to put a little sunshine into that wretched life of yours, and took the wrong kind of whiskey to do it. But this is the law.

Dennis gets out of jail, sober and sorry. He is misanthropic, though he doesn't know that is the word. In the communing of his own heart he says he will "bust somebody's snout."

He does not succeed to the extent of his ambition but he makes a very creditable attempt, and is arrested again. This time he is charged with common assault, and being convicted is sent to jail for two months.

Hard lines again, Dennis. You miss all the sunshine, all the whiskey, and when you get out again your work is spoiled for the season. It seems hard, Dennis, my boy, but this, too, is the law.

Dennis wonders what will happen to him the next time he gets before the court. It will be six months, sure, he thinks, for every offence he commits seems to have a heavier punishment than the one which preceded it. Dennis is puzzled, the law is such a curious thing in his eyes.

Dennis becomes gloomy and an outcast. He finds a place where they sell whiskey which goes right to the spot, because sulphate of zinc and other ingredients make it bite the whole length of his absorptive system. Then he becomes wild, calls at a neighbor's house, Sunday night, has some words—

The next thing he knows he is on his way to prison again. He understands that he has killed a man and that the same hard law which has persecuted him in the past says this is murder. He did not mean to murder anyone, but he has taken human life, and he sees the gallows ahead of him. The coroner's jury says it is murder. The police magistrate says it is murder. The grand jury says it is murder, and then another jury is called on to decide whether the previous juries and the magistrate were right or wrong about it.

Dennis is in a very bad case, until he finds a lawyer who tells him that it is not murder, but manslaughter, and that he will not be hanged but imprisoned. "Forever?" he asks.

Perhaps for life, but probably not. Some men in such cases have been shut up for twenty-eight years, some for fourteen, seven, five, and even as low as two years. He will be very lucky if he gets off with five years, he is told, because plenty of men go to prison for that term when they have really injured nobody, but simply broken some very stringent laws. Dennis is very sad, and no wonder. It will be a long time before he takes any more North End whiskey.

The jury take pity on Dennis. They don't believe he intended to murder his friend, who was not a very valuable citizen, anyway. They decide to convict him of manslaughter. One of them opens the statutes of Canada at chapter 162 and reads: "Everyone who is convicted of manslaughter is liable to imprisonment for life."

Hold on for a moment. Another reads from chapter 181: "Everyone who is liable to imprisonment for life . . . may be sentenced to imprisonment for any shorter term."

"That hits it," they all cry. "The judge will probably give him ten years on a plain verdict, but if we recommend him to mercy he will get off with five or seven years, which is about right for him."

So they bring in their verdict. The judge had decided, perhaps, on a lenient sentence, and when he hears the recommendation to mercy he is filled with compassion for Dennis. Dennis doesn't know this and his heart is heavy with direful anticipation.

He thinks of sentences he has heard about. There was the boy who was hanged for stealing, the old man who got 28 years for passing a forged cheque, the man who got 25 years for stealing a coat—all in this country, to say nothing of the English laborer who got five years for striking

a "gentleman's" dog. He wonders how he will stand the next five or ten years of his life.

Listen, Dennis, to the sentence. Be brave, my boy, and prepare for the worst. The sentence of the court is that you be imprisoned in the common jail—for one month.

And this, too, is the law. It's a lucky thing for you, Dennis, that you killed your man. If you had only hit

their efficiency, and in the case of the West Side, he did not make exceptions by choosing outsiders on the ground that all denominations should be represented at a fire.

There are, however, several creeds represented among those who did not get positions, and they and their friends appear desirous of maintaining a strict neutrality with the new department. Last Tuesday night, Superintendent Glasgow was startled

reported that one of them had said he never would read it. Whether it was read last Sunday by direct command of the Metropolitan is not known, but it is stated that one of the reverend gentlemen omitted certain portions of it, and then preached a sermon against it. In this he stated that it was not the creed of Athanasius, that it was wrongly translated, confusing, and, if retained in the prayer-book, should be in the back part merely for reference.

them so in August would require that the owners wear nothing under them, and as some might complain of such a primitive attire, the chief has asked that new, short, loose summer sack coats, with light helmets and batons, be furnished by the council. By the time he gets all he has down on his memorandum book, St. John will have a dandy force. The chief does not think that policemen with \$1.45 a day should be con-

## WE ARE READY FOR HIM.

**SAMUEL SCHOFIELD AND HIS SUIT WITH "PROGRESS."**

Nothing Could be More Fortunate than to have Such a Plaintiff in a Libel Suit—Likely to be a Rare Raking up of Some Commercial History in St. John.  
The general countenance of Deputy Sheriff Rankin beamed on the publisher of PROGRESS Wednesday afternoon. He came with the compliments of one Samuel Schofield in the shape of an action at law. To the best of his knowledge, the publisher of PROGRESS does not owe Mr. Schofield a copper, so it may be fair to assume that Mr. Schofield does not appreciate some of the interesting matter printed in PROGRESS.

Without being in the least ashamed to own it, this is a matter of very sincere congratulation to PROGRESS. This is its first libel suit, and if the paper had searched from Halifax to Edmundston it could have found no plaintiff so acceptable in every way as Samuel Schofield. It is a pity that space will not permit the reprinting of the alleged libel, which was, by the way, one of the most interesting stories printed in PROGRESS for a long time. But for the information of those who have not preserved the paper, or perchance may have missed it in the hurry of the day, it may be said that it will not be a difficult matter for them to procure the number. The scope of a libel suit is exceedingly wide, and much valuable information of men and things is frequently brought to light through such means. For example nothing could be more interesting to the commercial world and more especially that in and about St. John than an inquiry into some commercial history. History is always entertaining, but it is much more so when those who read it recognize the characters who figure in it. Through the kindness of Mr. Samuel Schofield PROGRESS proposes to be able to print this history. Its readers can rest assured that there will not be a dull paragraph in the entire series of articles.

PROGRESS courts the very fullest inquiry in this matter, and will take care that the plaintiff shall have all, aye and even more, publicity than he desires.

**The Jury Had Their Walk.**  
The constable in charge of the jury during the recent murder trial had very strict orders as to what was meant by keeping them in his custody. After the adjournment of the court on Tuesday they wanted to take a walk, while he preferred them to stay indoors. A note was sent to the judge, who replied that they could certainly take a walk under proper restrictions. When this was shown the constable he asserted that the reply was a forgery, and intimated that he had some doubt as to the right of the judge to give such permission. The jury settled the question for themselves, by boldly walking out, leaving their guardian to follow. They gave him and themselves a pretty good tramp; and when the constable complained to the judge, the next day, that it hurt his legs to walk, he received the poor consolation of being told that if such were the case, the court would have to find a constable whose legs were good. The jury scored one that time.

**For the St. Croix Again.**  
The reception of the working team of the Encampment of St. John at St. Stephen was so cordial that some of the party have decided to go to the border again with additions to their number. In response to an invitation from the St. Stephen chapter, a working staff from New Brunswick, Carleton and Union chapters will visit the St. Croix on Monday for the purpose of exemplifying the work of the M. E. and R. A. degrees. If the St. John companions carry out their part of the programme half as well as those at St. Stephen are sure to do, the event will be an important one in the history of caputular masonry in this province.

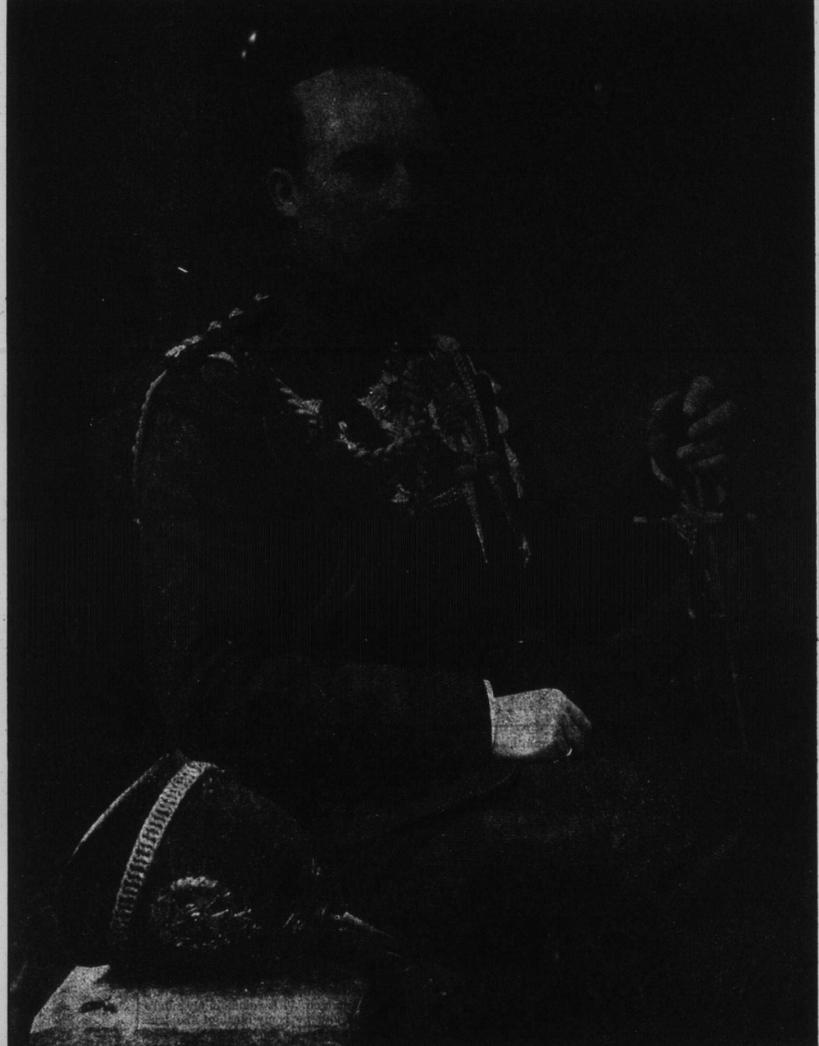
A meeting of those who intend to go will be held at the Masonic Temple at 7.30 sharp this evening, when the final details will be arranged. It is important that all who have any part in the work be on hand at the hour named.

**Mr. Nixon was the First.**  
John Nixon, of Brussels street, was the first to send PROGRESS a solution of the puzzle given last week. The answer is, Balaam's ass, for which see Number xxii, 28.

**Open for the Summer.**  
Mrs. Sweeney has opened the Bay Shore house again for the summer and has good reason to expect patronage even more generous than usual for the summer months.

**It Is Too Bad.**  
Letters from Annapolis, Yarmouth, Truro, Bathurst and Chatham, which came Thursday afternoon, are unavoidably crowded out. Send so as to reach here not later than Thursday morning.

**Why suffer with Ingrown Nails, when you can get a permanent Cure, without Pain, at Prof. Johnson's, 31 Spring St., opp. Old Burial Ground? References if required.**



H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

him with your fist the magistrate would have given you 40 days for being drunk on Sunday, and two months more for common assault.

The law is a queer thing. Isn't it, Dennis?

### THEY ARE STRICTLY NEUTRAL.

**West Side Men Who Will Not Interfere With a Fire in Their Neighborhood.**  
Chief Kerr has organized the West Side paid fire department, and in doing so has chosen his men from among those who have borne the burden and heat of the night as volunteers in the past. He could not give all of them positions, and some of those who have been left out are reported not to feel very happy about it. It is also said that several men who had not been firemen had an ambition to serve the city under the new regime, and were confident of success, because they had "a pull" with certain aldermen. It is further said that certain aldermen were of the belief that they had "a pull" with the chief; but the result of affairs show that both the aspirants and the aldermen were mistaken.

It is understood that the chief qualification of some of the aspirants was their religious faith. It happened, however, that there were none of that particular faith in the old volunteer company, and hence there are none in the new department. The chief, in selecting men in the East Side, has not made their religion a test of

to see the roof of Adams & Gregory's mill on fire, and called the attention of several bystanders to it. They did not appear interested, and some of them laughed as though it was a very good joke. Mr. Glasgow finding that the idea was to let the new department discover and extinguish fires, started to alarm others, and met with the same kind of a reception. Then he realized that something had to be done pretty quick, and started up town to ring the bell. By that time the mill watchmen had discovered the flame, and, obtaining assistance, extinguished it before it had made much headway.

So far as the other spectators appear to have troubled themselves, the mill might have burned to the ground. If this feeling is to continue, it is probable that there will be an advance in insurance rates on the West Side.

### THE CREED WAS READ.

**But One of the Clergymen Preached a Sermon in Opposition to It.**  
The congregations of two of the Episcopal churches were somewhat surprised last (Trinity) Sunday morning when their respective clergymen read the creed of St. Athanasius, appointed by the rubric for that day. The rubric also says that it "shall be" sung or said on such occasions as Easter, Ascension day and Whit Sunday, etc.; but the clergymen in question omitted it from service on those days, and it was

### LOOK AFTER THAT SIDEWALK.

**A Man Trap Which is Likely to Produce Some Actions Against the City.**  
There is between the Marsh bridge and the one-mile house an alleged sidewalk which requires prompt attention. It was originally laid down by the city of Portland, and like a good many things done by that corporation, was a bad job from the beginning. Refuse deal were used, and when the upper part rotted they were turned, with the result that the whole fabric were soon in a state of dissolution. At the present time the holes in such of the planks as are left and the gaps in places where the sidewalk has disappeared, make the locality one to be avoided by any prudent pedestrian. Any hour may see an accident with a resultant suit against the city. Either the Department of Works should repair the sidewalk or the Department of Safety should close it to the public.

**He Will Have a Dandy Force.**  
Chief Clark having decided that the police shall wear their coats buttoned, in order to present a more military appearance, found himself confounded with a new problem. The coats are long, thick and heavy, and however valuable in winter, will be found an intolerable burden if worn buttoned in the summer. Indeed, to wear

Long, Selected Chair Case is Used in all Chair Seating by Duval, 249 Union street.

elled to supply their own uniforms, and there is at least food for thought in his remark.

**The Chief Means Business.**  
An elderly gentleman of rather uncouth appearance was before Magistrate Ritchie Monday morning for drunkenness. He was evidently determined to make the best of his case, so he began by telling his honor, that although he had been in St. John for 25 years, he had never been in the toils of the law before.

"Was that because you never got drunk, or because the police looked after you pretty sharp?" asked the magistrate.

He couldn't say that he never "took anything," yet he was never arrested before.

"Well, then," said his honor, "you'll have to look pretty sharp for the next 25 years, for it seems that the police are going to be more active—the fine is \$8."

**Stanley and His Story.**  
The lecture by Rev. H. W. Little, in Berryman's hall, next Thursday evening, will be sure to interest all who hear it. The subject, Henry M. Stanley and his explorations, is one on which Mr. Little is specially well qualified to speak, he being the author of several works relating to Africa, of which country he has a valuable personal knowledge. He should have a large audience.

**Umbrellas Repaired; Duval, 249 Union street.**

TO FOLLOW TENNYSON.

DOUGLAS SLADEN'S BELIEF AS TO THE NEXT POST LAUREATE.

Men Who Have Claims to be Recognized in the Choice—Reasons Why Some Will Not Have the Preference—Sir Edwin Arnold May be the Man.

Douglas Sladen writes from Yokohama, Japan, to PROGRESS, and sends the following interesting opinion of Sir Edwin Arnold as the successor of Tennyson:

Every month we hear fresh rumors of Tennyson ailing or falling—fully three years ago he wrote to me that he had entirely lost the sight of one eye and could see but faintly with the other, and that he felt very infirm. And Browning is dead. Who next is to wear the laurel which is its own reward? for it has but a hundred sovereigns and a butt of Malmsey-Madeira to boot. The days of Pye are over. Court favour would never elevate a poetaster now, though it has weight in discriminating the claims of genuine poets. Even while Browning was alive, it seemed to me that the choice of a successor lay between Swinburne, the two Morris's, Alfred Austin and Edwin Arnold. Edmund Gosse and others whose names suggest themselves at once belong to a younger generation whose time has not yet come.

The question arises at the threshold, is the Laureateship to be given to the man most fit to write laureate odes, or to the greatest poet, or to a happy combination of the two? If the writing of odes to order has anything to do with the appointment, Browning would have been ridiculously inferior to Andrew Lang. I believe that Lang could write as good an ode to order as any Anglo-Saxon living. He is the Greek Deimos, terribly clever, steeped in culture for effective allusions, and the possessor of exquisite literary taste. But then Lang, like Gosse and Henley and William Sharp, belongs to the next-but-ones. If being a great poet were the test, Browning might have had to be considered first. But he could not have stood the combined test.

Swinburne has very high claims. He has been more read and famous longer than any of his rivals. For lyrical touch he is one of a triumvirate with Shelley and Poe. He has that rarest gift in poetry, melody. He has had more influence on English lyrical poetry than any man of his generation. He is the founder of a school in form and the founder of a school in subject. But his influence has not been as good as it might have been in either. He is responsible for miles of trochaic tinsel about passion, reeled out from the mouths of his disciples like the ribbons of red tissue paper from the mouth of a conjurer.

A year or two back, people would have pooh-poohed the idea of taking him into consideration for the Laureateship. But since then he has washed his hands of his revolutionary and atheistical vagaries and come forward as a passionate patriot. But the trouble is that if he were appointed Laureate, he would not write those little few stanza lyrics, as gem-like as Byron's "When we two parted" or Shelly's "One word is too often profaned," but rhapsodies rivaling his Victor Hugo odes in extensiveness, and his Tristram in a banquet of epithet too rich for any stomach. At the same time he might endeavor to rise to the dignity of the subject by employing lines of fifty-three syllables each—one for every year of the reign, and when its blessings came to an end, flutter round the new one to begin with in fanciful little flights of one syllable lines. The Morrises are different. I couple them together simply because of their name; they are no relation and are men of very different calibre, but equally unfit to expatiate on the advantages arising from additions to Prince Henry of Battenberg's family, William as an ardent socialist, and Lewis as a prophet of radicalism, with no honor as such even in his native Wales.

William Morris is a great poet. In his poems it is not easy to pick out Purpurei Panni for quotation, but taken as a whole they are instinct with voluptuous poetry. To read the Earthly Paradise is to lie in the best house at Pompeii, eating luscious fruit and drinking generous wine, as you watch the sun sinking over Ischia, and listen to a beautiful woman talking for only you to hear, or playing a barcarolle on the mandolin. It is voluptuousness distilled into poetry.

Unfortunately, when not engaged in this distillation, his soul expresses itself in spouting unclassical sentiments from the top of a barrel, or other street-socialist's rostrum. Lewis Morris has one great qualification for succeeding Tennyson, that he has for years been practising Tennyson. He writes Tennysonian odes that are as strongly related to Tennyson as the apples baked in a pie to the apples before they were put into the pie. He really can write beautiful Laureate odes, but if Americans have no patience with Tennyson—a man of aristocratic birth and sympathies, and the friend of royalty for fifty years—for accepting an honor that was accepted as an honor by Wellington and Nelson and the elder Pitt, what have they to say to Laureate odes coming from the pen of Lewis Morris, an advanced radical at the hustings. As an ode-writer Lewis Morris is good enough. But even if he might be thought good

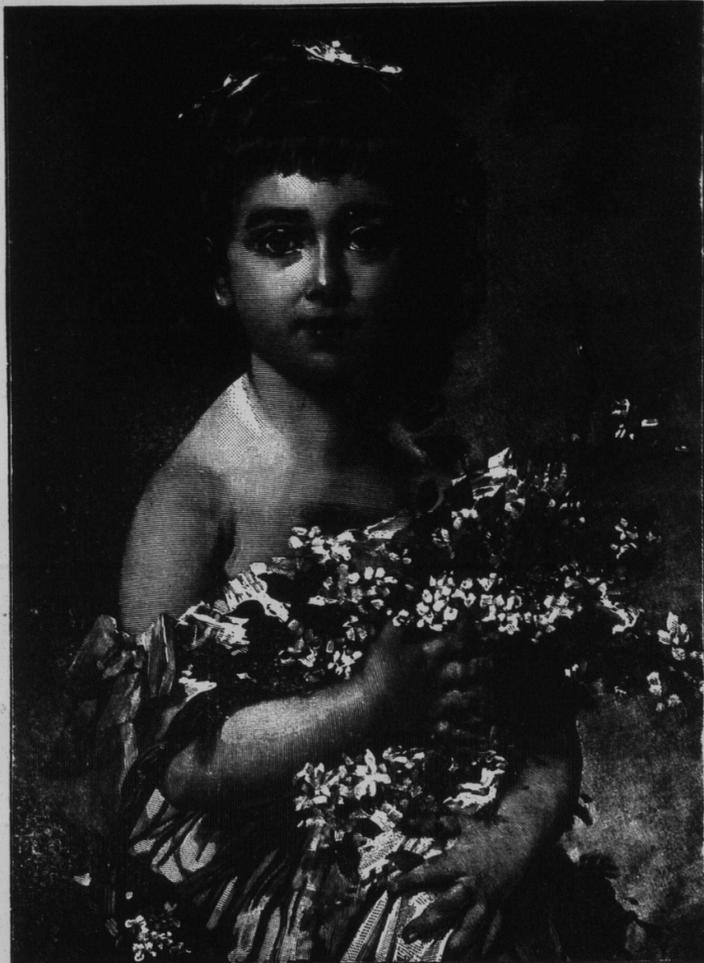
enough as a poet, could he honestly be the writer of Laureate odes?

He has, however, one claim, that of having for some time past (it is said appointed by that eminent judge of poetry, the Prince of Wales) acted as Lord Tennyson's deputy, and his poems certainly have the

Laureate, of making its author a poet of general public as well as of the student and scholar.

Sir Edwin has thus the triple qualification for Laureate—of being a man whose opinions are in sympathy with the office, a man whose poetical renown, both with learned

afraid or ashamed to worship, and where they are sure the pastor is their truest earthly friend. It follows that in his church the seats should be free—all free, and not merely a few benches in the gallery set apart with the announcement that they are for people who cannot afford



FRESH FLOWERS.

claim of popularity. Andrew Lang accounts for the extensiveness of their sale by believing that they have taken the place of Eliza Cook's in the parlors of young ladies' boarding-schools. Their success is, in England, generally regarded as ephemeral and due to hitting off the taste of the hour. This is exactly what one does not want in a Laureate. For, of themselves, Laureate odes have a hundred to one chance for the waste paper basket. Alfred Austin has much more formidable claims. Of the quality of his poetry there can be no more doubt than of the quality of Charles Tennyson-Turner, Hartley Coleridge or Arthur Hugh Clough.

He is thoroughly in sympathy with everything English, a conservative proud of his country and eager about her prestige, a country-gentleman devoted to English country life, which he can describe as no other English poet living except Tennyson himself.

He is strong in the favor of Royalty (a personal friend of the Queen) and of the Conservative Chiefs, but has the disqualification for a Laureate of a purely eclectic reputation. With students and critics few enjoy a higher estimation; to the general public he is only a name. Apropos of Her Most Gracious Majesty I heard last year, at St. Botolph, Saturday night, a good thing, when the quiet man reading out a telegram that Alfred Austin had been lunching at the Villa Palneri with the Queen, said that she could not have known that he was one of those writing fellows. The taunt was unfortunately possible.

Perhaps the poet who concentrates most most claims in himself is our guest in Japan, Sir Edwin Arnold. Like Alfred Austin, he can be a Laureate; honestly, his enthusiasm for England is notorious. For while Austin is a Conservative, Arnold must be described as a Dynastic and Imperialist Liberal. He labels himself a Liberal, but, as editor of the Daily Telegraph, he has shown himself in all points which concern the writer of Laureate odes at one with the Conservatives. Whenever it is a question of what the Tory party call loyalty (to royalty), or of what the Radical party call jingo, the Daily Telegraph outstands the Standard. Then again, Sir Edwin has, as poet, performed a national service by making the literature of our vast Indian Proconulate an integral part of the literature of England. The Light of Asia is a poem of national significance, one of the monumental poems of the century. It has already taken its place as a classic. It has also fulfilled the other qualification for a

and simple, would warrant his appointment, and a man who would write admirable odes. No appointment could meet with more general approbation. DOUGLAS SLADEN.

ANOTHER IDEAL CLERGYMAN.

The Pen Portrait of One Whose Life is in Full Accord with His Calling.

My ideal of a clergyman is that of a man who lives up to what he teaches, and whose life, as well as his words, has its influence for good upon all with whom he comes in contact. I care not what his creed may be, or what form of worship his church follows. The first requisite, to my mind, is goodness, while the next, and equally important is sincerity.

The clergyman should emulate, as near as possible, the example of the Apostles. They did not preach for salary first and popularity next. They did not accumulate wealth, but lived according to their needs and were constant in good works. They had no money invested in city debentures, and they did not retire from work when the accession of wealth, through rich wives or otherwise, made it unnecessary for them to follow preaching as a trade. They preached Christ crucified, and humbly did their duty, trusting for their reward in the eternal abode of the faithful. There are not too many who follow their example today.

The ideal clergyman should not be of stiff and forbidding presence. To be useful in his pastoral work, he should be of genial nature, and ready to adapt himself to the people whom he meets. While all should respect him, none should stand in awe of him. He should be a father to his flock, a true pastor, who feels that his work expresses but a part of the great duty before him. I have no patience with a man who is simply a scholar and brilliant preacher, and an unpractical or cranky individual in everyday life. Such an one should have been a theological writer rather than a minister entrusted with the cure of souls. Such men too often make mischief, without for a moment intending it. The true pastor should be a man of affairs, whose influence is even greater in pastoral than pulpit work. He must have the love and sympathy of his congregation or his work can be but half done. He should never forget that the poor are always with us, and that his work is among them, rather than among the wealthy. He should make his church a home for all, where the poor need not be

to pay for pews. Out upon such distinctions in the temple, where the rich and poor should meet together, to worship the Lord, who "is the maker of them all."

It is a good sign when the young men of a church are enthusiastic over their pastor, and it is an equally good sign when people of widely different creeds admire him as a sincere, unselfish man whose heart is in his work. It is a good sign when a man who could live in luxury devotes himself to a humble mission, where the salary is so small that he has to draw upon his private resources to carry out his schemes of abounding charity, and whose highest ambition is to do good.

There have been such men. They are not too common. I have one in my mind's eye now, and he is my ideal of the true clergyman. Follow him along the street in his daily walks, and watch his acts. Here for instance is a horse hitched to a post, restive and fretting. The clergyman stops, adjusts the twisted halter to be more easy, pats and talks soothingly until the horse rubs its nose affectionately against the kind stranger's shoulder. A little further a small, dirty-faced child is crying. The good man stops and talks to her until she laughs again. On he goes, with a smile for this one, a cheery nod for that one, his face beaming with benevolence for all mankind. His journey's end, this time, is some humble abode, where poverty and sickness have made life wretched. It will be made brighter by his coming, for by more than kindly speech does he cause the poor to bless him. Wherever he goes he carries sunshine to some mortal. Each day the world is better for his having lived. Do you know of such a man? I do. WALLACE.

THE THUCKER FOGG PAPERS.

The Senator Takes Infantile Phenomena as a Text. NO. XIII.

One of us sauntered along the avenue on Wednesday evening, having vainly endeavored to find his comrades, and passing the palatial quarters of the Union Club, he continued his way towards the residence of Our genial friend and host. On his arrival there, he was greeted by the Senator in the usual informal manner, and in answer to an inquiry relative to the whereabouts of the Rest of Us, furnished that they must have been taken with a violent desire to see Fauntleroy done after the manner of some Uncle Tom's Cabin shows, with two Fauntleroyes.

"That settles it," says the hon. gentleman, as he settled himself more comfortably in his capacious armchair; "take a weed and the other consolers, and let me hold forth a few minutes. There is no possible chance of our seeing any More of Us this evening, for that blessed play runs for nearly three hours, and as Each of Our friends is, in all probability, attached to a dear girl, he will think it too late to attend the usual hebdomadal symposium. The mention of the play that has taken such a hold on the people of two continents naturally brings to my mind the question: What benefit do the young people who perform in such pieces derive from it? To my mind they are spoiled for everything. Take such a character as Lord Fauntleroy for instance. In order to give the play its proper effect you require a bright child of about eight years old, a girl for preference, as girls at that age are generally quicker, brighter, and more docile than boys. Well, that child is taken from play, home, comrades and everything natural to its time of life, is made to learn nine times out of ten, to memorize a lot of lines that would be a task for an adult, and is put on the stage to play the part; should the child make a hit she is petted, indulged and spoiled, and becomes a nuisance generally; she plays the part for say

two or three seasons, by which time she has outgrown it, it is too large for that or any other of the prevalent child's parts of the day, and is also too young to take any other line. Naturally she has to return to her home and endeavor to take up the threads of her life where she dropped them when she assumed the fair wig and cash of the little Lord. It is the same with all of the parts played by young children, their lives are simply spoiled. I think also, that people make a mistake in running away with the idea that a child wants to be very clever to assume such a character as the one I have been speaking of, or Editha, or any of child's parts. Not so, for I am satisfied that any ordinarily intelligent young one can be taught to play as well as any of the Elsie, Jessie or Flossie Ethyls on the stage, for the very simple reason that children are naturally mimics, and it is no trouble to teach a child to imitate something, the main difficulty lying in the ability to remember the lines.

"Have you ever watched young children at play, even little tots of three and four years of age? If you have you will have noticed how faithfully they will copy the walk, manner, and peculiarities of their elders. For my part, I am sorry when I see children on the stage playing such sustained characters as the one under discussion, only because I think the little things ought to be safely tucked away in cots, instead of standing in the heated glare of the footlights and surrounded by the noise and bustle of the stage and audience."

A peculiar sound from the occupant of the other chair here interrupted the Senator and to his horror and disgust the only One of Us who had withstood the fascination of Mrs. Burnett's lovely creation was fast asleep. With muttered imprecations the Hon. Fogg awoke him, and refusing to accept an apology, hustled him out into the bright moonlight and bade him go and apply for a position on the Committee to improve the Old Burial Ground as he would have lots of time then to sleep.

WINDOW SCREENS,

WHICH CAN BE ADJUSTED IN A MOMENT To suit any Window up to 35 inches wide.

PRICE 50c. EACH.

Also, seasonable goods of every description, including:

WIRE FLOWER STANDS, BASKETS AND TRAINERS, ICE CREAM FREEZERS, REFRIGERATORS, Etc., Etc.

All at Popular Prices.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. St.

LAWN MOWERS

ARE NOW IN ORDER.

Every one knows what they are, but it is well to remember that there are many perfectly useless makes.

We offer LAWN MOWERS

of unrivalled reputation for closeness of cut, easy working, lightness and durability, fitted with three-bladed Wipers, self-sharpening and running at high speed. Prices low. T. McAVITY & SONS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE NEW CROCKERY STORE, 94 KING STREET.

JUST RECEIVED: A NEW LOT OF

Flower Stands and Vases,

in very pretty designs and colors. Just the thing for CRYSTAL WEDDING PRESENTS.

Prices low as usual. C. MASTERS.

SWEEPING REDUCTIONS

Great Mark Down Sale!

\$8,000.00 WORTH

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

AT LESS THAN COST.

For the next Four Weeks we will sell Ready-made Clothing at Less than Cost Prices. Call Early and secure Bargains.

IMMENSE STOCK OF GENT'S FURNISHINGS. LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY.

Our stock of goods for CUSTOM WORK is strictly FIRST-CLASS, and we GUARANTEE A PERFECT FIT.

CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL, 51 Charlotte Street.

T. YOUNGCLAUS, Proprietor.

ON THE

In a ballroom bright Or watch the circles But give me with you A seat upon the stairs

'Tis such a democratic No room for queers Proud belles stoop down When resting on the

For timid swains to be And shyness such as At sitting on the

The music may echo The waltz, a dream I much prefer the da Whills whispering

Why strive for station A prince is better Than a happy lover His sweetheart on

No throne of kings, In Presidential chair Could yield to me such A sitting on the

—Madeline Bridge.

"THE DANCING"

Little blue ripples beach all day. They ing sigh, over the burn St. Lawrence, and the sa. Little pebbles as if ied's lullaby. The wha products of the farm, great saw mills, all wa by one of the two g that ran between Qu As usual there was no is at Three Rivers—and souls—nearly all of Canadians, were taki People do not chase the part of the planet a as if there was some the lexicon of manhood thought so as he watch curling on the shore f listened to what his br he smoked a pipe of C

"My last dollar has must marry Marie Bea But "Henri" made n "It is a hard thing but I see no other w feet again." Denise c "I do not love the gir truth I dislike her, bu the devil drives." And still Henri was a "My last trip to Mo and now I have come purpose of getting m through the business a and loss."

"That means all the and the profit yours, I "Well, if you wish yes," Denise answered simply a question of m propose to go to the w like Marie Beauchamp will marry her before passed over." "And be separated— tore the year is out," seat at the window. "Not improbable," I meanwhile I will have and I shall leave it to over the stream."

"Yes, Denise," said carry you over the str vided you are not too l "Now, Henri, therea putting obstacles in m use enough philosophy wing, if you like, but I the girl and it is you c carrying out my wishes." "Even if I think you enquiringly asked. "I you in acquiring a little if you have lost all yo sure of subsistence, cle so long as I have do work out your own sa the inspiring words of V though the branch ben remember thou hast win

"Hugo be hanged," "Any fool can be a phi quail on his toasts and "Oh yes," said Henri; gant ideas have been y and your faults of tem you a moral wreck and c ay. But you should r that you may suffer fo the dice of God are alw "More theological, ca you that I am going to I, in a man of the worl "I want to get out o and by the most honorat that is to marry a girl "And you call that "do you?" Henri querie "Of course I do," said have been a spendthrift a no one knows that her are not any worse than th the world."

"Well," said Henri, "will wreck the life of a g be as good as gold and a picture. I saw her go Sunday and her oval fa of chestnut brown hair, l as the Sistine Madonna." "All the more reason w her. She has \$5,000 ca the house she lives in, ar will be better than bei poverty all my life," Denise "You are a prisoner of tent, Denise, that is al "You have demanded of the conditions of your of forging it from the ch are all more or less bou your life you have never to find happiness from w left a sin behind you, r temptation under foot, ne forward in the cause of now you moan about bei poverty!" No wonder yo failure, and a failure you the end, unless you chang "More twaddle," said theological training is, m ful as a Syrian Anchorite, expect to hear you say the is natural is wrong."

"Just so Denise," Hen wisest fellows are those w

ON THE STAIRS.

In a hall-room bright 'tis gay to whirl Or watch the circling pair...

"THE DANCING SPEARS."

Little blue ripples kept curling on the beach all day. They came with an expiring sigh, over the burnished surface of the St. Lawrence...

"My last dollar has gone Henri and I must marry Marie Beauchamp." But "Henri" made no reply.

"That means all the loss shall be hers and the profit yours, Denise," said Henri. "Well, if you wish to put it that way—yes," Denise answered.

"Yes, Denise," said Henri, "luck will carry you over the stream all right, provided you are not too lazy to jump."

"Just so, Denise," Henri replied, "the wisest fellows are those who agree with us."

I object to your marrying this girl because it would not serve you and it would ruin her."

"All right Henri, now we know where we stand. I am going to marry the girl whether you like it or not."

"Don't don't, for heaven's sake, Marie, don't, it always ends badly," said Jeanne.

"Nonsense Jeanne, surely you cannot be so superstitious," Marie replied.

"Oh, it is not a superstition Marie, I know it is not," said Jeanne.

But Marie laughed and commenced her incantations and her genuflections. She wanted to see the Aurora Borealis and she had often heard that the luminous streamers would come at any girl's command...

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P. N. CORSETS.

P. N. 440.—A splendid low priced Corset. P. N. 441.—A splendid low priced Corset.

P. N. 493.—An extra fine Corset, at \$1.50. P. N. 510.—A very fine Satinee Corset, long and short.

BLACK CORSETS. P. N. 409 & 477.—Two qualities and styles in Black Wool Satinee, long waist and perfect shape.

P. N. 318 & 411.—Two qualities and styles in Black Satinee. Any color or size, not in stock, can be made to order and delivered in 15 days.

SPECIAL SUMMER CORSETS. P. N. 515.—A handsome White Gaze Corset, perfect fitting, light and cool, very useful for evening wear.

P. N. 473.—A very light weight and durable Corset, made from Poague Silk, with Satinee strips.

Ladies are invited to call and examine the P. N. make of Corsets. All the above numbers carried in stock, and New Styles being constantly added.

MANCHESTER. ROBERTSON, and ALLISON.

wedding march was being played on the great organ, while Marie Beauchamp stood before the altar and said "I will" in response to certain questions which referred to a young man at her side, who was not Denise Turgeon, and as she left the church the people, all of whom had heard the story said—

"Saved by the Dancing Spears."—M. W. KIRKIN.

THE DOG TOOK A HOLIDAY. But found a Substitute to Do His Work at the Objectionable Treadmill.

On the Powell stock farm, in Warren county, is a shepherd dog of wonderful intelligence, and of such remarkable strength that he was long ago impressed into service to do the family churning, although it would seem that the almost human reason he manifests in the care and regulation of the cattle on the farm should have saved him from the menial service.

Instantly the dog will trot away to the designed field and in due time return with the spotted heifer. The brindle cow, the yearling Jersey bull, the black cow, the muley cow, will be selected and disposed of in the same way.

A Jersey calf was recently taken from its mother for weaning and it became such a pet with the Powell children that it has the run of the premises without let or hindrance. Jeppo early showed his disapproval of this calf, and to see it free and idle while he was laboring on the treadmill to churn the very buttermilk the calf was pampered with, evidently rankled in his bosom.

Miss Lastchance (smarting under the charge of a broken engagement)—Say to your friend that I propose to keep his presents as a reminder of his perfidy. Did he actually think I would return them?

Mr. Messenger—He did. But perhaps he was influenced in his thought by an old saying.

Miss Lastchance—What saying? Mr. Messenger—Ago is honorable.—N. Y. Press.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY OF PURELY VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS AND WITHOUT MERCURY, USED BY THE ENGLISH PEOPLE FOR OVER 120 YEARS, IS

Cockle's Pills. These Pills consist of a careful and peculiar admixture of the best and mildest vegetable aperients and the pure extract of Flowers of Chamomile.

Chronic Dyspeptics, who have long ago become tired of trying so many treatments without success, are especially recommended to send for the Pamphlet on Dyspeptics. This little booklet shows that Dyspeptics differ wholly from all other remedies yet produced for the cure of Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

An important Pamphlet on Dyspeptics promptly mailed, free, to any address. CHARLES K. SHORT, St. John, N. B.

One month later and the ripples on the shore had swollen into breakers, and cats-paws were curling over the face of the river. The air was chilly and some of the people of the town had already put on their fur caps and great coats. The cathedral was heated for the winter and this day a woman is the great and mighty factor in the family circle; she moulds the character of the young around her hearth, and fits them in a large measure for the battle and duties of life, and the character and well-being of the communities nations depend much on her efforts.

There is today, no remedy more suited for the various ailments of woman, than Paine's Celery Compound, acknowledged by physicians everywhere as the most scientific preparation, and containing all the elements necessary for the restoration of the great nervous system. In all climates under the sun, Paine's Celery Compound has proved its superiority over all other remedies, and its popularity and sale is daily increasing.—Advt.

Mr. Joe Howard's theory that, one horror of a cholera epidemic follows another to the number of three, has a chance for confirmation this coming summer if certain predictions prove true. First it was La Grippe; "A whim" the French define it. Second came deaths by scores from its after effects, or from the many atmospheric changes of the past few months. Severe cases of pneumonia, bronchitis, influenza, catarrh and general loss of strength were the results, until death was almost welcomed as a relief to the sufferers. So that this epidemic and its sequelae has proven to be the most terrible realistic "whim" that ever infested this country.

It is absolutely certain that a remedy has been discovered that will cure cholera, and find fertile soil in the generally debilitated constitutions of our people resulting from the effects of such a winter and spring as has just past. Whether the theory of three will be confirmed in this case or not, remains to be seen. At any rate it behooves every person still affected by any of the complaints due to these climatic changes and epidemics, such as catarrh or bronchial troubles, to look well to themselves and see that every trace of the trouble is removed this present month; before the heat of summer still more debilitates the system. For years we have found that simple old remedy Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, used as directed, to be the most certain remedy for all forms of lingering summer colds, catarrh or bronchial affections, as well as a preventive and cure for all kinds of summer complaints.

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An Open Letter to Wool Growers and Others.

DEAR SIRS.—We have on sale at No. 12 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B., (directly opposite BARBER & MERRILL'S Store, and quite near the Big Market) a very large stock of fine, pure, and well-selected YARNS of our own manufacture, manufactured on P. E. Island of pure native wool, are free from any admixture of shoddy or cotton waste. The designs are the very newest yet produced, the colors are just as fast as the celebrated Scotch goods, and the strength and beauty of the fabric can't be surpassed by any of the same grade on earth. We exchange these goods with you for wool, allowing you more than the cost of the wool.

TRYON WOOLLEN MFG. CO., Proprietors, J. A. REID, Manager, 120th CENTURY STORE SIGN.

KERR'S Confectionery.

New and Specially Fine CHOCOLATES, CREAMS & CARAMELS CARNIVAL MIXTURE. Cream Chips, over 7,000 packages sold within the last few months. ASSORTED FRUIT AND LIME FRUIT TABLETS. 70 KING STREET, 28 DOCK STREET, Opposite VICTORIA HOTEL, Opposite BARRY & McLAUGHLIN'S.



DR. SCOTT'S Electric Hair Curler. LADIES who wish to quickly Bang, Crimp or Curl the Hair, by a new method, should have one of these new inventions. For sale by A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO., Charlotte Street.

CHAMPION SAFES! FIRE PROOF; BURGLAR PROOF. Lowest Prices! Best Terms. Send for circular to E. B. ELLIOT, 139 Granville St., HALIFAX, N. S.

J. M. LEMONT, PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER, FREDERICTON, N. B. JAMES S. MAY, W. ROBERT MAY, JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, DOMVILLE BUILDING, P. O. Box 303, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for 10-cent trade. Prices subject to first-class discount for cash. S. R. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF WIRE, STEEL AND IRON-CUT NAILS, And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc. ST. JOHN, N. B.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-outs at short notice. GERARD G. RUEL, (L. L. Howard,) BARRISTER, Etc., 3 Pugsley's Building, - - St. John, N. B.

ACROSS THE STREET! We have Removed to 73 (Foster's Building) Germain Street, DIRECTLY OPPOSITE OLD STAND. JAS. McNICHOL & SON, Merchant Tailors.

MOORE'S Almond and Cucumber Cream, SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN. It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips. It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise. It removes Tan, Pimples, Scaly Eruptions and Scurfiness, and keeps the complexion clear and brilliant. An excellent application after shaving. PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Prepared by G. A. MOORE, DRUGGIST, 109 BRUSSELS ST. cor. Richmond.

51 Charlotte Street. AUS, Proprietor.

PROGRESS.

W. K. REYNOLDS, Editor.

Subscriptions, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail. Papers will be stopped promptly at the expiration of time paid for.

ADVERTISING RATES. One Inch, One Year, \$15 00. One Inch, Six Months, 8 00. One Inch, Three Months, 5 00. One Inch, Two Months, 4 00. One Inch, One Month, 2 00.

The edition of Progress is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unaccompanied by return postage are returned at our own risk.

WARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 7.

CIRCULATION, 7,000.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

HAIL TO THE DUKE.

Just as Progress was preparing to go to press, word was received of the expected arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught by special train at noon Friday.

His Worship the Mayor and the members of the Common Council had not been notified.

It was thought to be the intention of H. R. H. to come quietly, see the city and escape the infliction of an address and other alleged hospitalities.

There can be little doubt that the duke read last Saturday's PROGRESS, got an idea of what the Common Council was like and would have based his movements on the information received had he come at all.

The duke appears to have excellent judgment, and to be worthy of the illustrious race of which he is a scion.

But he had not come, up to the hour of going to press, and is not likely to do so. The rumor appears to have originated in the fact that the special train which had been ordered for him in the first instance had not been cancelled, and that Governor TILLEY, who went to Fredericton, had left by train in the morning.

Hail to the duke, and long life to him, even if he does not come.

JENKINS IN TORONTO.

Mr. Jenkins, the traditional, not literal Jenkins—appears to have been following the Duke of Connaught very closely in his trip through Canada. At each place the public are told with great precision how his royal highness looked, the kind of clothes he wore, there being a diversity of opinion as to whether his limb casings were "pants" or trousers, with a lot of other matters of the same importance.

The utterances of the royal party have been duly recorded, Jenkins jotting down each word as of historic value. It may be supposed that his ears were expanded to their full dimensions to note each syllable when Niagara Falls was reached. There have been a great many first impressions of famous people on seeing the cataract, and those of the duchess must now be included in the number. Here they are, according to the Toronto Empire:

Immediately upon their arrival there they went direct to their rooms and were much pleased with them and their location on the river front overlooking the falls. The duchess remarked: "Very nice, very nice."

Then when they were asked if they would use the private dining room, the duke said "no," and the stenographer duly registered the weighty utterance. According to Jenkins, too, even the planetary system worked a little better than usual. "The moon," he says, "shone its very brightest, and allowed his royal highness to enjoy to the best possible advantage a view of the great cataracts by moonlight."

The inference is that the moon might have allowed him a view by sunlight if he had so desired.

When the party viewed the rapids, "the duchess remarked that it was just grand," which is another historical utterance which posterity will thank Jenkins for preserving.

The Jenkins of the World vouchsafes the opinion that the visit "will long be remembered in Toronto," and having secured about two hundred "exact words" of the duke in regard to his impressions of Canada, prints them in full-face type. In the course of the interview the duke said that if he ever went to India again it would be by the way of Canada. The colossal gall of the Toronto reporter thereupon asserted itself:

"Supposing," asked the reporter, "that you were on a military expedition, what then?" "I cannot answer your question. It is altogether too problematical. Besides, I am not at liberty to discuss such a subject with you."

Jenkins appears delighted to rush into print this very proper rebuke to his impudent catch-question, and this too will pass into history.

The duke allowed himself to be exhibited at a place in Toronto, called the Pavilion. There were 6,000 people crowded into it, and Jenkins records the remarkable fact that the "daughter or wife of the banker sat contentedly down alongside of the wife of the laborer or artisan," which was very

good of her, indeed, under the circumstances. When the duke rose to reply to an address inflicted on him, "his feet were increased in a dainty pair of patent leather boots, and he wore a dark check pair of trousers, a black coat, out of which peeped a white and blue check handkerchief, and a red cravat were included in the outfit. Leaning easily upon an elegant silver-headed bamboo cane he replied," etc. It is evident that by some culpable negligence Jenkins failed to ascertain the color of his stockings and undergarments, while there is not the slightest mention of his style of shirt collar.

The Toronto "journalist" is a very curious sort of a creature in many ways.

WATTS AND THE CLERGY.

It is not probable that the clergymen of this city will attempt to confront CHARLES WATTS, the secularist, when he lectures in this city a week or two hence. There appears to be only one doctory DAVID, who is eager to face this doubting GOLIATH, and if he does so there will undoubtedly be a crowded house, which heretofore it has not been the fortune of Mr. WATTS to find in St. John. The other clergymen will probably leave the aggressive agnostic alone. It is not probable that they will even attend the lecture.

It is in the latter omission that PROGRESS thinks they are derelict in their duty as guardians of the christian faith. It is their business to know what Mr. WATTS has to say, and to answer it, if it can be answered. Not there—not on the platform where a professional controversialist can heap assertion upon assertion which it might require hours or days of research for his opponent to prove merely assertion—but in the proper time and place, among the people who are in doubt whether the doctrine of WATTS or the gospel of the Bible is best worthy of acceptance. This involves no undignified controversy, nor does it follow that Mr. WATTS and his theories should be advertised from the pulpit, as some seem to fear.

A good many people go to hear Mr. WATTS who are not believers in his words, nor are they firmly grounded in a faith in the christian religion. They hear an able speaker who presents agnosticism in its most alluring light. He advocates the highest plane of morality and inculcates the principles of a pure and honest life. He, in short, teaches much that is christianity with CHRIST left out. He does not say, "there is no GOD," and that we are free to break the commandments and live as we please in this life. He simply claims that he knows of no GOD as the Bible portrays Him, but he does not wholly condemn the Bible. He praises it as a book of rare value, but he discredits the accounts of its origin and denies that there can be such a thing as inspiration. At the same time, he teaches what it teaches, ascribing it to man alone.

The good clergymen of this and other cities do not, as a rule, go to hear him. They do not, probably, read his publications. Once in a while some one, usually ill fitted by education or training to engage in such a debate, crosses swords with him. The result is usually a long and tedious argument which only a few attempt to follow and in which WATTS claims the victory. Such discussions accomplish nothing in the cause of christianity. The sharp thrusts and pointed arguments on the secularist's platform are what create doubt, and lead, perhaps, to conviction.

The clergymen do not know what has been said, but some of their hearers do, and perhaps believe it. They hear no answer from the pulpit, and they think perhaps that none can be made. They begin to believe that WATTS tells the truth.

Would it not be better for the clergymen to find out just what their opponent has to say, and then without any reference to him, confute his assertions from time to time in their pulpits? If he laughs at inspiration, let them give their reasons for a faith in it, and so on with his other arguments which the layman cannot answer for want of knowledge. They may require more study and research than they devote to ordinary science, but the cause is surely worth it. If they cannot make their gospel appear as practical as the doctrine of unbelief, they are indeed but poor defenders of the faith.

It may be a very wise policy to ignore Mr. WATTS, but his assertions are worth some attention.

Boston is convulsed with the most severe shock it has had since the revolution. In the suburbs of that city, where it has always been considered difficult to make a child understand the meaning of the word "vandalism," a terrible thing has happened. Shocking to state, Cambridge is the locality, and the vandals are students of Harvard college. In celebration of a recent victory over Yale, these youths literally painted the classic city red, with the gory pigment they wrote curses and words of condemnation on the vestibule of Appleton chapel, irreparably damaged the carved stone work of other beautiful buildings, and crowned the outrage by daubing the statue of the revered JOHN HARVARD himself. The faculty and citizens are naturally frantic, and if they can catch the offenders, will doubtless weep that the days of flaying alive and boiling in oil belong to a past age.

CORNS, CORNS, CORNS.—Corns removed without Pain. Sure relief. PROP. SHERWOOD, 21 Sydney Street, opposite Old Burying Ground.

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

The games Saturday and Monday between the Frederictons and Shamrocks and St. Johns showed beyond a doubt the weakness and strength of the Celestial team. Ryan has no business with the Shamrocks; that is certain, and had it not been for the superb outfielding of the Frederictons, Saturday would have been a darker day than it was for them. As it was there was enough twilight, and not even their luckless guard of honor—five newspaper men from the capital—could rally their spirits and efface that score, 10-2.

I saw the Monday game at Fredericton between the St. Johns—the Nationals, the Frederictons, and for genuine excitement I have not had such an experience in a long time. Without inquiring into the reason, there seems to be more feeling in Fredericton against the St. Johns than any other club in the league. I was amazed at it, and also confess to a keen disappointment in a portion of the audience. The sneers and epithets hurled at them were more than a sufficient excuse for the visitors to lose their temper, which I am glad to say did not happen. A dazed umpire at the plate set the grand stand going in a short time, and between the jibes from both quarters he also had a tough time of it. For the sake of the game in the capital it would have been better if Fredericton had won, and only a fair reward for their magnificent struggle. McCormack is an aggregation of costly errors lost the game. Rarely have I seen St. John pull out of a deeper hole in the ninth inning. If they had put half the life into the game from the start the result would have been different. The Frederictons are easily rattled—at least it appeared so to me, for with Parsons and Whitenet at the coaching stations and Kennedy stealing bases they appeared dazed. Nothing else accounts for three runs in the ninth and the winning one in the tenth. McCormack was very sad when he left the field, but for that matter so was every Frederictonian.

The league should lose no time in defining the territories of the umpires. They play National league rules, but as there are no rules touching double umpires in them the N. B. league should issue their instructions to the umpires. If this had been done at the start there would be no chance for prolonged "kicks" and protested games.

Billy Pushor rarely falls out with anybody, and is not a kucker, but his patience was tried Monday.

What nonsense it is for any member of the Fredericton management to insinuate unfair scoring on the part of Berry. A detailed score sent over the wires is apt to have some errors, and I understand that Berry says that in one instance his summary was incorrect as it appeared in the Sun, and another which I have forgotten, both of which, however, are correct in the official score book.

When Christie hears a Frederictonian refer to "that game he gave away last year" he laughs. "That is only thing to do" he says "for I can never make them believe but that I did, what I never did knowingly in my life, umpire unfairly."

Capt. Donovan might have been a little easy on the Celestials and let them have just one run. Oh, Fredericton, Fredericton, I fear for the popularity of the game if you don't brace up. Ryan will be the death of you yet.

The Shamrocks are playing great ball and I'm counting the days until the first league game between them and the St. Johns—what a game it will be!

Moncton will take no back talk this year. The smoky city team has a dandy battery, a darling second baseman, and speaking generally are nine uncompromising sluggers. Look out for them, Shamrocks. Four to three is a very close shave for the St. Johns.

Another Hustler for the Mutual. The Mutual Life has secured another agent and a rattling good one in that indefatigable newspaper man and worker, M. McDade, of Fredericton, who in future will occupy his leisure hours from newspaper and legislative duties to his own profit and the advantage of the Mutual. Mr. McDade is a persuasive and elegant talker and possessing excellent address and an extensive acquaintance, his success is certain. PROGRESS has practical proof of his ability as a canvasser in the boom edition of St. Stephen.

For Bargain Hunters. When the half price of a piano is \$550 the instrument must be an excellent one. The announcement of one for sale by Messrs. Johnston & Co., should have considerable interest for those who contemplate purchasing a piano. The undoubted reliability of the firm is sufficient guarantee that a bargain is to be had.

For sale, Chair Case, long selected, skin or bench. Duval, 439 Union street.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Life's Dark Cloud. Caterpillars and curant worms have made their appearance, with the usual results. Drunken rowdies are still brawling and howling at night, unchanging gates and destroying property. Coat pitching among the boys in Digby has, besides its demoralizing tendency, become a nuisance. We have been requested to refer to it in the columns of the Courier, and warn parents to prevent their children from indulging in such a pernicious pastime.—Digby Courier.

The Silver Link. A Douglas Daley will accept our thanks for a fine sample of trout given us on Monday. Master Geo. Wright brought us on Thursday, a wild strawberry, partly ripe. A Frenchman, with a double headed, six legged and two tailed stuffed cat, has been having an exhibition in town during the past week.—Digby Courier.

Thought They Needed Paint. Detective Power is looking up the individual who dashed the houses on Morris and Hollis streets with painted on Wednesday night. Nearly every house on the northern side of Morris street from St. Lukes to Hollis street is marked.—H. Mail.

The Attractions at Jones's. D. S. Jones, Esq., still retains his spirit of enterprise and has opened a fruit and confectionery store and also keeps a number of staple articles, such as tea, sugar, boots and shoes, etc. The good looking clerk is still in position, and is becoming quite popular.—Carleton Sentinel.

Attractive to Tourists. On the Windsor end of the Avon public bridge there is a hole in one of the planks large enough to admit the hoof of a horse. The drains of the town—or, rather, several of them—are emitting disagreeable odors, which must be dangerous to the public health. The sidewalk in front of the Windsor steam laundry is positively dangerous to the limbs of pedestrians. Holes in the planks are large enough to admit and entrap the feet of the unwary, and as the depths directly underneath appear to be interminable, we shall not be surprised to hear of a broken leg.—Windsor Tribune.

FROM THE GRAND STAND. After the games with the Presumpscots on the 24th, Ryan went home that he owned Fredericton. "Wagg is as full of tricks as ever, and he hasn't lost his voice, he looks as good as new." All the N. B. league clubs are on the look out for basemen and heavy hitters. Maine seems able to produce as good ball players as Massachusetts, so far.

The Shamrocks' colts have been engaged for the season, and the management has an eye on another amateur. The St. Johns can play a great up-hill game this season. The champions are back to the Jerseys. Larrabee works as hard as ever.

The four league teams have played about enough games to show the managers where the weak points are. Look out for releases and new players! Why not introduce the American idea of standing up between the innings? The grand stand seats are uncommoonly hard.

Lock turned when Whitenet busted the balloon. The boys had a merry time at their hotel. Somebody hit the captain with a pillow and he thought a sand bag had come his way. Wagg pulled Allen's leg in great style Monday on the St. John's grounds for a copper, and are given away on the Shamrock field.

When it rains the Frederictons have to get down to business in the skating rink. The boys haven't got over their surprise yet. Score cards sent in Fredericton for five cents, on the St. John's grounds for a copper, and are given away on the Shamrock field.

A Chance for Trouble. While the Evangelical Alliance, apparently headed by Rev. H. A. Hartley, is discussing the propriety of endeavoring to confute the secularist Watts, the plank of Sabbath observance, a strong one in its platform, is being rudely splintered by the men who aspire to make the laws of the land. Messrs. Adams and McInerney, the latter a candidate for the commons, addressed a political meeting at Buctouche on Sunday last. Buctouche, it will be remembered, is the place to which some of the people of Moncton used to go on Sunday excursion trains for the purpose of attending church, etc. It behooves somebody to make trouble about this matter.

The Weak Point. The Washington Craftsman, in its column of "Voices of Nationalism," says that the coal mines of Nova Scotia are owned and operated by the government, that the miners get more pay and the mines are more satisfactorily run than anywhere else on earth. The only weak point in the argument is the fact that the government does not own or operate the mines. It is individual competition that has made them what they are.

On the Streets of Campbellton. PROGRESS has been for sale in Campbellton for over a year at the store of Mr. A. E. Alexander than whom no paper has ever had a more obliging circulation friend, but from this Saturday the citizens of that enterprising town will be able to buy it as early Saturday morning as they please on the streets also. A smart newsboy has undertaken the job and will earn cash for himself and push the paper at the same time.

They are Sure to be Popular. The City Cornet band has struck a happy idea, and one that will find favor with the hundreds who promenade the King square on band nights last summer. Arrangements have been made to give a series of band concerts on the Shamrocks' grounds, which will be brilliantly lighted with electric lights—and a small admission fee will be charged.

"Looking Backward." The cheapest edition yet published of Edward Bellamy's much talked about book, Looking Backward has been received by D. J. Jennings. The edition is in paper cover, well printed from large type, and sells for 20 cents.

The Union City Hotel—See Advt.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Although I have had the best intention regarding my later letters, still I cannot help thinking that they have been very uninteresting. It is not altogether my fault, for the musical people of St. John have been most provokingly quiet for the last three or four weeks, and for St. John we have had such a quantity of drama etc., that I'm sure all the music loving people will be glad of a chance of hearing opera on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, when Dorothy, by Alfred Cellier, will be sung. Perhaps it will not be out of the way for me to give a short synopsis of the opera, as we are to hear it so soon.

The scene of the opera is laid in Kent, England, a hundred years ago. The first act is in a hop field, introducing festival of hop pickers. The second act is in the great hall of Squire Bantam's mansion, and a ball is in progress. The third act is in a woodland glen. The story is as follows: Two ladies of gentle birth, Dorothy Bantam and Lydia Hawthorne, wish to find out whether a maid can be loved for herself alone, "masquerade as peasants at the harvest festival, passing themselves off as daughters of 'Tappit,' a farmer and innkeeper, whose daughter Phyllis, (who has just been betrothed to Tom Grass), makes him agree to the deception.

When the ladies meet Geoffrey Wilder and Harry Sherwood, who were originally designed to be their husbands, and who have come to the neighborhood very unwillingly, Geoffrey intending to "throw himself on his uncle's mercy, cry pecora, have his debts paid, be a good boy and try money has been taken." "Yes, taken every man." "Give up Dorcas and Dimity? Never!" Wilder then unfolds a plan for disguising themselves as the Duke of Berkshire and suite, and pretending that an accident has delayed them, they stop over night at Squire Bantam's, "who prides himself on being the most hospitable man in the world," and when the guests have retired and all are sound asleep, to clap on masks and vizards, attract the Squire's attention and make him believe the house is being robbed; then Surcher to come from Wilder's room in a fright and say that all his (Wilder's) money has been taken. "Yes, taken every man." Then, of course, there will be nothing left for the Squire to do, but make the supposed loss good. Surcher, scenting danger, will have nothing to do with the place, and leaves them, as he has a writ to serve.

The second act shows how the plan, which Surcher has been forced to join, is successfully carried out. Wilder, who is still fascinated by Dorcas, will not be induced to look at Dorothy, who is left to Sherwood. Neither of the men recognize the girls in their powder and evening dress, but Dorothy and Lydia see the rings that they parted with in the morning on the finger of the supposed noblemen, and, of course, know them at once. "How could they think so shallow a disguise could serve to hide them from a woman's eyes?" Everything then begins to get mixed. The gallants fall in love over again, and with the wrong ladies. Wilder gives the ring Dorothy gave him to Lydia, and Sherwood bestows Lydia's love token on Dorothy.

In the next act, Lydia and Dorothy resolve to challenge their faithless swains, and write letters to the effect that they must either marry the ladies they met the night before or take the consequences, said consequences implying a duel. Dorothy signs her letter "Tilbury Slocombe," and Lydia gives her name as "Percy Dasher."

They then dignify themselves as two gallants from town, and armed with pistols go to meet Wilder and Sherwood, thinking "that if the gentlemen consent to fight, (Dorothy and Lydia) will only load the pistols with powder. "They will go off with a little puff, you will scream, I shall not hold, Dorothy and Lydia see the rings that they parted with in the morning on the finger of the supposed noblemen, and, of course, know them at once. "How could they think so shallow a disguise could serve to hide them from a woman's eyes?" Everything then begins to get mixed. The gallants fall in love over again, and with the wrong ladies. Wilder gives the ring Dorothy gave him to Lydia, and Sherwood bestows Lydia's love token on Dorothy.

The ladies entering at this instant, Wilder learns to his surprise that it is his cousin that he has been in love with all the time, and the opera concludes in a general reconciliation all around. "After all you were ready to die rather than marry Lydia." "I cannot forget that you preferred death to Dorothy!"

The cast of the opera is as follows: Dorothy Bantam.....Miss M. V. Hancock Lydia Hawthorne.....Miss Idella Fowler Phyllis Tuppitt.....Miss Katie A. Burpee Mrs. Priscilla Fivitt.....Miss Emma McManis Mrs. Lydia Tuppitt.....Miss Halliday Mrs. Phyllis Tuppitt.....Miss Lena Waters Geoffrey Wilder.....Mr. F. H. J. Ruel Harry Sherwood.....Mr. T. Daniel Mr. Tom Grass.....Mr. Wm. Christie Mr. Tom Grass.....Mr. Wm. Christie Mr. Tom Grass.....Mr. Wm. Christie Mr. Tom Grass.....Mr. Wm. Christie

Musical director, Mr. J. S. Ford. Stage manager, Mr. D. C. Robertson. As to other musical events there have been none with the exception of a concert in connection with St. David's church, which came off Thursday evening.

Master Fred Blair (organist of St. George's, Carleton, who has been spending his holidays in Chatham, has returned to the city. TABERT.

SUNDY HITS AND HINTS.

June is the month in which trout are caught with the fly and men are snared in the net. The Halifax Mail calls St. John "the wickedest city in Canada." Well, it isn't the ladies. The new chief of police has had a bountiful harvest, so far, and has safely garnered all the sheaves.

The moral of the recent epidemic of crime in the North End is that Scott Act whiskey is a very bad thing for everybody but the seller. Halifax has not yet paid its summer carnival bills. St. John does not claim to be as wealthy as its sister city, but it "gets there" in such little matters as these.

A daily paper never has a harder road to travel than when it devotes a column to a wedding, and tries to tell the story in good English and with good taste. It does not usually succeed. "The Duke wore a three button cutaway coat of a general diagonal pattern, vest to match and a pair of brown check pants," says the Toronto papers in referring to Connaught's visit. No, he didn't. He had a waistcoat to match and a pair of brown check trousers.

With the other social events that have taken place this week, a visit from the Duke of Connaught would have been an unnecessary luxury. With such an abundance of richness, the equilibrium of society might have been seriously disturbed.

The business of the Duke of Connaught has revived the ancient chestnut about "hair apparent," which had some relevancy when revived some years ago to apply to the Prince of Wales.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

To a Canary. Sing, little songster, sing away, What'er thy music's burden! Fill with thy song the long, long day! Drive from my heart the shadows grey! Thou'lt have fresh seed for garden.

A captive so, how can't thou sing? Caged closely, be so merry? Thou know'st thy thoughtless; thy untamed wing Content is; all strange hopes that spring The next song-burst will bury.

Sing, little minstrel, we can spare The groan and lamentation; All that will bring or foster care; But cheery song like thine is rare, And suits us in each station.

Ah! little bird, had't thou been free As I have been, then never Could'st thou so prisoned pour thy glee; Blest thrall, that woe'st'er knew liberty! Sing, happy bird, forever!

MATTHEW RICHIE KNIGHT. Sonnet—Lescarbot. Old voyager! to Acadie's virgin shore, The forest-muse had welcome: sunny-sound, The magic of thine eye turned dross to gold, Enriching thy quaint, cheerful fancy's store— Filling Port Royal with romantic lore.

After the lengthening sea, bedecked, dim, The warm July with joy thy heart did brim; Like climbing roses look'd the breakers fore, What odorous winds, incomparably sweet, From wide woods hailed thee, gladly sailing near, Till thou didst stretch thy hands forth to receive The palpable gift; the smiling coast to gaze! Drest in the gayest garments of the year: From her beloved wardrobe deign to give —ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

"While we followed on our course, there came From the land odors incomparable for sweetness, brought with a warm wind so abundantly that all the Orient parts could not produce greater abundance. We did stretch out our hands, as it were, to take them, so palpable were they, which I have admired a thousand times since.—Marc Lescarbot's Journal.

"Flat Voluntas Tua." As some lone captive, dreaming in his sleep, Hears the sweet clang of falling bar and chain; Breathes the sweet breath of native hills again, And sees once more, the sun rise o'er the deep; With joyful cry—awakes—but to creep, Back to the stony floor, and fetters strain, To suffer with a quickened sense of pain For which there are no words—not tears to weep.

So, in a dream, one night of pain and fever, We sailed so close, we almost heard the sound Of longed for welcomes—from a happier shore, Where those who enter, leave no moaning cry: 'Tis love exceeding, and its peace profound! But—we were wakened—and we dream no more. —JEAN E. U. NEALIS.

Sunset. A bar of gold across the Western sky Soft, merges into grey before my sight, And crimson clouds in banks of beauty lie, Mingled with faintest purple, on the right Fair beautiful colors slowly flush and die, Diffusing all around, a halo bright; The spectacle enchants me—"Lo," I cry, "How lovely is thy death, oh Orb of Light."

I watch the ball of gold in beauty sink, And mark the fleecy clouds just tipped with white; Once more they softly glow with faintest pink— The shadows deepen, twilight falls the night, In slowly dying splendor, sinks the sun, God grant us peaceful sleep—the day is done. —J. H. M. R.

The Holy Trinity. O Father, kind, who did this world create, And form our parents in a perfect state, Be not extreme to mark our evil way, But ever be to us, a guide, a stay.

O, Christ our Saviour, who with grace profound, A light and ransom, for our souls hast found, Through shedding of thy blood of ancient blood, Grant us to profit by that sacred flood.

O Holy spirit, who in gentle love, Dost light upon us shed, from Heaven above, Vouchsafe to swell forever in the heart, That we may know secure, the better part.

O Trinity of power, One only—God, Look through upon us, for our utmost good, And so dispose and train us, in the strife, That we may gain at last, Celestial life.

A QUILL PUSHER'S DREAM.

The Collision of Baby Carriages and What toward 12 Thursday night, and the weary quill pusher leaned his aching head on his hands and pondered in a sleepy fashion. He had something to write—something to write about, rather, and had no idea where to begin or what to say. "Write something catchy and pretty" were the terse and indefinite instructions.

Prety! What had he seen pretty all that day, and as his eyelids shut a vision seemed to flit before him of a street scene that morning—two baby carriages, each with a cherub in white and pink, approaching a corner from different streets. There was a collision, a crash and both carriages overturned and the white and pink babies rolled into the dust the corporation has been sprinkling on some tarred sidewalks lately. The noise that followed was terrific: the upbraodings of the nurses mingled with the cries of the youngsters who had turned to black and white. The dust covered their pretty dresses and dainty white hoods, and made them a sight for mothers.

"I'm sure I don't know what Mrs. F— will say to me," exclaimed one nurse. "Here is the carriage broken and the baby's dress—oh, dear, I may lose my place. Thank goodness the baby is not hurt a bit."

"Well, I'm sure to lose my place," cried the other girl, "my mistress will only mind one thing, and that is the hood. You see she bought it yesterday and it was new and clean this morning, and now it's ruined for ever."

"Why," asked the other girl in a surprised tone, "send it to Unrars and they will make it as good as new. They wash and do them up beautifully. There's where Mrs. F— sends all hers instead of throwing them to one side as I have seen done."

"Oh, I'm glad to find that out, for the hoods have been such a bother and we could never get them done just right." And the quill pusher slept.—Advt.



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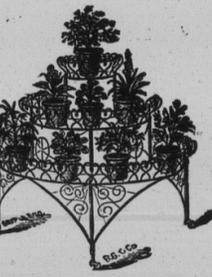
FOR "PROGRESS."

A Canary, or, sing away, music's burden! the long, long day! start the shadows away! fish seed for guerdon. can't thou sing? be so merry? might else; thy untired wing range hopes that spring burst will bury. ol, we can spare lamentation, or foster care; like thine is rare, each station. 'd'st thou been free then never orisoned pour thy glee; 'e'er knew liberty! 'd, forever! MATTHEW RICHIE KNIGHT.



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Cash Grocery. CONFECTIONERY, Finest Hand-made, Cream and Chocolates, OF KERR'S and GANONG BROS'. Green and Dried Fruits in Season. HARDRESS CLARKE.

Electric Lighting NOTICE. WE desire to say to the Citizens of the City of St. John, that we have contracted with the "CALKIN ELECTRIC LIGHT CO." of this City, for the installation of a large Electric Light Plant of our "ARC" and "INCANDESCENT" SYSTEMS, and in the connection would say that the said "CALKIN ELECTRIC LIGHT CO." hold our GUARANTEE BOND to protect them and their customers from any and all suits for damages for alleged infringements of patents.

THE PORT WAYNE ELECTRIC CO. FORT WAYNE, IND. 5-31-11. American Millinery, 149 UNION STREET. BRANCH STORE, 123 Main St., Indiantown.

Just Received, INFANTRY DRILL, Latest Revised Edition. PRICE 35 CENTS. For sale by J. & A. McMILLAN, Booksellers and Stationers, 98 and 100 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.

REMOVED. JOHN L. CARLETON. HAS REMOVED his Law Office to No. 72 1/2 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET (over office of D. C. CLINCH, Broker), St. John, N. B.

LECTURE. REV. H. W. LITTLE, Rector of Sussex, will lecture in BERRYMAN'S HALL, on THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 12TH, under the auspices of the Men's Club of the Mission Church of St. John Baptist.

JOHNSON & MOORE, Boarding, Sale and Livery Stable, 30 LEINSTER STREET. Dealers in all kinds of Horses. Good Drivers and Family Horses a specialty. Single and Double Teams and Saddle Horses to let.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

And the Happenings in Social Circles of Fredericton, Moncton, Woodstock, Dorchester, St. Stephen, Sussex, Amherst, Calais, Etc.

The anticipated arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, yesterday, gives an added interest to the diamond star, and to each of the bridesmaids he presented a white ostrich feather fan.

Quite a large congregation gathered at the Mission chapel on Wednesday afternoon to witness the marriage of Miss Phoebe Chandler and Mr. Wm. R. Racey, manager of the Merchant's bank of Halifax at Woodstock.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. M. Davenport, and was most impressive. Mr. Morley presided at the organ and the choir sang, as a processional:

The voice that breathed o'er Eden, That earliest wedding day, While the hymn sung during the service was, How welcome was the call And sweet the festal day.

At the close Mendelssohn's wedding march was played. The bride whose charming manners won for her hosts of friends during her short stay in St. John, looked unusually well in a plain tailor made dress of black and white check, with satin hat. She was given away by her brother, Mr. Stanley Chandler, of Dorchester, and was not attended by bridesmaids.

Immediately after the ceremony the bride and groom left by the C. P. E. for their bridal tour through upper Canada, where Mr. Racey's friends reside, after which they will settle in Woodstock, N. B.

The many friends of Mr. Germaine, of the Bank of Montreal, Ottawa, are pleased to see him in St. John again, where he has come to spend his holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Daniel, Campbellton, are in the city. Miss Gertrude Schofield went to Kentville on Thursday, to act as bridesmaid at a wedding there.

Miss Lilian Hazen went to Montreal the first of the week to spend the summer. Miss Botsford, Chatham, is visiting Mr. & Mrs. McMillan.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ketchum, Amherst, were in town this week. Mr. E. C. Jones, manager of the Bank of Montreal, accompanied by his daughter, left by the C. P. E. on Wednesday last for England, where he takes the steamer on the 10th for England. He will be absent about four months. Mr. E. C. Winslow will act as manager of the bank here during his absence.

Miss Johanna Hazen is visiting friends in Montreal. Mrs. Weston Jones, P. E. I., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Daniel, Wellington Row. She will remain in St. John for the summer during Mr. Jones' absence in Europe.

Mr. Wells, Dorchester, spent Wednesday in the city to attend the wedding of his friend, Mr. Racey. Mrs. McDonald (Picton) is the guest of her mother, Mrs. W. B. Robinson, Broad street.

I understand Miss Ethel Parks, daughter of Mr. John H. Parks, has followed the example of many others, and intends doing good among her fellow creatures by entering as a nurse in the City Public hospital.

I see by late English papers that the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne have given their patronage to and intend to be present at a concert to be held by permission of J. A. James T. Fellers at her residence, Saxon Hall, Palace Court, Baywater hill, on Monday June 9, in aid of the Nottingham gate mission, (Lady Hope's) charity.

Mr. Chas. Tuck arrived from Winnipeg this week. His marriage with Miss Mary McMillan will take place next Wednesday, but will be a very quiet affair.

Mr. Murray Botsford, formerly of St. John, now stationed in a bank in Halifax, will lead to the altar a young lady in Kentville. The marriage will, I hear, take place next week.

Mrs. George E. Barton, of California, is in the city. Cards of invitation were issued by Mr. Fred E. Barker, President of the Union Club Co., and

TURNER & FINLAY. OPENED THIS WEEK: New Parasols. In all the Latest London Novelties.

NEW RIBBONS, NEW GLOVES, NEW LACE CURTAINS. In Swiss Applique, Gimpure d'Art, Imitation Guipure and Nottingham Lace.

Black Stainless Cotton Hosiery! FOR LADIES, MISSES and BOYS. New Dress Materials! In all the Newest and Most Fashionable Makes and Colorings.

Mr. George F. Smith on behalf of the Union Club for a reception which was held in the new Club House on Thursday. A large number of members, citizens, and their lady friends availed themselves of their kindness, and spent a very pleasant afternoon, from 4 to 6, looking over the new building and admiring the great taste displayed in the arrangements throughout. Tea, coffee, and cake and other light refreshments were provided by the hosts. The guests were received in the spacious parlors by Mrs. F. E. Barker and Mrs. George F. Smith.

Last Thursday afternoon a very pleasant 5 o'clock tea was given by Mrs. George McLeod, Orange street, which was given for the entertainment of the strangers who were in town to attend her son's wedding.

I hear of yet another wedding which is to take place next Wednesday between a prominent Moncton gentleman and a St. John young lady. TENSCHORE.

Cards of invitations have been received in this city for the marriage of Maude, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Law to Mr. Ernest M. Belmont, at the residence of the young lady's parents, East Boston, on Tuesday next. Mr. Belmont was formerly a resident of St. John.

Mrs. W. K. Mollison, of Dunallan, Brookville, will receive on Tuesday instead of Thursday's as formerly. St. John—West End. Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Dunn, of Riverside cottage, Lancaster Heights, left on Monday morning for a short trip to Boston, Mass. Mr. Dunn will probably return the last of this week, but Mrs. Dunn will remain a few days longer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Y. Ellis returned on Friday, the 20th, from New York, by the Valencia, after having spent a few days in Boston with their daughter, Mrs. Arthur Callahan, as well as paying a short visit to Washington and Baltimore. Mr. Frank Daniel, manager of the Nova Scotia Bank at Campbellton, arrived at the West End the first of the week. He is the guest of Mrs. Daniel's mother, Mrs. Robert Allan, on Prince street. I believe that Dr. and Mrs. May as well as Miss Winnie May, of New York, will remain with us all

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

61 and 63 King Street.

IMPORTANT DISPLAY OF Dress and Cloak Trimmings.

CORD LACE EMBROIDERIES, in Black, are the new and leading Trimming for Silk and Cashmere Dresses.

VANDYKE GIMPS are the latest in Cord Gimps, just adapted to the present Style of Dress and Jacket Trimmings. New and elegant designs in Colored SILK GIMPS. All Colors METAL GIMPS. Waist Sets in the new ZOUAVE and REVEAR SHAPES. STEEL GIMPS and ORNAMENTS. JET GIMPS, in sectional patterns. SECTION SILK and WORSTED GIMPS.

The very newest Dress Trimming is the KNITTED SASHES. They are 5 to 8 inches wide, and two to three yards long. In Black and all shades.

SEND FOR SAMPLES. MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

For June trade we have opened an importation of DANIEL AND ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL.

PRINTED COTTON DRILLETES, in Sateen designs, which have been marked at the very low price of 12 1-2 CENTS PER YARD.

SAMPLES TO ANY ADDRESS. WEDDING PRESENTS!

OPENING TO-DAY: A choice assortment of SOLID SILVER, INCLUDING Silver Forks, Spoons, Oyster Forks, Soup Ladles, BERRY SPOONS, ICE CREAM SETS, etc.

This being a new departure our goods are all new and prices low. C. FLOOD & SONS.

THEY ARE USEFUL RUBBER MATS, At the Lowest Prices in City.

Rubber Sheeting, Syringes, Atomizers, Tubing and Dental Rubber. BUY ONE OF OUR 10-CENT RUBBER COMBS. AMERICAN RUBBER STORE. 65 Charlotte Street.

SAINT JOHN Academy of Art. STUDIO BUILDING: 74 GERMAIN ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in DRAWING AND PAINTING. Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year. PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A. ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES. Send for circular.

DIAMONDS And Other Gems, SET ON RESSET to order. Personal and particular attention given to the making, altering or repairing of JEWELRY and WATCHES. FINEST CLOCKS and CHRONOMETERS as specialties. Orders from out of town and the trade solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Respectfully yours, W. TREMAYNE GARD, No. 51 KING STREET, Practical Jeweller.

SODA WATER! We have started the SODA WATER SEASON of 1890, with the following choice Beverages: OTTAWA BEER, BIRCH BEER, Orange and Egg Phosphates and Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple, Vanilla, Chocolate, Coffee, Maple and Sarsaparilla Syrups. OTHER DRINKS will be added as the season advances.

Parker Bros., MARKET SQUARE. A. & J. HAY, DEALERS IN—Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED. 76 KING STREET. MISSES E. & S. WARRELL, 159 Union Street, ST. JOHN, N. B. HAVE an Elegant and Fashionable Stock of MILLINERY on hand, selected especially with the idea of satisfying their customers. They design, manufacture and import the Latest Goods in their line, and always aim to give satisfaction. E. & S. WARRELL, 159 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

Suburban Property for Sale. THE HOUSE AND PROPERTY in the Parish of Robbsey, formerly occupied by Henry Tritts, is offered for sale. Within two miles of Robbsey station, less than half a mile from the railway, with a splendid right of way to the Kennebecasis, about 200 yards distant, this property offers exceptional advantages to any person desiring to purchase a suburban residence. The house, which is quite new, well finished and roomy, is with a commodious barn and other outbuildings, situated in a four acre lot which yields from three to four tons of hay, and is studded with apple, plum and cherry trees. There is also a small pasture lot adjoining. Beside these advantages the residence is prettily situated near the corner of the road leading to the river and the highway. There is an excellent well on the premises. Price \$1200. Further particulars, as to terms, etc., can be obtained from Mr. EDWARD S. CARTER, Progress office.

CAFÉ ROYAL. Donville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection. WILLIAM CLARK. DR. J. D. MAHER, DENTAL ROOMS, City Building, Main Street, North End. Gas, Ether, Chloroform and Cocaine administered.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Notes on Canadian Literature. In the autumn of 1886, being at Halifax, I had called to my attention, by a friend in that city, the name and certain poems of Dr. Amos H. Chandler, a worthy citizen of Moncton, N. B. who had, I was assured, excellent rank among our maritime singers.

The muse of sacred song seems to have been the prime inspirer of Dr. Chandler, and, especially, has he evidently drunk at the sacred fountain of Milton—imbibing something of the Miltonic spirit, though by no means imitating that poet's style.

And containing many natural, beautiful touches, and some long scenic glimpses, a few of which we delight to quote: No more the land the voice of summer fills;

Dear summer's dying, on her emerald crest, The dark-streak'd stains of swift-returning dusk Are mingled with the brown and yellow rust

List to the north-blast sobbing down the dale, Where swallows flitted only yesterday; See clamorous geese, across the stormy bay

And for a winter picture he gives us what we have seen actualized in perfection during these last years, when in the winter morning sun—

The lamps are all out in the wild wan sky, As Phœbus rises, from a throne of gold; Above the pale and misty folds that lie

As well as earth's fair face, he loves to take in the splendors of night's grand banquet-hall,—turning his eyes to behold "the lesser glories of the night," and seeing where

It cannot be denied the poet has sometimes a tendency to slip out of the empyrean, seemingly without being aware of it, and to measure us off what, but for the verification, would be recognized as prose;

"Upon the morning of the twentieth day of this month, at the hour of three, Saturn and Mars in close proximity you may behold with fond eyes far away, Northwestward," etc.

We are glad to learn that the gifted author of Lyrics, Songs and Sonnets meditates a new, improved, and enlarged edition of his writings, to be prefaced by a sonnet to Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, which Dr. Stewart of the Quebec Chronicle pronounced "a gem, and full of delicacy, sweetness and grace."

The vocal organs are strengthened by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Clergymen, lawyers, singers, actors, and public speakers find this preparation the most effective remedy for irritation and weakness of the throat and lungs, and for all affections of the vocal organs.—Advt.

ANOTHER LITERARY PIRATE.

This Time He Purloins the Property of the Sage of Sea Dog Cove. In the issue of that eminently respectable paper, the New York Mail and Express for Saturday, May 31, appears the following poem:

A CENTURY TO COME. BY DR. GUSTAVUS HALL. Who'll press for gold the crowded streets, A century to come? Who'll tread our churches with willing feet,

The name of the alleged author, being in small capitals, implies that the lines were written for the Mail and Express, and that Dr. Haas has contributed them to that paper.

In the issue of PROGRESS for December 8, 1888, appeared the verses, "A Hundred Years to Come," by Hiram Ladd Spencer, of this city, with an account of their origin.

Where, where will be the birds that sing, A hundred years to come? The flowers that now in beauty spring,

Dr. Haas begins "his poem" with Mr. Spencer's second stanza, and utterly ruins the rhythm by saying,

But other men Our homes will fill, And others then Our lands will till,

What Sladen is Doing. Douglas Sladen has been visiting Kobe Kgotto and Nara, and will next week visit Nagoya, May 6th; Yokohama, May 7th-10th; Tokyo, May 10th-15th; Nikko, May 15th-22nd; Yokohama, 22nd-29th.

What the Grip Cost. The life insurance companies are now counting up the cost of the "grip," and are of the opinion that in results it deserves to be regarded as an epidemic of great importance.

Bolls, carbuncles, and eruptions of all kinds are nature's efforts to throw off poison from the blood. This result may be accomplished much more effectively, as well as agreeably, through the proper excretory channels, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—Advt.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.]

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's store.]

JUNE 4.—Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Teed spent last Thursday in Moncton. Miss F. S. Chandler went to St. John on Saturday in order to be present at the wedding of her cousin, Miss Laura Shreve.

Mr. W. W. Wells went to St. John on Friday, intending to remain until after Miss Chandler's wedding. He returns to Dorchester tomorrow.

Mr. E. Girouard, barrister, of Moncton, is here, engaged in court, as is also Mr. David Grant, barrister, of the same place.

Mr. W. T. Campbell, son of Rev. J. R. Campbell, and who is about to graduate at King's College, Windsor, has been appointed a tutor in the collegiate school there.

Mr. T. B. Robinson, of St. John, spent Saturday in Dorchester. He opened here yesterday, Judge Landry presiding over the full court for the first time in Westmorland.

Mr. Percy B. Chandler who left here in April last for a summer course in medicine at the University of Vermont, had a narrow escape at home.

Mr. Ernest Smith, of Shediac, is in Dorchester, yesterday.

Mr. J. C. A. Macdonald and A. A. Tuttle, of Moncton, left for Campbellton by last evening's express fully prepared to slaughter the innocents.

Mr. Geo. Colman, of the barque Macleod, passed through by train yesterday from Londonderry, N. S. to Richibucto, where his vessel is completing loading for Liverpool.

Mr. Donnelly McEwen returned from the St. John on Saturday last, after an absence of five months. The Dr. has been taking a special course at the Medical College, London.

Mr. Fred. L. Black, late of Philadelphia Dental College, will be in town this week. He will be the guest of his brother-in-law, Dr. Keith.

Mr. W. H. Brown, manager of the Kent Northern Railway, passed through by train to St. John this week.

Mr. Andrew Dunn proposes visiting St. John this week.

AMHERST, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Amherst on the streets, by George Douglas.]

JUNE 4.—Capt. Trefry, of Yarmouth, has been in town, the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Wm. F. Cullen.

Dr. C. A. and Mrs. Black and son arrived from England on Wednesday last, after an absence of five months. The Dr. has been taking a special course at the Medical College, London.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla

The Best Blood Medicine

So say Leading Physicians and Druggists, and their opinion is endorsed by thousands cured by it of Scrofula, Eczema, Erysipelas, and other diseases of the blood.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its reputation by years of valuable service to the community. It is the best."—R. S. Lang, Druggist, 212 Merrimack st., Lowell, Mass.

"I have prescribed Ayer's Sarsaparilla in numerous instances, and I find it highly efficacious in the treatment of all disorders of the blood."—L. M. Robinson, Pharmacist, Sabina, O.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. \$1.00 per bottle.

CATARRH AND COLD IN HEAD HOW CURED. NASAL BALM. A certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CORSETS AND BELTS. ARE universally approved by leading physicians as the best, safest, and most effective remedy for spinal complaints.

TO PAINTERS. TRANSFER GRADING PAPERS, a perfect imitation of the natural woods, OAK, WOOD, HUNGARIAN ASH, now in stock.

F. E. HOLMAN. 48 KING STREET. Ladies' Attention! T. C. WASHINGTON has fitted up his parlors in elegant style, and is now prepared to serve his lady customers with the choicest ICE CREAM and SHERBETS.

THE OBJECT of this ADVERTISEMENT is to IMPRESS on YOUR mind the FACT that Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream!

ESTEY'S COD LIVER OIL CREAM! is the best medicine you can take, if you are troubled with a Cough or Cold. For Whooping Cough it is almost an infallible remedy.

THE OBJECT of this ADVERTISEMENT is to IMPRESS on YOUR mind the FACT that Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream!

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Stoves and Ranges

If you are in want of a First-class Stove or Range don't fail to call at

90 CHARLOTTE STREET, and you will be sure to get suited.

BIRD CAGES, cheap; TINWARE, GRANITEWARE;

Kitchen Furnishings in great variety.

STOVE REPAIRS to order. JOBBING promptly attended to.

GOLES, PARSONS & SHARP.

Ready for Spring Trade MY STOCK OF FINE GOODS was never so complete as at present, and my customers will find it to their advantage to come early and choose their SPRING SUITS.

DON'T WAIT FOR THE RUSH! Goods were never Cheaper; never Better!

JAS. KELLY, - - TAILOR AND CLOTHIER, No. 5 MARKET SQUARE.

1000 New Books Just Opened.

DORA THORNE SERIES, PASTIME SERIES, PINKERTON DETECTIVE SERIES, all by best authors, at 25c. each. Also, St. Elmo, Beulah, Infelice, At the Mercy of Thieris, Macaria Vashi, etc., by Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson.

LOOKING BACKWARD, by Edward Bellamy, the cheapest edition yet published. Price 20c.

A lot of "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY," by Mrs. J. Hodgson Burnett, just received.

PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY. D. J. JENNINGS, - - - 167 Union Street.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 Prince William Street.

Kindly remember us when you are selecting your purchases. We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all, of FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, PLATED WARE.

We invite you to call and see our stock. 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Go to GORBELL ART STORE! Union Street.

WHAT IS THE PLACE TO GET YOUR PICTURES FRAMED in the Finest Patterns at the Lowest Rates.

Beautiful lot of BAMBOO EASELS just received.

TO PAINTERS. TRANSFER GRADING PAPERS, a perfect imitation of the natural woods, OAK, WOOD, HUNGARIAN ASH, now in stock.

F. E. HOLMAN, - - - 48 KING STREET.

Equity Sale. There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's corner (so called), on the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, in the City of Saint John, on SATURDAY, the twenty-first day of June next,

at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity made on Monday, the Twentieth day of January, A. D. 1880, in a cause therein pending, wherein Henry Anthony is plaintiff, and Robert McArdle and Mary McArdle his wife, and Joseph Dalzell, William Anthony and John Anthony, as Trustees of the Temperance Association known as the Bay View Lodge, No. 54, of the Independent Order of Good Templars, and the Sisters of Charity of the Diocese of Saint John, New Brunswick, etc., are defendants; and by amendment between Henry Anthony, plaintiff, and Robert McArdle and Mary McArdle his wife, and the Sisters of Charity of the Diocese of Saint John, New Brunswick, etc., are parties, with the approbation of the undersigned, a referee in equity, the heretofore mentioned LOT OF LAND, described in the said order as:

"ALL that certain piece or parcel of Land, situated, as aforesaid, and being at Red Head, so called, Parish of Simonds, in the County of St. John aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a birch stake, on the northern side of a public road leading westerly from the main road from St. John to Mispic, the said road being laid out along the southern side of the boundary line between Lots (8) eight and nine (9) of the grant to Richard Walker and others, and the birch stake, being on the eastern side of a body of land reserved for a public landing; going thence along the northern side of the aforesaid road north seventy-five degrees east (N 75° E) by the magnet of the year 1785; crossing the Mispic road and continuing along the division line between Lots (8) and nine (9) the western extremity of a tract of land conveyed by Thomas McGuire and Catherine his wife, to Robert McArdle on the 27th day of December, 1860; thence by the magnet of the year 1785 north thirty degrees east (N 30° E) along the western line of this land, the line of division between Lots seven (7) and eight (8); thence south seventy-five degrees west (S 75° W.) by the magnet of the year 1785 to the shore of the Bay of Fundy; thence southwesterly along the shore to the before mentioned public landing, and thence southerly by the eastern boundary of the public landing to the place of beginning," containing Two Hundred Acres more or less.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the plaintiff's solicitor. Dated this 24th day of February, 1880.

HUGH H. McLEAN, Referee on Equity. CHARLES DOHERTY, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

T. T. LANTULUM, Auctioneer.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

OPEN 49 PACK

Tabletings, Towellings, Hemp Carpets, Hessians, Floor Oilcloths, Quilts,

New Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, Dress Caps, Shapes, Hats.

SMITH

Granville and D. HAL

A GREAT BARGAIN.

four, thirteen feet, and all are in good order and we shall either in city or country.

Step La

CHEAP, STRONG

3 STEPS..... 4 "..... 5 "..... 6 "..... 7 ".....

J. & J.

Market Building

Short

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I have a thorough knowledge of the business of a business amanuensis, and in my course in session ever (excepted), to 9. Apply to

NEW G

We have just received the following DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, ELECTRO PLATES, and see our

THE SI

188

VEGETABLE AND

Including all the latest varieties of FARM and GARDEN SEEDS, and all the different kinds, I will you call before

R. D. McARTHUR

59 Charlotte street, opp. ST. JOHN.

THE GREAT

Unequalled for richness and flavor. They are the only WILL NOT WASH WILL NOT

There is nothing like them in the world. ONE PACKAGE EQUALS TWO of any other brand. If you doubt it, try it! It is all new shades, and others are becoming fashionable. They are more goods and do it better

Send postal for Sample Card or Full Price as Interior of Canada Branch: 481 St. P. Sold in St. John by S. McMAHON, Indianist.

Choice JERSE

In Tube of 20 lbs. PRICE 23 CENTS Apply

anges

lass Stove or  
l at

TREET,  
nited.

great variety.

ly attended to.

& SHARP.

Trade

complete as at  
to their  
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S.

neaper; never Better!

AND CLOTHIER,  
R.E.

Opened.

ERTON DETECTIVE  
mo, Beulah, Infelice, At  
J. Evans Wilson.

dition yet published.

Hodgson Burnett, ust

cialty.

Union Sreet.

HORNE,  
treet.

your purchases,  
to suit all, of  
WARE.

WILLIAM STREET.

STORE!

ES FRAMED

RS.

of the natural woods, OAK,  
CANE, WILLOW, BIRCH, ROSE  
structions given.

B KING STREET.

y Sale.

Public Auction, at Chubb's  
the corner of Prince William  
in the City of Saint John, on  
Monday-first day of June next, at  
10 o'clock, noon, pursuant to a  
Supreme Court in Equity  
Twentieth day of January,  
therein pending, wherein  
plaintiff, and Robert McArdle  
is wife, and Joseph Dalzell,  
John Anthony, as Trustees  
association known as the Bay  
of the Independent Order of  
the Sisters of Charity of the  
New Brunswick, are  
complaint between Henry  
Robert McArdle and Mary  
the Sisters of Charity of the  
New Brunswick, de. N.  
of the undersigned, a  
hereinafter mentioned LIT  
in the said order as:

pieces or parcel of Land, sit-  
ing at Red Head, so called,  
the County of St. John afore-  
scribed as follows, to wit:  
stake, on the northern side  
ing westerly from the main  
Mispick, the said road being  
their side of the boundary  
eight and nine (9) of the  
er and others, and the birch  
stem side of a map of land  
andling; going thence along  
the aforesaid road north  
et (N 75° E) by the magnet  
using the Mispick road and  
vision line between Lots (5)  
an extremity of a tract of  
mas McGuire and Catherine  
McArdle on the 27th day of  
e by the magnet of the year  
east (N. 30° E) along the  
d, the line of division be-  
and eight (8); thence south  
west (S. 75° W) by the  
to the shore of the Bay of  
resterly along the shore to  
public landing, and thence  
n boundary of the public  
of beginning," containing  
re or less.

February, 1890.  
HUGH H. McLEAN,  
Referee on Equity.

T. T. LANTALUM,  
Auctioneer.

IN PROGRESS.

OPENING

Ex S.S. "Parisian," "British Empire," "Sarnia":

49 PACKAGES

Tableings,  
Towelings,  
Hemp Carpets,  
Hessians,  
Floor Oilcloths,  
Quilts,

Jackets,  
Dress Silks,  
White Muslins,  
New Prints,  
Art Muslins.

New Ribbons,  
Flowers,  
Laces,  
Dress Caps,  
Shapes,  
Hats.

SMITH BROS.,

Granville and Duke Streets,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

THE subscriber has for  
sale a large number  
of Ash and Walnut Seats,  
suitable for use in school  
rooms, churches or halls,  
and will dispose of them  
at a great sacrifice since  
the building in which they  
are at present is to be re-  
fitted. The seats are per-  
fectly fixed to iron stands,  
and fold back conveni-  
ently. Fifty of them are  
eight feet in length; forty-  
six, twelve feet. They  
are in good order and well  
half either in city or country,  
needing comfortable seats.  
For further information apply to  
TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,  
St. John, N. B.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

four, thirteen feet, and  
six, twelve feet. They  
are in good order and well  
half either in city or country,  
needing comfortable seats.  
For further information apply to  
TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,  
St. John, N. B.

Step Ladders!

CHEAP, STRONG AND DURABLE.

3 STEPS.....\$ 60  
4 ".....80  
5 ".....1 00  
6 ".....1 25  
7 ".....1 50

J. & J. D. HOWE,  
Market Building, German Street.

Shorthand

LADIES and GENTLEMEN desiring to obtain  
ing a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and  
Typewriting and an acquaintance with the duties  
of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening  
courses—in session every evening (Sundays  
excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to  
J. HARVEY PEPPEL,  
Conductor of Shorthand Department,  
St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute

NEW GOODS.

We have just received a large stock of  
the following goods:  
DIAMONDS, WATCHES,  
JEWELRY, SOLID SILVER,  
ELECTRO PLATING, CLOCKS, Etc.  
We invite intending purchasers to call  
and see our stock.

FERGUSON & PAGE,

43 KING STREET.

THE SPRING

1890

HAS been backward, but E. D. McO.A. is on  
hand with a full and choice assortment of  
VEGETABLE AND FLOWER SEEDS,  
including all the latest varieties suitable for this  
climate. As this space is small to enumerate all  
the different kinds, I will be pleased to have  
you call before purchasing elsewhere.

R. D. McARTHUR, Medical Hall,

69 Charlotte street, opposite King Square,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE

Unequalled for Richness and Beauty of Coloring.  
They are the ONLY DYES that  
WILL NOT WASH OUT!  
There is nothing like them for Strength, Colorings  
or Fastness.

Choice JERSEY BUTTER

IN Tubs of 50 lbs. and upwards.  
PRICE 23 CENTS per lb.  
Apply to J. H. KING,  
Smith's Creek,  
Kings County, N. B.

GROCCERS.

W. ALEX. PORTER,  
Grocer and Fruit Dealer.

Family trade a specialty.

LARGEST STOCK, BEST ASSORTMENT and  
cheapest all-round Grocery for first-class goods.

W. ALEX. PORTER,  
Corner Union and Waterloo, and corner Mill and  
Pond streets.

BONNELL & COWAN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
Fine Groceries  
AND FRUITS.

Teas and Sugars a specialty.  
200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Flour and Feed Store.

Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat,  
RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS,  
From the best mills. Always on hand.

R. & F. S. FINLEY,  
Sydney Street.

OYSTERS

FOR THE  
SUMMER SEASON.

HAVING Bedded 600 Bbls. of selected P. E. I.  
Oysters, will furnish daily fresh packed Oysters,  
wholesale or retail, at No. 19, S. King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

FIRE INSURANCE  
PLATE GLASS INSURANCE  
INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE  
R. W. FRANK & CO.  
78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
STEAM BOILER INSURANCE  
ACCIDENT INSURANCE

SODA WATER!

THE FIRST OF THE SEASON.

AT

GROCKETT'S Drug Store,

Corner Princess and Sydney streets.

THE WONDER OF THE AGE!

ECLIPSE DYES  
A NEW IMPROVED DYE FOR HOME DYEING.  
Only Water required in Using.  
10¢ a package. For sale everywhere. If your dealer does not keep them, send direct to the manufacturer, J. S. ROBERTSON & CO., MONTREAL.

ROBINSON'S PHOSPHORIZED EMULSION

The hard worked man of business, toiling day by day, with little chance for rest, should take occasionally Robinson's PhosphORIZED Emulsion, to give activity to the brain, and strength to the constitution, and thereby prevent the attacks of fever and other destroying diseases.

Removal Notice.

We have Removed our place of Business from 5 Waterloo

II CHARLOTTE STREET.

T. PATTON & CO.

GAY HATS AND BONNETS.

ADORNED WITH FLOWERS THAT PUT NATURE TO SHAME.

Very Well in Their Place, but Likely to be Just a Little Common this Summer—The Fancy for Butterflies—Some New Ideas in Dresses of the Season.

Everybody knows that the prevailing rage this spring and summer is for flowers, which are to be seen everywhere in a lavish profusion that quite puts nature to shame. Flowers on hats and bonnets have reached such a pass that only a flower bonnet can satisfy the craving for floral decorations on their headgear that possesses the ultra fashionable amongst our sex.

Indeed I think flower bonnets are going to be a little common this summer. They are very well in their place, but like many other good things, one may get to much of them. And I have really seen one or two flower bonnets lately in the milliner shops that were sufficiently hideous to give one a very bad nightmare.

Lace straws have also had their day along with the best dress-d people; by lace straws I mean just now the flaring brimmed black hats which were so popular in the early spring. Small bonnets of white lace straw are most dainty and lady-like, especially when they are simply trimmed with a full puff of black velvet as a face trimming, and a soft Alsatian bow of wide cream colored ribbon on the crown.

Flowers seem to detract from the style of such a bonnet. To climb back to the point from which I started—the flower mania—do not by any means end with hats and bonnets! Fancy an English bridesmaid carrying a muff of white and pink hyacinths instead of the regulation bouquet! Another bridesmaid wearing a boa three yards long made of mimosa blossoms, and yet another damsel with her dainty ball dress finished to the very last touch of perfection by a necklace composed of violets stitched on a band of ribbon of a lighter shade.

All these latter decorations, muff, boa, and necklace, are made of the natural flowers, the price of the former being ten dollars.

Following the floral craze, and coming as a very appropriate and pretty sequence, is the fancy for butterflies. The regularly recurring grasshopper plague of the Western States is not to be mentioned in the same day with the cloud of butterflies that will settle down upon the votaries of fashion this summer. They hover over the newest hats and bonnets in the most fashionable milliner shops of England and the States. They climb up the curtains and portieres of the drawing rooms, and they even crawl over evening dresses in processions. They are made in lace, jet, gold tinsel, and plush; and on a flower bonnet they look charming. One large butterfly perched in the front of a black lace bonnet is almost trimming enough, and if he is of the proper size he will look, with his widely opened wings, almost like the regulation Alsatian boa. Jet is another popular decoration this summer. It is many years since jet has been entirely out of style, and I doubt if it will ever be quite out again; it is too becoming and too handsome a style of decoration ever to be quite consigned to the limbo of the past, but still is subject to revivals when it is more fashionable than ever, and just now it is in a state of such very pronounced revival that I verily believe the girls would wear jet stockings if they were not so chilly; jet is everywhere. Some dresses are so heavy with it that one wonders how the wearer manages to carry it at all; mantles and wraps are loaded with the costly garniture, dresses are paneled, and bordered with it, and, of course, it is lovely for evening wear with black lace.

Here is another pretty style for the evening, a dress of poppy red satin—actually satin—and not India silk veiled with black silk gauze, that looked like a dark shadow thrown over it. This idea of black gauze for toning down very bright colors is quite new. A very vivid shade of red or green, under a single layer of gauze or net, will look charming. The red satin I spoke of was trimmed with quantities of poppies and daisies, all veiled with the gauze. Trains are slowly, but surely, coming in. Soon they will adopt express speed, and be here to stay. At least, so say the best authorities.

Checks are going to be the favorite design in dress goods this summer. All kinds of checks, but the prettiest of all are certainly the varieties of black and white, a really pretty pattern, trimmed with black velvet ribbon, is about as trim and pretty a gown as any young lady can select for summer wear. Only, if you are at all inclined to be stout, avoid checks as you would avoid an insane canine. Only slender women can wear them effectively. On a stout girl, checks and plaids are little short of an offence against the peace; they are so loud, and, worst of all, they detract from her height to a terrible extent, and make her look correspondingly "tall across."

A Gentle Hint.  
Gamaliel—Why is it you always get me so close to the fire when I call evenings?  
Hortense—Oh, I know the fire has a great way of making things pop!—N. Y. Press.

The Practice is Useful.  
A doctor practices on his own patients, but a musician practices on the patience of others.—Ez

DRESS SUIT IN ENGLAND.

It Must Be Worn in Certain Parts of the Theatre.

An experience recently told me of a visit to the London Lyceum Theatre twelve months since verified the statement as to the positive rule of some of the English playhouses not to admit ladies or gentlemen to the stalls unless they are in evening dress. The American had a busy day of it, and found that it was too late to put himself into his dress suit, as was his custom when going to the theatre, and hurried off in his ordinary morning suit with his wife to witness the performance of Henry Irving in "The Dead Heart."

At the box office he tendered his money for a couple of stalls. The official looked the applicant over for a moment, apparently arrived at the conclusion he was a gentleman, and forthwith asked if he would not accept a box—a much preferable and more expensive situation—for his lady and himself.

"I make this suggestion," continued the courteous and diplomatic representative, "because should you appear in the stalls not in full dress you would attract an embarrassing amount of notice as the only persons that had been prevented, for some cause or other, from observing the usual formality. I feel sure that under the circumstances you will find this box more agreeable."

"New way of putting it, wasn't it?" said the narrator, chippily, "and so English, you know!"—Clothing and Furnisher.

BOUND TO PICK A QUARREL.

Even the Fall of Fresh Laid Eggs Excited His Indignation.  
A gentleman was known by his acquaintances to have certain infirmities of temper, which had to be endured by his family. On one occasion a friend chanced to be present at breakfast at the house. It was in August. Mr. X. had not slept well, and all his British blood was aroused. He found fault with everything and declared that there was nothing on the table fit to eat. After one thing and another had been sent away Mrs. X. had some eggs, freshly laid the day previous and boiled to suit her husband, put before him. He looked at them crossly a moment, then took one up and broke it.

"How often have I told you, my dear," he said in a tone anything but endearing, "that I do not want eggs in August? Do you see how light the color of that is?" "Well," his wife asked, "what if it is light colored? It is perfectly fresh."

"Fresh!" retorted her husband angrily; "that's nothing. Its light color shows that there is no good in it. It stands to reason that in such warm weather hens get debilitated and lay debilitated eggs. If you really cared what I have to eat you would have thought of that."—Ez.

An Open Letter from Stanley.

[By the Commercial Cable to the Herald.]  
LONDON, May 16, 1890.—The following notice was mailed last night to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and I have been shown the original signed copy:

NOTICE TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC:  
I beg distinctly to state that the only publishers in America who have any authority to publish anything whatever of mine are Messrs. Scribner's Sons and Messrs. Harper & Brothers. My new and short forthcoming work, "In Darkest Africa," is exclusively in the hands of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and I cannot too emphatically condemn the conduct of a firm calling itself the Historical Publishing Company, who, in the name of truth and justice, put forth an advertisement headed, "Look out! Do not be deceived!" which is made up of the most barefaced falsehoods.

The work which they announce as "Heroes of the Dark Continent," I repudiate entirely. They say it contains all my forthcoming work and a great deal more. I emphatically deny this statement. I have simply to say once for all that these people can by no possibility publish anything of mine but what they have dishonestly appropriated from my previous works; and being an American citizen and therefore holding my copyright there, I shall in due time take proper measures to protect myself against such unprincipled robbery.

I am aware that several other publishers are announcing spurious works purporting to be mine. I therefore think it high time that all my good friends in America should be put on their guard, and bear in mind that my authorized work will be called "In Darkest Africa" in its title and volumes, and will be published only by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

HENRY M. STANLEY.  
The Cup was Gall.  
A man who had both eyes blacked and his nose badly bunged up entered the Third street depot the other day and asked of Officer Button:  
"How many trains leave this depot in a day?"  
"Oh, about fifty."

"Good! Get me tickets to go out on the whole blasted fifty, and if there are any specials let me in 'em, for I ache to get out of this town in a hurry."—Detroit Free Press.

A Razor Best Four Kings.  
"Did you hab a 'ctin' game las' night?"  
"On'y played one hand."  
"What break up de festivities?"  
"Dah was seven dollahs on the table and I had three kings."  
"Berry good fah a stahler."  
"And Mr. Jenkins hel' up cyads."  
"Promisin'."  
"Shoh. An' I drew anudah king."  
"An' won de pot?"  
"No."  
"What did Jenkins draw?"  
"Er razer."—Washington Post.

The Reason.  
"How is it that Harduppe never stands treat?"  
"Harduppe has always been impecunious."  
"Well, but he married a rich wife."  
"Yes, that's the reason he never has a cent.—N. Y. Press.

Missing Notes.  
Smith—Did you hear Patti sing when she was in New York? Jones—Yes, I went to hear her. "Do you think she has lost any of her notes?" "No; but I lost some of mine. I had to break a ten dollar bill."  
—Texas Siftings.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Three Trips a Week for Boston.

ON and after MAY 5, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at 7:25, standard. RETURNING will leave Boston same days at 8:30 a. m., standard, and Portland at 8:00 p. m. for Eastport and Saint John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer "Charles Houghton" for Saint Andrews, Calais and Saint Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

1890 SEASON. 1890

St. John, GRAND LAKE AND SALMON RIVER.

THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W. 1. BARNES, Master, having been put in thorough repair during the past winter, will, until further notice, run between the above named places, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning, at 8:30 o'clock, local time. RETURNING will leave Salmon River on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, touching at Gagetown wharf each way. Will run on West Side of Long Island.

FARE—St. John and Salmon River or Range, \$1.25 Or Return Tickets good for 30 days, continuous passage, \$2.00. This "Old Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of each week. All Freight must be prepaid, unless when accompanied by owner, in which case it can be settled for on board.

Freight received Tuesdays and Fridays. W. M. McMULKIN, Manager.

STMR. "BELLISLE"

WILL leave her wharf, INDIANTOWN, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 12:30 o'clock, for BELLISLE BAY, calling at intermediate points; and RETURNING will leave HATFIELD'S POINT, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 7 o'clock, a. m. G. MABEE, Manager.

THE STEAMER "CLIFTON"

FOR THE SEASON, WILL MAKE HER regular trips on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, Leaving Hampton at 5:30 o'clock, a. m., and Indiantown at 4 p. m. R. EARLE, Manager.

THE NEW YORK, Maine & New Brunswick STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamer Winthrop, 1450 Tons Register,

will sail from Pier 18, East River, New York, 7th June, and be due at this port

MONDAY, JUNE 9.

This ship has superior passenger and freight accommodation, is fitted with electric lights and all modern improvements. For passage and freight rates apply to

TROOP & SON,

or H. D. McLEOD,

The Company's General Passenger or Freight Agents.

NEW YORK Steamship Co.

THE IRON STEAMSHIP

VALENCIA!

(1600 tons, CAPT. MILLER), will leave

ST. JOHN FOR NEW YORK,

via Eastport, Me., and Cottage City, Mass., every

FRIDAY NIGHT AT 12 M.,

(Eastern Standard Time). Returning, steamer will leave

Pier 49, East River, New York, every Tuesday, at 5 p. m.,

(Eastern Standard Time), for Cottage City, Mass., Eastport, Me., and St. John, N. B.

Freight taken on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.

Shippers and importers can save time and money by ordering all goods forwarded by the New York Steamship Company.

For further information apply at office 228 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B., or at Head Office, 53 Broadway, New York.

N. NEWCOMB, Gen. Pass. & Freight Agt. FRANK ROWAN, Agent, Saint John, N. B.

50 CENTS A WEEK!

CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, LACE CURTAINS, Mirrors, Pictures, Lounges, Hanging Lamps, CLOCKS AND WATCHES.

F. A. JONES, : : 34 Dock Street.

RAILWAYS

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY,

"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.

Commencing April 7, 1890.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, at 16.15 a. m.—Flying Yankee for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Houlton, Woodstock and points North.

SUPPER PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON.

18.55 a. m.—Accommodation for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Houlton and Woodstock.

4.10 p. m.—Fast Express, via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West, Houlton and Woodstock.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. 14.45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate points.

18.45 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

Montreal, 17.35 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 16.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 7.35 p. m. Sleeping Car attached.

Yanocboro at 11.15, 11.30, 11.45 a. m.; 12.10 p. m. Woodstock at 18.00, 11.40 a. m.; 18.30 p. m. Houlton at 18.00, 11.40 a. m.; 18.30 p. m. St. Stephen at 17.05, 19.00, 11.55 a. m.; 11.20 p. m. St. Andrew at 18.30 a. m.

Federicton at 18.58, 11.29 a. m.; 12.30 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 18.45, 18.45 a. m.; 11.15, 12.30, 17.00 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.10 a. m. for Fairville and West. 14.30 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked 1 run daily except Sunday. 1 daily except Saturday. 2 daily except Monday.

F. W. CREAM, Gen. Manager. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Shore Line Railway.

ST. JOHN, ST. GEORGE and ST. STEPHEN

Trains leave St. John, East Side, at 7.24 a. m., standard time; West Side, 1.55, arriving in St. Stephen at 12.15 p. m.; leave St.

