

AN ANSWER TO A LETTER.

"W.B." LETTER ANSWER. REV. MR. HURLEY'S DEPARTURE.

From Montreal, Ont., dated 17th August 1888. Correspondent—A Fair View of the Question Presented by "Geoffrey Cutbert Strange."

The following paragraph appeared in the Daily Times of last Friday: The Rev. Mr. Hurley, lately pastor of the Reformed Episcopal church in Montreal, has been received into the Church of England.

Now, to the unprejudiced eye, there is nothing out of the way in that paragraph. It states a simple fact, in very simple and well chosen language, pays a graceful little tribute to the ability of the gentleman referred to, and winds up with the casual remark, that he is the second clergyman of that denomination who has seen fit to join the Church of England in Canada within the last six months.

As an item in today's issue respecting the Rev. Mr. Hurley's connection with the Reformed Episcopal church is somewhat misleading, permit me to state that he was never admitted into the ministry of the Reformed Episcopal church, nor appeared in its clergy list. He simply officiated for six months in St. Paul's here, as supply, under license from the bishop, and as the congregation did not renew the engagement, his connection with the R. E. C. ceased, and he was open to take work with any denomination which would receive him.

The italics are mine. I wished to draw attention to the peculiar construction of "W.B." letter. I have read that letter over three times, and it seems to me upon mature deliberation that, if I happened to belong to the Reformed Episcopal church, I should feel strongly inclined to take "W." for a trip down the river in the *Arbutus*, and anchor him in the deepest part of the channel.

Mr. Mulcahey Acts the Role of Robinson Crusoe and Doesn't Like It. I ain't feelin' very good, 'cause I got an 'orful dackin' from a fellow on the schooner, and so did Bill, 'cause we took his boat without askin' anybody, and went out for a sail. Pa, he was down to the wharf after tea smokin' a cigar when we come along, and asked him if he'd like to come out, and he said 'course he would. So we rowed over to the boobies, and I guess pa thort he's a young boy again, 'cause when we went to cut our names on the boogie he got out and cut his, too, and when he wasn't lookin' me and Bill got in the boat and pushed off, and left pa on the desert island, jest to see what kinder a Robinson Crusoe he'd make, but I guess if Mr. Crusoe hollered as loud as pa did, he wouldn't be stayed there so long, 'cause they'd heard him over in Europe.

Look at the matter quietly now that you have had time to cool, was it a very Christian-like act to have that parthian shot at the Rev. Mr. Hurley, your late pastor remember, and say "with any denomination which would receive him." The established Church of England seems to have been willing to receive him, and let me assure you that she is much more particular about those whom she permits to lift up their voice in her churches than you are by your own confession. Indeed, it is to be hoped that the rev. gentleman did not solemnize many marriages during his brief pastorate, for as he was not attached to your church and you knew so little about him, it might prove awkward for those whom he has joined in the silken bonds, if the legality of the ceremony should ever be questioned!

I do not know that Mr. Hurley has ever had an opportunity of giving his side of the question, but I heard of very reliable authority that Mr. Hurley, like many other clergymen who come to this country from abroad, was under the impression that he was in the Church of England all along, and when he discovered his mistake, and that he had been ministering to an American church, totally unconnected with and independent of the Church of England, he had quite as much to do with the severance of his connection from that body and his quondam congregation as they had. So much in justice to Mr. Hurley; and I leave it to an intelligent public to judge whether, under the circumstances, it would not have been better for all parties if "W.B." had held his peace and kept out of print.

Geoffrey Cutbert Strange. FORWARD TO SUCCESS. The Moncton Exhibition and What is Being Done for It.

Quite early last winter a few bold spirits in Moncton conceived the idea of a summer carnival for the railway town. Indeed they waxed quite enthusiastic over the scheme, and enlarged on the advantages Moncton offered for such a festivity. But as the year advanced we heard less and less about the carnival. Carnivals were growing common, St. John and Halifax were each having one, so Moncton stood aside with a disdainful sniff and decided that she was not going to make herself cheap. She would just settle down quietly and contemplate her beloved engines and railway wags, breathe in long revivifying draughts of train smoke, and gloat over the new round house

Cool and refreshing drinks at the "National," 22 Charlotte street.

The Lady

Who has fine hair, and desires to preserve its color, abundance, and texture, should use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean and cool, and is by far the most exquisite toilet preparation in the market.

Customer—Now, how much is it going to cost me to have that prescription put up? Druggist—Do you wish it prepared by myself or by my clerk? It will cost \$1 if prepared by me, and 50 cents if prepared by my clerk.—America

Ayer's Hair Vigor, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by purifying and enriching the blood, improves the appetite, aids the assimilating process, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the system. It is, therefore, the best and most thoroughly reliable alternative that can be found for old and young.—Advt.

Mother-in-Law—Charles, whenever you are ready to show me the brindle bull I will go with you. Son-in-Law—You had better put something warm. Your red shawl will do.—Boston Herald.

A distressing cough or cold not only deprives one of rest and sleep, but, if allowed to continue, is liable to develop more serious troubles in the way of congestion or laryngitis, or perhaps consumption. Use Baird's Balsam of Horehound.—Advt.

A Secret Worth Knowing. "Young man," said the long-haired passenger to the occupant of the seat above. "Do you know that I've never spent a dollar for liquor in my whole life?" "Really?" responded the young man turning half-way round with a look of great interest in his face. "How do you work it?"—Life.

BUY THE BEST. INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS OF HARTFORD, CONN.

IT HAS \$10,000,000 ASSETS. \$2,000,000 SURPLUS. THE LARGEST AND STRONGEST ACCIDENT COMPANY IN THE WORLD.

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THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE TURKISH DYES. Unequalled for Richness and Beauty of Coloring. They are the ONLY DYES that WILL NOT WASH OUT! WILL NOT FADE OUT!

UNION LINE! ST. JOHN and FREDERICTON. UNTIL further notice steamer ACADIA will leave for Fredericton, Gloucester and intermediate points, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY mornings, at 10 o'clock, local time.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. COMPY. (LIMITED.) SUMMER SAILINGS. ON and after 1st June, the CITY OF MONTICELLO will sail from the Company's wharf, Reel's Point, on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

NEW DRY GOODS STORE! (EAST END CITY). Waterloo, near Union Street. FOR CARNIVAL SEASON. A large variety of STAPLE and FANCY DRY GOODS, in all the leading departments.

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NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY. "ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTRAL, &c. Commencing July 8, 1888.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, at 16.40 a.m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

7.30 p.m.—Fast Express, for St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock and "via Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West-CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL.

14.45 p.m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations. 15.30 p.m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, 12.30 p.m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 16.00 a.m.; 13.35 p.m. Parlor Car attached 7.30 a.m. Sleeping Car attached. 18.45 a.m.—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock.

14.45 p.m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations. 15.30 p.m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

17.55 a.m.—Connecting with 8.45 a.m. train from St. John. 1.430 p.m.—Connecting with 4.45 p.m. train from St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME! Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. † Daily except Monday.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY! St. Stephen and St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. ON and after MONDAY, JUNE 17, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

LEAVE St. John at 7.00 a.m., and Carleton at 7.50 a.m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 9.50 a.m.; St. Stephen, 11.55 a.m. LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.00 a.m., St. George, 10.00 a.m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.40 p.m., St. John at 1.00 p.m.

we find this principle unbending and true. The little perching wanderer of the wing that a year or two was not and in a year or two will be forgotten, forever sings and chants its strange, old song of gladness, from every glen and every, every village and meadow, and every every mountain of the wide world. Man alone in his folly or madness seems the only violator of this law and to suffer the consequences thereof.

Marriage to be natural ought to rest on the basis of a supreme affection, that necessarily implies similarity of nature, kindred mental and physical adaptations. Whoever looks at the world through the eyes of sense or science will find it, and all it contains, made of a piece, with similarity of part with part, with no half joints or contradictions, and cannot help inferring that God Himself has planted in the human heart mutual affection as the foundation on which every union in the human race should rest. Truer to the dictates of nature and the sacredness of instinct than our more enlightened century, the pagans of the darker ages of iron rule and rougher destiny lived. The only basis on which a matrimonial union rested true and just with them, was the basis of a supreme affection. This is the lesson old VALERIUS MAXIMUS would have us remember when he tells us how CORNELIA, the wife of TITUS GRACCHUS refused the hand of PROLEMUS, king of Egypt. "The buried ashes," he says, "of her husband seemed to lie so cold on her heart that the splendor of a diadem and all the pomps of a rich kingdom were not able to warm it so as to make it capable of receiving the impression of a new love." It is the same principle that PLINY, the younger, evidently followed, since writing of his wife, he says, "She loves me, that is the surest pledge of her virtue. She has a wonderful disposition for learning which she has acquired from her affection for me. She is constantly reading my writings, constantly studying them and getting them by heart; from these instances I take the most certain omens of our perpetual and increasing happiness, since her affection is not founded on my youth or person, which must gradually decay, but she is in love with the immortal part of me."

In the debris and rubbish of fallen Rome we find many such noble proofs of Pagan faith in the necessity of supreme affection. We find there in the smouldering ashes of the long forgotten past, gems that sparkle still, and sparks that shed lustre and excite admiration wherever they fall. But there is no century or land that cannot furnish noble examples of the existence of supreme affection and its indomitable power; no matter where or how we turn our face we will see some striking proofs of its magnificence. Every city and town, village and homestead, graveyard and ruin, prison and hospital can tell us tales of affection's power, strong enough to excite the admiration of every feeling being.

No wonder CARLYLE, stern Scotchman, wept over GUERET DEMERY's letter to his wife. When the battle fell by the hands of the French revolution, strange secrets came to light, and long buried despair found expression. Amid the ruins of this tower of tyranny we find a tattered piece of flimsy paper, and written carefully written on it.

The domestic problem has never been quite so perplexing as it has this summer. The best of housekeepers mourn the loss of favorite domestics, and the task of replacing them has conquered them. Some husbands, with a more than ordinary amount of compassion, have also joined in the hunt, but the evidence goes to show that they were not over-scrupulous. "References," that much abused word, never entered their masculine brains, and anybody who wore petticoats and could build a coal fire was engaged on the spot.

One gentleman has lapsed into poetry on the subject. The strain was too great: He hired her, but she could not cook; She knew not how to make a bed, And I will swear upon the book She could not bake a loaf of bread.

Advertisement for IDEAL SOAP featuring an illustration of a woman and a child. Text: "THIS IS THE SOAP THAT ROSE IN THE MORNING... THE DAY THAT IDEAL SOAP WAS BORN... HE HAD RISEN EARLY TO TELL TO MANKIND THAT WONDROUS SOAP TO SEEK AND TO FIND... USE IDEAL SOAP... All grocers sell it... THE WORLD KNOWS IT... MADE ONLY BY WM. LOGAN ST. JOHN N.B."

TALK OF THE THEATRE. When a play as well known as Shaughraun is presented, it invites comparisons with previous performances of the same piece by other people. If one calls to mind the regular, brogue, rattling Conn of W. H. Lyell, and the finished, well-defined Harry Duff of J. M. Francoeur, the verdict cannot be favorable to the gentlemen who appeared in these roles on Friday and Saturday last. Even the scenery was poor, the effect being faded into the background of stately arches and wood foliage. If the management wanted to give us a good Irish drama, they should have produced Arrah-na-Pogue, which is unknown to the present generation of amusement seekers in this city, and not one with which they have an A B C acquaintance.

In Conn. Boucicault gave to the stage a picture of the dare-devil, mirthful, loving Hibernian peasant as no dramatist ever before succeeded in doing. It is all light and shade. One moment he is like a prism focusing the rays of the sun and lighting up the scene with rainbow colors, while in the next his pathos wells up tears to the eyelids only to brush them aside with that effortless will which is the result of a buoyant nature exerting itself in spite of every adversity. The programme said that Mr. McDowell had played this part over 600 times, and if this be the result of his labors, or a fair criterion of his ability in this line, then he had better leave Irish comedy severely alone. Much allowance has to be made for his early success, and the management, still he has neither the brogue, accent, idiom, expression, or appearance of any Irishman that I have ever seen.

Mr. Bunney's dialect was a decided improvement on his Myles Na-Coppley—though he still says "mate for meet"—but he did not fully conceive the former base, mean and capable of any outrage; one who had sent innocent men to the gallows, exile and penal servitude; one who lives in fear and dread, always haunted with the consciousness of his own wrong doing, and shrouded by the awful Nemesis that dogs his footsteps; concealing his identity and never talking above a whisper for fear that he will be discovered, and in this respect his Harvey Duff was a failure.

Really the best brogue on the stage was Mr. Whipple's; he has a voice and style particularly suited to such characters as Kinchella and Corrigan. Whatever Mr. Hight does he does well, and his Father Dolan was no exception. Beyond doubt the gem of the piece was Mr. Fravelley's Captain Molinaux, which was easy, graceful and full of force when force was required. He looked and acted every inch of the cool, brave, manly British soldier, who could love, fight and perform his duty under the most trying circumstances.

Miss Reeves' Claire Ffoliot was exquisite, fully equaling her Rosa Leigh, in Rosetella, which, to my mind, was her best work of this season. The last time, which was last fall, he said they are every one of them, the public has said they are every one of them, ordinary feelings of regret, tempered only with the thought that the memories of their excellent performances will rise up to cheer and delight many a dreamer around our winter hearths. Most of them came to us as strangers but left as friends, carrying with them the assurance and conviction that whenever they return, either individually or collectively, their names and the remembrance of their abilities will secure for them crowded houses.

he than made upon me was renewed last evening. With just a little time for study, what a great character he would make Perkin Middlewick? If I do not enter into an analysis of the ladies' acting, it is because I found no fault with it, excepting that the piece did not afford them greater opportunities. What there was I admired and sighed for more. The farewell performance consisted of the one act comedy, My Uncle's Will, and the three act comedy (?) Engaged. In the former Messrs McDowell and Sterner and Miss Reeves did a really choice and enjoyable piece of work. About the latter comedy—I would call it a travesty—a great deal has been written and said; very much of it rubbish. "It's Gilbert's best," is the verdict of one; "It's the funniest comedy of the age," exclaims another; "It's 20 years ahead of its time," profoundly remarks some one else; but if, as given on Thursday evening, it was anything near what it is the quintessence of all that is wearisome, tiresome and irksome. It has some splendid humor, but it is overweighed with much that is ridiculous and nonsensical—with stuff that we might laugh at in a burlesque, but find extremely distasteful in a comedy.

Miss Reeves scored another hit as Belinda and so would have Mr. McDowell as Cheviot if he did not appear at times to be forced and unnatural; and these, with the exception of Mrs. Goddard, who appeared at her best, are the only ones in the cast worthy of mention. Those who spoke the Scotch dialect were very far off the mark, especially Mr. Bunney, whose south of Ireland tongue would crop out in spite of all his efforts. All the ladies in the company were honored with a bouquet each, and due attention to details and accessories. In other words, that stony struck scenery, unless appropriate, will not be tolerated. And I, with all the rest, thank them for the lesson.

Two years ago the name of Duncan B. Harrison was almost unknown to the stage, but he had youth, ability and ambition, and he went in determined to win. His first effort was an Irish drama entitled The Pyramaster, in which he acted the leading character, in which he acted the leading character himself. It met with instantaneous success wherever presented. In the principle scene he had to leap from a barrack window into the river below, which was a tank of red water. On three occasions when making the perilous jump he injured himself severely. The last time, which was last fall, he sprained his ankle, and now in the height of his success comes the sad news that he has been obliged to close his engagement in San Francisco and come east for the purpose of having the foot amputated. This will end forever a very promising stage career.

The New York Dramatic Mirror, of last week contained, what was to me at least, the astonishing information that the great Napoleon had once written a tragedy. It was called Hector, and was produced at the Theatre Francais on Oct. 1, 1860, with the name of Louis de Lamoignon as author, and was a failure. And yet Bulwer makes Richeieu say that the pen is mightier than the sword.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT AT SUNSET. After a burning day, when even came, I climbed a cliff which looked across the bay, And glanced to where St. Michael's Mountain lay. Discovered by a mirrored shaft of flame,— As rudely as a maiden's blush of shame,— And a flood-tide with evening shadows grey From Marazion. There I mused away On Tristram's early praise and later blame, And how upon this very rock once stood The gleaming castle called Lyonesse In Tristram's day, "The White Tower in the wood." While forest, meadows, towns and palaces Were howered from here to Scilly's utmost bound, Where long the ocean hath usurped the ground. I gazed upon the castle of today, At first behind a halo amber-dyed, Until half concealed it and half veiled, Which no mortal pencil could convey The glory of the picture—fit for fay Or Knight of old romance. I turned aside, Forgetful that a vision might not bide, And when I looked again, the pageant gay Had vanished and a sorcerer's fastness rose Black from the precipice—no aperture For door or window—such as Dore shows With his grim brush, till the sun grew obscure, And every point of tower and crag did obscure In bold relief with the clear light of eve.

Large advertisement for BARNES & MURRAY, 17 CHARLOTTE STREET. Text: "New Fall Goods! WE HAVE OPENED THIS WEEK: TWO CASES of ULSTER and JACKET CLOTHS for Fall wear. ALSO: New Gimps in Black and Colored. THE KEYSTONE EGG BEATER and CREAM WHIP. WE HAVE IT IN TWO SIZES. THE SELF-WRINGING MOP. We are the Sole Agents for this, and are now prepared to sell it Wholesale and Retail. Best Labor and Time-Saving Articles ever Invented, and every Housekeeper should possess them. If you have not seen them call and examine. SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, (Sole Agents for the 'JEWEL' RANGE), 38 KING STREET, - - - Opp. Royal Hotel. SOCIAL AND PERSONAL. AMHERST, N. S. At 10-14—A number of our young people got up a driving party one evening last week and visited the Fort Laurence dock, to view the working of the same at night, which works are carried on the same as the day, being brilliantly illuminated with an oil expressly imported for that purpose, a barrel being used in a night. F. Stewart Dickie left on Friday for his present home in Toronto. Rev. Robert and Mrs. Somerville, of New York, are in town, the guests of Mrs. Somerville's sister, Mrs. Thomas Dunlap. The ladies of Christ church held a sale of aprons and a tea on Tuesday which well patronized. Mrs. Albert J. Hickman, of Dorchester, and son, were in town this week. Mr. R. H. Tremaine, druggist, of this town, was united in marriage on Wednesday to Miss May Crane, of Bale Verte. The ceremony was performed in the Methodist church. The happy couple left for a short trip before settling down to housekeeping. Mrs. Tremaine will favorably know here and her friends wish her every happiness. Mrs. Foy, of Toronto, at present visiting in Dorchester, was in town this week. Mrs. Douglas had a party of young people on Monday evening for her son Joe. Rev. D. McCreigh has returned from a visit to the Breton to see his friends. Mr. Atkins, of Truro, was here last week on very important business. Mrs. David Robb had a 5 o'clock tea on Wednesday. The Misses Webster, of Shelburne, were in town on Tuesday, on their return from Halifax. Mrs. Thorne, of St. John, is in town, visiting her parents, Capt. and Mrs. Towerson. OSCAR. CALAIS, MAINE. At 10-14—A perfect moonlight night and the flash and gleam of the myriads of colored lanterns and other illuminations, which spread far and wide over the handsome grounds of "Dover Hill," whose grounds slope to the water's edge, the fine music, the pretty girls and charming women, made the festivities on Tuesday exceptionally brilliant and enjoyable. Dawn was breaking as the last of the guests reluctantly bade Mr. and Mrs. Young good night. From Calais, I caught a glimpse of Mr. Moore and daughter, Dr. Moore, Dr. and Mrs. Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Killings, Mrs. Albert Nellis, Mrs. Ernest Lee, the Misses Washburn, Miss Julia Kelley, Miss Foster, Mr. G. H. Haycock, Mrs. Downes, Mr. Charles Foster, Mr. G. H. Haycock, Mrs. Downes, Miss Trivet, Miss Bigley, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Downes, Mr. King, Mrs. Boudin, Mr. Fred Lovell, Miss Nellie Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Eaton, Miss Lambert, the Misses King, Miss Kimball, Mrs. Charles King, Mr. Anderson, Miss Eaton, Miss Harris, Miss Fowler, Mr. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Corey, Mr. Thomas, Mr. James Thomas, Mr. Lyman Washburn, Mr. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. W. Boardman, and others. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Killings, of Winchester, Mass., are the guests of Mrs. Levi Lowell. Miss Lambert, of Gardner, Me., is visiting Mrs. W. Cole. Mr. Ernest T. Lee has gone to Portland on a business trip. The consul, Mrs. Patch and son, will soon take up their residence in Bangor, much to the regret of their Calais friends. Mrs. William Engel, who has been the guest of Mrs. A. E. Nellis, has returned to Bangor. Miss Helen Walker, who has been making a short stay at Mrs. George King's, returned home Wednesday. Miss Milla Whitney, who has been visiting Mrs. Albion Eaton, left for her home in Worcester on Monday. Mr. Charles T. Copeland, of Boston, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Copeland. Miss Noyes, of Portland, Me., is the guest of Mrs. Geo. King. Mrs. James Thomas is the guest of his brother, Mr. J. L. Thomas, at the Border City. Miss Helen Brewster, of Chicago, Ill., is the guest of her cousin, Miss Alice Fike. Mrs. Florence Sawyer, of Cambridge, Mass., is the guest of her grandmothers, Mrs. W. Duran, at the St. Croix Exchange. Mrs. Edna Foster and Miss Agnes Lowell have returned from St. Andrew's.

THE DEATH-CHILD.

She sits beneath the elder-tree, And sings her song so sweet, And dreams o'er the burn that darkly runs by her moon-white feet.

AN INTERESTING PLANT.

A. B. of Fredericton, speaks of Mr. Proctor's, in a note to the Progress, says that Mr. Cruikshank's trumpet plant, in the centre of the mound in the old burial ground has excited considerable interest, especially during the carnival week among visitors from various parts of the province and Dominion.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Mr. J. H. of Fredericton, in a note to the Progress, says that Mr. Cruikshank's trumpet plant, in the centre of the mound in the old burial ground has excited considerable interest, especially during the carnival week among visitors from various parts of the province and Dominion.

\$55.00-Now Listen-\$55.00.

YOU can furnish a Parlor for \$55 cash, and for Cash only, and you have only ten days to avail yourselves of this opportunity; remember this is no catch advertisement, but a genuine offer, a complete outfit for your Parlor for \$55, it will be on exhibition in my show window on and after August 14.

\$55.

A Walnut Parlor Suite, 6 or 7 Pieces, Upholstered in Embossed Mohair Plush in Crimson, with Gold Trimmings of Sultan Plush; 30 Yards of Tapestry Carpet; one Elegant Smyrna Rug, Reversible; one Imitation Walnut Centre Table; one Beautiful EMBROIDERED MANTLE DRAPERY; two pair of Lace Curtains; two Cornice Poles; two pair of Drapery Chains. All of the above delivered to any part of the city for

\$55.

N. B.—ONE OUTFIT ONLY SOLD TO EACH CUSTOMER.

HAROLD GILBERT, - - 54 King Street.

SMITH BROS., WHOLESALE Dry Goods,

GROCERS. ARMOUR'S Canned Meats! LUNCH TONGUE, all sizes; OX TONGUE, all sizes; CORNED BEEF, all sizes; PRIME ROAST BEEF.

Marked Down! JAMES KELLY, TAILOR AND CLOTHIER, No. 5 Market Square, HAVE made a SWEEPING REDUCTION in the large stock of Ready-Made Clothing

AND - - Millinery, GRANVILLE AND DUKE STS., HALIFAX, N. S.

BONNELL & COWAN, 200 Union Street, St. John, N. B. Watermelons, Strawberries, Green Peas, New Potatoes, Fruits of all kinds.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS AT BOTTOM PRICES. CUSTOM WORK attended to with care. A good fit guaranteed. A magnificent line of CLOTHS to select from.

FALL IMPORTATIONS NOW ARRIVING. SPECIAL LINES OF DRESS GOODS, EMB'D. ROBES, GLOVES, Hosiery and Millinery Novelties.

SCOTT BROTHERS, 3 Waterloo Street, near Union. W. ALEX. PORTER, HAS FOR CARNIVAL WEEK a full supply of CHOICE FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY and NUTS, HAVANA CIGARS, etc., etc.

British American Clothing House. ST. JOHN ACADEMY OF ART. STUDIO BUILDING, 74 GERMAIN ST., SAINT JOHN, N. B.

ICE Cream Soda! THE BEST DRINK IN TOWN. CALL AT CROCKETT'S For a Glass.

LADIES! IF YOU WANT A PURSE Call and see what we are showing. The stock includes all the NEWEST PATTERNS, and they are offered at prices that will insure ready purchasers.

Shorthand LADIES and GENTLEMEN desiring to obtain a thorough knowledge of shorthand and a business acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening course—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to HARRY PEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute

ALFRED MORRISEY, 104 KING STREET. CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY

STOVES, STOVE FITTINGS, TINWARE. CHEAP AT J. HORNCastle & CO. : : Indian town. GOODS SOLD ON EASY Weekly Payments.

MOORE'S Almond and Cucumber Cream, SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN. It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips. It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise.

WILLIAM CLARK, NEW NOVELS IN CHEAP EDITIONS. THE SEARCH FOR BASIL LYNTHURST—by Rosa Carey... Price 30c

F. A. JONES, 34 Dock Street. DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, DOMVILLE BUILDING, P. O. Box 303. ST. JOHN, N. B. Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade.

Mitchell's Cafe! 76 GERMAIN STREET. DINNER SERVED from 12 m. to 3 p. m. REFRESHMENTS at all hours. Most delicious ICE CREAM made to order. Ladies' Room, in particular, excellently fitted up.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Notes and Announcements. Bliss Carman passed through the city this week, on his way to Windsor. Rev. W. V. Campbell has brought out another book of poems, Lake Lyrics.

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

[Written in Victoria, Australia, where the time is 9 1/2 hours before English time.] It's half-past six by us p. m., so you will soon be wending Your way up to the leeward edge, with pointer and with gun.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

[PROGRESS is for sale at Annapolis Royal at Fred S. Symonds & Co.) AUG. 14.—The Halifax carnival presented such a host of attractions last week that I could not resist the temptation to be there, although I knew the readers of PROGRESS in Annapolis would sadly miss their weekly items.

CHRYSLER.

Mr. Charles Ferguson, of New York, is visiting his home. Mrs. Richard McLaughlin and Miss Francis McLaughlin, who have been visiting friends in Boston for the past three months, returned home last week.

WATERGATE.

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