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VOL. II., NO 100. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1890. PRICE THREE CENTS.

DRAWING TO THE FINISH

CANDIDATES WHO CALCULATE ON SEATS IN THE COUNCIL.

A varied and interesting succession of stereoscopic views in Prince Ward—The Backing and Filling in Kings—Mr. Chapman and His Views.

A good many years ago, it is said, there was a king of France who marched his men up the hill and immediately marched them down again. He and they made a good deal of noise about it, but did not accomplish much, and that is about the way the candidates for Prince ward and the voters of that ward have been doing.

When PROGRESS began to give prominence to the aldermanic possibilities for this year, it laid stress on the fact that two good men were needed for Prince. It was thought that the presence of Aids. Knodell and Morrison in the council was not vitally essential to the prosperity of the city, and that after their arduous exertions in the past year, they might very well afford to take a rest. It was further urged that the men who had some interests in the ward should choose and elect the right sort of men for candidates. As nobody seemed inclined to move in the matter, nothing was done, and Mr. T. B. Hanington came out on his own account. This was the first stereoscopic view.

Then Ald. Morrison, who had previously stated his intention to retire, entered the field as a candidate. This was the second view.

Then Ald. Knodell, who had said that he would be a candidate, retired from the field. This was the third view.

The fourth view consisted of the advent of a new man, in the person of Mr. John S. Nickerson.

Mr. Hanington thereupon decided that a ticket, composed of himself and another man, should be formed. A meeting was held, and Mr. E. L. Rising was chosen as the man. This was the fifth view.

Immediately after the joint card appeared, Mr. Rising retired. Sixth view.

Then Mr. Hanington, in his haste to fill the vacancy, neglected to consult the Polymorphian club, and selected Mr. A. O. Skinner as a colleague. Seventh view.

The relations between Mr. Skinner and the Polymorphian club were somewhat strained, and the latter body held an indignation meeting at which they denounced the action of Mr. Hanington and resolved to abandon him. They had wanted him to run with Ald. Morrison and he refused. They named Mr. John McKelvie as a man to take Mr. Hanington's place, and he consented to serve. This was the eighth view.

When Mr. Hanington discovered one morning that he had lost 80 supporters in twelve hours, he decided to economize time and money by retiring. He and Mr. Skinner accordingly abandoned the field. Ninth view.

In the meantime Mr. S. H. Chapman, the educationalist, came forward on a platform of improved docks and automatic catch-basins. Tenth view.

Mr. Nickerson had promised that in event of Mr. McKelvie offering he would retire in his favor, and accordingly did so. This made the eleventh view. Mr. Nickerson did not know that Messrs. Hanington and Skinner were also retiring, or he might not have been in such a hurry.

Mr. Chapman has discovered that the law requires a candidate to be assessed on \$1,000 worth of property. He is assessed on \$400 income, but is willing to swear that he is worth \$3,000, and that the water rates on the house of which he is tenant are on a much greater sum than \$1,000. If he retires it will make the twelfth stereoscopic view in Prince ward, and if no new candidates are nominated there will be no opposition.

Up to the hour of going to press Mr. Chapman was still in the field. He will probably run whether nominated or not, and will get a good many plumpers from citizens who are disgusted with the way things have been managed in the ward.

Mr. Chapman is well known as the principal of a private school, in which he adopts, after his own fashion, the ideas of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, in making the pupils his friends and companions. His evolutions as leader of their street games and sports have attracted much attention on Elliott row, and even the pinning of sundry objects to his coat tail cannot excite him to severity with his youthful charges. He is opposed to the Leary dock because, in the event of war with the United States, Mr. Leary, an American, might keep it closed and refuse to permit a British man-of-war to enter it. If elected, he advocates docks like those in Liverpool, with a railway bridge across the harbor. The latter structure should not, in his opinion, cost more than \$6,000. If elected, he will also have an automatic catch-basin put at the corner of Elliott row and Car-marthen street. The one now there, he says, is not automatic. The water will not run up-hill to get into it. Mr. Chapman is quite an orator, and the speech with which he opened the campaign at a Sydney

street cafe is said to have been a masterly effort. He does not believe in asking others to do what he can do himself, and therefore he wrote and carried around the requisition asking him to be a candidate. The requisition is signed by John L. Carleton, John M. Taylor and other prominent citizens.

There has been a good deal of backing and filling about an opposition in Kings ward. Mr. James Straton has been a candidate some days, and some days he hasn't. On one of the former days his card was sent to an evening paper by which the news would be broken gently, as very few of the general public would see it. On the strength of this the sub-editor was about to write a half column on the wonderful increase in advertising patronage, when the order for insertion was countermanded, to the intense disgust of the entire establishment.

On Tuesday night it was whispered about that Mr. Straton's card would appear in the next day's Sun. Sure enough, in the index of new advertisements the words, "James Straton. . . . Card" appeared, but the card itself could not be found. It had been put in type and withdrawn, but the tell-tale index gave the snip away.

Mr. Straton appears to have been something like a novice who starts to go in swimming, steps in a little way, finds the water cold, and jumps out. He took the cold dip, however, when the card appeared in Wednesday's Globe.

In Queens ward, as between Ald. Jack and Mr. W. Watson Allen, it appears to be either man's race. The friends of both parties seem equally confident, but one or the other is mistaken. Ald. Robertson's return is conceded.

In the North End wards, with the exception of Lansdowne, there are no new candidates. Count DeBury is said to be in the field in that ward, and it was reported that Mr. Spragg would also be a candidate. This has been denied, but the matter will be settled today.

Ald. Law and Messrs. Seaton and Forrest are all making a good fight in Victoria. It has been reported that Mr. Dunbrack would retire, and as PROGRESS goes to press it has Mr. Dunbrack's authority to confirm the report.

The battle rages fiercely in Brooks ward, in the triangular fight between Ald. Stackhouse and Messrs. Lockhart and Davis. It is said that the latter gentleman has been "approached" with inducements to allow Ald. Stackhouse to be returned unopposed, but that he indignantly spurned the overtures.

LOCKHART OR CHESLEY?

YOU PAY YOUR TAXES AND YOU TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

A Warm and Interesting Contest in Prospect for the Mayor's Chair—Mr. Lockhart's Strength and His Weakness—Ald. Blizard is Not Seeking any Office.

It looks now as though there would be a square contest for the mayor's chair between Mayor Lockhart and Mr. John A. Chesley. The friends of the present incumbent admit that Mr. Chesley will take a good vote, but claim that Lockhart will beat him easily. The mayor himself is said to be very confident of victory.

The theory that because a man is elected once he ought to be elected twice, irrespective of his fitness for the place is accepted by a good many, and helps Mr. Lockhart's chances. Then, too, he can carry Carleton, will have the support of every friend of the Leary section of the council, and a good many personal friends who are not very positive on either side of the dock question. Besides, it must be admitted that the "Catholic vote" is a factor in this election, and Mr. Lockhart will get that, as well as some of the "Methodist vote," which is pretty nearly as important.

Against this formidable array of circumstances in favor of Mr. Lockhart, there remains the fact that Mr. Chesley did yeoman's work in the local election, and that the men who worked and voted for the opposition party then, will to some extent be identified with the contest now. The North End, too, will give a good showing for Mr. Chesley, and it is probable that between now and Tuesday the 8th a good deal more enthusiasm will be developed in other quarters.

After the previous recapitulation of Mayor Lockhart's strong points, it might be imagined that there was not much room for weak ones, nor would there have been if the dock scheme had not come before the council at its last meeting. It is boldly charged that in the circumstances attending that meeting, the mayor allowed himself to be "used" by the advocates of the scheme, and that he simply played into their hands. It is said that previous to the session a meeting was held, when the whole plan of proceedings was cut and dried. It is claimed that at the council meeting the mayor entertained an amendment which was irregular and out of order, refused to recognize Ald. Chesley, who rose with an amendment to the amendment, and did recognize Ald. Baskin, whose amendment had been previously agreed to at the caucus.

These are things which more than one alderman declares are matter of fact, and beside which the mayor's subsequent action in appointing four out of five Leary men on the committee would seem a very trifling affair, indeed.

Mayor Lockhart's friends deny these assertions. They claim that he simply used bad judgment in appointing the committee, and that if they "let him go this time," he "will never do it again."

The name of Ald. S. G. Blizard has been mentioned during the week in connection with the mayoralty election, but he will not be a candidate. Had a requisition to him been gotten up a week or two ago, it is probable that he would have consented to be a run, and as things now are he might have been elected. Ald. Blizard is not seeking the office however, nor did he seek his present position. He was brought out by a requisition which showed that the best citizens of his ward wanted him in the council, and it would be only under similar circumstances that he would be a candidate for the mayor's chair. He believes that public office is a public trust, and it should seek the man rather than be sought. Besides, he has an idea that while the mayor of a city need not be a Lucullus in giving banquets, he should devote enough of his time and his means to the entertainment of strangers, etc., to make the office one of less profit than honor to him. He does not think that any man should seek office for the sake of the salary, make a living by devoting most of his time to his private business, and have \$1,600 to his credit at the end of the term. These are not the popular ideas on the subject, nor have they generally been carried out in practice, but they are probably worthy of consideration when candidates come to the front.

There is a growing impression among the citizens that, considering the present state of St. John, the theory that any sort of a man will do for a figurehead is not well founded.

PROTECTING AN INFANT INDUSTRY

The Authorities Know When a Printing Press is not a Printing Press.

The customs authorities at Ottawa have a singular idea of what is meant by the protection of infant industries. Last year, the Maritime Steam Lithograph company imported a large and expensive press, which was in principle very much like a newspaper press, save that it was adapted to printing from stones instead of from type. It was, however, a printing press in every sense of the word, and could by no possibility be used for any other purpose. No man who had ever seen a press could term this machine anything else, and probably the thought that it could be anything else never would have occurred to anyone outside of a government department.

Under the tariff, "printing presses of all kinds, folding machines and paper cutters," are charged a duty of ten per cent., and this amount is probably all that the collector of customs at St. John would have demanded, had it been left for him to deal with. He did, indeed, admit it at that rate, and the press was soon going merrily and turning out Summer Carnival work fast enough even to satisfy the restless secretary of the carnival committee. Then a strange piece of information came from Ottawa.

Some wisacre up there discovered that a press that printed letters and pictures from stone was not a press which printed letters and pictures from wood or metal, and, therefore, was not a printing press within the sense of the tariff. It was a piece of machinery "composed wholly or in part of iron or steel and not elsewhere specified," and as such was liable to a duty of 30 per cent. This duty was demanded of the company, but it refused to pay it, and though the decision has been virtually affirmed, the case has been left in abeyance.

It is now understood that, in order to settle all doubts in the matter, a clause is to be inserted on the tariff distinctly fixing the duty at 30 per cent. The lithographers of Canada do not propose to suffer this without a remonstrance, and a petition showing the injustice of the proposed legislation is now being circulated in this and other cities.

Lithographic printing presses are not made in Canada, and lithography is in every sense an infant and struggling industry. The authorities do not appear to have much concern for this aspect of the question, however, for they have a duty of 20 per cent on lithograph stones, which come from Germany, and are found in but one quarry in the world. Nothing which Canada produces can take the place of these stones, and under the old tariff they were very properly admitted free. With a change of administration the duty was put on them, not because it was right, but because the lithographers of Canada had no relatives in the cabinet, were not numerous enough to make much noise about it, and had not influence enough to make it worth while for the government to consult their interests.

PROGRESS is not a grit paper, but it likes to see fair play on all sides.

By the proposed new tariff, published yesterday, it would seem that the government has reconsidered its determination and fixed the duty on lithographic presses at ten per cent. It is a good job for the lithographers that they began to protest in time.

NOT BAD LOOKING MEN.

SOME MORE OF THE LEGISLATORS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Faithful Portraits of Representatives Who are Always Sagacious and Often Eloquent—Messrs. Ryan, Mitchell, Turner, Hetherington, Lewis and Stevens.

Apart from the portraits in PROGRESS, there was little to interest the house last Saturday. In newspaper parlance, the portraits "took," and quite early in the afternoon PROGRESS was at a premium in the capital—there were none to be had. It is not an unusual happening in St. John for the newsboys to have no PROGRESS after noon, but in Fredericton the bulk of the sale is in the afternoon and evening. This will give some idea of the demand for the papers. There were critics who condemned Mr. Hanington's portrait, because it represented him as he looked when he wore whiskers and not a beard. That was unfortunate, and would not have occurred had the fact been known to the portrait department. The critics went farther, and spoke of Dr. Taylor in print as uncomely in the flesh. The general member has no doubt improved in that respect since his portrait was taken. With the others even the critics were satisfied, and that is saying much.

Two of the members and an ex-member of the government, a newspaper man, a lumberman, and a doctor add the columns of PROGRESS today. Hon. Mr. Ryan, who is better known about the house and among his intimates as "chief," ranks second to no man in the estimation of the house. He is not a bitter partisan, and would make considerable personal sacrifice rather than make any man his enemy. No member has more friends in and out of the house. He is regarded as a square above-board politician. With the hardest department in the government in his hands he maintains steady control of the house. He is not a bitter partisan, and would make considerable personal sacrifice rather than make any man his enemy. No member has more friends in and out of the house. He is regarded as a square above-board politician. With the hardest department in the government in his hands he maintains steady control of the house.

Mr. Stevens is an old politician, though this is his first year in the legislature. No man in Westmoreland has a better knowledge of the Dominion and Provincial crooks and turns at all times, and on politics within his own bailiwick his information may at any time be relied on as correct. This was well shown in the late local contest, when he proved that from the first he had a clear grasp of the situation, and

G. S. TURNER.

HON. P. G. RYAN.

HON. JAMES MITCHELL.

THOMAS HETHERINGTON.

DR. LEWIS.

H. T. STEVENS.

Looks Just Like Him.

A life size portrait of Mr. John V. Ellis, M. P., has been on exhibition in the window of H. C. Martin & Co., King street, this week, and has attracted a great deal of attention. It is a very faithful likeness. Mr. Ellis takes a very good picture, because he is well, not a bad looking man.

What They Claim.

The advocates of the Leary dock scheme claim that it will have 18 supporters in the next common council. Their opponents assert that this figure will be nearer the truth after six has been deducted from it. It is pretty hard for anybody to tell which is nearer the truth, but it is certain neither of these is exactly correct.

He Will Investigate.

There is a possibility of a vacancy on the police force, after the chief completes an investigation which is to be undertaken at the instance of a prominent citizen. The evidence is said to strong that the morals of at least one of the force might be perceptibly improved.

Hurroo!

For the first time since its existence, the society has all its bills paid to date and a respectable cash balance left over.—Annual Report of the Oratorio Society.

For sale, Chair Cane, long selected, skin or bunch. Duval, 242 Union street.

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

The Winter Trip from St. John to Fredericton, Forty Years Ago—A Rough Journey—What Aboard a Newspaper Man at the Half-way House—An Old Landlord.

XVIII. Some forty years ago, when the old system of government was in its prime, when the budget was made up of shreds and patches, there being no initiation of the money grants, and, therefore, no responsibility, for good or ill, on the part of the government, a messenger from headquarters came to St. John for the attendance of Mr. Samuel Seeds, who represented the Courier, and myself, who represented the only morning paper in the House of Assembly, who were in want of information touching sundry charges in the accounts of the Queen's Printer, Mr. Simpson, thought at the time to be extravagantly high. Seeds and I accordingly took passage, one morning in February, mercury away below zero, in one of "Bill Williams' Whalebone line" of stages, for the Celestial city. As I had never been there before, but had heard a great deal of the grandeur of that sublime place, and that a man's head was likely to be chopped off if he, in an absent way, ran it against a member of parliament, I felt considerable trepidation on leaving home to encounter such a tremendous ordeal. I should have made my will, but having nothing to leave at the time, I did not take this precaution. As Seeds was more conservative than myself, perhaps he had less misgivings in regard to future possibilities. But we started, as before remarked, leaving home, after bidding an affectionate adieu to wife and bairns, perhaps for the last time, at the hour of 8 a. m. (no such bewilderment then as standard time and 15 o'clock), for Fredericton. It usually occupied from ten to twelve hours to make the trip. After being out about three hours, the intense frost broke into a snow storm, and our progress was much retarded by the drifts. Our surroundings became serious. I thought of home and the comfortable fireside left behind, but then a relieving thought would come to my mind, that as our presence in Fredericton was to be the means of saving the country, we should, as good patriots, forget our troubles in the prospects of the good acts to be performed. Said our driver, "If we can only reach the half-way house (called Government House), we shall be all right, and will stay there for the night. Any port in a storm, thought I, rather than be lying in a snow bank all night. But we were yet a long distance off, and the storm was increasing. At all events we floundered on the road until eleven o'clock, when a light was at length seen in the distance, glimmering from one of Darby Gillan's windows (I think it was Darby who kept this house) and we were not long after in reaching this "haven of rest." There were six of us passengers—all pretty well used up, hungry and cold. Now as I never went abroad in those days without something to eat in one pocket and something to drink in another, I was not so badly off myself, for under the buffaloes I could eat my lunch and my fellow passengers be none the wiser. The house was already crowded by the time we got there, and every room engaged—for the whole country, or people round about, were storm stayed, and had found quarters long before we could get there. We got our suppers, but there was no place to sleep. By this time it was 12 o'clock. As my companion was the elder of the two by some years, the Landlord had more pity for him than me, and he told him that there was a small back room (lower floor) in which he might sleep for the night, and there he made up a cot for him. As the door opened out into the hall where there was a mould candle burning, stuck into a mustard bottle, it was all the light needed, and so my friend turned in for the night, after he closed the door. I managed to find a bed upon three chairs, wrapping myself well up in one of the buffaloes, and near the big open fire-place in the dining room; and on the whole I slept pretty well, dreaming of "Old Times." Next morning at break of day, my friend was out betimes and rushing into the dining room, as if the house was on fire. I saw at a glance there was something wrong—"O—O—O" was all I could get out of him for a second or two. "There was a dead corpse in the room with me all night. When I woke up I saw on the opposite side of the room a stretcher with a person on it, which I took to be a dead corpse—" here he shuddered again. It was not that he was a timid person—far from it—but it was the weird circumstances by which he was environed a whole night, and he not a bit the wiser until the day had dawned upon him. It was certainly a melancholy fix to be in, but I could not help laughing as loudly as I knew how. I said to him, "so much for being older than I, had I been your senior I should have been as tenderly dealt with, or disposed of by the landlord—"But," said I, "after all you were very fortunate that it was not a lice corpse, who might have made a corpse of you in the course of the night, and robbed you of all your spare cash, and—" "O don't mention it, for it is horrible," said my friend in despair. This, then, was our first adventure upon

the road, and we began to consider whether it should be regarded as an augury of our future, and that we might both become corpses before we got out of the clutches of the House of Assembly. At all events as soon as we breakfasted—by this time the storm had subsided—we were on the road again, and reached Fredericton in the course of the morning, and put up on the bank of the river in the well kept hostelry of William Segee, which gentleman, I am happy to say, "still lives," hale and hearty. It will take another article to show what we did in Fredericton, and how we got back again into the bosom of our families.

AN OLD TIMER.

MONCTON'S STAR CHAMBER.

How the Police Committee and Council are Dealing with Matters.

We denizens of the railway hub are certainly a highly favored people, and we should be duly grateful for our many blessings. We have not only asphalt pavements and scarletina electric lights, White Caps, a pumping station that somehow does not pump, a "Temperance" town council, the Scott Act, and all other modern improvements that the most soaring ambition could aspire to; but we are also beginning to gather around us some of the little comforts and civilizations of earlier ages sometimes thoughtlessly termed "the dark ages," chief among which may be mentioned a little Inquisition, a star chamber on a small scale, which the new town council has signalized its entrance into office by inaugurating.

Indeed it strikes the introspective and contemplative mind that these gentlemen are trying to illustrate almost too forcibly. Wordsworth's lines—

Statesmen! ye who are so restless in your wisdom, yet

Who have a broom still ready in your hands To rid the world of nuisances.

I don't mean for a moment to refer to our very popular police marshal as a nuisance—far from it—but I am afraid certain members of the town council regard him in that light since almost their first official act, if not their very first, was to "drop down upon" as the small boys say—Police Marshal Thibideau, and to appoint a council of three to investigate certain charges which had been laid against him.

Quite naturally the public stepped in at this juncture—or rather they tried to—and said, "Hullo! what's all this about? Thibideau in trouble! Why, what has he been doing?" and the police committee, the council of three, gracefully wave the populace back into their holes, and respond, "Oh, never mind what he has been doing, that's our affair! We're going to find out all about that! We're going to hold an investigation!"

So the people reply cheerfully. "Very well! Certainly that is the proper way to proceed. We will come and hear it, and judge for ourselves." "Not by any manner of means you won't," says the police committee. "Our investigation is going to be a private one. We are going to play an entirely new game, that we invented ourselves, and which is going to take the place of whist. It is called inquisition. We're going to pull the string, and Marshal Thibideau is going to dance, so the fun will be about equally divided."

And with this explanation, the populace had to be satisfied, and the police committee went into sanctuary and deliberated. The result of these deliberations will doubtless be made public tonight, when the committee will submit a report of their proceedings to the town council.

It is rumored that the chief cause of complaint against Marshal Thibideau is neglect of duty in prosecuting Scott Act offenders, but it seems to my unregenerate mind that if the Scott Act offenders were clever enough to dodge the marshal, he is entitled to sympathy, and the said offenders to the blame. Suppose we endeavor to adjust matters by gathering together the contumacious Scott Act flouters and administering a severe reprimand, and then close the meeting by passing a vote of sympathy to the marshal. Verily, I begin to think I have a decided talent for statesmanship, and might apply for the position of chancellor of the German empire, left vacant recently by the resignation of Prince Bismarck.

Speaking of the court of star chamber reminds me that in writing the above I may have laid myself open to very unpleasant consequences, for was it not customary under the second empire in France to punish by terms of imprisonment members of the press who wrote articles reflecting on the actions of the emperor, ministers or any of the powers that were? I think so, and the offences were tried by a certain department, called the Sixth Chamber.

Now, if a star chamber, why not a sixth chamber, too? And as soon as it is fairly established, your correspondent will probably take a trip to parts unknown, for the benefit of his health. For who could serve so well, as an awful example, for the formal opening of such an institution as the enterprising journalist who dared to criticize the proceedings of the police committee.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Reason for the Name.

Ukerdek—We ought to have named that boy "Flannel." Mrs. Ukerdek—What an absurd idea! Why should we have named him Flannel? Ukerdek—Because he shrinks from washing.—N. Y. Sun.

ALL READY FOR EASTER.

WHAT THE LADIES WILL WEAR IN THE GLADSTONE SEASON.

Spring Gowns that are Pretty Enough to Merit Description—The Tallor Made Girl an Attractive Creature—How to Preserve the Complexion.

As the days lengthen and the feeble spring sunbeams grow stronger and stronger, as the Sundays before Easter like golden beads strung on a silver thread are told off one by one, till at last there is but one bead left before the pearl clasp that holds together the jewels of the christian year, the minds of the fair penitents who have been arrayed for six long weeks in a modified and modern version of sack-cloth and in lieu of ashes on their foreheads, have left off powder on their hair, naturally turn towards fine raiment for Easter.

Among the gowns in preparation for the great spring festival I have seen some that are pretty enough to merit description. The first was a walking dress of the variety known as "tailor made," a style of dress that depends for its success entirely upon its absolute simplicity and neatness and its perfection of fit. The one in question was of navy blue French foulé, a species of light weight cloth much used this winter, and the trimming was of quarter inch tubular military braid in black. The skirt was finished with a deep hem and kilted, and where the pleats met in front, was a narrow braided panel scarcely six inches wide at the bottom, and sloping gradually to the belt. The back breadths were simply gathered and hung in full straight folds, while a small but unmistakable bustle prevented the ungraceful flatness so pronounced in some of the newest dresses.

The basque was equally simple; braided vest to match the front panel, and fastened with black covered buttons—real tailor's vest buttons—high, braided military collar; directoire pocket-flaps, also braided, and close-fitting coat sleeves, with braided cuffs. It doesn't sound like much of a dress, I know, but the fit of that plainly cut basque was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The wearer might have been melted and then poured into it, and yet it did not look too tight.

Accompanying it was a little toque, made of a piece of the dress, gathered over the crown in close pleats, to match the kilted skirt, bound with navy blue plush, and with a knot of plush in front. The jacket, of the same cloth, was gathered to the throat with invisible hooks, close fitting and decorated with braid like the dress; it was put on in hussar fashion, down the seams at the back, and with "crow's feet" on the sleeves, and down each side of the front. Altogether, it was a dainty little suit.

Another charming gown was for the evening, and was composed of a very delicate shade of old rose cashmere and figured India silk. The skirt fell in large, soft-looking box pleats, and down the front was a full puff of the silk; at each side were lappets of cashmere lined with the silk, which was of cream color, thickly strewn with tulips and lilies of the valley in the exact shade of the cashmere, with green leaves. The back breadths were shirred together in the centre, and made to fasten up over the skirt of the basque, after it was put on, falling in soft, graceful folds to the hem of the dress.

The basque in directoire style, with puffed sleeves, and empire folds of the silk crossing over the bust and hidden under a puffed vest. Pocket-flaps of the silk completed a most original and fetching costume. The neck was only very slightly heart-shaped, as the dress was designed more for receptions and small evenings than for a dancing gown.

And now girls! if you want to be beautiful, and have plump cheeks, and complexions of milk and roses, the way is simple, simple did I say? Well; yes, in one way—but in another a good deal of trouble. It consists of a bread and milk poultice. "Only this and nothing more," applied to the face at night and carefully washed off in the morning. This is the only secret possessed by some of the famous actresses of modern times, for keeping themselves beautiful forever, and cheating cruel old Father Time out of his privilege of ploughing long furrows in fair faces with his sharp scythe. The way to prepare this wonderful cosmetic is also simple. Take a slice of bakers bread, not too new, and crumble it into a jam crock, or cup, pour on as much skim milk as it will take up; let it steep an hour or two, and before you want to use it, put it in the register or even over the lamp, till it is warm, spread it evenly over your face, cover it with a bit of old linen cut mask shape, with holes for eyes and mouth, and strings to tie at the back of the head.

"Oh, how awful! I wouldn't do it for anything in the world! I'd rather be as black as an Indian than sleep with anything like that over my face!" you say. Would you really? Well, I wouldn't. I can lay my hand on my palpitating heart, and say truly that I would sleep with a poultice of meagre charms with which nature has been pleased to endow me. Just try it for a week, that is all I ask. The discomfort is very slight, even at first, and after one application you don't mind it at all, and

at the end of that week you will rise up and call me blessed for telling you about it. Mrs. Langtry does not consider it too high a price to pay for the preservation of her beautiful color, to sit for two hours at a time each day, with raw veal cutlets applied to her peachy cheeks, and if one must pay hostages to the goddess of beauty, surely nothing can be more wholesome or less repulsive than a nice clean bread and milk poultice, which peels off easily in the morning, and leaves the skin fresh and soft like a baby's.

THE THYCKE FOGGY PAPERS.

A Religious Body Which Depends on the Lord and the Generous Public.

No. III.

First of Us was returning home a night or two ago from one of those delightful entertainments with which "society" wiles away the Lenten dullness, yecept a drive whist party, when, perceiving a light in the sanctum, he halted his meandering footsteps, whistled a bar of "Sally," and the door was opened unto him by the Senator himself.

"Come in," said the Hon. "though late you are welcome, and I think I can find a cigar, likewise a waft."

First of Us came in, and having secured the best seat in the place, gave the sage a graphic description of the way in which he was fooled out of the booby prize by the perverseness of his partner, who, being a good whist player, insisted upon playing according to Cavendish or Hoyle or somebody, instead of sharing the honor and glory of a prize.

"By the way, Foggy, old man," said First of Us, "you seemed to have a beautifully seraphic smile on draught when I came in at the portal; what had amused you?"

The Senator beamed through his gold-rimmed glasses, and likewise through his cut glass, and remarked:

"Young man, I have read one of the (to me) funniest circulars, this evening, that I have perused this many a day. In my morning mail was an envelope, properly inscribed and addressed, which, when opened, disclosed a circular from a popular religious body in the city, not the one, by the way, to which I belong. There was nothing particularly ludicrous in that, you will say. True, oh, punisher of the ardent, the funny part is to come. The circular stated that this particular body was about to celebrate a twentieth, or a thirtieth, or a steenth, anniversary of its organization, and requested the attendance of the right-thinking public at the different services to be held, also stating that a thank-offering would be in order, and that anybody that felt so inclined might forward a contribution to the pastor, which would be thankfully acknowledged. So far so good, and I have no fault to find, for a church cannot be run without money any more than a theatre can, and the efforts of this congregation to raise money are praiseworthy, but mark this—on the front page of the circular was the text, as nearly as I can remember the words, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Now, to an irreverent mind like mine, the conclusion was that the quotation was unfinished, and should have gone thus: "but after so many years having tired of the contract, the public is now requested to help us."

First of Us sadly rose, cast a sympathetic glance at the old sinner and wandered out into the fog.

[For Progress.] PASTOR FELIX.

Hail, Preb. Pastor of that ministerial band Who from the hills and vales of Acadie Drew inspiration (sweetly) clear and free, Their songs, as bird-notes warbled down the land In summer (where, hard by Fundy's strand, And Blomidon mist-crowded from the sea, Thy name and fame can we'er forgotten be; Hail! let my muse extend the greeting hand. O, genial spirit! lover of mankind— The friend of all things beautiful and pure As flowers and children—may thy genius glow Yet many seasons, leaving naught behind But tenderest lays that shall as long endure As thy beloved and lovely Gasperan. Moncton, N. B. A. H. CHANDLER.

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Wishes to thank the public for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him in the past, and referring to his experience of twenty-five years in business, and to his increased facilities for work, he hopes to merit a continuance of such patronage in the future.

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

Only a word his lips let fall A careless word in waste He did not think of it at all And lily went upon his way

Out in a heart with sorrow The cruel gibe produced And what he never thought Convinced a crushed soul

Only a word another spoke A simple word lit by a sun And mental clouds their day Which shadowed all the

A lily which hope had seen Grew stronger from its pain A heart bowed down with care Felt the rare radiance

The future sun serene and bright And sorrow lost its bitter A single word, though light May seen a very little th

But hope, joy, sorrow and care By it in human hearts are There is no thing more fuel Than one slight utterance

—Jocelyn, in the Y.

ADOPTI

Horace Moreton had been home for a week. Brought with a lawsuit he was called him to a distant city of its movements, he had letters should not be forwarded.

It was still early in the came home and entered his pile of letters awaited his lighting a cigar, he went to his face earnest without a tude one of careless ease.

Horace had not known loved Mary until the day home from his trip. He was her love, secure in his hope he opened as he carelessly came upon him like a flash from a clear sky; for this read:

"Dear Horace—My o call you so for the last bid you farewell. I shall today, never, probably, to will be useless to try to Stedman's death, which days ago, while it leaves tively rich woman, reveals place a barrier forever be myself. I cannot be your resolution does not wav

Farwell, for ever. Tossing the letter down, white, Horace Moreton bur a time-table, and an hour ing to Bankton. He found where he had spent so man and from Miss Jane Ste could obtain no tidings, ex

Mary had taken considerab her, and had not given letters.

"I can only tell you what gentleman had said to Hor

Mary believed herself to Stedman's niece until the which left the old lady's en her adopted child, known man." Miss Jane would have even then, but I represent

that Horace had not been ignorant of his absence fr prevented her note, informi bereavement, from reaching a disappointment she felt m many girls would have do same circumstances, because, ly alone. A delicate child, from robust, Mary Stedman strange seclusion since her lection. With a strong love and music, a profound affec companion and friend, and a the fascinations of other fr girl had never had the despe even touched until Horace to Bankton.

She had not known how a Steadman had tried to avoid and her son, nor how reluct admitted to an intimacy that like a revelation of happi

lively children give schoolm stow on each other, society in careless friendship, had b

Mary's heart until the treasu by Horace Moreton's tende outspoken love. And once gave for life.

On the day when the l Bankton, Miss Jane had been paralysis, and from that-hour weary months, had lain s imbecile, the object of Ma care. Whether she realized was repaid for her own care she had adopted none even passed away in sleep, and th had guarded all her life was her will.

Yet the full force of the e not come to Mary until, after a desk which contained priv found an envelope directed to the words added:

"To be opened after my contemplate marriage."

"If I contemplate marria the wondering girl. Why, sh

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thing Hall THE FRONT.

NG CLOTHS!

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ONLY A WORD.

Only a word his lips let fall. A cushioned seat in wicker play— He did not think of it at all. And idly went upon his way. Out in a heart with sorrow sore, The cruel grief produced its smart, And what he never thought of more, Convinced a crushed and bleeding heart.

ADOPTED.

Horace Moreton had been absent from home for a week. Business, connected with a lawsuit he was conducting, had called him to a distant city, and, uncertain of its movements, he had directed that his letters should not be forwarded to him. It was still early in the day when he came home and entered his office. A large pile of letters awaited his perusal, and, lighting a cigar, he went to work, his face earnest without sadness, his attitude one of careless ease. For the world had been a very pleasant one to Horace Moreton, and, to crown his happiness, he was engaged to marry the fairest, sweetest woman he had ever seen, and whom he had met during a summer sojourn at Bankton, where his mother had found an old friend in Miss Jane Stedman, and Horace his lady-love in her niece Mary.

Horace had not known how deeply he loved Mary until the day when he came home from his trip. He was so certain of her love, secure in his hopes, that a letter he opened as he carelessly puffed his cigar came upon him like a lightning stroke from a clear sky; for this was what he read: "DEAR HORACE—My own love, though I call you so for the last time, I write to bid you farewell. I shall leave Bankton today, never, probably, to return, and it will be useless to try to trace me. Miss Stedman's death, which occurred three days ago, while it leaves me a comparatively rich woman, reveals to me what must place a barrier forever between you and myself. I cannot by your wife, though my resolution does not waver, as I write, farewell, for ever. MARY."

Tossing the letter down, his face set white, Horace Moreton hurriedly consulted a time-table, and an hour later was speeding to Bankton. He found the cottage where he had spent so many hours cloaked, and from Miss Jane Stedman's lawyer could obtain no tidings, except that Miss Mary had taken considerable money with her, and had not given any address for letters. "I can only tell you what I know," this gentleman had said to Horace—"that Miss Mary believed herself to be Miss Jane Stedman's niece, and the will was read, which left the old lady's entire fortune to her adopted child, known as Mary Stedman." Miss Jane would have concealed it even then, but I represented to her the danger of the will being invalid unless it was made clear to whom she wished to leave her money.

"Do you know where Mary is?" "No, I can only tell you that the girl came here on the day after the funeral and gave me instructions to sell the cottage and put the price to her credit in the bank. She said she should never return to Bankton, and she looked as if some horrible, crushing tidings had suddenly taken youth and beauty from her face, leaving only a white mask." "And you know nothing of her movements since?" "Absolutely nothing. Miss Janet's old servant, Margaret, went with her." "Just four days before this conversation, Mary Stedman had returned from the funeral of her adopted aunt, wondering that Horace had not been present, and ignorant that his absence from the city had prevented her note, informing him of her bereavement, and of her promise to destroy the letter that told the truth, from reaching my love to conceal it as she had done."

"She was taken ill so soon after," Mary said, "and she never had control of her mind. And you, Horace, you know, and yet would have married me?" "I knew it, and held it, as I still hold it, the dearest wish of my life to make you my wife. You cannot send me away again, or if you do I will not go." "And he did not—Selected.

The Diszy Girl. The summer girl is going to look like one of Watteau's young ladies when, in a frock of white chalice that has a rosette here and there upon it, with a straw broad-rose-colored sash about her waist and a great lace hat laden with rosettes upon it, she holds over herself a parasol made of plaitings of point d'esprit, and having a handle of ivory, in the ball of which is set a tiny watch that warns her that if the summer days are long, still they are going, and that she must gather her rosettes while she may.—Ez.

Very Clear. Mrs. Bunting—What does hors du combat mean? Bunting—Its meaning is clear—self-explanatory, in fact. It means a war horse.—N. Y. Sun. For cholera, cholera infantum, summer complaint, cramps and pains in the bowels, there is no remedy that can be more relied upon than Kendrick's Mixture, for children or adults.—Adv't.

And there she paused. Did she know? The engagement was but a few hours old when the blow that paralyzed every faculty had fallen. There had been no time for Mary to whisper her tidings of new found happiness before she was called upon to act as nurse.

The large envelope lay sealed before her, a strange horror of its contents holding back her fingers from opening it. What was there within to separate her from Horace? Separate her from Horace! It seemed a death warrant. One love only remained to her, now that death had taken her only other friend, and to lose that was a possibility of despair that Mary could not face. She sat before the ominous paper in silence, until, sinking upon her knees, she prayed for guidance and strength to do it right.

Then she opened the letter. Her blood seemed to turn to ice as she read the contents. Ignorant of the world as she was, she knew the brand of dishonor that must be her life long shame. Her mother, Jane Stedman's schoolmate and friend, had eloped with a man her father had forbidden the house—a scamp, gambler and fortune-hunter. Delving her friends, the infatuated girl had married him, and had been dragged down through tortures of poverty and shame, until her death-blow had fallen when her wretched husband was imprisoned for forgery and committed suicide. Jane Stedman had answered her appeal for help, and had eased her dying moments by her care, and a promise to fill a mother's place to the wee babe she left. The letter concluded in these words: "I have thought it my duty to bring you up in seclusion, and it is my most earnest desire that you may be content to live unmarried, as I have done. It seems to me criminal to entail upon children the heritage of shame that has fallen upon your innocent head. May you be guided to do what is right."

Words of love and comfort followed, but the stricken girl could not take in their sense. The blow had fallen so suddenly and was so overwhelming that but one idea occurred to her—to escape somewhere, to hide where Horace would never find her. "Halt ceased with her misery, yet never once dreaming of deceiving her lover by a concealment of her shameful secret, Mary made her preparations to leave Bankton, and to live under the name her father had disgraced—the only one to which she had a right.

It was six years after Horace Moreton had received the fatal letter that had shattered his love dreams, when he met an old friend in Paris. It was a holiday trip for both, taken during the summer vacation and Horace, still a bachelor, was willing to accept any offer for a pleasant evening that fell in his way. His friend invited him to meet his uncle and a cousin who were travelling for the benefit of the old gentleman's health. "My cousin is quite a heroine," the young man told Horace. "She is my uncle's grand-child, and her mother ran away, years ago, to marry a shady sort of man. I don't know all the particulars, but the old gentleman met his daughter's child in some out-of-the-way country place, recognized the name, and became fond of her. At first she proudly refused to accept him as a relative; but he fell ill, sent for her, appealed to her pity, and touched her heart. He has never fully recovered, and Mary is his devoted nurse. It is the dearest wish of the old gentleman's heart that she should be my wife, but it will never be. Whether she loves elsewhere, or has no heart, I cannot say, but she is old as ice."

"Pretty?" asked Horace, languidly. "Beautiful, in a cold, proud style. She has a smile sometimes for her grandfather, but, as a rule, is as grave and silent as a nun. But she is a fine musician, and very willing to oblige her friends, so I can promise you some good music."

Together the friends strolled to the hotel where Martinson and his granddaughter were staying, and Horace entered a private sitting-room, into which his friend ushered him, with the words: "Wait in here a moment, and I will tell my uncle you are here."

A lady standing near the window turned as the door closed, and in spite of the change that made his heart ache, Horace recognized Mary Stedman. Paler she could scarcely be, but her eyes were full of anguish as she shrank back by his eagerly outstretched hands. "No, no!" she said. "You and I know—no! no! no!" and here her voice failed. "I know," he said, steadily, "the secret of your birth, Mary. Miss Stedman told me when I asked permission to make you my wife, and she promised me to destroy the letter that told the truth, trusting to my love to conceal it as she had done."

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MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON, and ALLISON, BESIEGED BY WOLVES.

On a bright summer morning there are few pleasanter places in all Europe than one of the great pine forests of northern Russia. The whole air is fragrant with the rich scent of the woods, and stray sunbeams play peep-to amid the floating shadows, and bright eyed squirrels flit hither and thither among the trees, and birds twitter merrily overhead, and every now and then a sturdy little Russian boy, round-faced and yellow-haired, comes trudging past, with a basket of mushrooms in his hand, looking up at you as he passes with wide wondering eyes.

But the forest is a very different place when the winter winds are howling and the winter snows are lying deep, and not a gleam of sunshine breaks the cold, gray, lowering sky, over which the great clouds roll up thick and dark, in grim warning of the coming storm. Then is the time to pull your fur cap well over your face, and head as straight as you can for the nearest hut, glancing warily about you as you go, lest you should suddenly find yourself confronted by the gaunt gray body and sharp white teeth of a hungry wolf on the look-out for something nice for supper.

So thought Vania (Johnny) Masloff, a Russian peasant boy belonging to the hamlet of Pavlovsk, in the northernmost corner of the Province of Volodga, as he struggled homeward through the frozen forest at nightfall. He had been sent on an errand by his father to another village several miles off, and had spent so much time in games with some of his playmates there, after his work was done, that the sun was setting when he started on his way back. It was a dismal evening. The chilliness of the frosty air felt that a cold hand pressed against Vania's face to push him back. The rising wind moaned drearily among the trees that stood up white and gaunt on every side like giant skeletons, and the darkening sky showed that there would be more snow before morning.

Vania was a brave country boy, accustomed to "rough it" in all weathers; and he would have cared little for either wind or snow had that been all. But there was something else which was troubling him much more. In the thick wood that he was traversing a gloomy place, even in broad daylight—it had grown so dark the moment the sun sank that even he, who knew every foot of the way by heart, began to fear that he must have got off the right track, for the snow drifts seemed to grow deeper and deeper and deeper as he advanced.

This thought (in itself anything but a pleasant one) was quickly followed by another, even more disquieting. Out of the cold black depths of the forest rose a hollow, long-drawn dismal sound, which Vania had heard too often not to know it at once for the cry of a wolf, or rather of several wolves together. The boy started to run, for with such enemies on his trail there was no time to be lost. But any one who has tried running through thick snow (especially with the stifling cold of a Russian winter) taking away one's breath at every step) knows what fearfully exhausting work it is. He had barely advanced fifty yards when the horrible cry broke out again, sharper, fiercer, nearer than before. The monsters had scented their prey, and were in full chase of him.

Vania looked around him as he ran, with a numb horror, such as he had never felt before, tightening round his heart. He was now in the very worst place of all—a wide clearing in the forest, where all the trees had been felled except a few. If the wolves caught him there, he was lost, and their yells seemed to come nearer and nearer every moment. All at once a dark shadowy mass loomed up right in front of him, plain even amid the blackness against the ghostly white of the snow. He knew at once that it must be the huge pile of split logs which he had noticed in passing that afternoon, and he sprang up it like a wildcat; but he had barely reached the top when the gloom around him was alive with whistling tails and gnashing teeth and fiery greenish yellow eyes.

The next moment the wolves were leaping up at him on every side; but luckily the woodpile was too high for them to reach the top with one bound, and Vania, snatching up a piece of wood, struck so fiercely among the scrambling monsters that at every stroke a wolf dropped back into the snow, howling with pain, with a crushed paw or a broken head. The yells of the wild beasts and the shouts of Vania himself made such a din amid the dead silence of the lonely forest that the boy began to hope that some one might hear it, and come to his assistance. But the help for which he was looking seemed likely to come too late; for the constant scrambling of the wolves up the sides of the wood-pile, and Vania's violent leaps to and fro on its top, had begun to loosen the logs, which were already tottering, and must soon roll down altogether, bringing the poor lad right among the bloodthirsty jaws that were gaping and gnashing for him below?

But just when all seemed over, an unlooked for way of escape suddenly presented itself. A pale gleam of moonlight breaking through the gathering storm-clouds showed our hero a single tree standing behind the wood-pile, and only a few feet away from it. Could he make a spring and clutch one of the branches, and so swing himself up into the tree, he would be safe.

Gathering all his strength for the perilous leap—he knew that if the first attempt failed he would never live to repeat it—the daring lad shot out into the empty air. The wolves yelled and leaped up at him, but it was too late. Vania had seized the nearest bough. The slender limb bent and cracked terribly beneath his weight, but it did not give way, and in another moment he was safe among the higher branches, just as the whole pile of logs came crashing down at once, burying three or four of the wolves underneath it. But now that he was sitting up on this uneasy perch, cramped and no longer kept warm by the violent exertion of beating off the wolves, the piercing cold of the winter night began to tell upon him in earnest. Vania was a true Russian, and could bear without flinching a degree of cold that would have killed a native of a warmer clime outright; but even he now began to feel that he could not stand much more of this, and must either drop down among the wolves or be frozen where he sat.

A flash, a grasp, a sharp cry from the nearest wolf, a lusty shout of several voices at once and a broad glare of light through the gloom scared the cowardly beasts into a general scamper. The last of them had hardly vanished into the thickets when Vania's father, three or four other peasants with axes and pine torches and the village watchman with his gun, came just in time to catch the half-frozen boy as he fell fainting among them.—Selected.

RHEUMATISM. A Wonderful Cure of Chronic Rheumatism—This Dread Disease Permanently Vanished—Paine's Celery Compound Saved my Life.

Here is the true cause of Rheumatism as given by one of the most eminent medical men of the age. "The nervous system becomes weak. This makes the blood sluggish, stagnant, and hence poisonous. Rheumatism results. It cannot be cured by treating the blood, for the blood cannot be purified except it is kept circulating and the nervous system is strong. The only way to cure rheumatic troubles is to build up the nervous system, and thus keep the blood circulating and consequently pure."

In this is seen a clear explanation of the wonderful success of Paine's Celery Compound in curing cases of rheumatism that have hitherto been deemed incurable. Poor sufferers who have gone on crutches for years have been cured and kept in perfect health thereafter. Mr. Frank A. Davis, City Justice, of Fairbault, Minn., is one of the many who are today living proofs of the ability of Paine's Celery Compound to cure the worst cases of Rheumatism. In 1885, he was afflicted by this disease. The popular method of dealing in stocks is that of buying and selling on margin. "A trader," i. e., an operator, who buys and sells on margin, makes the biggest profits, and generally speculates on 1 per cent, but those who think this too little protection can deposit as much margin as they desire.

Quick Work. "And to think," said he, as he pressed her little hand, "to think that I never saw you before tonight." "It is sudden," she answered, but then "Yes," he said impulsively, "it is the old, old story—the old, old story of love at first sight." "An added to that," she gurgled, "my being a widow."—Boston Courier.

INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies. FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimple diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible. CUTICURA, the great Skin Care, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula. CUTICURA is everywhere. Price CUTICURA, 75c; Soap, 25c; RESOLVENT, \$1.00. Prepared by the PATENT DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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These Pills consist of a careful and peculiar selection of the best and most vegetable aperients and the pure extract of Flowers of Chamomile. They will be found a most efficacious remedy for derangements of the digestive organs, and for obstructions and torpid action of the liver and bowels which produce indigestion and the several varieties of bilious and liver complaints. Sold by all Chemists.

WHOLESALE AGENTS: EVANS AND SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

THE BEST SEEDS are those put up by D. M. FERRY & CO. Who are the largest Seedsmen in the world. Illustrations, Descriptive and Priced SEED ANNUAL for 1890, will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers. It is better than ever. Every person who orders a Flower or Vegetable Seed should send for it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO. WINDSOR, ONT.

ROBINSON'S PHOSPHORIZED EMULSION

The decided beneficial effect of Robinson's PhosphORIZED Emulsion in the treatment of female weakness, and nervous prostration, has given it a wide-spread reputation, and in every case the story is the same: "My health is so improved since using it," "I am like a new woman," that we do not hesitate to recommend it to everyone in need of a health restorer. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. All Druggists sell it.

THE BIG PROFITS MADE IN STOCKS

Prove that conservative and common sense speculation produces better results than in any other line of money employment. The popular method of dealing in stocks is that of buying and selling on margin. "A trader," i. e., an operator, who buys and sells on margin, makes the biggest profits, and generally speculates on 1 per cent, but those who think this too little protection can deposit as much margin as they desire.

Special attention to Orders by Mail. C. S. WILLIAMS & CO., 28 CONGRESS STREET, 26 Congress Sq., 66 Devonshire Street, and Quincy House, BOSTON, Mass.

New DRY GOODS STORE, EAST END CITY, WATERLOO, NEAR UNION. Great Reduction of Prices During Dec., in all the leading departments.

SPECIAL DRESS MATERIALS: ULSTERINGS, TWEEDS, COATINGS; Wool Goods, Cloth Jackets, Waterproofs, etc. T. PATTON & CO. By Order of the Common Council of the City of Saint John.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the City of Saint John, which was lately the City of Portland, by their votes in the present month of March, adopting the petition for repeal of "The Canada Temperance Act, 1878," in that section of the City of Saint John; a Bill will be presented at the session of the Provincial Legislature for enactment to extend the time in the present year within which applications may be made for licenses to sell liquor by wholesale or retail in that section of the City of Saint John under "The Liquor License Act, 1881," and for the granting of licenses to sell liquor in that section of the City, to expire on the thirtieth day of April next. St. John, N. B., 24 March, A.D. 1890. 47, 48, 49, 50

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

RAILWAYS NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c. Commencing December 26, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 12.40 p. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock. FULLMAN PASSENGER CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 11.20 a. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate points. 4.30 p. m.—Fast Express for Fredericton, etc., via the Short Line, for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West. CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. 12.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Fregeue Isle. FULLMAN PASSENGER CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, 7.35 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 6.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. St. John at 11.15, 11.20, 11.45 a. m.; 12.15 p. m. Woodstock at 10.15, 11.05 a. m.; 15.00 p. m. Houlton at 11.25 a. m.; 15.00 p. m. St. Stephen at 11.50 a. m.; 15.25 p. m. St. Andrews at 12.05 a. m.; 15.35 p. m. Fredericton at 11.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.35 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 11.45, 11.00 a. m.; 11.20, 12.20, 12.50 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 12.30 a. m. For Fairville and West. 12.35 p. m.—Connecting with 4.10 p. m. train from St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked 1 run daily except Sunday. 1 Daily except Saturday. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY! St. Stephen and St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON and after THURSDAY, Oct. 3, Trains will run daily (SUNDAY excepted), as follows: LEAVE St. John at 1 p. m., and Carleton at 1.25 p. m., for St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p. m.; St. Stephen, 6 p. m. LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m., St. George, 8.10 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.35 p. m., St. John at 12.45 p. m. FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER STREET, up to 3 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m. BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance. W. A. LAMB, Manager. St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889.

Intercolonial Railway. 1889--Winter Arrangement--1890

ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (SUNDAY excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 11.30 Accommodation for Point du Chene, 11.10 Fast Express for Halifax, 11.00 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, 10.50 Express for Sussex, 10.40 A Parlor Car runs each day on Express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 o'clock and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 12.30 and take Sleeping Car at Montreal. The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 12.30 will run to destination on Sunday. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex, 6.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec, 11.10 Fast Express from Halifax, 11.00 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton, 10.50 Express from Point du Chene, 11.30 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway, to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Montreal, N. B., 15th Nov., 1889.

Buctouche and Moncton Railway. ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, Trains will run as follows: Leave BUCTOUCHE, 8.30 Leave MONCTON, 12.30 Arr. MONCTON, 10.30 Arr. BUCTOUCHE, 17.30 C. F. HANINGTON, Manager. Moncton, 14th Nov., 1889.

TICKETS MONTREAL and All Points West BY SHORTEST ROUTES.

Baggage Checked to Destination. Travellers' Insurance Tickets for Sale. FRED E. HANINGTON, TICKET AGENT, Intercolonial Depot.

HOTELS. ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 to 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. TERMS, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts. W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

HOTEL DUFFRIN, ST. JOHN, N. B. FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

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

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. MCCORMICK, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

"The Odd Number." [The Odd Number, Thirteen Tales by Guy de Maupassant, 12mo. Price \$1.00. New York: Harper Bros.]

No one who would learn the evasive art of constructing a good short story can afford to neglect the little masterpieces which Monsieur Guy de Maupassant has given us. The volume before me contains thirteen of these, very effectively done into English by Mr. Jonathan Sturges, and gracefully introduced to our notice by Mr. Henry James. Those who are so unfortunate as to be debarred from knowing M. de Maupassant's work in the original, are here enabled to acquaint themselves with many of those qualities which have won him his rich and enviable reputation. These translations reproduce for us the flawless clarity, the definiteness of outline, the satisfying unity and simplicity of structure, the wonderful combination of brevity with adequate fullness of detail, which we have learned to look for in this writer's work. Therefore, they are salutary models for our own authors, who are wont to carry so much superfluous and retarding toggery with them when they set out to run the race for fame.

For some years M. de Maupassant has been producing these wonderful vignettes of life at the rate of almost one a week. He has been, I believe, under contract of some sort to do this; and in such a case, with his manuscript sold before-hand, and with the creative faculties kept so unremittently at work, it is not strange that he frequently falls below his own standard. Yet it is wonderful to note the high average he maintains, showing the thoroughness of his mastery. According to his own confession he early adopted the principle that "to prove that you have a first rate talent you must have a first rate style." M. de Maupassant is an artist who has acquired complete control of the vehicle in which he works. His achievement depends upon his conception, his inspiration, for he knows that whatever he may have to express, he is sure of being able to express it. This confident strength, this absence of fumbling, manifest themselves plainly in the translations before us,—which, by the way, though they are fair specimens of de Maupassant's best in this field, are not better than scores of others that might have been selected. Hence this collection may be regarded as faithfully representative.

After one has delighted in the crisp and novel flavor of these sketches, he will still be far short of appreciating de Maupassant's full power. What perhaps cannot be reproduced in translation is the style—the gleaming brilliancy, the firm decisiveness, the captivating *chute de phrase*. Even a certain amount of the rich, yet transparent, color which glorifies de Maupassant's papers, as it does those of his wonderful contemporary, the author of *Madame Chrysanthe*, seems to escape in the process of decanting. I may mention here that M. de Maupassant and Pierre Loti represent the youngest generation of accepted masters in French literature. They are yet young in their thirties.

It is a strange, sharply accentuated life that we come in contact with in these tales. Such transcripts from unfamiliar life—life unfamiliar to the educated classes even in France—as "The Piece of Thread" and "Little Soldier," are so emphatic in outline and color that, after a short time, they fit themselves into the memory like a part of one's own past experience. They stand out with almost the same sort of perspective—which arises, I think, from the skill with which M. de Maupassant has emphasized the salient points of his subject, while deliberately throwing out the minor incidents and color—tones which, if admitted, might have tended to level the scene. It would be difficult to convey a definite idea of the distinguishing flavor of the book without quoting one or more of the tales, which space peremptorily forbids; but to one who wishes a fresh and piquant literary relish, in the way of fiction, I would say—try M. de Maupassant. If you must have him in English, then get this altogether admirable translation by Mr. Sturges. The volume is a charming piece of book-making, with clear type and a luxurious page. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Magnalines.

Civil service reform has a champion in Mr. Oliver T. Morton, in a paper called "Some Popular Objections to Civil Service Reform," which appears in the *Atlantic* for April. Mr. James's "Tragic Muse" is drawing to a conclusion. The picture of the recalcitrant lover, who is not willing to sacrifice his worldly prospects to the dramatic art to which he professes to be a devotee, is a powerful piece of character-drawing. Dr. Holmes, in "Over the Teacups," talks about modern realism, and says that the additions which have been made by it "to the territory of literature consist largely in swampy, malarious, ill-smelling patches of soil which had previously been left to reptiles and vermin." After falling afoul of a romance which has been lately quoted by a brother-author as a "work of austere morality," he says, "Leave the descriptions of the drains and cesspools to the hygienic specialist, and the details of the laundry to the washer-woman." Mr. Aldrich has a poem on "The Poet's Corner," and Mrs. Deland's serial leaves the hero's face to face with another problem. There are many other good things in the number. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Truly our church choirs were never in such a state of excitement as they are at the present time. Last week it appeared as if Trinity's lot of troubles had been satisfactorily settled, and that peace and harmony would follow, but now another difference has arisen, not among the chorists this time, but within the sacred precincts of St. John's church.

What is it all about I really cannot pretend to say. I fancy it arose from a paragraph in my letter of March 15, to the effect that two ladies from Trinity choir were about joining that of St. John's, when the chorists were singing in Trinity. My information, which was gathered from the most reliable sources, would certainly have been withheld had I dreamed of the storm it was destined to raise. I happened to know that one of the ladies mentioned had attended one or two practices for the Easter music in St. John's church, and that her invitation came from the secretary of the music committee of that church, and was sanctioned by the rector and organist. At least she understood it in that way. The other lady I was not quite so sure of, but understood she was included in the invitation. However for some reason, probably the fear of offending the rector of Trinity, (who wished to hold his choir together in case the surplices and cassocks should not be ready for the male choir by Easter.) The rector of St. John's wrote to Panosias, stating that all appointments to places in his choir were made by a musical committee of which he was chairman, and that no members from Trinity had been given invitations to sing, or had any application for membership been received by him. The committee heard a rumor of this, to them, astounding assertion, (as they say that the matter was discussed at a meeting, and that authority was certainly given to both organist and secretary for the extending of invitations to any one approved of by the former) and PROGRESS was requested to suppress the rector's statement. This was done, and everyone thought the matter had blown over. The rector had been as they all believed, talked out of the idea. But they were destined to receive another surprise, for when the *Globe* appeared Saturday evening, there was the statement that had caused so much trouble.

This did not tend to smooth matters either with the musical committee, thus placed in a false position, or the young ladies who had been treated in such an extraordinary manner. On Sunday there was a prospect of several resignations from the choir, but at a meeting held on Monday the matter was arranged, the rector yielding to the committee, and joining in a formal invitation to the young lady who had supposed herself invited before.

I am sorry to have to contradict the statement I made last week concerning Mr. E. E. Gubb's appointment to Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal. The paragraph came out before anything had really been decided on, and I have heard since that the situation has been given to Professor T. C. Smythe, a bachelor of music of the university of Trinity College, Dublin, late organist and choir master of St. James Church, Belfast, and for ten years a Professor in the Belfast Royal Academy. Mr. Gubb, I believe, remains in his present situation until Easter, and then goes to New York. I have not heard to what church.

Dorothy has had another disappointment. The libretto which was expected by the Peruvian did not arrive, in consequence of some trouble with the publishers who did not have it ready. This means a delay of another fortnight before the acting can be commenced. However it will give the chorus a better opportunity of getting familiar with singing to all orchestral accompaniments, and I believe the orchestra will commence practicing with the chorus very shortly. The latter rehearsal, I have been told, have been very encouraging.

Next week being Holy week, I suppose everything will be very quiet. I notice, though, that the church choirs get in a lot of practicing for their Easter music during the six days preceding that feast.

Among other things talked of is the service which is to be held on St. George's day in Trinity church, the choir of St. Paul's and the Mission churches have been, or are to be, invited to assist, and rumor says that Rev. J. M. Davenport is to intone the service. I certainly think that, apart from all other considerations, the service will be well worth attending, musically speaking.

I believe the Philharmonic club has received the orchestral parts of the oratorio *Jephtha*, and are ready to work on them. The attendance at the society's rehearsals is very good, and rapid progress is being made with the choruses.

Among those who will assist in the musical programme in connection with the Church of England festive Easter service, I notice the names of Miss Hancock, Miss Halliday, Mr. Lindsay, Mr. A. M. Smith, Mr. Ludlow Robinson and Master Fred Blair. The sale takes place the Thursday after Easter Sunday. TABERT.

Things Best Left Undone. Do not write on ruled paper, or on that decorated with printed sunflower or blossoms of any kind. Do not introduce your girl friend to the gentleman visitor. Instead, say "Miss Brown, will you allow me to present Mr. Jones?" Do not talk especially to one person when you have three or four visitors. Instead make the conversation general. Do not attempt to take care of a man's overcoat—he has a vote and ought to be able to look after his own clothes. Do not ask people who they are in mourning. If you don't know, wait until you find out, and, in the meantime, don't ask after the members of their family. Do not giggle when a smile would answer, and don't talk in a jesting way about things that are holy to other people. Do not laugh at anybody's form of worship—respect a toad praying to a mushroom. Do not say the rules of etiquette are nonsense—they are made up for your comfort and mine, and arranged so that the feelings of every human being are considered. Do not think it clever to find out by pumping the private affairs of your friend. There is no reason why you should lay bare her heart for an inquisitive day to peek at. Do not get into debt, but if you have been guilty, deny yourself everything possible that you may be free once more. —N. Y. Mail and Express.

Dedicatedly Unique. A New York paper tells of a recent dinner party at which the guests, of whom there were forty, sat about an oval-shaped table thirty-seven feet long, which was spread in the large pink banquet room, and which was decorated with stuffed chicken, turkeys, geese, hares and a miniature plow, and the complete paraphernalia of a farm. In the centre of the table on a bed of straw, was a good-sized spring lamb, stuffed, and here and there on it were placed stacks of hoes and rakes tied together with ribbons, tall sheaves of wheat, buckets filled with spring flowers and baskets heaped with spring vegetables of every known variety.

You can place your orders for all kinds of Printing, with *Wilkins & Sons*, 266 Union street. Telephone connection.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

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

ST. ANDREWS.

MARCH 26.—On Thursday evening, the Misses Odell gave a small party to their select friends. Progress and music were the attractions of the evening. The toilets worn by the ladies were pretty and worthy of note.

Miss Odell, who is a stately brunette, wore a combination dress of black and white of a soft material. Miss Mimmie looked charming in lavender and black satin, square cut corsage, elbow sleeves, and trimmings of black lace and velvet.

Mrs. H. Grimmer looked very becomingly in marine cashmere, moire trimmings. Miss Gove, fish net over black silk; looked very fine.

Mrs. L. W. Wren, old rose surrah silk. The dresses worn by the Misses Nicholson, Green and Alger, were very pretty; also those of Mrs. Denning and Mrs. Dudley, Calais.

The first prizes were won by Mr. and Mrs. H. Grimmer. The ladies a silver bangle bracelet; the men's a thermometer mounted on a toboggan. Hooby prizes fell to Miss Love and Mr. Wren.

The music was exceptionally good. Mr. McGrath sang with much sweetness and expression that ever for Miss Alger and Mr. McLeath, was very fine. Supper was served at midnight.

The men present were Messrs. McGrath, Haviland, New York; Carter, Bangor; Whitlock, Wren, Odell, Grimmer. There were regrets that the popular principal of the grammar school was unable to attend on account of illness.

Capt. R. McQuoid has returned from the land of the gold. Mr. and Mrs. Bradford have returned from their western tour. While highly pleased with their trip, they think "there's no place like home."

Mr. H. Street has returned from St. John. Capt. H. Campbell is visiting his parents. Mr. Fortune is home from Boston for a short vacation.

Miss Anne O'Neil is home from New York. Miss Kennedy has returned from her Canadian tour. Dr. Powers has returned, bringing with him the substantial "He has thrown the 'impressions' away."

Inspector O'Brien was in town last week. In consequence of his visit, there have been four cases of law grip. Two baffled the enemy with ginger beer and "pop." The other two victims are left to mourn their loss.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Mace have gone to Boston to see the styles. Miss Florence Sharp has gone to Boston. The interesting event which was to have taken place some weeks ago, and which was so suddenly set aside by the death of the young lady who had supposed herself invited before.

Mr. T. Storr passed quietly to her rest on Sunday night, after a tedious illness. She was highly esteemed, and will be missed in the family circle.

Dr. and Mrs. Osburn are expected home shortly. Their many friends will be glad to welcome their pleasant faces back. PROGRESS.

AMHERST, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Amherst on the streets, by George Douglas.] MARCH 27.—Miss Maggie Chapman, of Dorchester, spent a few days in town, the guest of Miss Ellen Read.

Mrs. Hubert Page left on Thursday last week for Montreal, where she will be joined by her husband. Their new home in British Columbia. Mrs. Page was accompanied by her sister, Miss Howard, also Miss Alice Hay, of Halifax, who is going out to join her father and sister in Vancouver, where they have made a home.

Surprise parties and quiet six o'clock teas have been given in Amherst, last week. Of the latter I may mention a pleasant meeting at Mrs. W. T. P. Manning's home, "Whitethorne Cottage," on Wednesday.

Mrs. C. H. Best also entertained a number of ladies on her own. Miss Myra Black gave a most enjoyable party on Friday evening.

Mrs. Walter Robb had another of her charming evenings on Friday. Mr. Eitch, of the *Weekly Press*, has arrived in town with his bride.

Dr. Biss's little son Gerald, is rapidly recovering from his very severe attack of scarlet fever. Mr. James Dickey, C. E., spent Sunday in town. Everyone is always pleased to welcome the genial James.

Miss Crane, of Baie Verte, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Tremaine. Miss Handing, on her return to Halifax from her second visit to her uncle, Judge Fraser, at Dorchester, spent a short time with her friends in town.

Miss F. H. Hay, of Dorchester, was in town last week, spending the time with her sister, Miss Alice, before the latter left for British Columbia. They were the guests of Mr. Albert Chapman.

Miss Harrison, of Margerville, was in town for two or three weeks, visiting her cousin, Miss Miles. Mr. Laird, son of ex-governor Laird of Manitoba, has been in town this week. He is in the bank here, where he made hosts of friends.

Mrs. Allan Chapman, of Dorchester, was in town on Tuesday. We are anticipating a treat on Easter Tuesday, when Prof. C. G. D. Roberts is expected to deliver his lecture, "On the Thursday of the Resurrection." Mr. H. Fawcett, of Sackville, was in town on Wednesday. Mr. T. R. Black, M. P. P., laid aside his parliamentary duties for a day or two, and spent the time with his family. He returned to the capital on Monday.

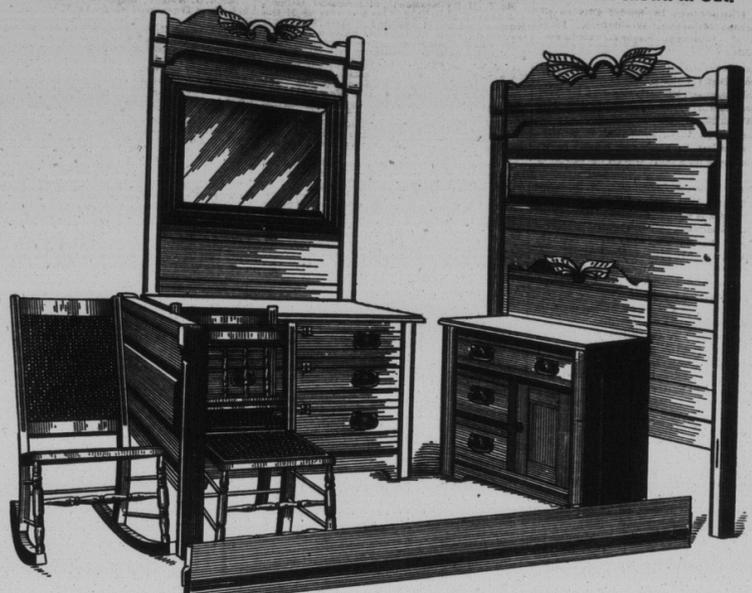
Mrs. J. B. Gass left last week for a visit to her old home Annapolis. Mr. Gass is expected to leave on Wednesday for a short visit there, and accompany Mrs. Gass back to town. OSCAR.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's.] MARCH 26.—Mrs. C. U. Chandler, of Moncton, spent a few days in town last week. Her guests were her sister, Mrs. E. V. Godfrey.

HAROLD GILBERT, - - 54 KING STREET.

A Handsome Hardwood Bedroom Suite for \$27.00, \$28.00, or \$29.00; 24x30 Plate Mirror; 7 Pieces well Finished and well Made. The Suite includes a Table not shown in Cut.



\$27.00. \$28.00. \$29.00. PLAIN LIGHT FINISH. PLAIN LIGHT FINISH WITH DARK PANELS. ALL DARK IMITATION WALNUT.

The Carpet and Furniture Warerooms: 54 King Street, St. John.

Cable Repeats Ready for Spring Trade!

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

DON'T WAIT FOR THE RUSH! Goods were never Cheaper; never Better! JAS. KELLY, - - TAILOR AND CLOTHIER, No. 5 MARKET SQUARE.

KERR'S Confectionery.

New and Specially Fine CHOCOLATES, CREAMS & CARAMELS CARNIVAL MIXTURE. Cream Chips, over 7,000 packages sold within the last few months.

ASSORTED FRUIT AND LIME FRUIT TABLETS. 70 KING STREET, 28 DOCK STREET, Opposite VICTORIA HOTEL. Opposite BARRY & McLAUGHLIN'S.

FERTILIZERS.

Imperial Superphosphate, Potato Phosphate, Bone Meal. WE ARE OFFERING THE FOLLOWING PRIZES THIS SEASON:

To the farmer obtaining the best results from an acre by the use of our POTATO-PHOSPHATE.....\$100 in Gold. To the farmer obtaining the largest crop of Buckwheat from an acre by the use of IMPERIAL SUPERPHOSPHATE.....\$25 in Gold.

THE HARMLESS PISTOL.

THE VACUUM TIPPED ARROW GUN and PISTOL, just patented in the United States, Canada, France, England and Germany. Retail price of Pistol, with Vacuum Tipped Arrow and Target, 60c; retail price of Nickel-plated Pistol, with Tipped Arrow and Target, 75c. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 75 cents.

D. J. JENNINGS, Wholesale and Retail, 167 Union Street, St. John, N. B. The Following Goods Just Opened are offered at the very Lowest Prices for Cash only, at

PITTS' DRY GOODS STORE,

179 UNION STREET 179. GREY FLANNELS, from 12c. per yard; WHITE AND UNBLEACHED SWANSDOWNS; CRETONNES AND TURKEY FURNITURE COTTONS; TRICKINGS, COLORED CANTON FLANNELS; BLACK AND WHITE and MEDIUM GREY CAMBRICS; FANCY REVERSIBLE ENGLISH CAMBRICS; DRESS GOODS, COSETS, RIBBONS; LADIES' and CHILDREN'S CASHMERE HOSIERY; also, HEAVY MAKE ALL-WOOL HOSE; BLACK AND COLORED MITTS, etc., etc.

Mantel Mirrors in English Plate, Beveled German and all sizes of Cheap Glasses.

SHOP PLATES. MIRROR PLATES for Shop Windows a specialty. GORBELL ART STORE, 207 Union Street. F. E. HOLMAN, - - - 48 KING STREET.

Desires to call attention to his large and varied stock of WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES, Etc., WHICH IS NOW COMPLETE IN EVERY GRADE. Samples mailed to customers outside the city.

THE THREE B...

What a CRISIS TO HERITS OF THE... An Analysis of Some of the... The Function of Art... Who out of their tails will... Did you ever hear such... As Three Blind Mice.

Here, it will be obvious... tedious prolixity of describing... wading through lines the bearing on the subject... directly to the tragic deed in the third line. Such cannot be too highly appeal to the reader's... fourth and fifth lines. Think of these unfortunates, wandering aliens and outcasts, not the power of beholding... ture in all her moods, that caudal adornment... their pride and delight... must also have caused them.

The rich cadence... stanza will be noticed... The three rhymed lines... two unrhymed ones give to be found in a few other... rare. It may be objected that the pessimistic tone... such as to render it depressive. I have only to these, that the poet has the truth; and if the tale a sad one, that is no real shrink weakly from repelled to do so.

It may be noticed how... introduces the picture... proach the tragedy directly shock our sensibilities... ment that the tails of the name rodents were sum... a pelligrant farmer's wife prepares the mind for the ginning gently with the blind mice," he further denouement by adding, run." Then a vivid picture in full flight is reader. In this manner lead up gradually to "They all ran after the following line, all the of the poem is concentrated. She cut off their tails with Then, being unheroic he does not dwell upon age and confusion, but mind of the intelligent reader to picture to its tails.

The flow and ebb waves upon the shore, verse may here be ob continues till the end while for the last two This bears about the s the length of the poem sestil of a sonnet bear to well known that no less Mr. Theodore Watts re flow movement as one of gonnest music, tho writers of repute differ particular.

But this is a digressi the beautiful poem un there is a defect in this uncertainty in which the is left, as to the fate Rhodons. Yet, this ca a fault, as everyone r suggests much more th affording to the imagin exercise their faculties. that the fate of the suggested in this instan say that if a reader ex soul, that he is unable fate of three mice, in being deprived of both that reader should at v venture (should there and there brood in soli lack of mental activity, inability to grasp any presented to him with For him can no ministr because nature has w those gifts of mind neca preciation.

If this humble endeav the attention of the beauties hitherto unus should suggest any pr that I may in this p looked, they will recei thanks by communicating SYDNEY

"Well, I'm sure," said her poem was returned to see why the editor return "Because you sent directed envelope, my Sun.



29.00.

MARK IMITATION WALNUT.

Street, St. John.

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never Cheaper; never Better!

TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,

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PRIZES THIS SEASON:

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Union Street,

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varied stock of

WHICH IS NOW COMPLETE

IN EVERY GRADE.

THE THREE BLIND MICE.

WHAT A CRITIC THINKS OF THE MERITS OF THE POEM.

An Analysis of Some of Its Beauties which May Have Escaped the Ordinary Reader.

Though the poem under consideration has arrived at some popularity, perhaps its intrinsic literary worth and tragic sublimity has occurred to very few of your readers.

Without arrogating to myself an undue amount of good taste and literary discrimination, perhaps I may venture to point out a few of the beauties which at a superficial perusal might escape the ordinary reader:

"Three blind mice, see how they run; They all ran after the farmer's wife Who cut off their tails with a carving knife, Did you ever hear such a tale in your life As Three Blind Mice."

Here, it will be observed, there is no tedious prolixity of description, no weary wading through lines that have no direct bearing on the subject. But all tends directly to the tragic denouement contained in the third line. Such rapidity of action cannot be too highly commended. The appeal to the reader's sympathies in the fourth and fifth lines is very touching. Think of these unfortunate mice, sad and disconsolate, wandering about the earth, aliens and outcasts, not only deprived of the power of beholding the beauties of nature in all her moods, but also bereft of that caudal adornment which was erstwhile their pride and delight. The operation must also have caused them much pain.

The rich cadence and music of this stanza will be noticed by the observant. The three rhymed lines occurring between two unrhymed ones give it a musical quality to be found in a few other poems, though rare. It may be objected by the critical that the pessimistic tone of this verse is such as to render it depressing to the sensitive. I have only to say, in answer to these, that the poet has merely adhered to the truth; and if the tale he had to tell was a sad one, that is no reason why he should shrink weakly from telling it, if he felt impelled to do so.

It may be noticed how subtly the author introduces the picture. He does not approach the tragedy directly, and thereby shock our sensibilities with the bold statement that the tails of these three unfortunate rodents were summarily abridged by a belligerent farmer's wife. He gradually prepares the mind for the tragedy by beginning gently with the statement, "Three blind mice," he further leads up to the denouement by adding, "See how they run." Then a vivid picture of the unfortunates in full flight is presented to the reader. In this manner he continues to lead up gradually to the catastrophe, "They all ran after the farmer's wife." In the following line, all the nerve and energy of the poem is concentrated:

"See cut off their tails with a carving knife." Then, being unhomeric in his tendencies, he does not dwell upon the scene of carnage and confusion, but quietly leaves the mind of the intelligent and imaginative reader to picture to itself the shocking details.

The flow and ebb movement, as of waves upon the shore, so admirable in verse, may here be observed. The flow continues till the end of the third line, while for the last two is reserved the ebb. This bears about the same proportion to the length of the poem as the octave and sestet of a sonnet bear to each other. It is well known that no less an authority than Mr. Theodore Watts regards this ebb and flow movement as one of the essentials of sonnet music, though some sonnet writers of repute differ from him in this particular.

But this is a digression. To return to the beautiful poem under discussion. If there is a defect in this creation, it is the uncertainty in which the mind of the reader is left, as to the fate of the unhappy Rhodents. Yet, this can scarcely be called a fault, as everyone knows that true art suggests much more than it expresses, thus affording to the imaginative a chance to exercise their faculties. It may be objected that the fate of the mice is not even suggested in this instance. Permit me to say that if a reader exists, so devoid of soul, that he is unable to conjecture the fate of three mice, in extremis as it were, being deprived of both eyesight and tails; that reader should at once retire to some unfrequented spot where not even mice will venture (should there be such a spot), and there brood in solitude over his sad lack of mental activity, and bewail his utter inability to grasp any but those truths presented to him with brutal directness. For him can no ministrant raptures swell, because nature has withheld from him those gifts of mind necessary for their appreciation.

If this humble endeavor of mine to draw the attention of the thoughtful to hidden beauties hitherto unsuspected by them, should suggest any points of excellence that I may in this brief glance have overlooked, they will receive much grateful thanks by communicating their discovery to SYDNEY NOEL WORTH.

The Real Reason. "Well, I'm sure," said Miss Passee, as her poem was returned to her. "I don't see why the editor returned it." "Because you sent a stamped and directed envelope, my dear."—N. Y. Sun.

WHY EVERYBODY LAUGHED.

The Adventure of a Young Newspaper Man and His Friend.

A certain young newspaper man who toils for his ducaats not far from the North American office recently became the proud father of the handsomest baby in the world. (He says it's the handsomest and he ought to know.) Last Saturday was his day off and he and his wife thought they would give the town a treat by taking the baby out and exhibiting it to the admiring multitude. They made two short calls on friends and the lady concluded to do some shopping, too, while she was out.

The baby is a fine, healthy youngster, and after a while it began to get heavy. Hubby had been carrying it, and to relieve him and allow him to stretch his cramped arms the young mother took a turn with it. Before long the proud father was again staggering along with the precious load, and after that they took turn about in carrying it. Then a brilliant thought struck the father. Why not buy a baby coach? They needed one anyhow, and might as well buy it while they were out and wheel tootey tootey home in comfort.

To think was to act, and in a little while the fond parents were pushing a gorgeous coach down Chestnut street, with the hope, expressed by the father, that some of the boys on the other papers could see the finest baby they ever laid their eyes upon. At first they were oblivious to everything but how well the baby looked in the coach, but hubby finally began to notice that people coming toward them seemed to see something funny. He could not understand what it all meant, and concluded to investigate.

"You wheel the coach while I go ahead and see what's the matter," he said to his wife.

He passed the coach a dozen yards or so and then turned back. One look at the coach made him blush and then shake with laughter. They were near Ninth street, and he told his wife to cross over while he wheeled. She crossed the street ahead of the coach, then turned and gave a glance, and with a feeling that beat seasickness and the grip combined clutched a lamp-post for support.

There in front of the coach was the placard which the careless dealer had forgotten to take off, marked in big black letters, "Our own make."—Philadelphia North American.

Veils as They Are.

The veil has always been an important adjunct to the toilet of a woman, and just now, when lovely woman stoops to folly and looks upon the rouage when it is red, the strip of illusion becomes more than ever a necessity. A veil is a coquette to a pretty girl, a charity to an ugly one. All the fashion writers to the contrary, the veils with big spots on are not fashionable. In the first place, they are not becoming, for the huge black spots make you look ugly without a complexion, and because of their closeness to the eyes give them a wandering look which is anything but piquant. One's eyes should show plainly through a veil, the duty of which may be to tone down the complexion, but is never to do anything but intensify the brightness of the eyes. The preferred veil is a strip of plain, very fine tulle, either in black, brown, dark scarlet, or a shade that is between a gray and a green. If you want a becoming black veil, however, do not take a plain one, as it will make you look older and bring out every wrinkle but choose instead one with tiny dots that are far apart. Wear your veil below your nose and not in such a way that it is supposed to hold a bang in place. And do keep the edges trimmed, for when they are ragged or frayed they can make you look horribly untidy.—N. Y. Sun.

Well Modeled but Not Meditative.

Artist (to agriculturist)—Possibly your knowledge of art is a trifle limited? Agriculturist—Mebby; but I know suthin 'bout cows. Artist—Isn't the cow well drawn? Agriculturist—Drawed good 'nough, but b'gosh! she ain't chewin' her cud.—Ez.



"Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind, More than quick words, do move a woman's mind."

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT FOR BIRTHDAY, FRIENDSHIP, ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING GIFTS,

at most reasonable prices, can be found at

W. TREMAINE GARD'S, GOLDSMITH and JEWELLER,

No. 81 King Street.

Suburban Property for Sale.

THE HOUSE AND PROPERTY in the Parish of Rothesay, formerly occupied by HENRY TITUS, is offered for sale. Within two miles of Rothesay station, less than half a mile from the railway, with a splendid right of way to the Kennebecasis, about 200 yards distant, this property offers exceptional advantages to any person desiring to purchase a suburban residence. The house, which is quite new, well finished and roomy, is with a commodious barn and other outbuildings, situated in a four acre lot which yields from three to four tons of hay, and is studded with apple, plum and cherry trees. There is also a small pasture lot adjoining. Besides these advantages the residence is prettily situated near the corner of the road leading to the river and the highway. There is an excellent well on the premises.

Price \$1200. Further particulars, as to terms, etc., can be obtained from EDWARD S. CARTER, Prospective office.

CHAMPION SAFES!

FIRE PROOF, BURGLAR PROOF. LOWEST PRICES! BEST TERMS.

Send for circular to

E. B. ELLIOT, 139 Granville St.,

HALIFAX, N. S.



WOMEN OF FASHION

Do they Abuse the Use of Cosmetics? An Opinion Well Worth Studying. Some Startling Statements.

Harper's Bazar in a leading editorial, says:

"An American woman past thirty who has kept the bloom and brilliancy of her girlhood is almost as rare as the dodo.

"In this extremity it is not strange that women look to cosmetics to repair the ravages of climate and custom, and that the use of these hazardous allies is rapidly increasing.

"If it were only a question of money wasted and folly enlightened it would not be worth while to preach upon this text, perhaps. But probably nine out of every ten of the cosmetics in market are positively harmful. White lead, bismuth, arsenic and other powerful poisons are the usual base. They impart for a time an artificial bloom, always followed by a darkening and coarsening of the grain of the skin. The habitual use of arsenic in pills, waters or solution results in a disturbance of the circulation, a weakened action of the heart, and not seldom in paralysis.

NOTE.—These are startling statements, and should cause every woman to ponder well before she uses any preparation on her face, where the chances are so great of serious injury following such use. There seems to be but one woman in America who has thoroughly tested cosmetics, and succeeded during her researches in finding an emollient which is absolutely beneficial. Of course our readers will imagine at once that we refer to the Recamier preparations, which were first used by the famous beauty Julie Recamier, the secret of which is now owned by Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, and which are manufactured for sale by her.

We admit that the Recamier preparations are all the vogue; that Adelina Patti, Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. James Brown Potter, Mme. Modjeska, Sarah Bernhardt, Clara Louise Kellogg and many other such experienced ladies have abandoned all other preparations and only use the Recamiers, because we have seen letters to Mrs. Ayer from them declaring such to be the fact. But it must be borne in mind that they are not strictly cosmetics, such as are referred to above, because Mrs. Ayer has given her word of honor that they contain neither lead, bismuth nor arsenic, and she publishes a certificate from Prof. Stillman, of Stevens Institute, that they contain nothing but that which is allowed by the French Pharmacopoeia. There can be no doubt that a woman whose face is tanned, sunburnt, full of pimples, those disgusting blackheads or other imperfections which are caused by our mode of life and the exposures to which we are subjected, must certainly be more or less repulsive, if not absolutely disgusting.

A woman who permits her complexion—her most important feature—to indicate uncleanness must expect such results. The most ignorant and even deformed woman in the world is attractive to men if she has a beautiful complexion and looks tidy, and the only articles so far discovered and which are used by every woman of fashion are the Recamier preparations.

What they are and why they are to be Used.

Recamier Cream, which is first of these world-famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquid Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches; is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compound Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The Recamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all injurious ingredients, and contain neither Lead, Bismuth nor Arsenic, as attested after a searching analysis by such eminent scientists as

HENRY A. MOTT, Ph. D., LL. D., Member of the London, Paris, Berlin and American Chemical Societies.

THOS. B. STILLMAN, M. Sc., Ph. D., Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology.

PETER T. AUSTEN, Ph. D., F. C. S., Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers College and New Jersey State Scientific School.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal; and 50 Wellington street E., Toronto. For sale in Canada, at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, \$1.50; Recamier Balm, \$1.50; Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, \$1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 50c., unscented, 25c.; Recamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00, small boxes, 50c.

Flower Seeds!

JUST RECEIVED—A large and full variety of FLOWER SEEDS, suitable for this climate.

GARDEN SEEDS of all kinds, AMERICAN AND CANADIAN, will be on sale in a few days.

Many special kinds this season. R. D. MCARTHUR, MEDICAL HALL, Opposite King Square.

JUST RECEIVED.

Clinical Thermometers; Hypodermic Syringes; Hot Water Bottles; Household Syringes; Fountain Syringes;

Parker Bros' MARKET SQUARE.

French Clocks.

3 CASES RECEIVED TOO LATE FOR HOLIDAY TRADE.

Will Offer This Month at a Large Discount. FERGUSON & PAGE, 43 KING STREET.

JAMES S. MAY, W. ROBERT MAY, JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, DOMVILLE BUILDING, F. O. Box 303, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Academy of Art.

STUDIO BUILDING: 74 GERMAIN ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in DRAWING AND PAINTING.

Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year. PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A. ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES.

NEW YEAR'S GOODS.

A FULL LINE OF Plush and Leather Goods with Oxidized, Silver and Celluloid Fittings.

DRESSING CASES, ODOR CASES; MANICURE SETS, COLLAR and CUFF BOXES; WORK BOXES in every variety, at THOS. A. CROCKETT'S, 162 Princess St. A nice lot of PERFUMES, in Fancy Boxes, suitable for PRESENTS.

AFTER LA GRIPPE

PADDOCK'S BEEF, IRON AND WINE! For shortness of breath.

CANADIAN ASTHMA REMEDY

Paints and Oils. A FULL LINE OF BRUSHES and PAINTERS' REQUISITES. J. HORNCASTLE & CO., Indian town.

CAFE ROYAL,

Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK, 102d Year.

Collegiate School, Windsor, N. S.

TRINITY TERM BEGINS APRIL 5. Circulars on application. REV. ARNOLDUS MILLER, M. A., Head Master.

DR. J. D. MAHER,

DENTAL ROOMS, City Building, Main Street, North End. Gas, Ether, Chloroform and Cocaine administered.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

Equity Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's corner (so called), on the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, in the City of Saint John, on SATURDAY, the twenty-first day of June next, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on Monday, the Twentieth day of January, A. D. 1890, in a cause therein pending, wherein Henry Anthony is plaintiff, and Robert McArdle and Mary McArdle his wife, and Joseph Dalzell, William Anthony and John Anthony, as Trustees of the Temperance Association known as the Bay View Lodge, No. 54, of the Independent Order of Good Templars, and the Sisters of Charity of the Diocese of Saint John, New Brunswick, are defendants; and by amendment between Henry Anthony, plaintiff, and Robert McArdle and Mary McArdle, his wife, and the Sisters of Charity of the Diocese of Saint John, New Brunswick, defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned, a decree in equity, the hereinafter mentioned LOT OF LAND, described in the said order as:

"ALL that certain piece or parcel of Land, situated, lying and being at Red Head, so called, Parish of Simonds, in the County of St. John aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a birch stake, on the northern side of a public road leading westerly from the main road from St. John to Mispeck, the said road being laid out along the southern side of the boundary line between Lots (8) eight and nine (9) of the grant to Richard Walker and others, and the birch stake, being on the eastern side of a tract of land reserved for a public landing, going thence along the northern side of the aforesaid road north seventy-five degrees east (N 75° E) by the magnet of the year 1785; crossing the Mispeck road and continuing along the division line between Lots (8) and nine (9) the western extremity of a tract of land conveyed by Thomas McGuire and Catherine McGuire, his wife, to Robert McArdle on the 27th day of December, 1866; thence by the magnet of the year 1866 north thirty degrees east (N 30° E) along the western line of this land, the line of division between Lots seven (7) and eight (8); thence south seventy-five degrees west (S 75° W) by the magnet of the year 1785 to the shore of the Bay of Fundy; thence southwesterly along the shore to the before mentioned public landing, and thence southerly by the eastern boundary of the public landing to the place of beginning," containing Two Hundred Acres more or less.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the plaintiff's solicitor. Dated this 24th day of February, 1890. HUGH H. McLEAN, Plaintiff's Solicitor. T. T. LANTALUM, Auctioneer.

GROCCERS.

Canned Goods W. ALEX. PORTER'S.

85 CASES CANNED TOMATOES, Little Chief brand; 110 cases Canned Corn, Little Chief and Hoegg's; 27 " " Salmon; 15 " " STRIKING BEANS; 15 " " PORK AND BEANS; 42 " " PEAS, Little Chief and Hoegg's. Also—Canned Lobsters, Canned Peaches, Canned Pumpkins, Canned Blueberries, etc. Above goods are all new and prices low. P. S.—Try our Teas and Coffee. W. ALEX. PORTER, Corner Union and Waterloo, and corner Mill and Pond streets.

BONNELL & COWAN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fine Groceries AND FRUITS. Teas and Sugars a specialty. 200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. BONNELL'S EXTRA LIME.

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.

Pigs Feet and Lambs Tongues!

Received this day: 20 KEGS PIGS' FEET, in salt, 10 kegs spiced; 3 kegs Lambs' Tongues; 5 kegs Soused Tripe. At No. 19 North Side King Square. J. D. TURNER.

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache HERBINE BITTERS Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Indigestion HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Dyspepsia HERBINE BITTERS For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

GOOD VALUE!

WE HAVE A FEW PAPER-BOUND BOOKS, the covers of which are somewhat defaced, but otherwise in PERFECT CONDITION. They are now offered at Half Price. See special list. J. A. McMILLAN, 95 and 100 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B. Booksellers and Stationers.

FIRE INSURANCE

PLATE GLASS INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE R. W. FRANK, 78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, JOHN, N. B.

STEAM BOILER

INSPECTION INSURANCE. ACCIDENT

J. M. LEMONT,

PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER, FREDERICTON, N. B.

GERARD G. RUEL,

(LL. B. Harvard.) BARRISTER, Etc. 3 Papsley's Building, - - St. John, N. B.

DAVID CONNELL,

Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Drags at short notice.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF STEEL and IRON-CUT NAILS, And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc. ST. JOHN, N. B.

DR. SCOTT'S

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

A. & J. HAY,

DEALERS IN—Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED. 76 KING STREET.

HALL'S

Dress and Skirt Forms. ADJUSTABLE TO ANY SHAPE. Endorsed and recommended by all Fashionable Tailors. Offer the balance of my stock of the above at Cost to clear. For cash only. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. F. A. JONES, - - - 34 Dock St.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

DIGBY, N. S.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Digby at Mrs. Morse's.]

MARCH 27.—Mrs. Munroe gave another of her pleasant little dances on Monday evening.

On Tuesday Mrs. H. B. Churchill's dancing class met and passed a very enjoyable evening.

Rev. Dr. Andrews narrowly escaped a serious accident last Wednesday morning.

Digby is very much excited over your discovery of such a talented poet as Squires Edridge in our midst.

Mr. W. E. Brown has discovered a very rich lead of gold on the Winchester farm, on Digby side of Victoria bridge.

Mr. E. G. Thompson, who spent last summer with us, passed his examinations at the Philadelphia Dental college with honors, and is, I hear, to practice in Woodstock, N. E.

Miss S. Jacob, one of the Annapolis young ladies, home to make her home at Digby.

I hear that Mr. R. W. Ambrose has purchased the Jones house from Mr. Gupit, and intends moving his family into town about the first of April.

On Saturday, Bishop Jagger left Digby via Saint John for Boston, where he is to be joined by his family en route for California, returning to Digby about the first of May.

On Sunday last the congregation had the pleasure of hearing Rev. Mr. Whittier, rector of St. Clements, who exchanged with Dr. Ambrose.

Now that our town is incorporated, I hear Mr. G. L. Shreve, Q. C., spoken of on all sides as future mayor.

Mrs. Geo. Robinson, who has been in poor health for some time, left for St. John on Monday, accompanied by her husband.

YARMOUTH.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Yarmouth at the stores of E. I. Vickery and Harris & Horsfall.]

MARCH 26.—Mr. T. B. Flint, who has been attending the legislature in Halifax, was taken seriously ill a short time ago, with congestion of the brain.

Mrs. J. W. Moody is slowly recovering from her illness.

The musical portion of the community have started a Philharmonic Society under the leadership of Professor Hopkey.

Mr. W. D. Boss is still receiving congratulations for the little stranger, "Walter Donald," who made his appearance in town last week.

Saturday afternoon Miss Minnie Miller and Mr. Geo. R. Parker were united in the bonds of matrimony at the Presbyterian Manse, where they were attended by the Rev. E. J. McCarthy.

Mrs. Fred Ladd's many friends will be glad to know that she and her son arrived safely in Liverpool, England, and are now awaiting the arrival of Captain Ladd from Calcutta.

Miss Lena Darke is now in Boston consulting an oculist about her eyes.

Miss Lettie Moody gave a very pleasant birthday party on March 18.

Monday, St. Patrick's day, was not very generally celebrated in town.

Mr. Fred Moore, of the Halifax Banking Co., spent Saturday in Moncton.

Mr. Arthur Keith, of St. John, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. B. A. Trites spent Sunday and Monday with his family.

Miss Gussie Price paid Moncton a visit on Tuesday.

Mr. Fred Taylor, of Sussex, formerly night operator at this place, made the village a flying visit on Monday.

Mrs. Orniston Chant, the lecturer, while staying here, was the guest of Mrs. D. L. Trites.

Mrs. Ryan, of Sussex, spent a few days here this week, the guest of Mrs. B. A. Trites.

Rev. Mr. Lodge, of Salisbury, was here on Monday, also Rev. Mr. Lavers, of Sackville, and Rev. Mr. Hughes, of Havelock.

Mrs. M. B. Keith spent a few days in St. John recently, the guest of her brother, Mr. A. A. Stockton, M. P. P.

RICHBURTO.

MARCH 25.—Dr. Leger and Mr. H. H. James, of Buctouche, were in town on Thursday last.

Mr. Harry King, of Halifax, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Geo. V. McInerney left for Fredericton last Friday.

Mrs. Desmond, of Newcastle, was in town this week, attending the funeral of Mrs. Jas. Flanagan.

Mr. S. B. Patterson returned from St. John last week.

Rev. J. S. Gregg, of Buctouche, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church on Sunday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Robertson spent Sunday in Newcastle.

Mr. Henry O'Leary left for Campbellton on Saturday last.

Warden Foster, of Dorchester, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. R. P. Doherty, of Moncton, was in town on Monday.

Mr. Stephen Cameron, of Kouchibouguac, was in town on Tuesday.

Rev. Mr. Summerville, who has been ill for the past week, is able to be out again.

LEPREAU.

MARCH 27.—Mr. Wallace, of the Pete Moss Co., was here last Monday.

Mr. L. Cameron has gone to St. Stephen to take charge of the station there, on the Shore Line Railway.

Miss Daisy Hanson and Mr. Oscar Hanson, Jr., left here for St. Martin's Tuesday, to attend the Union Baptist Seminary.

Mr. Bonnell, of St. Stephen, was in Lepreau last week. He intends building a summer residence at the "Seven Mile Lake."

Miss A. K. Lomax, of Boston, is visiting friends here.

Mr. F. Colley, of St. George, visited his brother, Mr. H. G. Colley, here last week.

Mr. John Reynolds made a brief visit to the city last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hanson are in St. John, N. S.

CHATHAM.

PROGRESS is for sale in Chatham at Edward Johnston's bookstore.

MARCH 27.—The Third Battalion Band gave a concert on Monday evening, which was well attended.

Mr. A. E. Patterson has just recovered from a serious attack of influenza.

Miss Overton is spending a few weeks in Fredericton.

A few of our young men are looking forward to the Easter holidays, as they anticipate taking a trip to St. John.

Mrs. Howard is in St. John with her son, who is ill.

Calling Decoration a specialty of Wilkins & Bando, 266 Union street.

MAKE HENS LAY

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER.

A LARGE 2 1/2 POUND CAN FOR \$1.20 TWO SMALL PACKS 50 CENTS POST PAID. Sheridan's Condition Powder

is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind.

It is worth giving in the food, once daily, in small doses. Prevents and cures all diseases of hens.

Worth its weight in gold when hens are molting, and to keep them healthy. Testimonials sent free by mail.

Ask your druggist, grocer, general store, or feed dealer for it. If you can't get it, send at once to us.

Take no other kind. We will send, postpaid by mail, as follows:—A new, enlarged, elegantly illustrated copy of the "FARMER'S POULTRY RAISING GUIDE" (price 25 cents); both how to make money with a few hens, and two small packages of Powder for 60 cents; or, one large 2 1/2 pound can and Guide, \$1.20. Sample package of Powder, 25 cents, five for \$1.00. Six large cans, express prepaid, for \$5.00. Send stamps or cash. L. E. JOHNSON & CO., 21 Custom-House Street, Boston, Mass.

For HOUSE CLEANING, WHITE CROSS GRANULATED SOAP. Pure, Reliable, Economical, CHEAP.

ALL over the house "Clean as a whistle."

The Fine, Black Currant Flavor of the "EAGLE CHOP" suits everybody.

A Romance of the Bath. In a Turkish bath, where ladies' hours are observed, there is often considerable confusion and hurry when they are dressing to get out of the way of the men.

A girl, who took her own sweet time in getting dressed, found it was the hour for the horrid creatures to enter.

In desperation she threw on her clothes and hastened forth, discovering when outside that she had left one of her garters behind her.

It was too late to go back for it. The man who had the room which the girl had just left saw something shining on the floor at his feet.

He stooped and picked up a yellow silk garter with frosted gold clasps. He drew a long breath, and vowed that if the owner proved pretty and fascinating he would marry her.

That night he advertised the garter, and the next day he got an answer. The identity of the garter being established the man called on the young woman, found her all his fancy dreamed, made desperate love to her, and so they were married.

One of his presents to his young wife was a beautiful pair of garters. —Clara Belle's New York Letter.

A Fair Farm. While passing a farm in Virginia, says a Washington Post man, the figure of an elderly man, whose attire was noticeable for the utter absence of any decorative efforts, was to be seen leaning against a fence.

"How are you getting along down here?" "Jes gettin' long; no mo'."

"Good farm?" "Fah."

"Can you raise anything on it?" "Consid'ble. I jes raised \$75 on it; fohth mortgage, too."

We Have All Met Jimson. "Will I write out Jimson's bill?" asked the clerk.

"No, I think you'd better get it printed; get about one hundred copies or so. It'll need that number before he pays it, and time and money will be saved in the end." —Phila. Times.

Fine Lined Note Paper, 120 sheets for 25 cents, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

How He Carries His "Incumb." One of the engrossing clerks at Albany is an exceedingly illiterate man, and secured his place through a "pull."

A few days ago he copied a financial measure. A fellow clerk who was looking over the draft suddenly asked:

"How do you spell the word 'income'?" "I don't know," he answered; "how do I?"

"Well, here you have it 'incum.'"

"By Jove!" said the dissector from Webster's orthography, "I don't know how I came to leave off the 'b.'" —Ex.

He Saw Snakes. "Ma," said a youngster, "was pa to the dime museum last night?"

"My son, why that question?" "Because I heered you ask him if he had seen the snakes when he was comin' up stairs to bed this mornin'."

—St. Louis Magazine.

Fine Burnished Envelopes, 500 in a bunch, at McArthur's Bookstore, King street.

SKINNERS' CARPET WAREROOMS.

1890. SPRING 1890. JUST OPENED:

NEW TAPESTRY CARPETS, with 5-8 Borders to match. NEW LACE CURTAINS, in White and Kern.

A. O. SKINNER. LANDLORDS! DO NOT WAIT FOR THE RUSH,



When Every Painter in the City will be Busy. Have what work is to be done begun now, and May day will find you all ready for your tenants.

A. G. STAPLES, Plain and Decorative Painter.

ELECTION CARDS. To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

At the request of a large number of citizens, I beg leave to announce that at the coming civic election, I will be a candidate for the position of

Mayor. Respectfully soliciting your support, I am, Your obedient servant, JOHN A. CHESLEY.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,— At the solicitation of many of the citizens I have decided to again be a candidate for the office of

Mayor. I am, Your obedient servant, W. A. LOCKHART.

To the Electors of Dukes Ward.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,— On the first Tuesday in April I shall again solicit your support as

ALDERMAN for Dukes Ward. Trusting to be favored as in the past. I am respectfully, SAMUEL TUFTS.

To the Electors of Kings Ward.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,— Having been presented with a numerous signed requisition to place myself in nomination for the position of

ALDERMAN at the ensuing election, I have consented to be a candidate for the office, and if elected, will use my best endeavors to promote the interests of the City and Ward.

As the time is limited I may be unable to meet you all personally, and therefore take this means of soliciting your support. JAMES STRATON.

To the Electors of Dukes Ward.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,— I shall on the first Tuesday in April again offer for

ALDERMAN, and trust that I may be favored with your support. Yours respectfully, S. G. BLIZARD. St. John, N. B., March 27th, 1890.

TO LET.

FROM MAY 1st—THE STORE on King Square at present occupied by Mr. E. L. Mulholland.

Also—The Store on King Square, adjoining R. T. Warden's.

Also—The Store on King Square, at present occupied by Mr. J. W. Montgomery, and formerly known as the London and China Tea Store.

These stores will be fitted up to suit tenant. Inquire of H. A. WHITE, Sussex, N. B. 2-8 41

OFFICES IN PALMER'S CHAMBERS, with separate vaults, and steam heated. Apply for particulars to THE MANAGERS of the MARYBANK BANK of ST. J. D. O. C. BAYARD'S BUILDING, Prince William Street.

RESIDENCE OF GARDEN STREET, at present occupied by A. I. T. W. man, Secy, barrister-at-law. G. J. COULTER WILKINSON, Hampton.

TO RENT—TWO STORES in Masonic Hall, at present in possession of Arthur Everett. Possession 1st May next. W. WATSON ALLEN, King's Building, cor. Prince Wm. and Princess streets.

If You Want ENGRAVING GET FIGURES "PROGRESS" ENGRAVING Promptness, Satisfaction Reasonable Price

VOL. II., NO. 1

WILL SETTLE THE

BUT WHETHER TO SUIT ME REMAINS TO BE SEEN

New Patches on the Old Stron Common Council—The Fight Neck and Neck in Queens—Played April Fool in Victoria

So the "fight is fit," and con expectation of some, there supporters of the Leary dock the common council. Just how are for and against it, will be the next vote is taken. In the giving the dock men McKelvey about whom there appears a doubt, it looks very much as vote would be a tie. Should the re-election of Mayor Leary clinch the dock scheme.

The triangular fight in Kings about as interesting as any in it was considered that Ald. Barn beyond preadventure, and it w by him and his friends that o were a good many tiars in the Blackadar was pretty sure of an Nevertheless the men who ha James Stratton forward claimed that he would lead the poll, at justice to them to say that they best to bring about such a res gave him no less than 95 plum included one individual who to would plump him because Fro the truth about his candidature 160 votes which was four mor opponents allowed him. Ald. gote 188, which was exactly wha figured beforehand. Ald. Barn which was in excess of the o

The ticket "Barnes-Blackada only one issued by these gentl neither of them was willing to o other to help himself. Blacke ever, did get three unsolicited

The only surprise in Kings w prominent employer of labor, counted on as sure for Barnes a star, walked into the poll, pic Stratton plumper and voted it. insist that he made a mistake.

The triangular fight in Queen quiet, but was none the less a one. Ald. Robertson was su election, but he did not relax hi on that account, and led the po votes, about half of the numb revised list.

So far as anyone could judge, was likely to be re-elected. He with his list early in the year, ar day before election had seen a of the 968 voters in the ward. great many of these he had p support. The non-payment of duced the list about 33 per-cent doubtfully to Ald. Jack's disat. In the meantime, Mr. W. Wat came forward, and while looko the outset as a weak man, devel prising strength from day to d Jack was personally as popula but he had not worked and vote his constituents. He was ver polls, and wore a glossy plug ha the heavy snow storm. Mr. A also busy, but reserved his pl wear when he became alderman dome of thought was decorat plain Derby.

Mr. Joshua Turner, who re Mr. Allen, was unkind enough to a lady who come to vote for A but she voted, and gave Mr. T opinion of him, into the bargain.

When the poll was closed, it w that Allen and Jack had 292 vo Everybody supposed there wou be another election. In antici such an event Ald. Jack was co defeating Mr. Allen. Mr. Allen confident of defeating Ald. Jack. were both happy.

A little later, when it was fo the presiding officer, Mr. E. T. C. had the casting vote, only one of happy, and that was not Ald. Ja Allen was declared elected.

Ald. Allen and his friends claim had a majority without the cast On the first count, the clerk mad nine ahead, but as the tallies did another count by the clerk ma Six others, however, who had ke made Allen ten ahead. The ballo meantime, had been scattered or d

Ald. Jack has to thank his fri supporters for the 90 plumpers th him.

In Prince ward, everybody ge Morrison, and probably McKelvey be elected, though some had Nelson. The latter gentlemen h nominated at the last hour, and h no canvass. Under these circun he took a very good vote, and would have taken more had not m led to suppose that McKelvey w to the Leary dock.

Mr. S. H. Chapman, or rathe Chapman, late of H. M. 50th e educational and Crimean veter not nominated, but he was a c just the same, as was announced

NEW GOODS

We have opened the very Latest and Prettiest Designs in

Sateens and Cambrics.

These goods are very fine, of superior quality, and our prices are extremely reasonable.

HUNTER & HAMILTON.

Mail orders filled promptly.

DON'T YOU KNOW? YOU WILL KNOW!

That PHILADERMA is an Elegant Toilet article for the cure of Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, or any roughness of the skin. It is used by all who are courteous, and when used you will never be without it. It is not, but a bottle from your druggist and

REQUISITION.

St. John, N. B., March 10th, 1890.

To WILLIAM SHAW, Esq.— We, the undersigned Electors of Wellington Ward, would respectfully request you to accept the nomination for ALDERMAN at the election to be held on Tuesday, April 1st, 1890.

Your knowledge of matters now before the Council, such as the Dry Dock and other City improvements, we think require your presence at the Board for another year.

We are not unmindful of the fact that your time will be limited to some extent, by your labors as representative in the Legislature, but we hope that you will see your way clear to accept for another year, and if so we pledge you our support at the polls—

- W. B. McVey, Scott Bro., H. F. Sharpe, Crothers, Henderson & Wilson, J. R. Woodburn, Geo. L. Barbour, J. H. Baird, James Allison, James Duke, W. H. Coe ran, David Mitchell, A. A. Watson, John N. Fenwick, Robert Marce, Wm Robertson, W. J. Robertson, W. J. Wilson, J. W. Wilson, A. Christie, C. W. Flewelling, D. W. Newcomb, Robert Melrose, W. H. Warr, Samuel C. Drury, Homer Crookshank, Thomas Lynch, S. H. Givan, Edward Bates, John Hopkins, Wm Peters, George B. Peters, David Patterson, John M. Jenkins, John E. Irvine, John Russell, Jr., Wm Moody, Thomas Finlay, J. J. Noke, W. E. Stubbs, W. F. Patchell, W. H. Thorpe, A. A. Stockton, J. F. Youngclaus, W. J. Parks, C. R. J. Crawford, M. D., J. H. Case, Thomas Reid, W. G. Salmon, W. F. Noble, J. J. McPherson, Andrew Myers, S. E. Hoyt, S. M. Clark, W. H. Merritt, C. P. Clarke, H. T. Mack, J. F. Dockrill, John A. Bowes, Thomas Reid, J. H. Frodsham, D. Belyea, Jos. Laidzell, Thos Smith, Arthur Foster, Jos Emery, W. Moore, Charles Nevins, A. Snelcar, W. H. Bowman, J. Irwin Sharp, James A. Belyea, John P. Thomas, Charles E. Patterson, J. L. Finley, Norval D. McLaughlin.

To Messrs. E. W. PAUL, THOMAS FINLAY, W. B. McVey, etc., etc.

Gentlemen,—In response to your flattering requisition and also the personal solicitations of many others of the Electors of Wellington Ward, I beg to say that it affords me much pleasure to know that my labors at the Council Board, for the last five years, has been so satisfactory to you, and in accepting the nomination, which I now do, I trust that if elected for another year my conduct will be such as will merit a continuance of your confidence and approval.

I remain, Gentlemen, Yours, etc.,

WM. SHAW.

To the Electors of Wellington Ward.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,— Having been solicited by a large number of the Electorate of the Ward to place ourselves in nomination for the office of

ALDERMEN, at the civic election to be held on the First Tuesday in April next, we beg leave to announce that we will be Candidates on that occasion, and trust we may receive a renewal of your confidence.

We remain, Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM SHAW, THOMAS W. PETERS.



Good morning HAVE YOU USED PEAR'S SOAP?

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.—PEAR'S obtained the only GOLD MEDAL awarded solely for Toilet Soap in competition with all the world. Highest possible distinction.