

pet Warerooms,  
1889.

RE and HOUSEKEEPERS will want to  
and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

for the coming season, I will be able to  
ATEST NOVELTIES in

PESTRY CARPETS, with borders to match,  
TATTINGS, ART SQUARES,  
S,

BEST VALUES ever QUOTED in this city.

HOTELS and PUBLIC BUILDINGS.  
R, - - 58 KING STREET,  
HN. N. B.

Millinery  
Department.

OPENING TO-DAY:  
80 CASES

AMERICAN  
STRAW GOODS.

SMITH BROS.

WHOLESALE

DRY GOODS and MILLINERY.

Granville and Duke Streets.

HALIFAX.

SYDNEY WARD.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., Feb. 12, 1886.  
WE, the undersigned Residents and Voters of  
Sydney Ward, in the City of St. John, N. B.,  
would nominate WM. LEWIS, Esq., of said Ward,  
to represent us in the Common Council as Alderman,  
and pledge ourselves to do all in our power to secure  
his election.  
Signed by 43 electors.

To the Electors of Sydney Ward.

GENTLEMEN: In compliance with your request,  
I am asking you to allow myself to be put in  
nomination as a candidate for ALDERMAN at the  
approaching election. I beg to say that, although the  
matter is not of my seeking, I am entirely in your  
hands, and will accept with pleasure your friendly  
nomination. A glance at the names on your registra-  
tion convinces me that you intend to carry the elec-  
tion, and I am content to leave the result in your  
hands, assuring you that if elected my best efforts in  
the future, as in the past, will always be put forward  
in the interest of this city, and Sydney Ward is  
particular.  
I have the honor to be,  
Yours, etc.,  
WILLIAM LEWIS.

By Order of the Common Council of the  
City of Saint John.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill will  
be presented for enactment at the present ses-  
sion of the Provincial Legislature to provide for the  
extension of wharves on the "Petitgill" property.

The object of this Bill is to authorize the Common  
Council to issue Debentures to an amount not ex-  
ceeding Twenty Thousand Dollars, payable in  
twenty years, bearing interest not exceeding four  
per cent, for the erection of wharves and building up  
the slips on the Petitgill property, the annual interest  
and a sinking fund to provide for the payment of the  
Debentures to be charged on the revenues derived  
from the wharves.  
9th March, 1886.

St. JOHN, N. B., March 9, 1889.

To the Electors of the City  
of Saint John.

GENTLEMEN:—  
Believing in the principle that no Mayor  
in this City should hold office for more than  
two years, and having been solicited by  
numerous electors to allow myself to be  
placed in nomination for the Mayoralty, I  
beg to announce that I will be a Candidate  
on the second TUESDAY in April next.

Hoping to receive your support and votes,  
I am your obedient servant,

GEORGE A. BARKER.

To the Electors of Wellington Ward.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—  
We shall again be candidates for your suffrage  
at the coming election for

ALDERMEN

of Wellington Ward, on the first Tuesday in April  
next. And we promise to serve you (if elected) in the  
future as in the past.

Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM SHAW,  
THOS. W. PETERS.

To the Electors of Wellington Ward.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—  
At the request of a number of the Electors, I  
have decided to offer for the

ALDERMANSHIP

of this ward, and would respectfully solicit your  
support.

WILLIAM B. CARVILL.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

If you have Houses, Flats or Apart-  
ments to Let, advertise in "Progress."  
It will hereafter make a special  
feature of this class of advertising, for  
which the character of its circulation  
ensures the best results.  
Give it a trial and satisfy yourself.

VOL. I., NO. 48.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

### WAR WITH THE LIGHTS.

THE GAS COMPANY CUT THE RATES  
OF ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

The Calkin Company Comes Down to a  
Quarter—A Further Cut Threatened—Keep  
the Rival Company Moving—It Means  
Money For the Citizens.

War has been declared between the  
electric light companies, and the cost of  
illumination is 30 per cent. less than it was  
ten days ago. There are a great many  
stories about the origin of the slash  
in prices, all of which claim to be correct.  
Merchants smile, then listen and smile  
again, when they think that for every light  
they burn they save from \$30 to \$35 a year.

So far as PROGRESS can get at the bot-  
tom of this interesting fight, the fault, if it  
can be called such, lies at the door of the  
gas company. This corporation, which is  
one of the most favored and richest in the  
city, and pays a better dividend on its  
stock than most capitalists dream of,  
bought out the Stockton electric light plant  
some time ago, and entered into competi-  
tion with the Calkin company in supplying  
commercial lights throughout St. John and  
Portland. The Princess street electricians  
seemed to annoy the huge gas monopoly  
down town. They were lighting too many  
stores and decreasing the monthly receipts  
of the gas. More than this, they had even  
dared to put in a tender for lighting the  
city at such a figure as to compel the gas  
board to come down \$1,000 in their con-  
tract price. Regarded in this view, citi-  
zens may conclude that in saving them  
\$1,000 a year the Calkin company was not a  
public nuisance.

But it was a thorn in the side of Presi-  
dent Blair and his estimable associates.  
They are all good and worthy citizens, but  
they have one decided weakness—for 12  
per cent. dividends. It is not pleasant to  
hear a merchant who has his electric  
lamp compare it with the Calkin across the  
street, and compliment the latter upon its  
decided steadiness and brilliancy. It is  
only human nature to object to your cus-  
tomer declaring that your rival's goods,  
sold at the same price, are better than  
yours, and it cuts to the quick when that  
customer orders his account closed, as it  
were, and states his intention of patroniz-  
ing your competitor.

This is what troubled the gas company  
people. Mr. Abram Isaacs, who has some  
interest in the large clothing store at the  
corner of King and Canterbury streets,  
paid for four electric lights, one of which was  
a Calkin light, in his cigar store on Prince  
William street, and the other three gas  
company lights in the clothing store. Mr.  
Isaacs was not satisfied with the gas com-  
pany's light and he ordered them out and  
asked Mr. Calkin to replace them. He  
did so, and the ball opened. Electric light  
stock fell with a thud and the lamps be-  
came cheaper but not less brilliant. The  
gas company sent out its canvassers to the  
patrons of the Calkin company and offered  
them the light for 25 cents a night instead  
of 35. The Calkin company offered the  
same figures and expressed its willingness  
to make contracts also for \$75 a year. The  
big dog would like to eat the little one but  
is afraid of his digestion.

Some features of the fight are regrettable.  
PROGRESS learns upon the best authority  
that the gas company, through its agents,  
has descended to curious means, to put it  
mildly, to oust the Calkin Co. One store  
in the city burned three of the Calkin lights  
and found that they gave excellent satisfac-  
tion. The proprietor had no thought of  
changing until he received an intimation that  
the gas company's electric took the  
place of the Calkin light the patronage of sev-  
eral prominent gentlemen of the board would  
be dispensed elsewhere. The "patronage"  
of the directors and stock holders was worth  
much and the Calkin lights have been taken  
out and the gas company triumphed. The  
merchant could not be blamed, but conten-  
table is a small and meaningless word  
to apply to such tactics.

Just here let PROGRESS comment slightly,  
and sufficiently for the present, upon the  
"invariable correctness" of the bills of the  
gas company—no matter whether they are  
for electric lighting or for gas. A meter  
may be only an apology for measurement,  
and register twice the quantity of gas  
burned, yet the merchant has to pay for it  
all the same. His electric light may go  
out and he is forced to turn on the gas, yet  
he looks in vain for any credit for the off-  
night upon his electric bill, and he has to  
pay the same company for the gas as well  
as the electric lamp which failed to illumi-  
nate. This is a common occurrence and will  
bear illustrating.

A short time ago a lamp in a King street  
store went out very early in the evening,  
and the proprietor was forced to burn gas.  
He spared a few minutes to write a note to  
the secretary of the gas company informing  
him of the fact, and requesting credit  
upon his bill for 35 cents. A few days  
after the bill arrived for the full amount  
and no credit. The merchant paid the col-  
lector, deducting the 35 cents, and obtained  
the bill receipted. An hour or two later  
the collector returned and told the mer-

chant that no reduction would be allowed  
for the off night, and that he must pay the  
35 cents. He was told in turn to carry the  
merchant's compliments to the gas com-  
pany, and the statement that he would not  
pay it and they might go ahead and collect  
the same. A message threatening to sue  
was sent back but no attention was paid  
to it. It has been learned since, however,  
that the gas company deducted the 35 cents  
which the merchant refused to pay, from the  
scales of the collector the following Satur-  
day night!

If the merchants of St. John would be  
free from a light monopoly, they must see  
to it that the gas company is not permitted  
to kill its rival. Twenty-five cents is low  
enough for electric light, but the gas com-  
pany has threatened to make another cut,  
and crush out the life of the Calkin com-  
pany. Do not let them do it. It simply  
means this: If the gas company is per-  
mitted to control electric lighting as well  
as gas, the citizens will pay well for their  
temporary loss. Electric lights have cost  
50 cents a night in St. John; they have  
cost 40 cents, 35 cents, and are now to be  
had for 25 cents. Scores of Calkin cus-  
tomers have resolved to stand by them and  
pay the 25 cents—no matter if the gas com-  
pany cuts the rates to 10 cents. They  
know what it would mean in the end. It  
would simply come down to a gas basis:  
take what is given you and pay for it. And  
so it would be apt to be with an electric  
monopoly, and as President Blair states  
that electric lighting does not pay at 35  
cents, the rate might be made to corres-  
pond with the dandy dividend he loves to  
declare.

Blank Books, of all kinds, for sale at Mr.  
Arthur's, 80 King street.

### MR. COSGROVE AND HIS COLT.

Their Antics Delight a Sunday Afternoon  
Crowd.

Mr. Thomas Cosgrove, of Lower Cove,  
owns a colt. It is a very fine colt and Mr.  
Cosgrove thinks a great deal of it. The  
colt also thinks a great deal of Mr. Cos-  
grove. It is not an unusual thing for a man  
to take his favorite dog for a walk on  
Sunday afternoon. Perhaps Mr. Cosgrove  
hasn't got a dog, or perhaps, if he has, he  
thinks it advisable to give the colt more  
exercise than the dog. At any rate he  
took the colt out for a walk, Sunday after-  
noon, and had a look at the Monticello.  
The colt had neither rein nor tether. He  
was free as the wind; but he never got  
more than ten or twelve feet away from  
Mr. Cosgrove, unless he couldn't help it.  
He followed like a dog, and Mr. Cosgrove,  
as he strode along with his hands in his  
pockets, was proudly conscious of the fact.  
The small boys on the wharf were intima-  
tely acquainted with both Mr. Cosgrove  
and the colt. They gave the former some  
taffy and the latter a large sized chew  
of black tobacco, and the colt chewed it  
with the case of a Texas cowboy. Then the  
owner, colt and all the boys formed a  
procession and marched up and down the  
wharf to the amusement of the assembled  
crowd.

Mr. Cosgrove and the colt next marched  
up to the three lamps, where they played  
tag around the railing and kept on the move  
much after the manner of a merry-go-round;  
only once and a while both would suddenly  
turn, each one trying to fool the other, and  
both would get caught. This performance  
delighted all the boarders in the St. John  
hotel and window room was at a premium.  
Finally the colt couldn't find Mr. Cos-  
grove. That gentleman was dodging  
around the three lamps. The colt ran  
away up Prince William street, put his nose  
in the air and sniffed, but he couldn't find  
his owner. Then he ran down St. James  
street. He was still at sea. Back up  
Prince William street he went on a gallop.  
Meanwhile Mr. Cosgrove was keeping out  
of sight behind the three lamps, but seeing  
a good chance he started off in the direction  
of Reed's Point wharf. The colt saw him  
and bounded away like a deer. Then there  
was almost as much caressing as there was  
when the prodigal son returned.

Let the Relatives Read Them.

Why is it necessary, when an address of  
condolence is passed, for it to be carried  
to the afflicted relatives and read by the  
bearer in their presence? This may not be  
done generally, but it happened a num-  
ber of times in Portland not long ago. The  
city, within a short time, lost two Cham-  
berlains and a well-known citizen who had  
been prominent in civic affairs. The  
council, of course, passed lengthy resolu-  
tions of condolence, well meant and suit-  
able. But the city clerk was forced to  
bear the resolutions to the relatives of the  
deceased and read them in their presence!  
Such resolutions are well and proper  
enough, but they should never be presented  
in this way.

There Will Be No Funny Business.

When PROGRESS went to press at noon  
yesterday, Messrs. Whitcomb and Robin-  
son had not been engaged by the A. A.  
club. Their wants, however, were before  
the committee, and today the people will  
know whether they are engaged or not.

### PARLIAMENT IS READY

TO JOIN IN WEDLOCK ST. JOHN AND  
PORTLAND.

There will be High Jinks, "Flotsam"  
Thinks, When the Ceremony Comes off.  
Other Matters—News and Gossip.

FREDERICTON, March 28.—Hurry up  
with your union bill, Mr. Common Clerk  
Peters. Here we are nearing the end of  
the session and all we want is to have the  
contracting parties before the legislative  
altar, in order to proclaim them one.  
When will the wedding day be? There  
will be high jinks when the ceremony does  
come off. The bride, attended by sister  
Holly and sister Jones, will be given away  
by Secretary McLellan, of course, while  
Mr. Solicitor and Dr. Alfred will unite, no  
doubt, in support of the groom. And as  
for ushers, who so knightly and so rightly  
and so sprightly as Dr. Silas and Sir Wil-  
liam Q?

For Premier Blair will sing the air,  
While Wilson taps the drum,  
And our friend Dan will beat the pan  
And make the rafters hum.  
And Speaker P. in lofty key  
Will sing the wedding song:  
And every soul will help to roll  
The chariot along.

Really Miss Portland, you ought to be  
happy. You needn't have been so coy  
about it. Your lover is ardent and wealthy  
as well as winsome. And he is able to  
support you in style, as no doubt he will  
have to until your estate recovers from the  
sad condition to which your natural guard-  
ians have reduced it. You are marrying  
into high life, my dear, and now if you  
will just shake off the grabbing crowd who  
have been sapping your substance so long  
you will never regret that you have  
changed your name, I'm sure.

The assembled wisdom has been gleefully  
hugging itself over the prospect of a  
short session until a week ago, when the  
decision to push the union bill through at  
all hazards was reached. Possibly a week's  
delay may be occasioned thereby, but no  
one will regret it. As an honorable gentle-  
man upstairs remarked yesterday, it is im-  
possible to find anyone outside of St. John  
who is not in favor of the union. And we  
are all willing to sacrifice something to have  
the courts re-opened at night away.

One reason, no doubt, for the compara-  
tive brevity of the session is that the cor-  
porations act passed in 1885 renders un-  
necessary a great deal of the legislation  
that formerly consumed the time and patience  
of the house. The government has no  
measures of any importance yet to  
bring in, and private bills—which are fewer  
in number than usual, by the way—are  
now well advanced, so that, with the hold-  
ing of frequent night sessions now in  
vogue we cannot be far from the end.

No doubt the session will chiefly be  
memorable for the manhood suffrage bill.  
It is a long stride in advance of all former  
legislation, and the feeling of the popular  
branch is unanimous for its adoption. We  
are living in a record-breaking age. Ten  
years ago such a measure could not have  
passed the lower house, and if it had  
squeezed through that body would have  
met with an untimely end up-stairs. Now,  
it is going through the house at railroad  
speed, and I think I am in a position to  
say, will meet with no serious opposition  
from the lords. Hon. Mr. Jones, it is  
said, is opposed to the principle of the bill,  
but beyond a few slight amendments which  
several honorable members will doubtless  
offer, the bill will be handled very gently,  
indeed.

That was rather a debate on Dr.  
Stockton's motion in favor of women's suf-  
frage the other night, was it not? The  
doctor spoke with eloquence and force,  
and the more elaborate address of the jun-  
ior member Mr. Emmerson was full of facts  
which proved, it appeared, somewhat indis-  
tinguishable to the government. Both speakers  
acquitted themselves ably on the bill and  
advanced arguments which no one has yet  
been able to confute. It was no doubt too  
much to expect that the premier would  
consent to the introduction of a principle  
so radical in a measure already quite as  
highly seasoned as the public palate was  
prepared for. But we have not heard the  
last of women's suffrage in the house.

If Mr. Emmerson is able to recognize  
his own child—the coroner's bill—it is  
doubtful if that piebald infant is able to  
return the paternal greeting. It must be  
very much in doubt as to whether Mr. Em-  
merson, Mr. Hanington, Mr. Blair, Mr.  
Harrison or Mr. Richard is its real  
"daddy." The precious young one has  
had a very stormy entry into life, and came  
very near expiring in its brief career a  
famous remark once made by the late Mr.  
Needham, who, when on the stump and  
meeting with pretty rough handling ex-  
claimed: "Gentlemen, I stand before you  
to say that I was born in a squall, nursed  
in a storm, married a Gale and expect to  
die in a whirlwind!" The infant is still  
living, but, to use the happy expression of  
one of its friends, came very near being  
"killed with kindness." The voice is  
Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands  
of Esau.

### LET THE PEOPLE SAY.

WHAT MAYOR THORNE AND MR.  
EVERETT SAY.

Mr. Everett Will Give the Matter His Con-  
sideration—So Will Mr. Thorne—Mr.  
Barker in the Hands of His Friends—But  
Let the People Choose.

"Are you coming out for mayor, Mr.  
Everett?" and PROGRESS' representative  
stood awaiting an answer.  
Mr. Everett was in his King street store  
engaged in nothing more difficult than  
reading the evening paper.  
"Oh!" was his first exclamation, "we  
had better wait until the union bill passes  
before we talk about the new mayor. I  
have not given the matter any attention to  
speak of, and all I can say at present is, if  
my friends want me to come forward as a  
candidate I will be prepared to give the  
matter my consideration." Passing then  
from the main point of the query, Mr.  
Everett talked for a few moments on civic  
matters of the past and present. He had  
just received a telegram from Fredericton,  
which informed him that the interim bill  
delaying the elections had passed. The  
intelligence did not appear to displease  
him.

It was some time in the fifties that this  
same gentleman was asked to be put in  
nomination for the civic chair in opposition  
to Mr. W. O. Smith but he refused. There  
was much work and little glory in the  
position then.  
Mr. Everett does not look upon the seat  
as a losing place the coming year. He is  
under the impression that the first mayor  
of the united cities has his job cut out for  
him.

But who started the great boom going  
on in favor of Mr. Everett's candidature?  
His name was even brought forward when  
Mr. Thorne first came into the arena, and  
it was said then that he was another candi-  
date of another wing of the temperance  
party. At all events this rumor was used  
as a canvass against Mr. Thorne.  
Mayor Thorne generally knows his own  
mind and PROGRESS found him Thursday  
as he was walking into his store—from the  
council meeting. Civic trouble sat lightly  
on his brow, though he had just left the  
chief magistrate's chair. His first duty  
was to look for expected intelligence from  
Fredericton concerning the result of the  
interim bill. There was a telegram for  
him too, and he knew that he and his  
associates had a longer lease of power.  
"Have you retired from the mayoralty  
contest, Mr. Thorne?"  
His worship didn't exhibit much surprise  
at the question, but thinking a moment re-  
marked: "The question has now assumed  
a new phase. I am hardly in a position to  
tell you what I will do. I have not con-  
sulted my friends and you know that the  
next mayor will have his hands full looking  
sharply after the united interests of St.  
John and Portland. I am convinced that  
it will take so much time that I have doubts  
as to whether it would pay me to devote so  
much time to my business. Of course I  
would have to consult my associates in  
business and my friends before I can answer  
your question, or tell you whether I will be  
a candidate or not."

On the streets the report was quite cur-  
rent that a requisition was being circulated  
asking Mr. Everett to run and that Mr.  
George Barker was out of the contest. All  
that Mr. Barker has done is to leave him-  
self in his friends' hands, and if they say  
"run," run he will.  
Prominent citizens who up to this time  
have taken no part in the contest are be-  
ginning to realize the importance of the  
question before them. Some of them speak  
their minds plainly, too, and declare that  
the candidate for the office should be chosen  
not by a clique or a party, but by a public  
meeting of the citizens. This proposal  
seems to meet with very general favor and  
will no doubt be acted upon.

The new council will have some ugly  
subjects to handle, and not a few of them  
are the legacy of the town across the way.  
So far, Mr. Magistrate Tapley has suc-  
ceeded in keeping back that investigation  
into the police court accounts. The reason  
for this is no secret. It will be remem-  
bered with what a shout and rush a few  
of the Portland aldermen went into the in-  
vestigating business. They were on a fine  
sent, with no water ahead. But they  
forgot the ditches, and would have fallen  
in head first, had not Mr. Justice Tapley  
interposed in this wise: He went to one  
of the committee and said: "If you, as one  
of the investigating committee, persist in  
your attempt to scrape up something  
against my character, I will serve you and  
each of your associates with an injunction."  
Here was a good sized bombshell with  
the fuse burning. The aldermen quit at  
once, the investigation dropped and the  
bomb didn't explode. It may, however, in  
the near future, and if it does PROGRESS  
doesn't think anybody will be seriously  
hurt except Mr. Justice Tapley. It is not  
likely the aldermen of the united city will  
be afraid of any such threats as stopped the  
last investigation.

What Will Janitor Dorman Do?  
Janitor Fred Dorman of the Centennial  
school is in a queer fix. One of his little  
girls has diphtheria sore throat, and the  
board of school trustees has asked him to  
find rooms outside the building—and all  
danger of infection has passed. So Thom-  
son has been on the hunt but with little  
success. No landlord wants a tenant a  
month or six weeks who has diphtheria in  
his possession. Meantime the pupils in the  
Centennial are enjoying a vacation.

Blanchard and Oliver Come. It is the best.  
Ducet, 249 Union street.

### THE PEOPLE WHO MOVE

May and Should Inform Their Friends  
Through This Paper.

"For one week only," about May 1,  
PROGRESS will enter into competition with  
the city directory.  
The 1st of May is a holiday that almost  
everybody keeps. People who neglect the  
17th of March and other people who never  
think of noticing May 24 or July 1 join to  
celebrate that day. It is a democratic festi-  
val. To see aristocrats fraternize with  
carmen, at that time, is a very moving  
spectacle.

There are people who move at midnight,  
and there are others who have their furni-  
ture handled by the constables, and these  
people have no interest in PROGRESS, any  
more than PROGRESS has in them. PRO-  
GRESS is interested, however, in keeping  
track of its friends—and so are their  
friends. To city people and to those at a  
distance, it will be helpful to know whether  
the migrants have fitted, and that is the  
information that this paper proposes to  
supply.

The miniature directory mentioned  
above will deal with two classes—business  
firms and residents—and it will give the  
number of the street to which they have  
removed. The more complete it is, the  
more interesting and valuable it will be.  
After you have arranged your lease, do  
PROGRESS the favor to say so on a postal  
card, and as soon as possible. Who knows  
but that your long-lost uncle from Cali-  
fornia may find you out by that means, and  
reward you by leaving his gold mine at  
your door!

Great variety of Easter Baskets, at Port-  
land News Depot and branches.

### THE DOCTOR CAN COLLECT

From Anyone Who Summons Him to An-  
other's Bedside.

"Well, this makes me weary!" said a  
King street man, toying with a bit of paper  
that might have been a grocer's bill or a  
promissory note.  
"What's the row, now?" lazily inquired  
his companion.  
"Forty-seven dollars!" continued the  
merchant reflectively. "Might as well be  
a round fifty. Look here, young man,  
take a fool's advice and don't leave your  
own mantelpiece after 8 o'clock in the  
evening."  
"What the deuce do you mean? No  
blackmailing business, I hope."  
"Ha! ha! You've struck it, because  
another person is making me pay his bill.  
About three months ago, I dropped into  
the house of a friend. He was in bed;  
had a headache, feverish and plenty of  
other symptoms. I went for the doctor as  
an act of mercy. He was in the house two  
months with slow fever, and soon after  
getting better left for Boston or some other  
place. And now I am called upon for the  
bill. The worst of it is, I've got to pay it,  
for I am told that the man who summons  
the doctor is responsible for his bill. Look  
at this, too: 'No discount for cash.' In-  
jury and insult!"

### You Can't Get It, Captain.

Capt. Rawlings, of the Portland police  
force, is on the street with a petition pray-  
ing that he may be the chief of police of the  
united cities. What a joke! PROGRESS  
has an idea that the time is rapidly ap-  
proaching when the gallant captain may  
take his cap in his hand and get out. He  
has not made a good captain of police for  
Portland, and the united and larger city  
will have no easy chair for him in the Cen-  
tral police station. He might, perhaps, be  
given a sergeant's cap and authority, if he  
will accept them; but the chiefship is for  
another man. And the sooner Capt.  
Rawlings comes to this conclusion, the  
fewer tax-payers will be bored by his  
petition.

Ald. McGoldrick and Mr. Peacock.  
A good story is never old, and that's the  
reason Portland people are still laughing  
over the way Ald. McGoldrick got sold  
election day. He met Mr. Peacock, and  
suddenly remembering that that gentleman  
had done work for the city, to the amount  
of one dollar, he asked him if he had ever  
been paid. "Never a cent," said Mr.  
Peacock. "You must have it right away,"  
said the genial alderman, and forthwith a  
dollar was delivered to Mr. Peacock.  
"You haven't voted yet?" queried the  
alderman. "I have," said Mr. Peacock,  
"and for union."

Umbrellas Repaired, 249 Union Street.

Notices of Houses, Flats or Apart-  
ments to Let, not to exceed Three  
Lines, about 25 words in length, will  
be printed in "Progress" for 10 cents  
each insertion. More than three and  
less than ten lines, 25 cents.  
Patronize the peoples' paper.

LEFT TO GO TO RUIN.

THE MANSION ONCE OCCUPIED BY PRINCE MURAT.

Plantations Near Tallahassee That Point the Moral That Florida Needs a Larger White and Thrifty Population—The Decline in Land Values.

[SIXTH LETTER.]

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., March 18.—Touching the marriage of the Duke of Sutherland, of which a long account appears in the newspapers, I am reminded that his Grace spent some time, a few weeks since, at the Leon hotel in this city, occupying some half-a-dozen rooms for himself and retinue. I formed the acquaintance of a Scotch gentleman here who came out with the Duke in his yacht on a former occasion, and taking a fancy to this section of Florida, he purchased large tracts of some of the finest land in the neighborhood, altogether about 1,000 acres. Five-and-a-half miles from town he has a plantation which he calls "Ivanhoe," situated on the side of a majestic lake, fringed with live oak, magnolia, weeping cedar and other handsome trees, the foliage of which is reflected mirror-like from the placid bosom of the lake, reminding one of the pictures on our walls of tropical scenes, slumbering as it were, in the glow of midsummer heat, and bathed in tinted sunlight through a hazy atmosphere. Standing at one end of this lake, and slightly elevated, a new mansion has just been erected by the proprietor, from which a charming view of lake and landscape is to be had, and I thought at the time if one would not be contented here, with such surroundings, he could not be contented anywhere, provided always, of course, his digestion is good, no political kites flying, no envious of others—in a word, at peace with the outer world and a clear conscience towards God and man. A new vineyard has just been planted, comprising about three acres, which will be fruitful next year. Then there is a pear orchard, and well advanced peaches, cotton, tobacco and such like as are indigenous to the soil and climate; altogether a plantation worth having and caring for.

Then again, if we have a live duke living not many miles away from us (Tampa), so have we a dead prince and princess as well, whose graves I stood beside yesterday in the Episcopal burying ground, and read as follows:—

Deparled this life, April 8, 1847, CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON, ACHILLE MURAT, Son of the King of Naples and Caroline Buonaparte. Aged 47 years. Erected by his wife Catherine, in perpetual memory of his love.

This tribute has been since duplicated and the two obelisks (marble shafts about 12 feet high), standing at the heads of the remains of each, are precisely alike, husband and wife. The epitaph on the latter I did not copy, as it is nearly the same, except as regards names, age and time of death; age 64, death in 1867.

Depending upon my memory, I would remark that at the time of the shattering of the paper throne set up by Napoleon, just before his expatriation to Elba in 1814, a decree of banishment on the Bourbon restoration went forth against the imperial princes. Some of them found their way into Belgium, and others went to England. At all events Prince Murat finally crossed the Atlantic, (probably about 1820) brought up at Fernandina and afterwards came to this place, while Florida was yet under Spanish rule. Joseph Buonaparte, ex-king of Spain took up his abode in Bordentown, N. J., where he resided for some years. My memory is defective as to what became of the other brothers, Louis ex-king of Holland, and Jerome ex-king of Westphalia, or even the once dashing cavalry general Murat, the ex-king of Naples, who ere he was placed on the throne married Napoleon's eldest sister, Caroline, another of the subject of this sketch. History ceased to take further notice of these imperium in imperio, or rather, the worthies who governed prior to the disruption of the empire and banishment of the master St. Helena, although their movements are all chronicled in an ephemeral form.

The Prince Murat resided in this part of Florida including Jefferson county up to the time of his death, about 25 years. When Florida was ceded to the United States, the Seminole Indians were then on the war path, killing and destroying the properties of the white man without mercy. General Call, governor of the state, (whose daughter I referred to in my last as the author, also another daughter, Mrs. Broad, was the American hero of many a savage encounter, and to his staff was attached Prince Murat who now took upon himself the sobriquet of "colonel." Like his father the great cavalry general of former days, the colonel was dashing and brave, the old Napoleonic blood coursing in a fiery flow through every vein in his body. But, he was also a man of contraries—kind, eccentric to a fault, full of animal spirit and yet easily aroused, quite regardless of his own personal appearance, indifferent to the conventionalities of society, and to those more immediately about him—very like no doubt a child who had been weared within the precincts of a palace, with grand surroundings, and when cast upon the world and his own resources, had a great deal to learn as to what was due to ordinary mortals, as well as to himself. He was a man of extravagant luxurious habits. His entertainments were upon the most recherche scale, and Tallahassee had

in the colonel and his amiable wife a Kohninor society man of the first water.

I am indebted to an old gentleman here for the above references to Col. Murat. I now turn to Florida Breezes, the work already referred to, written by Governor Call's daughter, Mrs. Long, only one or two copies of which are extant, in order to shed a few more rays of light upon the life of Prince Murat, when dispensing the hospitalities of her own mansion. It also serves as an illustration of Florida society life during anti-bellum days:

There was a parlor that opened on the veranda, and behind was the refreshment room, and here we found tea and chocolate, creamy milk, the finest of cakes and dainty salads, and there were works of art to be seen—flowers, birds, beasts and many designs carved in green sweetwoods, and yellow that floated in crystal-like syrups; and of these even did we eat. This point de reception stood in the centre of a large square garden, planted in orange, shrubs, vines and vegetables, with the usual flowers.

Next follows a description of the furniture, plate, linen, with the imperial crest worked thereon. Our authoress continues:

Some of the ladies were favored with hand towels bearing the name of Pauline embroidered upon them. . . . However, to sip Arabian coffee and Asiatic tea from golden spoons bearing the great Napoleon's crest, and the use of royal damask, were at least continental variety not usual.

Then we are told the walls were hung with fine pictures, and the bust of Queen Caroline in marble, by Canova, a work of great value, stood in a conspicuous niche. So much, then, for the prince and his household. Now for his beautiful wife. I again quote:

But it is madam that gives tone to her home. She is there the master spirit. Beautiful, sweet-tempered, cheerful, genial—she beams radiantly and kindly upon all within her reach; softening and refining with an angelic grace life in the woods. She is a Virginia lady. Her father, Byrd Willis, was an early emigrant to Florida, and though only in the second decade when she met Col. Murat, she was a widow, Mrs. Gray. . . . They were made one at the capital, Jan. 12, 1820.

Both now lie beneath my feet, in this old churchyard. All that remains of their former glory is to be seen in the two plain, simple obelisks described at the beginning of this article, while the epitaphs tell the dates of their deaths and burial. Murat died the very year of the revolution (1847), which brought his cousin, Louis Napoleon, to the surface, from whence he boldly vaulted into the imperial chair of his uncle by a coup d'etat, which must forever tell in history as a very black spot upon his escutcheon. Had Murat lived a few years longer, no doubt he would have returned to France and once more become an imperial prince.

I next visited the Murat mansion, where madam (its last occupant) lived in retirement after the death of her husband. It is situated two miles out of town. Here, where erst upon a time all was chivalry and gaiety, I found everything shut in from the light of day—the doors and latticed shutters closed, the building itself fast crumbling to decay, the lofty portico and steps leading thereto almost unsafe to walk upon through neglected repairs; in short, the whole tout ensemble gave evidence not only of entire abandonment, but of having outlasted proprietorship whatever—a property without an owner. The cottages in the rear, the residences of the domestics in slavery days, were also deserted, except one, from the window of which emerged a dusky head. "Who's dat?" was the inquiry. "It's I, and, with your permission, I would like to go into the house"—meaning the mansion. "Certain, massa," was the reply. The key, large as the Bastille key hanging up in the hall of Abbotford, was soon produced, and after much perseverance with the lock, the front door creaked upon its rusty hinges and we entered. On either side of the hall are two large rooms, perhaps 30 feet square each—the old parlors of the place, the scene of all the gay festivities, where Florida's finest sons and daughters were wont to assemble and partake of the delicacies so graphically described by Mrs. Long in Florida Breezes, and where dancing to the strains of voluptuous music ruled the hours. In the rear was the banquet hall. These rooms are now used as store-rooms, for great piles of cotton seed, ready for planting, cover the floors; while the moles, and bats and ants revel uninterruptedly throughout the building, its sole possessors. What a change and contrast. We were glad to get out into the sunshine once more and leave our reflections behind on the mutability of all things mundane. Over the fireplace in one of the rooms there was a rude sketch of a guitar, done by some amateur hand, which brought to my mind the following ditty, by Moore:

The harp that once through Tara's hall Its soul of music shed, Now hangs as mute on Tara's wall As if that soul were dead.

No more for chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Tara swells— The chord alone that broke at night Its tale of sorrow tells.

It was Tara's hall deserted, indeed—no more to be rehabilitated by mortal man, unless the work of decay be at once arrested. The garden and grass plots—the shrubbery and walks, and ruins of summer houses and grottoes, and sly nooks and recesses, where flirtations may have been carried on, while dancing, feasting and jesting ruled the hour inside—all these have passed, or are passing, away—the hand of the destroyer (Time) is visible on all sides. Tobacco, corn and cotton plants are now in possession of these once luxurious grounds, and also as far as the eye can reach, for the plantation once

comprised thousands of acres all under cultivation, wrought by the hands of hundreds of slaves, but now cut up and subdivided and owned by the descendants of those very slaves themselves, but worked in the most primitive fashion, the earth being only scratched up and seed thrown in, without depth, system or order—a hand to mouth living gained from the soil is the only recompense looked for or cared for—all the rest appears to be stubble, sunshine and laziness.

Opposite the Murat mansion, far in the distance, stands another plantation, once owned by an ex-governor, but now belonging to a Cincinnati gentleman who comes here once or twice a year. In company with my friend, Mr. Lockie, we visited a few days since this immense district of country, once in a high state of cultivation, about 4,000 acres. Standing in the portico of the old residence, and casting one's eyes around, it would seem as if the horizon only was the boundary of this once fine plantation, a rich rolling country with miniature lakes or ponds interspersed, and magnificent live oaks, singly or in clumps dotting the landscape like so many sentinels keeping watch. A gentleman from Holland (Mr. Doake and his family), appears to be "the lord of the manor" at present, being in full charge, as agent for the owner. He works much of the land himself, it is worked under his supervision, but like the obliterate estate, this is also cut up and subdivided, on rental among the colored successors. This plantation, I was informed, was worth before the war \$50,000. Now \$10,000 will buy it, because there are no laborers to be had to work it. A rich soil, a fine climate,—no blight, no mildew, no rusts, no weevil, no fearful waiting upon or apprehension of capricious skies for the ingathering of the crops, nor even doubts entertained of the yield's abundance. If the poor reapers, tillers of the soil, suffering and groaning in misery for the wherewithal to keep soul and body together, could only be transported to this Eldorado—a land, truly, that might be made to "flow with milk and honey"—what a blessing it would be not only to them and their children, but also to the land of their adoption, for the fruit of their labor would be felt far and wide in this beautiful state of Florida, so sorely in need of a larger white and thrifty population. But, notwithstanding these drawbacks, there is a bright future in store for her.

G. E. F.

A Paralyzed Audience.

A New Glasgow man who writes funny articles under the nom de plume of "Mack Deo" was booked to lecture at Hopedewell, N. S., last Wednesday evening, but either for lack of advertising or the apathy of its people, no one attended except a man named John McArthur, whose laugh is set on a hair-trigger. When the appointed hour arrived, John first acted as chairman and introduced the lecturer, and when the funny man mounted the rostrum took his place as audience. At the first faint attempt at wit the audience broke into a broad grin, then it laughed outright; next it fairly roared with merriment; then it doubled up and rolled on the floor, kicked its feet against the seats, and mutely appealed to the lecturer to desist. But the funny man kept mercilessly on, telling joke after joke, while the entire audience rolled on the floor and held its sides. At the close of the lecture the audience was unable to go home and the lecturer was obliged to procure a team and get medical assistance. The doctor administered a dose of chloral, and as a sort of counter irritant, ordered him to read the debates in the Nova Scotia house of assembly.

It Wasn't a Free Lunch Counter.

A Portland liquor dealer had a surprise a short time ago, in the shape of a little bill amounting to about \$16 from his next door neighbor. The liquor dealer, believing in the maxim that "the early bird catches the worm," has been in the habit of opening his place of business at a very early hour in the morning. Thinking it was not worth while going home to breakfast, he was also in the habit of dropping in and taking his morning meal with this next door neighbor of his, being under the impression that he was always welcome. He never imagined for one instant that his friend had been running a small dining saloon all winter for his special accommodation. He was therefore very much surprised when he took his little bill. Despite the fact that the very moderate rate of 25 cents per meal was changed, the liquor dealer "kicked" against the bill. It is now rumored that the case will be taken to court.

The Groom "Set Her Up."

Some of PROGRESS' volunteer correspondents seem to have strange ideas of the class of news that is suited to a society column, and others dress their items in very peculiar language. Of this latter class is a gentleman in the north, who describes a wedding and adds: Mr. Blank had his cage all ready for the bird and after working all day he retired to the home of the bride and took her to his cage all ready and waiting for them.

The boys gathered about the house and gave them royal salute after which Mr. Blank set her up for the crowd.

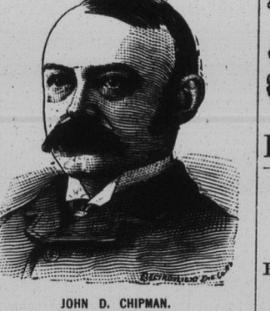
UNDER A LUCKY STAR.

SUCCESSFUL EX-MAYOR CHIPMAN, OF ST. STEPHEN.

Not a Lengthy Career, Measured by Years, but One That Has Been Crowded Full of Well-Earned Honors, Business, Political and Social.

About 33 years ago, John D. Chipman, ex-mayor of the lively town of St. Stephen, first saw the light. On that momentous occasion a lucky star must have been shining very brightly directly above him, for his life has been largely undisturbed by the cares and worries which make the earthly existence of many mortals a burden and a sorrow. Educated at the St. Stephen schools and Sheffield academy, at an early age he entered the service of a large mercantile house doing business in New Orleans and Quebec, his station being New Orleans. Here he remained for two years. The balmy airs of the south and the beauty of the southern ladies, however, could not blot out the recollection of the sterner skies and paler beauties of his northern home, and, induced by this as well as by the failing health of his father, the late Mr. Z. Chipman, home he returned. Since that time he has resided in St. Stephen, where, up to the time of his father's death, he did business as a member of the firm of Z. Chipman & Son. Since that event he has been occupied in winding-up his father's estate and looking after the varied interests included in it.

Ever since his return to St. Stephen, Mr. Chipman has taken an active part in the



JOHN D. CHIPMAN.

social, religious and commercial life of the town. An adherent of the Methodist church and superintendent of the Sabbath school, his means are liberally contributed to the support of its work in the various branches, while there are few organizations or societies in town of which he is not a member, and of which he has not at one time been a prominent officer. President of the St. Croix Printing and Publishing company, a director of the St. Stephen's bank and of the St. Croix Bridge company, the Frontier Steamboat company, the Calais Tug Boat company, secretary-treasurer and director of the N. B. & C. R. R. company, and filling 25 or 30 other offices and positions of trust, he yet finds time to throw a "stone" in winter as a member of the curling club, and to wield the mallet in summer as a cricketer.

Previous to the last federal election, when the Conservative party of Charlotte was casting around for a candidate to contest the constituency which had so long voted confidence in that old politician and staunch liberal, Hon. A. H. Gillmor, their choice fell upon Mr. Chipman and he was accorded the unanimous nomination of the party by a convention representing every part of the county. The liberals appeared satisfied with the nomination, for they naturally supposed that the inexperienced "boy," as they called him, would render the election of their candidate an easy task. They were doomed to disappointment, however, for the vigorous canvass as instituted by Mr. Chipman, his personal popularity, his pleasing addresses and convincing eloquence soon demonstrated that the fight would be a vigorous one, and that something more would be required of them than the boast of easy victory. And when on nomination day Mr. Chipman delivered the ablest political address ever heard within the walls of the court house in St. Andrews to the largest and most enthusiastic body of electors ever assembled there, they were almost inclined to despair. The tradition of the county proved too strong, however, and Mr. Gillmor was elected, though by a narrow and much reduced majority. Since the election Mr. Chipman has been recognized as the leader of his party in Charlotte.

On the occasion of the civic election in March of last year, Mr. Chipman was selected without opposition to fill the mayor's chair in St. Stephen. His term has been marked by a careful and economical administration of town affairs, by the inauguration of a more satisfactory system of account-keeping than formerly prevailed, and by other reforms, while the different departments of the town service have been efficiently maintained. Of his own choice, he retired from the mayoralty at the expiration of his term, last Monday, his many private interests requiring his undivided attention for the present.

Mr. Chipman is, emphatically, "one of the boys." Fond of that fun which aims to please, without wounding, with a hearty greeting and a cordial word for all, and filled with a sympathy which is ever ready to respond to the joys and griefs of others, he is a prime favorite wherever he is known, and throughout the province and dominion his friends are numbered by the score. With all this, he is a thorough business man, a forcible and eloquent speaker, a good citizen, a thorough Canadian. Should the promise of his early manhood be fulfilled, he is undoubtedly destined to fill a much larger place in the public eye than that he now occupies as one of St. Stephen's first citizens.

NEW SPRING CLOTHS!

M. R. & A. have received their first importation of Novelties in JACKET, ULSTER and CLOAK CLOTHS, including

- Fancy Mixed Cheviots; Fancy Stripe Cheviots; Oriental Stripe Cheviots; Line Stripe Alice Cloth; Self-colored Box Cloths.

Plain solid colors in both Alice and Box Cloths, include Bottle Green, Olive, Cardinal, Grenat; Slate Fawns in several shades, Browns, Navy and Myrtle.

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AS TO PRICES, we solicit a careful and critical comparison from all those who desire to secure the Best Value for their Money, knowing that the values we offer cannot be equalled by any in the trade.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 and 79 Prince Wm. Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., March 15, 1889.

HARRY COMEQUICK.

My Dear Friend: In answer to yours of last week, I would say that you can buy Clothing at OAK HALL CLOTHING STORE, 5 Market Square, cheaper and better than any other place I know of. Their Clothing is first-class. They invite all to call and inspect their fine large stock. They have Clothing for Men, Youths, Boys and Children; also, a beautiful stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Valises, etc. Just what you want. You will remember the place: SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., No. 5 Market Square.

Your friend,

T. H. E. TRUTH.

P. S.—At Night Look for the Red Light.

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THE SCHOOL-ROOMS are now open to Pupils from 10 until 5 every day in the week, except Saturday afternoon. The aim of the School is to give Pupils a good training in

DRAWING AND PAINTING.

The course taught consists in— Drawing from Models and objects; the Antique; Life; Still Life. Painting from Life. Lectures on PERSPECTIVE, including Parallel, Angular and Oblique Perspective; casting Shadows by gas light and sun light; Reflections in the mirror and water. A specialty is made of Portraiture in this School. Pupils are taught to draw them in Charcoal and Crayon, and to Paint them in Pastel and Oil.

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

A Popular Volume of Poems. Gentlemen Dick of the Greys and Other Poems, by Hereward K. Cockin. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson.

A good story, well told, is always acceptable. If told in fluent and simple verse, sweetened here with sentiment, brightened there with humor, and decorated ever and anon with the gay touch of fancy, it may be sure of a host of gratified readers. Mr. Cockin can tell a story in the fashion above indicated, and he is winning an audience with most wonderful rapidity. His little volume, published last month, in Toronto, has been received with a degree of popular favor perhaps never before accorded to a book of Canadian poems. Part of this success is perhaps due to the fact that many of the poems are admirably suited for recitation—which, indeed, is but another way of saying that they are rich in certain admirable qualities. It may be said, in a word, then, that Mr. Cockin's powers and limitations are alike to be inferred from the promptness of his acceptance by the public. He uses three or four simple measures, such as the public ear is well accustomed to—and uses them with a most agreeable dash and freedom. His serious poems treat either of the domestic affections,—when his note has a natural and tender quality, with much unstrained pathos; or of heroic deed and stirring episode, in telling of which his verse acquires a fine swing and resonance. A healthy sentiment, an air of vigorous and common sense manliness, pervades every page. Fancy rather than imagination is the inspirer of these lays: the subtler beauties of cadence and color must not be looked for, any more than a faultless technique, or profound psychical insight. But to these qualities the poems make no pretension, and Mr. Cockin never irritates us with postings and strivings after effect. We bless him as we find that he leaves us in no doubt as to his meaning. It is no small distinction for him to be able to say that the sin of obscurity will never be laid to his charge.

A large part of the book is taken up with humorous and satirical verse. In this department Mr. Cockin employs a robust method, savouring more of Fielding than of Locke or Dobson. His humor is large of mould, genial, hearty, the humor of situations. It is not the most remotely akin to the subtle jesting just now in fashion, but is to be comprehended at a glance as are the satire and fun of Hudibras. In its large humanity, its tolerance of anything rather than hypocrisy, I have found this free-and-easy verse very refreshing. Such a bit as "A Graveyard Idyll" reminds one irresistibly of the unsurpassable Fielding. In many respects the best poem in the book is the "Gentleman Dick o' the Greys," which gives the collection its title. It is too long to quote in full, and a selection would not give a fair idea of its qualities. It is full of vitality. "The Vale of Lune," also too long to quote, is filled with the charm of

The murmur of the waters in the little Vale of Lune, where Sheltered by the Pennine shadows, lags the drowsy water-wheel. An idea of Mr. Cockin's facile metrical movement may be gathered from these opening lines of "St. Hilda's Bells": From the pleasant vale of Whithby, by the German Ocean shore, Floats the sweetness of a legend handed down from days of yore, When that hardy North Sea rover, Oscar Olaf, son of Sweyn, Sweeping down on Whithby's convent, bore her bells beyond the main. Far away to where the headlands on the Scandinavian shore, With reverberating thunder echo Baltic's sullen roar;— And sad the nightwinds o'er the Yorkshire fells, Bemoaned the absence of St. Hilda's bells.

Very touching and human are the lyrics called "Dulce Domum" and "The Sighing of the Firs." In conclusion, I will quote from "These Degenerate Modern Days," in order to give a specimen of Mr. Cockin's humor: Glibly fall the tones regretful o'er the pleasant times no more, When this earth of ours was younger, in the goodly days of yore; When full dress was but a figleaf in the prehistoric times; When the troubadour and jongleur sang in mediæval rhymes; When fat Hal, our kingly Bluebeard—model of false-heartedness— Changed his wives almost as often as he changed his royal dress; And those days of England's Georges—mention of them is to praise, With a parting sigh and sneer at these degenerate modern days.

In the good days prehistoric folks camped out in goat-hair tents, Innocent of baths, etc., scorning house advertisements; Eastern night-lews picnic'd round them, and our Aryan forbear's "pliz" Grinned as its owner wallowed in the pangs of "rheumatiz." "Neath our roof-trees we may never sleep in soul-entrancing joy, With a billy-goat beside us, like the patriarchal boys; Sheltered by the brick and mortar, winter's frosts and summer's rays Are, alas! but little felt in these degenerate modern days.

In the mediæval period murder, violence and lust Made things rosy for those masochs who are with the saints, we trust. Happy, happy mediævals! when crusading was the rage. Julius Caesar was a hero, yet his "came-saw-conquered" tone Never warbled "Thank you, Central," through the wondrous telephone.

A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

The Hoary Gospel of Prosperity Based on Cheap But Unwholesome Food. The most imperative need in legislation at present is a law to prohibit the writing of articles on dietary reform, which have become a public nuisance. Medical and general periodicals swarm with them, and we never read one that was worth the paper it was written on. They are museums of worn-out cant and exploded whimsies, and the authors seem to have avoided studying the human system and the facts of life as if it were an unnatural crime; they treat the human stomach as a hopper into which you can pour any sort of grist and have it ground out according to formula. Let any one try their sort of rubbish on his own family for a while, and see if he doesn't notice shortly that he "doesn't feel hungry" for his meals most of the time, that the whole family are "run down" in health, and that the children are heard of as hanging hungrily around the neighbors' kitchens, to the great advancement of their parents' reputé. Prof. Atwater has lately been expounding in the Century the hoary gospel of a popular prosperity based on rank butter, tough beef, and third-rate flour,—like all his kind ignoring the patent fact his own kitchen could teach him, that every cent saved on these articles involves spending five on pastry, and that stomachs have to be consulted as well as pockets. Another in Harper's Bazar makes the startling discovery that a meat-eating people are always fierce, cruel, and warlike,—these being obviously the characteristics of the Northern United States people, the chief meat-eaters of the globe; reiterates the undying old falsehood that the native American people are less healthy than those of the Old World (the statistics of the war showed that they were superior in vitality and endurance to every other nationality), lays it all to meat (as Mr. Bumble did Oliver Twist's rebelliousness), sets forth the greater cheapness of vegetables (which is flatly untrue if they are made eatable), and urges a diet of oatmeal, tomatoes, and turnip hash, which would turn the strongest stomach in a few repetitions. They all foam at the mouth over pies, which are in general perfectly harmless, and probably do not cause one case of dyspepsia to a decade; sing psalms to oatmeal and Graham flour, the two most overrated foods in existence, praising them for their "bone-making" power—which is not true in the first place, as the bran is not digested, and if it were true would prove them mischievous instead of beneficial, as the chief physical misfortune of age is the excess of bone over cartilage and the consequent loss of youthful elasticity and recuperative power; denounce fine flour, which is really the cheapest and most wholesome of foods; denounce drinking at meals, which is almost a sine qua non of perfect digestion (dry meals are a fertile source of heartburn, and it is better to drink too much than too little); and so on through all the defiances of obvious fact and common-sense which pedantic theorists can commit. The real genius of the articles is probably expressed in Bret Harte's parody of the introduction to Les Misérables: "So long as paper is cheap and ink there is such a bottle, I have no hesitation in saying that such books as these are not utterly profitless."—Travellers' Record.

Notes and Announcements. James Russell Lowell will sail for England on the Paconis, April 27. Mr. Joseph Jefferson has been engaged for a number of years upon his autobiography, which will be published in the Century Magazine in a few months. William Dean Howells is living quietly in New York, working on a novel of metropolitan life, and Robert Louis Stevenson is soon to settle there for the purpose of working in what he calls the richest field in the world for realistic fiction. Mr. T. B. Smith, of Windsor, N. S., is about to publish in Halifax a historical romance called The Young Lion of the Woods. The scene is laid chiefly on the banks of the St. John, and the story deals with facts of the first settlement in New Brunswick. Names now well known in these provinces appear, and we understand that the story is more fact than fiction. Mr. Smith is a son of the late Bennet Smith, and was formerly M. P. P. for Hants county.

What should we do without foreigners to tell us the news about ourselves? Among the items of the latest budget are Mr. H. D. Traill's in the English Illustrated that we have "elevated The Quick or the Dead to the rank of a 'literary revelation,'" and "received Barbara Poffret with respectful awe," and Jules Simon's in the Fortnightly that it is the fashion at American receptions for the gentlemen to salute the ladies and then retire to smoke in the taproom (estaminet). We can only guess in the latter case that M. Simon gets his knowledge of American society from the remarkable youths who write for the Epoch, and are inventing "reminiscences" which bear about as much relation to fact as the dirty stories little boys tell each other behind walls do to real life.—Travellers' Record.

Harper's Magazine for April opens with an illustrated account of Washington's inauguration by no less a writer than Mr. John Bach McMaster. Another admirably illustrated article by Mr. Theodore Child describes the characteristic cafes of Paris. Mr. Benjamin Constant, the French painter, has an illustrated description of Tangier and Morocco. Very beautifully illustrated is Mr. John R. Coryell's account of various birds that can fly under water. An unpublished fragment by Sir Walter Scott furnishes a very interesting description of the house of Abbotsford. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner commences a novel; "Jupiter Lights" is continued by Constance Fenimore Woolson; Dr. Thomas Dunn English has a story, Mrs. E. W. Lattimer translates a remarkable Roumanian ballad, Mr. Bjornsen has a third paper upon "Norway and Its People," and there is a variety of miscellaneous and critical reading of unusual interest. As ever, it is a wonderful magazine.

The latest issue of Ticknor's Paper series, and one of the most deeply interesting of the entire set, is the brilliant novel Under Green Apple Boughs, by Helen Campbell. This is probably the best work of its gifted author, whose valuable papers on current social and ethical themes have for years been welcomed by the best publications. Her novels have a strong foundation of insight and philosophy, over which play brilliant touches of wit and pathos, and conversations of marked beauty and power, all the more enjoyable for the earnest spirit and profound human sympathy beneath. The clearness of conception and depth of thought shown in this delightful novel of love, treachery and heroism, are reinforced by a vigorous, picturesque and flexible style, and brightly set off by comical episodes. The story is illuminated by eight capital full-page pictures by that skillful artist, Howard Pyle, who has here given us some of his best work. It is for sale here by Alfred Morrissey. Price, 50 cents.

The poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, in honor of the dinner given to James Russell Lowell on his seventieth birthday, is naturally the first thing to which the readers of the April Atlantic will turn. It is characterized by Dr. Holmes's usual felicity, and the occasion of its delivery makes it specially interesting. Mr. H. C. Merwin contributes a studious paper on "The People in Government," and Mr. Samuel Sheldon answers the question "Why our Science Students go to Germany." Thomas Basin, Bishop of Lisieux, who suffered much at the hands of Louis XI., forms the subject of an article by Mr. F. C. Lowell; and William Cranston Lawton writes entertainingly of an Archeological journey "From Venice to Assos." Miss Preston continues her series of articles by a paper entitled "Before the Assassination," giving an account of Cicero's closing years; and Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, under the name of "An Outline Portrait," writes a pleasant sketch about Lady Magdalene Herbert, mother to George Herbert. Mr. Hardy's serial, "Passe Kose," is concluded; Mr. James's "Tragic Muse" is continued, and the concluding portion of "Hannah Calline's Jim" also forms part of this number. The two short stories are "King's Cup and Cake," by Sophie May, and "A Dissolving View of Carrick Meagher," by George H. Jessop. Mr. Bliss Carman, the young Canadian poet, contributes a long poem, "Death in April," and Dr. T. W. Parsons some verses called "In Eclipse." Criticisms of Renan's Dramas and other recent books conclude an interesting number. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

The Hoary Gospel of Prosperity Based on Cheap But Unwholesome Food. The most imperative need in legislation at present is a law to prohibit the writing of articles on dietary reform, which have become a public nuisance. Medical and general periodicals swarm with them, and we never read one that was worth the paper it was written on. They are museums of worn-out cant and exploded whimsies, and the authors seem to have avoided studying the human system and the facts of life as if it were an unnatural crime; they treat the human stomach as a hopper into which you can pour any sort of grist and have it ground out according to formula. Let any one try their sort of rubbish on his own family for a while, and see if he doesn't notice shortly that he "doesn't feel hungry" for his meals most of the time, that the whole family are "run down" in health, and that the children are heard of as hanging hungrily around the neighbors' kitchens, to the great advancement of their parents' reputé. Prof. Atwater has lately been expounding in the Century the hoary gospel of a popular prosperity based on rank butter, tough beef, and third-rate flour,—like all his kind ignoring the patent fact his own kitchen could teach him, that every cent saved on these articles involves spending five on pastry, and that stomachs have to be consulted as well as pockets. Another in Harper's Bazar makes the startling discovery that a meat-eating people are always fierce, cruel, and warlike,—these being obviously the characteristics of the Northern United States people, the chief meat-eaters of the globe; reiterates the undying old falsehood that the native American people are less healthy than those of the Old World (the statistics of the war showed that they were superior in vitality and endurance to every other nationality), lays it all to meat (as Mr. Bumble did Oliver Twist's rebelliousness), sets forth the greater cheapness of vegetables (which is flatly untrue if they are made eatable), and urges a diet of oatmeal, tomatoes, and turnip hash, which would turn the strongest stomach in a few repetitions. They all foam at the mouth over pies, which are in general perfectly harmless, and probably do not cause one case of dyspepsia to a decade; sing psalms to oatmeal and Graham flour, the two most overrated foods in existence, praising them for their "bone-making" power—which is not true in the first place, as the bran is not digested, and if it were true would prove them mischievous instead of beneficial, as the chief physical misfortune of age is the excess of bone over cartilage and the consequent loss of youthful elasticity and recuperative power; denounce fine flour, which is really the cheapest and most wholesome of foods; denounce drinking at meals, which is almost a sine qua non of perfect digestion (dry meals are a fertile source of heartburn, and it is better to drink too much than too little); and so on through all the defiances of obvious fact and common-sense which pedantic theorists can commit. The real genius of the articles is probably expressed in Bret Harte's parody of the introduction to Les Misérables: "So long as paper is cheap and ink there is such a bottle, I have no hesitation in saying that such books as these are not utterly profitless."—Travellers' Record.

A Slight Diversion. Matilda—What a ridiculous little dog, Jane! Why does he take it along with him? Jane—Well, if he didn't, you know, everybody would be laughing at him.—Munsey's Weekly.

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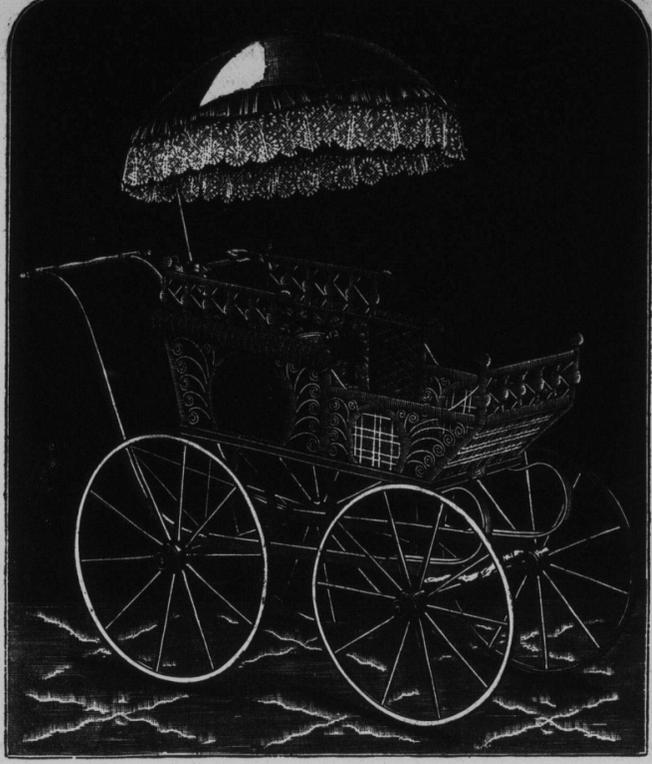
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YOUNG birthday press WIFE— into it at once

SPORT

Thanks to Jim had a very interesting Monday night. Over Progress's a He desired me to associate, that if I would "smash" u

I have heard su my sleep over it up stalling to my and my life is insu on sport, at there are not slug make me take ar pretty well under no harm to repeat

If one may judg displayed by those there is a long life the National club, constitution and s such is already ra such calamity as a

My friend Wilki the improvement National, and the advantage of fine

It is a pleasure t coming season. T the intention of pl I think they will last season, we sh A. club grounds—

The season will opens with the Son Their home paper their part, as yet, granted that they a mood. Manager T winter, and it will greet him as a Ben fellow to live alone too, who is a ball p was one so long ag handicapped. It has pleasure of meeting old chums of mine turn out and receiv

While the A. A. Griffin would be a He has held the bes play and a gentle what his plans are, ber.

There will be thr lands—two on Frida The Presumptio will likely play the

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It isn't necessary did letters of Jimmy —but I just want to represented in Mon too. There's only o vines, but we shal able.

I am sorry to hear able to play regular, son. We shall all m

The chances for a to be good. In fact anxious to go into on they should be able to play a successful seri rather green last sea during the series that but the great trouble players seemed to dr wonder at this, beca together enough me teams. New men ha did not prove success were good players appearing, and altho trouble keeping some

This year everybod are, and in organizi will know what kind

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Some of the club pointing captains wh had little judgment, o that left them little o

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WIFE—"Oh, what forethought you have, George! I'll put all our valuables into it at once."

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

Thanks to Jimmy Kennedy's thoughtfulness, I had a very interesting talk with George Whitehead, Monday night. George seemed to be feeling badly over Poonness' allusions to him as a ball player. He desired me to understand, for myself and my associate, that if we mentioned his name again he would "smash" us, if it cost him \$20.

I have heard such talk before. I never yet lost my sleep over it and have always managed to come up smiling to my meals. My conscience is clear and my life is insured. I try to be fair in my comments on sport, and when I know that I am right there is no slugging enough this side of Texas to make me take anything back. That ought to be pretty well understood by this time, but it will do no harm to repeat it.

If one may judge by the interest and enthusiasm displayed by those who were present, Monday night, there is a long life of success and usefulness ahead of the National club. It starts with a carefully obtained constitution and some good officers and the membership is already large enough to insure it against any such calamity as an empty treasury.

My friend Wilkins has great plans in prospect for the improvement of his handsome and home-like National, and the club will have the inestimable advantage of fine rooms and a model host.

It is a pleasure to hear our ball players talk of the coming season. They seem to be setting out with the intention of playing the game of their lives, and I think they will. If the weather favors us as it did last season, we shall see some great ball on the A. A. club grounds—and lots of it.

The season will have a first-class start when it opens with the South Portland on the 24th of May. Their home paper hasn't recorded any activity on their part, as yet, but it may safely be taken for granted that they are already dreaming of the diamond. Manager Trefethen was married, during the winter, and it will give me great satisfaction to greet him as a Benedict—for he's much too good a fellow to live alone. I shall be glad to see Griffin, too, who is a ball player from the ground up, and was one so long ago as we were both running around barefooted. It has been a long time since I had the pleasure of meeting the boys, but most of them are old chums of mine, and, as they arrive, I shall turn out and receive them with a brass band.

While the A. A. club is thinking about catchers, Griffin would be a good man to correspond with. He has held the best pitchers in Maine, is a reliable player and a gentleman, and, though I don't know what his plans are, I fancy that he could be brought here.

There will be three games with the South Portland—two on Friday, May 24, and one on Saturday. The Presumptuous—and a good club it is, too—will likely play the A. A. nine, July 1 and 2.

That model officer, Secretary Barker, is already thinking and planning as hard as ever he can for the season's sport, and it goes without saying that he is brimming over with good ideas. There's no man in St. John who could fill his place. Next year, we must elect him for life.

It isn't necessary to call attention to those splendid letters of Jimmy Power's—they stick right out—but I just want to insinuate that Poonness will be represented in Moncton and Fredericton this year. His name has only one Power in the maritime provinces, but we shall match him as well as we're able.

An excellent application after shaving.  
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There is no reason why this mistake should be repeated.  
From present appearances, the different playing sides will be changed considerably this year. The champions tell me they are going to have their old pitcher, Connolly, back again, if possible; but it is now rumored that he will play with the Franklins. Connolly himself told me, a short time ago, that he would not be able to give as much time to base ball this year as he did last season, and he had not made up his mind then where he would play. Should he go with the Franklins, however, that team would prove quite formidable, with such pitchers as Connolly and Kearns, for the latter is now with the Franklins.

Sam Tufts is trying to get the Lansdownes together again, but that club cannot decide on a pitcher. Stewart, who occupied the box for them last season, and did some great all-round playing, is now in Moncton, and, under Wagg, should make a tolerably good ball player. The reports in the daily papers to the contrary, I think Hatfield, who held Stewart last year, will do the Lansdownes uniform again. He did some excellent work, and there is no reason why he shouldn't play good ball with the team this season.

I hear that Williamson of the Franklins wants to join the Lansdownes. He made a good showing last year, and could be induced to make less noise on the field, the Lansdownes would do well to secure him.

There is some talk of amalgamating the Lansdownes and Thistles, but nothing very definite is known yet.  
The Emeralds may both up severely this season, as I hear they have found some new players who are promising well. St. Joseph's society also hopes to organize a club for the league, and then again the Y. M. C. A. boys talk of entering the ring. Out of the whole lot it should be possible to get five or six strong clubs.

I am told that the La Tours of Portland want to enter the St. John junior league this season. If all I hear is true, the La Tours can be commended on one point at least, they are a regularly organized and reliable club, properly officered and with some backing. I believe they have a good battery at present and talk of trying to induce Charlie Higgins to go into the box again. Make application, boys, and the league will give you fair consideration.

But is it not time the league was up and doing? Call a meeting, Mr. Maloy, and get the boys together. It will take some time to get everything arranged, you know.  
The Moncton C. and A. club is about to fence in its grounds for the season's fun. I am informed that the contract calls for squared timber not less than nine inches in thickness or 22 feet in height. Make a good job of it, boys.

There are no fewer than three ball organizations in the city of smoke. The Mutuals are confident of the Maritime championship with Wagg in the box. The Electric have been growing a star battery all winter—Barns and McDermott—and the Clippers have hired a hall and are prepared for business.

When I run across the player who can handle the quill as well as the bat the Moncton ball cranks will mob Poonness newsways, Saturday mornings.

Mr. W. H. Fowler, secretary of the Mistook Base Ball and Athletic club, of Amherst, writes to ask for a copy of the rules that governed our Junior league last season. He adds that there will be a Junior league between Sussex, Moncton, Sackville, Amherst, Spring Hill and Truro—this season, so well. I may say to my correspondent that Mr. Ed. Maloy, of the Western Union Telegraph office here, is the secretary of our Junior league, and I am sure that he will be glad to give all the help he can. It's a way he has.

Ball Talk in Halifax.  
HALIFAX, March 27.—The clubs are commencing to talk base ball, but almost everything concerning them is indefinite. It does not seem probable that the Atlantas will organize for the season, though they may play one game for benefit purposes, but present indications are that White, the Atlantas' old catcher, will backstop for Davison this season. Fitzpatrick, one of the Atlantas' out fielders, will probably guard the left guard for the Socials. Report says that Doyle of this city, who formerly played with the Socials, but last year was a member of the Gardiner, Maine, nine, will return here shortly and will cover second base. Graham, Smith, O'Brien and another will be the other members of the Social club, or the nine, which will give them three good catchers in White, Doyle and Graham.

The Socials are seriously considering the advisability of securing a coach this season. St. John, Moncton and Fredericton are all securing imported players, and the Socials feel they should follow their example. They had a letter from Wagg early this season, and Parsons of Colby, but the former has gone to Moncton. I hear that he asked \$17.50 per week and Parsons wants \$30. The club are now corresponding with O'Rielly, of the St. Stephens, of Boston. If the Socials intend to engage a coach they should open correspondence with a number of clubs and obtain the most suitable within the amount they feel disposed to offer. The Socials will endeavor to arrange matches with foreign clubs this

BURGLAR (five hours later)—"These small safes is great inventions. They saves us coves a deal of trouble. Kin take 'em home an' open 'em without fear of bein' disturbed by the coppers."

Mr. Meagher is one of the leading lawyers of Halifax, and probably has a larger practice than any of his profession in this city. He is a devoted admirer of the trotting horse, and intends to engage in the breeding of trotters, owning a splendid farm at Shubenacadie, 45 miles from Halifax. Mr. Meagher also owns a large bay mare by Royal George, which he bred last year to Physician, but missed; Jessica, by Rydley, son of Hambletonian, dam Lady Conklin, by Strathmore, now in foal to Melbourne King, and Nellie McCoy, which he will probably breed this season to France Chief. Mr. Meagher says, in all the farms he visited, he did not see any mare superior to this handsome daughter of Sir Charles.

Forty-nine teams and daughters of the stallion Stamboul, 2,143, and Alazar, 2,204, were sold at the recent sale for \$121,400, an average of \$247.55. Both these stallions are sons of Sultan, whose only representative in the province is the black mare owned by J. S. McEivern, of St. John. Her dam was the black Mackey mare, which was at one time owned and driven by Mrs. J. W. Mackey, of San Francisco. The black Mackey mare was said to be of remarkable style and finish, and could trot in 2:40. She was by the St. Lawrence horse, and her dam was daughter of Bell Alts, sire of California Belmont. A yearling colt, from the black Mackey mare, sired by Harvester, a son of Sultan, was advertised to be sold at the recent sale but was not offered.

The Maritime Trotting circuit will be composed of seven tracks, Charlottetown having obtained Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2 and 3, for their dates. They will offer the same purses and classes as the other track, and will also offer purses for a number of colt races. Their dates are during the week following the meeting at St. John, and the Nova Scotia horses, with a number of others in the circuit, are expected to cross to the island.

These notes come from the Chicago Horseman, which is printing a good deal of matter about our boys.  
"Training is half the battle." Our readers will recognize this phrase as one that I have frequently used in pointing out the advantages of development in making known a trotting sire's merits. There is another aspect of the question which I think has an important bearing upon the subject. It is the handling for speed at the trotting gait while having a marked influence on the progeny for generations. Many years ago a well-known local horseman of John, N. B., named George Stockford, bought the thoroughbred horse Southerner, by Oliver, and regularly in harness to show his trotting action, and he was called "the horse that trotted like a scorpion." The laugh is beginning to turn after him, and he is offering his grand old stallion Sir Charles, 15 1/2 hands, by Mambrino Charta, dam Lady Messenger, dam of Crown Prince, 2:25. Mambrino Charta was got by Frank, a son of Sir Charles, whose dam was almost thoroughbred, out of a mare by Magna Charta, second dam of Sir Charles.

St. John, N. B., correspondent writes: "Sir Charles seems to kick best with mares of Southern blood, as one of the most promising colts in Fredericton was got by him out of Miss Lass, the half-bred running mare. Maud C's dam was also a daughter of Southerner. She has a record of 2:29 1/2, and could have entered the 2:20 list on a good mile track." Sir Charles has trotted quarters in 1:10, and his grand old sire, Mambrino Charta, 2:30, is all good witnesses that speed development is not initial to speed production.

Every town and country has its characters in walks of business or sport, and when their aims are well directed much good often results from their energetic efforts. In the province of New Brunswick, Fredericton, has always bubbled with schemes and plans to advance the fine-horse breeding interests of the province. One of his rewards is the satisfaction of knowing that he has improved the sire of the trotting horse ever bred in the lower provinces of Canada. I refer to Robert H. Morris, sire of the brown gelding, J. P. Morris, 2:20, and I may here call the attention of the "no thoroughbred in ours" extremists to the fact that this gelding was dam in warm blood. She was got by Billy, son of Retriever, and her dam, Lucy Long, was a daughter of John O'Gann. Mr. Best's last importation, the stallion Keenearge, by Volunteer, out of Dexter's dam, failed to find his affinity in the speed-getting line, while in the Empire State, but, like Robert H. Morris, speed may spring from him in the country of the Queen's crown.

Prominent members of the New Brunswick cabinet have shown their faith in Com's Harry Wilkes by breeding their best mares to him. Prodding by the experience of our wealthy breeders it is the intention of the owners of these colts to have them handled for speed, and in time 2:20 1/2 should be the colts. The four-year-old record seems to be the colts, but the training ambition at present is Black Nose. The top mark, 2:42, was made by Bay and Bright, son of Black Nose, by the late Mr. J. N. B., in 1880, and has stood unbroken, the closest call being 2:42 last season, by present indications are that White, the Atlantas' old catcher, will backstop for Davison this season. Fitzpatrick, one of the Atlantas' out fielders, will probably guard the left guard for the Socials. Report says that Doyle of this city, who formerly played with the Socials, but last year was a member of the Gardiner, Maine, nine, will return here shortly and will cover second base. Graham, Smith, O'Brien and another will be the other members of the Social club, or the nine, which will give them three good catchers in White, Doyle and Graham.

The Socials are seriously considering the advisability of securing a coach this season. St. John, Moncton and Fredericton are all securing imported players, and the Socials feel they should follow their example. They had a letter from Wagg early this season, and Parsons of Colby, but the former has gone to Moncton. I hear that he asked \$17.50 per week and Parsons wants \$30. The club are now corresponding with O'Rielly, of the St. Stephens, of Boston. If the Socials intend to engage a coach they should open correspondence with a number of clubs and obtain the most suitable within the amount they feel disposed to offer. The Socials will endeavor to arrange matches with foreign clubs this

Mr. Meagher also visited Mr. Nelson's farm, Waterville, Me., and purchased Thessa, foaled 1887, by Nelson, 2:21 1/2, dam by Gen. Knox, 2:30 1/2, and Glimmer, foaled 1887, by Wilkes, dam by Glimmer. Glimmer will be brought home, and probably trained, while Thessa will be bred to Red Hawk, by Red Wilkes.

The American skater, Joseph Donoghue, is acknowledged to be a great man abroad, says the New York Star, but has little to his credit in the championship is disputed more energetically since a Norwegian named Godegar, on Feb. 24, at Stockholm, did the great feat of covering 10 miles in 33 minutes 21 1/2 seconds.

And still there's nothing the matter with Hughie McCormick. JACK AND JILL.

"Cleanliness Is Next To Godliness."  
The American Steam Laundry,  
LOCATED AT  
Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street,  
HAS THE  
Latest Improved Machinery, the Most Competent Help, the Most Efficient Supervision, and, therefore, Everybody says,  
DOES THE BEST WORK.  
Fredericton Agency: F. QUARTERMAN, Queen Street.  
GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

GODSOE BROS. - Proprietors.  
Special Lot of Plated Forks, etc.  
WE OFFER A SPECIAL LOT OF  
BEST ENGLISH PATTERNS SPOONS AND FORKS,  
IN  
Prince of Wales, Lilly and Beaded Patterns.  
These goods we guarantee best quality, but wishing to clear out the line we sell at COST PRICE.  
CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,  
60 and 62 Prince William Street.  
DANGER!

People having FEATHER BEDS and PILLOWS do not seem to realize the DANGER there is in using them without being cleansed, especially in times of an epidemic, as feathers retain all the exhalations and poisonous matters exuding from the person, and by so doing spread sickness through the family. OUR STEAM CLEANSING PROCESS eliminates all poisonous matters and leaves the feathers in a better condition than new. Leave orders at



WHAT LADY hasn't some cosy room in her house which is different from every other, which is her joy—her pride: made so by the skillful painter and his artistic designs and color blending. It is beautifully decorated, tinted perhaps or frescoed in either oil or water colors. She delights to show her lady friends there and hear and see their admiration.  
But such work is best done when there is plenty of time. As spring advances the painter has more than he can attend to. Therefore, ladies, ask A. G. STAPLES (175 Charlotte or 141 Brittain street), plain and decorative painter, to use his time and best skill to retouch your favorite nook.  
A. G. STAPLES, Plain and Decorative Painter,  
Shop, 175 CHARLOTTE STREET; Residence, 141 BRITAIN STREET.  
All descriptions of House, Sign and Decorative Painting.  
A special feature is made of Decorative Paper Hanging, Tinting, and Frescoing in either Oil or Water Colors.

1889. SPRING. 1889. The St. John Business College  
AND  
SHORTHAND INSTITUTE.  
3 BUSINESS DEPARTMENTS. S. H. and Typewriting, TELEGRAPHY.  
Students can enter at any time, and can take any specialty or combination of studies required.  
Circulars sent to any address.  
S. KERR, Principal.

Garden Seeds  
14 varieties BEANS:  
6 " BEETS;  
7 " CABBAGE;  
8 " CARROTS;  
6 " CELERY;  
16 " PEAS;  
8 " TURNIPS.  
A Full Line of Garden and Flower Seeds  
SUITABLE FOR THIS CLIMATE.  
Catalogues on application.  
R. D. McARTHUR,  
MEDICAL HALL.  
Now is the Time  
To get any Book you want in the  
SEASIDE POCKET LIBRARY.  
Every number in Stock. Old numbers exchanged for new, providing they are in good condition; half price allowed.  
Orders by mail promptly executed.  
MORTON L. HARRISON,  
No. 99 KING STREET.

TWEED  
WATERPROOF COATS  
With Sewed and Taped Seams.  
We are now showing the Latest London Styles in  
Gents' Tweed Rubber Coats,  
Made with above great improvements.  
ALSO—A Full Line of LADIES LONDON CLOAKS in newest styles.  
ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO.,  
68 Prince Wm. Street.

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

A. P. BARNHILL,  
Attorney, Solicitor, Notary, etc.  
OFFICES:  
COR. PRINCESS AND PRINCE WM. STREETS,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Shorthand  
LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and Type-writing and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening course—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to  
HARRY PETER,  
Conductor of Shorthand Department,  
St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute.

BUTTER.  
250 Packages.  
FOR SALE BY  
GILBERT BENT & SONS,  
SOUTH MARKET WHARF.  
BUSINESS MEN,  
CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS  
Are the Best  
AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY.  
The best the market affords always on hand  
P. A. CRUIKSHANK,  
Opposite Market Building.  
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.  
HORSE BLANKETS,  
For Fall and Winter.  
Surcingle, Halters, Etc.,  
ROBB'S HARNESS SHOP,  
204 Union Street.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)  
KINGSTON, KENT CO.

MARCH 27.—Mr. T. P. Carran, who went to Annapolis last week on business, has returned. A short time ago he opened a store here in partnership with Mr. J. W. Walker, and they are doing a good business.

Mrs. Capt. Andrews is visiting her friends and relatives here. For the last few years she has been to sea with her husband, but on the arrival of his ship at San Francisco she left it and came overland to New Brunswick, stopping for a time at Brandon and also at St. Stephen and Point De Bute. She will remain here till next week.

Miss Birdie Smith, who has been visiting friends in St. Stephen and Point De Bute, has returned. Mrs. Hickman and Miss Mary Peck of Dorchester, who have been here visiting the sick at the Misses McAlmon's, have gone home.

Mrs. Andrews and Miss Jean Smith spent Sunday up the country, as did also Miss Sarah Foster, Mr. Robert McLellan and Mr. John B. Forster. Tea parties are the rage this week. Mrs. Coates gave one on Tuesday evening and Miss Brait on Wednesday.

There is a great deal of sickness in town at present. The many friends of Mrs. Marsh will be sorry to hear that she is dangerously ill.

Miss Lizzie Girvan, who has been very ill for the last few weeks, is no better.

Mrs. Hazen Russ is improving, but is yet far from being well.

Mr. Robert McAlmon is also improving.

Mr. Wm. Brait came near losing one of his valuable horses in the ice on Monday.

TRACADIE.

MARCH 25.—Mr. John Young, M. P. P., has been home on a short visit. He returned to Fredericton on Monday.

Mr. Charles D. Rudlock, of Chatham, is here on a visit to his many friends.

Mr. Colin C. Turner has gone to Chatham to meet Mrs. Turner, who has been visiting in St. John and Eastport.

Mr. B. D. Branscombe and Mr. Richard Young have returned from their fishing tour. They had very good luck.

Mr. and Mrs. Crowley of Pockshaw, are here on a visit to their sisters, Mrs. Joseph Coughlan.

NEWCASTLE.

"Progress" is for sale in Newcastle at Johnson Bros' bookstore and by Bertie Russell.

MARCH 27.—The carnival, last Friday evening, was the most successful of the season. Manager Smallwood has displayed commendable pluck and energy in advertising and carrying out his various attractions, and I presume been amply remunerated for his pains. Among the noticeable persons present were Miss Murray and Mr. Stykeman, of Chatham; Miss Lou Harley and Dr. O. W. Sinclair, Miss Sargeant and Young Hudson, Miss Eva Fish, of Newcastle, and Bertie Wyse, of Oak Point.

Dr. Sinclair, who recently graduated in New York, is home for a short time, and is being heartily received in lieu of his intended departure for the other side.

The first of a series of "Friday evenings" will be held at Hill-top, on the 30th inst. Why three or four of our most attractive young ladies should be excluded from the invitation list is a matter of much comment among the gentlemen.

There must abate about forty fellows loatin' round down-stairs. There was a man sittin' in a chair in the middle of the floor—

coz the man with the nitegown on got tired and left—and I tell you he was a big man coz wen he stood up he was so heavy he bent his legs out sideways like a pair of callipers, and his pants they wasn't zarc long enuff to go round, and wen he set down he curled em up under him same as if he was goin' into the shoemakin' bizness.

Every once in a while he'd start to read a peice of printin', and then the spes he had on would fall off, and then another man wot looks like the picter of Bizmark wot pa has in the libery would show him where he lost the place, and off he'd start again till down comes the spes.

There was another heavy man sittin' handy by wot used to jump up and sez he, "I move the sum of blank dollars be given to the Queen for buyin' jerseys." Then the big man wot set in the middle sez so too, and then the other big man jumps up agin and az he puts on his spes down goes the other big man's spes, and just then a brown dog runs inside the rail and starts a smellin' after boodle I gess,—anyway the man wot has the sord jumps up and lugs him off to the slotter-house, and that's the last I seen of that dog, but a man wot bords there sez they had saggies next day. Then the big man what moved the blank dollars handed a check for the amount to the man with the nitegown on to give to the other big man—I spose maybe he was a constable same as called on pa the other day to levy for the Queen—and sez he, I move the jerseys be filled with five hundred dollars.

Then the spes of the big man wot sed this fell down on his weskit—it was most as big as Jim Crockett's weskit when he got home from Ottawa after minglin' with the Gubernor-general—and the other big man puts his spes on agin, and the man wot has the nitegown on hands in the check, and he sez the same,—wot the jerseys be filled with five hundred dollars. Then up jumps the other big man agin and on goes his spes, and across the big man in the chare drops his'n as usual, and just then another dog, a yaller one, comes nosin' round—maybe he was lookin' for the boneyard upstares—and the man with the sord grabs him by the ears and I spose there'll be rabbit soop tomorrow.

Well, bimby the other man with the nitegown on wot got tired got rested, and cum back, and the big man wot had the pants on wot was climin' up to vne the seen, took the paper he was readin' in one hand and the check for jerseys in the other and goes up to him, and both of 'em puts on their spes, and the man wot looks like Bizmark puts his on, too, and they all 'zamines it to see if the check was genuine, and just then another dog walks in, and with that ma hollers right out, "Good

lands, Hiram, that's our dog Snide; here Snider, Snider!" and with that the nitegown man hollers, "Order," and the man with the sord drops our dog, and Snider barks at the gallery, hearin' ma holler; and pa he sneaks down the back way to see somebody, and ma starts off, too, and as fer me the man with the sord met me at the foot of the stairs and lited me clear out among the rubbers of the town. Maybe he thot I was an emigrant, and 'tended to settle down in the rural districts. But anyway, I was so glad he didn't make saggies of me that I did not stop for poor Snide; but Snide cum home all rite, and pa sez he thinks the reason was they didn't want him at the hotel, coz Judge Marsh was goin' to put the man with the sord in the soop himself.

So I got a bad hedake now. Ma sez I got too much intellex for the good of my system, and I gess I'll stop. But wot ma sez is that them legislators orter get bridels made for 'em to fit over their heads so their spes will stay on, same as the blinders on our old mare wot ma shaved the tale off when she was borreerin' flour-pots for the party.

P. S.—Up to the present time, ma sez there is no question but wot our end is elevated as it orter be.

JIMMY SMITH.  
Fredericton, March 27.

An Enthusiastic Observer.  
"Messrs. Emerson & Fisher began business as partners the year after the great fire. They occupied premises in the Sands building, Prince William street, and by their enterprise and industry have built up a very large business in their line of kitchen and home furnishing articles which are essential to the comfort of domestic economy. Finding their sales increasing and business extending they have thrown their two shops into one by removing a brick partition, and now have one of the most spacious and best lighted stores in the city. Everything can be found here from a range to a nutmeg grater. The premises while affording space to display the goods and light for critical examination by fastidious buyers, cannot but add largely to the attractions of the street as well as the building."

The above was written and sent to this office by a valued out of town correspondent. PROGRESS can endorse every statement of his, and could, if space permitted, add a column or two of interesting facts about such a large establishment, which is a credit to the city and of which the city is proud.

It Will Pay to Visit Him.  
The attractive announcement of Mr. W. F. Allan, successor to R. S. DeVeber, ought to send a good many patrons to his attractive family tea store, at No. 73 Germain street. It surely would, if PROGRESS' readers knew what excellent inducements Mr. Allan offers in the way of both goods and prices.

Safest and Cheapest.  
No man likes to take down a stove and sensible men send to Messrs. Coles & Parsons, No. 90 Charlotte street, and have their winter stoves moved, stored and put in order for a nominal charge. It saves wear and tear—and profanity. The same firm advertise the Gurney Standard range, which is as good as the best.

New Books, Papers and Magazines, always on sale, at McArthur's.

A Strong Partnership.  
Two marketmen who have many friends and patrons, Messrs. W. R. Rees and P. J. McEvoy, will be associated in business next week. Their store will be at No. 198 Union street, Mr. McEvoy's old stand. It is sure to be a popular place with everybody who wants choice meats and provisions.

Mrs. James McHugh, of Moncton—see Miss White—is visiting her mother.

Our rising young barrister, Mr. A. A. Davidson, Jr., paid a short visit to Blaquais last week.

Mr. John Brander, who has for years upheld the honors of Bachelorism, has at last succumbed to the charms of a winsome damsel of Chatham, and will pass into the ranks of the Benedicts o'er the roses bloom again.

It has been rumored that the popular teller of the Merchants' bank, Mr. D. E. Park, was about to take unto himself a partner, but the report is distinctly contradicted.

Mr. I. S. Call relieved Mr. H. Williston while he took a little trip to Moncton, on Saturday.

Mrs. Yeoman gave a very enjoyable drive-whist party, on Friday evening. Mr. Robert Ritchie and Mr. Yeoman secured the prize, but gave way to Mr. Allan Ritchie and Miss Matby, who were next highest. Mr. McGillivray and Miss Harley were "boobies." Poor Mr. McGillivray!

Mrs. George Stables gave a drive whist party last evening. Fourteen couples were present. Mr. James Brown and Miss Whitlock took the booby prize—an elegant toy pistol and box of caps—with no difficulty whatever. Miss Harley and Mr. H. Williston took first prize. A most enjoyable evening was spent and the party dispersed about 12.30.

Dr. Cates has gone North, but will, I trust, soon return to his favorite Hillcock.

Mr. Charles E. McLagan, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, is, I hear, shortly to locate at Bridgetown.

Mrs. Beck, who has been spending the winter with her mother, Mrs. Judge Williston, leaves for her home in the United States on Friday morning.

Mr. Donald Sutherland, of Chatham, was in town on Sunday last.

AMHERST, N. S.

MARCH 25.—Rev. Dr. Saunders, of Halifax, has been here for some time assisting Rev. D. Steele in some special services.

Miss Addie Robinson, of Fredericton, has been the guest of Miss Maggie Harding for some weeks.

Miss DeWolf, of Pictou, is visiting Mrs. Judge Morse.

Miss Bessie Taylor, of Moncton, spent a few days with Mrs. M. E. Bent, and is at present visiting Mrs. H. Dunlap. Miss Ella Webster, of Shediac, is also at Mrs. Dunlap's.

Mr. Stockford, of Fredericton, who is employed on the ship railway, does not intend removing his family here, as it is impossible to get a desirable house. Rents have more than doubled in price since the work on the ship railway was commenced, and people are flocking in every day.

Note Paper and Envelopes, from Five cents a quire, at McArthur's.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

Pa and Ma Visit the Legislature and Snider Goes Nosing For Booodle.

Being's teacher sed we'd all got to rite a peice about the House of Assembly, which is a big bildin' with a jale on one side and a convent on the other, (so pa sed 'ludm' sarkastik like I spose to the impogin' structers adjinin' it,) and which is okepied with bony sinners and belty nurfy and a picter of the gubverner and a man with a black nitegown and a tall beaver on, and a feller with a big mustash and a long sord fer makin' saggies outen all dogs wot comes inside the rail—fer he's in the hotel bizness so ma sez—now then, I'll tell you about the time pa and ma and me called on the Legislater and the episodes we had.

So I got a bad hedake now. Ma sez I got too much intellex for the good of my system, and I gess I'll stop. But wot ma sez is that them legislators orter get bridels made for 'em to fit over their heads so their spes will stay on, same as the blinders on our old mare wot ma shaved the tale off when she was borreerin' flour-pots for the party.

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F. R. BUTCHER, Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.



WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN  
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL GLASS,  
Window Shades, Picture Mouldings, Feather Dusters, Etc.  
No. 56 King Street, Saint John, N. B.



A Home in the Country.  
The residence built and occupied by Henry Titus, situated about one mile and a-half above the village of Rothesay, is offered for sale. The house is two stories in height and contains rooms enough for a large family, and stands upon a six-acre lot, more or less, and is admirably adapted for a summer residence, as well as all the year round. There are large barns upon the premises, and the place at present cuts about five tons of hay. The view of the Kennebecasis and its islands is magnificent. The railroad runs within half a mile of the property, and a siding might be placed in the vicinity for the accommodation of passengers.

This valuable property will be sold at a great bargain, as the owner of it now resides at a distance and wishes to get it off his hands. House can be examined any time. Apply for further information to E. S. Carter, office of PROGRESS, Canterbury street.—Addt.

Sabbath School Cards, new assortment, at McArthur's, 50 King street.

For an Idle Hour.  
There is much philosophy, a good deal of humor, and a very great amount of interesting love-making in the latest number of Harper's Franklin Square library. It is entitled, Lady Bluebeard, costs 40 cents and is for sale by Alfred Morrissey.

Commercial Buildings.  
OPENED THIS DAY:  
A NICE STOCK OF  
BLACK AND COLORED SILKS;  
PLUSHES in all colors;  
VELVETS in all shades;  
TRIMMING SILKS and SATINS;  
BONNETS and HATS;  
FEATHERS—ALL NEW!  
Also: A Fine Lot of LACE CURTAINS.

9 KING STREET.  
J. W. MONTGOMERY  
THAT FERTILIZERS

Are a necessity to the farmer is no longer a question of doubt. Nor is there any question as to what is the very best and cheapest fertilizer that can be used. Science and practice have both shown the great superiority of Animal Bone over everything else that has been tried. The only question now is as to where and from whom can fertilizers be got that are really made from ANIMAL BONE? We propose to produce a superphosphate and ground bone phosphate unexcelled by any for quality or price. Mixed by the most improved machinery their mechanical condition is unsurpassed. Our goods will be packed in bags and barrels, and we will be in a position to fill orders on or about the middle of April. Remember our brands are made ENTIRELY FROM ANIMAL MATTER, and the quality will be GUARANTEED BY GOVERNMENT ANALYSIS; and further, to every package will be attached a GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR'S TAG, certifying to weight and quality. If you are unable to get our fertilizers from your dealer, address us direct:

Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Company,  
89 WATER STREET,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Labor-Saving Devices  
FOR OFFICE USE.

THE "SHANNON" FILE;  
THE "SHANNON" BINDING CASE;  
THE "SHANNON" FILING CABINET.

The "Shannon" is preferred to all others, as papers can be examined with the greatest ease, their disarrangement being impossible. For sale by  
J. & A. McMILLAN,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

SPRING, 1889.

SPRING WILL SOON BE HERE and HOUSEKEEPERS will want to KNOW where to buy their CARPETS and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

Having made SPECIAL preparations for the coming season, I will be able to show all the LATEST NOVELTIES in  
WILTON, BRUSSELS and TAPESTRY CARPETS, with borders to match;  
LINOLEUMS, OILCLOTHS, MATTINGS, ART SQUARES,  
RUGS, MATS and CURTAINS.

At the LOWEST PRICES and the BEST VALUES ever QUOTED in this city.  
Samples forwarded on application.  
Special quotations for CHURCHES, HOTELS and PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

A. O. SKINNER, - - 58 KING STREET,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.



Our celebrated GURNEY STANDARD RANGE has no equal. It is made from the very best iron, put together by the very best stove-fitters with all the latest improvements, and, therefore, is the quickest cooker and best baker in the market. Every one warranted. Also, a good line of Cook Stoves.

Second-hand STOVES and RANGES always on hand, with a good stock of Tinware and Kitchen Furnishings.

COLES & PARSONS, 90 Charlotte Street.  
Family Tea Store!

CONGOU, SARYUNE, PEAKLING, KAISSON, PANYONG, PEKOE, OOLONG, JAPAN, SOUCHONG.  
In 5, 10, 20, 25 lb. cads and half-chests.

DeVEBER'S MIXED TEA, in 1 lb. packages. This Tea is prepared from the choicest of Congou, Oolong and Indian chops, producing a blend of great strength and exquisite flavor. Acknowledged by judges to be the cheapest Tea for family use in the city—35c. per lb.

The leading brands of COFFEES always in stock. CHASE & SANBORN'S Java and Mocha Coffee, in 2 lb. tins, especially for family use.

W. F. ALLAN, (Successor to R. S. DeVEBER,) 73 Germain Street.  
NOW OPEN WITH A NEW STOCK OF  
Wall Paper, Window Shades, Etc.

F. E. HOLMAN, 48 King Street.  
Bedroom Sets! SYDNEY WARD.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., Feb. 12, 1889.  
We, the undersigned Residents and Voters of Sydney Ward, in the City of St. John, N. B., would nominate Wm. LEWIS, Esq., of said Ward, to represent us in the Common Council as Alderman, and pledge ourselves to do all in our power to secure his election.

To the Electors of Sydney Ward.  
GENTLEMEN: In compliance with your requisition, I beg to say that, although the matter is not of my seeking, I am entirely in your hands, and will accept with pleasure your flattering nomination. A glance at the names on your requisition convinces me that you intend to carry the election, and I am content to leave the result in your hands, assuring you that if elected my best efforts in the future, as in the past, will always be put forward in the interest of this city, and Sydney Ward is particular.

I have the honor to be,  
Yours,  
WILLIAM LEWIS.

By Order of the Common Council of the City of Saint John.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill will be presented for enactment at the present session of the Provincial Legislature to provide for the extension of wharves on the "Pettingill" property.

The object of this Bill is to authorize the Common Council to issue Debentures to an amount not exceeding Twenty Thousand Dollars, payable in twenty years, bearing interest not exceeding four per cent, for the erection of wharves and building up the slips on the Pettingill property, the annual interest and a sinking fund to provide for the payment of the Debentures to be charged on the revenues derived from the wharves.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—  
I have the honor to solicit your votes for the responsible position of  
MAYOR

for the coming year.  
During the past I have endeavored to perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability; and if selected again by you I will continue the same course.  
Soliciting your votes and support on the 9th day of April,  
I am, your obedient servant,  
HENRY J. THORNE.

To the Electors of Wellington Ward.  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—  
I shall again be candidates for your suffrages at the coming election for  
ALDERMEN

of Wellington Ward, on the first Tuesday in April next. And I promise to serve you (if elected) in the future as in the past.  
Respectfully yours,  
WILLIAM SHAW,  
THOS. W. PETERS.

To the Electors of Wellington Ward.  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—  
At the request of a number of the Electors, I have decided to offer for the  
ALDERMANSHIP

of this ward, and would respectfully solicit your support.  
WILLIAM B. CARVILLE.

TENDERS FOR BUILDING.  
TENDERS will be received at the office of A. O. SKINNER, King street, up to  
SATURDAY, APRIL 6th,  
at noon, for the erection of the main building of THE ST. JOHN OPERA HOUSE, according to plans and specifications to be seen at A. G. SKINNER'S on and after the 21st inst.

Tenders to state, separately, the cost of the exterior of the building and interior finish. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.  
P. A. MELVILLE, A. O. SKINNER, Secretary, President.

OSTRICH FEATHERS!  
MRS. J. K. SWINOCK  
Thanks the ladies of St. John for their liberal patronage bestowed on her in the past, and wishes to inform them that she is now prepared to  
DYE ALL THE NEW COLORS and SHADES  
for the coming season, at her residence,  
39 GARDEN ST., Jeffrey's Hill,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

All orders sent by Mail or Express will receive prompt attention.