

pet Warerooms.  
G, 1889.

RE and HOUSEKEEPERS will want to  
and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

for the coming season, I will be able to  
LATEST NOVELTIES in  
PESTERY CARPETS, with borders to match;  
PATTINGS, ART SQUARES,  
S,  
BEST VALUES ever QUOTED in this city.

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

Own Annuals;

utograph Albums;  
KS;  
RVICES.

ORTMENT AT  
... 46 and 48 King Street.

ation that their names were not included in the  
list of invitations. Subsequently it was ascertained  
that the fashionable gathering had been one in a  
series of parties on Christian science.

Mr. Morgan, the genial and popular traveller for  
McIntyre & Sons, Montreal, is in town for a few days.  
Mr. Ross Green, formerly of the Grand Southern,  
has accepted a position as night clerk in the Penob-  
scot Exchange, Bangor.

If you want board, recollect that all people  
who take board also take "Progress." A  
want only 10 cents.

HALIFAX, N. S.

"Progress" is for sale in Halifax every  
Saturday noon, at Knoles' bookstore,  
corner George and Granville streets.

JANUARY 30.—Miss Dollie Lawson and Miss Kin-  
near will journey to Montreal to witness the carnival  
sports.

The public had an opportunity last evening to  
listen to Prince Dupleh Singh warble. It was at a  
concert in aid of a Church of England mission. His  
highness did nothing a solo, but his sweet voice was  
to advantage in a duet with Miss Geraldine Stuart,  
daughter of Col. Stuart.

Miss Schaffer, whose singing of the leading  
soprano role in the recent production of *The Pirates  
of Penzance*, by amateurs, was so praiseworthy, will  
soon take her departure for Germany to pursue her  
musical studies. She will be tendered a benefit by  
her friends ere she leaves Halifax.

General Ross and staff will leave early next week  
to attend the Montreal carnival.

George Taylor of the Merchants' bank, is out  
again, after an attack of typhoid fever. George  
looks a little shaky yet, but I hope soon to see him  
in his usual good health and spirits.

Mr. Adams Johnstone, known by everybody, will  
lead the altar tomorrow Miss Taylor, daughter of  
Mr. Robert Taylor, of Spring Gardens. The bride  
and groom, after a brief honeymoon trip, will reside  
on Hollis street.

The Harriers' dance took place last Friday evening  
in Freeman's hall, and on the whole was very  
much of a success. About 1300 were present. The  
programme was not ended until close upon 9 o'clock,  
at which hour those who during the evening had  
helped to make up a scene of gaiety, departed for  
their homes. Some of the ladies were very prettily  
and becomingly attired. If I were to name a belle,  
I think I would likely be making an invidious dis-  
tinction. So many ladies looked so attractive that I  
must be excused from individualizing. Among  
others present I noticed the following:

- Mr and Mrs M. Morrow, Mr Sawyer,
- Miss Henley, Mr Wainwright,
- Miss Kinser, Mr Neal,
- Miss Cochran, Mr VanBuskirk,
- Miss Story, Mr LeDor,
- Miss Fairbank, Mr Duffie,
- Miss Bland, Mr Bland,
- Miss McLaren, Mr J. D. Ritchie,
- Miss Hunter, Mr Bradford,
- Miss McCann, Mr Silver,
- Miss Cowie, Mr Saller,
- Miss Wier, Mr Saller,
- Miss Stewart, Mr Morrow,
- Mr and Mrs A. Curran, Mr Cowie,
- Miss King, Mr Wier,
- Miss Christie, Mr Dutton,
- Miss Chipman, Mr Leach,
- Mr Doak, Mr Moncreiff,
- Miss Glicker.

The next ball of the Harriers is being looked  
forward to with pleasure by all who participated in  
this, the first of the series. WENT.

If you have rooms "to let," remember that  
every house-hunting woman reads "Progress."  
Only 10 cents.

& DALY.

Own Price

ive up Store

CH,

ublic the benefit of

s and Dress Trimmings,

CE.

er of the Trustee.

VOL. I., NO. 41.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

### WHAT ABOUT THE OATS?

THE THEFT AND FORESIGHT OF  
BROTHER-IN-LAW PURDY.

More Sample Bricks and Mortar From the  
Fire and Light Stations—How the Men  
Who Run the City Escape Their Share of  
the Taxes—A Case in Point.

The latest news from Portland represents  
Boss Chesley as "in a state of mind." He  
is righteously indignant at PROGRESS on  
account of the recent disclosures, and he  
threatens all sorts of things, including  
personal violence.

He had better wait until PROGRESS gets  
through with him, and average himself all in  
a heap. It is not done with him yet.

The public understands, if he does not,  
that he is being dealt with as Boss Chesley,  
not as citizen W. A. Chesley. He or any  
other man who assumes to exercise public  
functions is a fit and proper subject for  
criticism. And he or any other man in  
such a position will be criticised so long as  
he continues to do wrong.

That he has done and is doing wrong no  
one can doubt.

PROGRESS has already shown the facts  
which are not denied and can be proved,  
that he has lent himself to acts which can  
be explained only on the ground of jobbery  
or incompetency. He has either abused  
his position or permitted abuses. In either  
case he is unfit to have the direction of pub-  
lic affairs.

The scandalous way in which Boss Ches-  
ley's brother-in-law, Daniel J. Purdy, has  
been allowed to supply the fire department  
with hay and oats, without tender and at  
his own prices, has already been shown.  
It is possible that Mr. Purdy would have  
enjoyed the privilege had he not been a  
brother-in-law, but does any sane man sup-  
pose so?

This is not all. When brother-in-law  
Purdy's contract expired, there were stored  
in one of the engine houses a quantity of  
oats, perhaps two or three hundred bushels.  
These had been furnished by Mr. Purdy at  
contract price, a figure which amply repaid  
him. He is, however, a thrifty man who  
takes thought of the morrow. He knew that  
the price of oats was about to rise, and  
claiming that he was not bound to furn-  
ish supplies beyond the expiration of his  
contract he sent his team to the engine  
house and hauled the oats away. These  
oats which he had furnished for say 32 cents,  
under the contract, he subsequently re-sold  
to the department, without contract at the  
increased market rate, which at one time  
reached 46 cents. Boss Chesley was aware  
of this and permitted it. Do the citizens  
of Portland think that such a man is fit to  
hold his position?

Every precaution has been taken to keep  
this splendid system of jobbery from the  
public. It has been supposed to be safe in  
the keeping of Boss Chesley, Mr. Purdy  
and his man and the men about the engine  
house. Fortunately for the public, but un-  
fortunately for the ring, some other mem-  
bers of the council have been told of it, in  
confidence, as a very good joke. They have  
told some of their friends in confidence,  
until at last after many days and in a round-  
about way, it has reached PROGRESS. It  
is such an excellent joke that it is too good  
to keep. The public are entitled to the  
full benefit of it.

Double Boss Chesley will feel like  
taking a walk after he reads this. PRO-  
GRESS can suggest one for him in his  
capacity as chairman of the fire committee.  
He should walk over to St. John and see if  
James Melick is well enough to go  
over to Portland and put the fire  
alarm boxes in order. No one in Portland  
seems to know how to look after them.  
When the Tyne House was burned, box  
412 rang 124 and a variety of combinations  
like the "fifteen puzzle." The reflection  
of the fire indicated its locality to the public,  
just as it did in the old times. The next  
day the fire was started afresh and box 421  
was pulled, but it also made a contradictory  
alarm on the bells.

The chimney of the electric light station  
has not yet blown down, but it bids fair to  
do so if there are many more sharp frosts  
followed by soft weather. The most casual  
observer passing by cannot fail to see how  
the worthless cement has washed out of the  
upper courses. The structure looks as  
though it had been standing half a century  
rather than a few months. It is a disgrace-  
ful job which cannot be hidden.

If it does fall, it is to be hoped that it  
will injure neither any innocent passers by  
nor the coal shed. The latter is a structure  
entirely too expensive to be destroyed. It  
cost nearly \$800. Boss Chesley is reported  
to have said that he could build it for \$50.  
Now that the station, such as it is, is in  
operation, why can't the taxpayers get the  
benefit of it? The plant and the men are  
there and the extra expense of lighting the  
streets every night would be but a trifle.

Thursday night was dark, the bad side-  
walks were slippery and treacherous, yet  
the only light the pedestrians had came  
from an occasional shop window.

Even if the expense of light was much  
more—no much as to increase the tax bills  
—the Chesleys need not care. It would  
not affect them. They appear to be in-  
dependent of the assessors.

They have a very valuable and profitable  
piece of property in the shape of a foundry.  
It has a fine engine, and is well equipped  
with first-class plant. It does a good busi-  
ness, and well repays its owners, John A.  
Chesley and W. A. Chesley. The buildings  
are in good order. They would probably  
refuse \$15,000 for this property alone.

John A. Chesley owns a fine and hand-  
somely furnished residence on the Douglass  
road. Not far away is another fine and  
well furnished house owned by W. A.  
Chesley. It is a double building, and he  
rents half of it. The ordinary rate-payer  
would suppose that these gentlemen paid  
heavy taxes. They ought to, but they do  
not. They pay nothing like their share.  
Here is how they are assessed:

### THIS IS A VALENTINE

FOR THE CITY NEWSPAPERS AND  
THE ADVERTISING PUBLIC.

There are no pretty pictures on it  
and no poetry in it, but it will go straight  
to the mark—Comparative Sales of Con-  
temporaries at the Bookstores.

Successful periodicals are never afraid to  
reveal the sources of their strength. A  
paper that has a good circulation is more  
willing to give the public a chance to  
find that out, for knowledge of the fact  
brings business. Only the sheets that have  
neutral character nor standing shrink from  
going into particulars and confine their  
statements to indefinite claims that no one  
thinks it worth while to dispute.

The papers that tell the truth about  
themselves rest on rock-bottom. The  
others, on wind.

The following figures will prick one or  
two bubbles and let out some wind.

They show the numbers of PROGRESS  
and its contemporaries that are sold by the  
New Brunswick newsdealers.

They ought to be correct for, in all but  
two instances, the newsdealers themselves  
gave them.

The figures for PROGRESS are not excep-  
tional ones, and advertisers are invited to  
call at this office, examine circulation books  
and satisfy themselves on that point. They  
represent the regular, every Saturday cir-  
culation—the number of papers sent out  
and sold. They show that in the city news  
stores, PROGRESS has twice the circulation  
of the *Telegraph*, three times that of the  
*Sun*, one and a half times that of the *Globe*  
and eight times that of the *Gazette*.

In the country, this paper's lead is quite as  
marked. Taking city and country to-  
gether, PROGRESS has nearly twice the  
*Telegraph's* circulation, nearly three times  
the circulation of the *Sun* and *Globe*, and  
twelve times that of the *Gazette*.

That the newsboys sell about six copies  
of PROGRESS to one of any other paper, is  
very well known to the people of St. John.  
The statement printed below covers an  
equally important department of the field.

PROGRESS' circulation through news dealers  
has grown and is growing. In the third  
month of the paper's existence, that of last  
July, the news dealers disposed of 1,036  
copies. At the present time, as the table  
shows, they sell 2,008—and the end is not  
yet.

Cut out this table, advertisers, and paste  
it in your hats.

St. John and Portland.

NEWSDALEERS.	Progress.	Telegraph.	Sun.	Globe.	Gazette.
King street—					
W. H. Harrison.....	50	10	10	6	10
M. J. Harrison.....	45	22	22	6	6
T. O'Brien & Co.....	30	15	5	6	6
T. H. Hall.....	12	5	5	5	5
A. Morrison.....	8	5	5	5	5
Chalmers street—					
E. G. Nelson & Co.....	50	25	25	10	10
Watson & Co.....	45	20	15	3	3
H. J. Dick.....	6	6	6	25	3
Union street—					
D. J. Jennings.....	50	15	10	65	3
J. B. Lorimer.....	6	6	6	6	6
Prince William street—					
Sydney street—					
James Crawford.....	30	15	10	30	3
John Giblin.....	30	15	10	30	3
Bransford street—					
J. D. McAvity.....	-35	15	12	30	3
John Giblin.....	30	15	10	30	3
Mrs. H. M. Dixon.....	6	6	6	6	6
Gardien street—					
J. A. Rogers.....	10	10	10	10	10
R. A. H. Morrow.....	50	14	7	40	10
Chas. K. Short.....	15	3	3	3	3
Waterloo street—					
R. W. McCarty.....	30	10	6	50	5
Colebrook street—					
L. E. DeForest.....	12	7	10	10	1
St. James street—					
L. E. DeForest.....	15	12	6	20	4
Haymarket square—					
S. McBride.....	10	10	10	10	10
Dorchester street—					
Jas. A. Rogers.....	10	6	20	3	3
Carmichael street—					
R. Evans.....	6	6	6	6	6
Mill street—					
R. Guild.....	8	6	12	3	3
Crown street—					
Miss M. Adams.....	8	6	6	6	6
Portland—					
James Crawford.....	45	20	20	60	5
McArthur.....	20	12	8	25	10
W. G. Brown.....	30	6	6	8	8
G. W. Hobbs.....	20	8	6	12	8
Benjamin & Higgins.....	15	6	6	6	6
R. E. Coupe.....	8	6	6	12	3
Canada Railway News Co.....	100	175	175	120	6
Total.....	971	502	433	634	131

Other Places.

NEWSDALEERS.	Progress.	Telegraph.	Sun.	Globe.	Gazette.
Fredericton—					
W. T. H. Feney.....	350	100	100	115	6
Jas. H. Hawthorne.....	110	100	100	100	6
Moncton—					
W. W. Black.....	100	70	70	70	6
W. H. Murray.....	90	70	70	70	6
Woodstock—					
W. Everett.....	70	70	70	70	6
St. Stephen—					
C. H. Smith & Co.....	35	35	35	35	2
G. S. Wall.....	30	30	30	30	2
Newcastle—					
Bertie Russell.....	30	30	30	30	2
Johnston Brook—					
R. D. Beal.....	25	25	25	25	2
Sussex—					
S. H. White & Co.....	15	8	8	35	2
Fairville—					
E. F. Tilton.....	30	20	20	60	10
Chatham—					
Edw. Johnson.....	30	35	15	30	5
Hampton—					
A. W. Hicks.....	15	6	6	6	6
T. G. Barnes & Son.....	10	10	10	10	6
Sackville—					
Charles Moore.....	18	12	12	12	6
St. Andrews—					
T. R. Wren.....	20	14	4	4	4
Dorchester—					
G. M. Fairweather.....	15	10	10	10	6
Robbinston—					
G. W. Sherwood.....	12	10	4	2	2
Shediac—					
H. Sault.....	15	10	10	10	6
St. Mary's—					
E. Vanwart.....	10	5	5	5	5
Gagetown—					
John W. Dickie.....	5	5	5	5	5
Bathurst—					
A. C. Smith & Co.....	5	5	5	5	5
Halifax, N. S.—					
C. W. Knowles.....	30	30	30	30	6
Ambrose, N. S.—					
G. G. Bunn.....	10	10	10	10	4
B. C. Munn.....	4	2	10	2	2
Total.....	1701	990	478	820	20
Grand Total, City and Pro- vince.....	2000	1001	907	900	161

Who Owns the Square?

Away up behind the rocks on Indian town  
hill is a piece of ground called Victoria  
square. The city of Portland claims it as  
a gift from Hon. Charles Simonds. Count  
de Bury also claims it and says he has paid  
taxes on it. The other day the count  
fenced it in. The next day roadmaster  
Brown tore the fence down.

The Count applied to Justice Tapley for  
a warrant against Mayor Chesley, but the  
magistrate told him he would have to apply  
to a higher power. There will be a law-  
suit, of course.

Isn't there another piece of highway with  
a fence around it, and doesn't one of the  
aldermen claim to qualify on this fenced  
highway?

New Brunswick Talent Abroad.

Late issues of the Vancouver, B. C.,  
*World* contain the advertisement of a  
chamber concert by Messrs. Dyke and  
Frank H. Tuck, assisted by Madame de  
Gendron, Mr. Septimus Gough, late of  
England, and Mr. F. J. Painton. The  
entertainment was to take place on January  
31st. The *World* remarks that "the per-  
sonnel is made up of cultured musicians,  
and we have no doubt the concert will be  
very largely attended."

A New Paper Store.

There's a new store in Hall's building,  
corner of King and Germain streets. Mr.  
F. E. Holman is there with a first-class  
stock of handsome wall paper and every-  
thing in that line. His goods are all new,  
direct from New York.

### DO THE RIGHT THING, CHIEF.

An Opportunity for John R. Marshall to  
Avoid Another Blunder.

The common council has recommended  
that police sergeant Watson be transferred  
from regular to special duty at the I. C. R.  
depot. This makes the appointment of  
another sergeant necessary. Chief Mar-  
shall has the power to make that appoint-  
ment, and it is understood that he has  
selected his man. He has not chosen one  
of the old members of the force, who have  
served him and the city faithfully for a  
long period of years. If he did this, the  
chief would not be impressing the public  
sufficiently with the fact that, "I have the  
power."

When Sergeant Hipwell was placed on  
Market square, Chief Marshall appointed  
officer Kilpatrick sergeant. Officer Kil-  
patrick was a good policeman, and makes  
a good sergeant.

But officer McDonald would have filled  
the position equally well. He is the oldest  
policeman on the force, and during the long  
period that he has been doing duty nothing  
has been charged against him. William  
Boyle is the next oldest officer, and the  
chief declared a short time ago that he was  
a faithful one, and there was nothing  
against his character. With all these  
qualifications, and their long service, these  
men will be compelled to serve under a  
young man who has been on the force but  
a few years.

Had an old officer been appointed to the  
position, every man on the police force  
would have been satisfied—even Mr. Kil-  
patrick himself. Now nearly every man is  
dissatisfied and discontented. There is not  
perfect harmony in the police force, by any  
means. Some of the police committee are  
dissatisfied and have expressed themselves  
strongly in that direction. They too would  
have felt otherwise had the man been ap-  
pointed who should have been. Aside from  
the manner of his appointment, all his  
brother officers agree that Sgt. Kilpatrick  
is a good man. The man whom the chief  
now has in his eye is not. Chief Marshall  
should know this.

The *Telegraph*, Thursday, remarked that,  
"The chief goes on the principal of select-  
ing the most competent man."

Does he, indeed?

In that case, of course, he will not ap-  
point a man who can't write his own name,  
as Sgt. Watson's successor.

Not a man who makes it his proudest boast  
that he once helped to stone Father Chiqui-  
quy.

Not a man whose sobriety is not above  
question.

Not a man who is the butt of all his as-  
sociates on the force, with whom it is a stand-  
ing joke that, "We've got two Weather-  
heads and one Leatherhead."

Yet it is confidently asserted by policemen  
who ought to know, that the chief of police  
proposes to appoint just such an incom-  
petent man.

Don't do it, chief. Do the right thing  
and make yourself more popular. Your  
sergeants are all good men, and when an  
addition is to be made to their number  
make it from the good men on the force.

Don't give a place of command to a man  
who can't command himself, and who will  
never have the respect and loyal obedience  
of the men who serve under him.

Will Somebody Explain.

Who will explain why it is that some \$10  
bills of the Merchants' bank of Halifax are  
decorated with the Union Jack and others  
with the Stars and Stripes?

There's no denying the fact. Both notes  
were issued in the same year, 1882, and a  
small sailing vessel is represented on each.

The Union Jack is flying from the mast-  
head on one note but the Stars and Stripes  
have replaced it on the later issue. Will  
Mr. E. T. Kenny, M. P., president of the  
Merchants' bank, explain, or, failing him,  
Mr. Ellis, M. P., of the *Globe* might dis-  
cover some reason for the difference.

Why Mr. Quigley Was Absent.

The St. John correspondent of the  
*Moncton Times*, who is one of the *Sun*  
staff, says that "R. F. Quigley, of St. John,  
was booked to open the lecture course in  
Fredericton tonight (Sunday) under the  
auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians,  
but the lecturer failed to put in an appear-  
ance. The fact that Bishop Sweeney has  
not permitted the establishment of the order  
in St. John lends color to the belief current  
in some quarters that Mr. Quigley has been  
advised to cancel his engagement."

And They Will Be.

Congratulations to Mr. Samuel B. Mc-  
Pherson of this city and Miss Ida A. Kirk-  
patrick, of Gondola Point, who were mar-  
ried Wednesday. They deserve to be  
happy.

Where to Find Him.

Dr. Harry W. Steeves, surgeon dentist,  
has opened an office at No. 131 Union  
street.

Read It Next Week, Too.

&lt;

FANCIES OF FASHION

THAT AROUSE THE INTEREST OF THE INGLETSIDE CLUB.

The prevailing modes in Evening Dress, Hats, Gloves, Shoes, Outdoor Garments and Children's Clothing—Condensed Reports from New York, London and Paris.

Twelve of us girls and four married ladies have a literary club, called "The Ingletside," and for months past we have vetoed gossip and frivolous conversation, and have kept our foreheads in a continual pucker, as we pored over Browning or Emerson, or wrote essays on subjects allotted us. But we found lately that we should be getting sadly behind the times if we did not soon take more interest in Dame Fashion. We have been to so many parties (both card and dancing) that we find it difficult to get up new and attractive costumes; so, at the suggestion of our president, Mrs. Waldo Brown, we decided to give our brains a holiday, and agreed that five of us (one married lady and four girls) should send to the best authorities in the large cities, to learn the very latest capers in the world of dress. Last evening we met to report.

The first paper was written by Phyllis Jones. It was on "Evening Dress," and read as follows:

The prevalence of shadowy shades of green, of grey, and, above all, of white, with gold and silver seems to be accepted as a feature of ball-room dress.

A charming dancing dress for a young lady is made of white crepe de chine, over white corded silk. The bodice of the dress was pointed back and front, finished with a 2-inch trimming of pearl, and the sleeve, which reached the elbow, was puffed and finished with pearl trimming. The long drapery was tucked near the edge, finished with a fringe, and heading of pearls, and was caught up slightly to show the under-dress of silk.

A pretty and stylish dinner dress, of corded silk and velvet, in a pale shade of grey, was made severely plain in Directoire style, and finished with a train. The bodice was pointed, back and front. A succession of close full knots of velvet trimmed the skirt at the side. For evening wear, many of the Directoire gowns are filled up at the throat with a cravat of lace. These frontlets, as they are called, are quite novel, and are made of folded or draped china silk, gauze, crepe or lace. They have a band passing around the neck, taking the place of a collar, with the front of folded silk, or lace jalet, depending from it. Others have merely the neck band and full, short lace cravat, and are in cream or black lace. In soft silk these fronts are to be seen in white, black or any pale color.

To wear with these Directoire gowns there is a becoming bonnet of soft felt, trimmed with loops and strings of watered ribbon. The shape is uncommon, with flowers beneath the raised brim, and the strings need not be tied under the chin unless the wearer chooses, as they are arranged to hang down the back, and not be conspicuous.

The new Empire veils are rapidly growing in favor, and are very warm and comfortable for driving, when made of gauze or tissue. Some have an elastic tied under the chin to keep them close.

Following this description, Gladys Smith told us the latest notions in fans:

Fans for evening are exceedingly beautiful this season. They range in size from 11 to 13 inches long. Lovely fans, formed of two layers of white silk gauze, are painted with great clusters of white and purple lilac, and have carved ivory sticks. Regular French landscapes after Watteau are painted on others, and still others are decorated with a medley of flowers and scrolls in old French pattern, and are mounted on iridescent pearl sticks ornamented in gold. Fans medium in size, mounted on sticks of fragrant iris or violet wood, are a fancy of the season and are exceedingly dainty.

Next Muriel Black gave us points on gloves and shoes:

There has been no great change in gloves this season. Tan in different shades is still the reigning color for evening wear. A Mousquetaire suede glove ranging in length from 12 to 18 buttons, is still the evening glove. For theatre wear the suede glove is shown in other buttoned or mousquetaire styles. They may be finished plainly, or with four rows of stitching on the backs. Perfumed theatre gloves are a novelty of the season, in mousquetaire gloves in 8-button length. Street gloves are finished with four lines of chain-stitching on the back. All gloves for evening are made with plain backs, and any glove above 8-button length should be plain.

The fashion in ladies' shoes does not change so often as the fashion in male foot wear. There are many reasons for this, chief among them being the fact that ladies' boots are smaller than men's, and not so publicly displayed. For the street there is not much change, except that the tendency of fashion is a little more elaborate, and high heels threaten to come in again, although the majority of ladies, especially those of the best style, will adhere to the sensible walking shoe, with low broad heels. Fancy garters will be more worn than usual, especially for carriage wear, and special occasions. For evening wear and balls white kid, and indeed colored boots of many tints are coming in again.

It was arranged that I should report on Outdoor Garments. I was afraid that my enquiries sent to London, Paris and elsewhere would be answered too late, but fortunately I had an enormous mail, day before yesterday, and prepared my report that evening. I said:

Long, loose wraps of light weight, which cover, yet do not crush a handsome dress beneath, are preferred for wear, in going to and coming from afternoon teas and more formal receptions. The Connemara cloak has found special favor for this purpose, when made of soft, fine wool cloth in cream-white, pale tan, Russian grey and other colors. They are lined throughout with plush—in some rich red or green shade—and are finished with a hood also lined with plush. They are in shape, a circular, gathered on a round yoke, from the edge of which falls the hood, which extends en-

tirely around, thus seeming to drape the shoulders. A cluster of shirring fits the cloak to the figure on the back and a high collar of plush finishes the neck. A handsome white coat of camel's hair beaver cloth is made to fit the figure at the back and loose in front, and is finished with trimmings of Alaska sable, extending up the back, around the neck, and down the front in box fashion. Another coat in the same shape is made of brocatelle in shades of mahogany, has large flowing sleeves, and is finished with trimmings of Alaska sable.

Mrs. Stone gave us the very latest ideas about children's clothes:

Children's hats are French felts, soft flexible felts, clipped beavers, and various fancy turbans and bonnets made to match their gowns and coats. Green felt hats are trimmed with clusters of black ribbon, and a bunch of black and green tips, and navy blue hats with bunches of blue ribbon striped with red. Red hats of clipped beaver, which are in special demand this season, are trimmed with bunches of black velvet ribbon and black tips. A little face trimming of knotted ribbon usually finishes the under brim of these hats. Tam O'Shanter caps and turbans for school children, are made of cloth and frequently are shirred, or caught in some irregular, fanciful way over the crown, and finished with plain rim, or rims of fur to match the coat.

Smock dresses are among the prettiest styles exhibited for children. A charming dress of red cashmere has the entire yoke drawn in diamond patterns in the close fine smoking. The yoke of smoking extends in three sharp points, back and front. The fullness of the waist is drawn into a belt, making a waist but a trifle longer than those of last summer's frocks. The full sleeves are drawn into the cuffs, by small rows of smocking, and the straight, round, full skirt is simply finished with a plain hem. A stylish little dress, of copper brown cashmere, in Directoire fashion, is straight at the sides and back, finished with a trimming of copper and white passementerie down the side of the skirt, and draped from the shoulder, diagonally, across the front to the waist line.

Trimmings of black are a fancy of the season for children's frocks and coats. Black and red, black and green, are contrasts often used. Navy blue and red are pretty together, as are also copper brown and green. All children's wraps have a slight pad at the tournure.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY

Minds a Cobbler's Shop and Advertiser When Business Gets Dull.

Our shoemaker's a queer old fellow, an' pa says what if it wasn't fur me he'd fall, 'cause I wear out more butes than 10 ordinary boys, and I must get somethin' from the cobbler fur wearin' 'em out.

Our shoemaker says what advertisin' don't pay and him and me don't agree, so when he askt me and Bill to keep shop while he went visitin' with his family I thort I'd advertise as long as I see in busines.

He does a good busnes though, 'cause the rich old woman what lives next to Bill and has the roomitism all the time so's she can't walk, sent for her butes, and I sent her the runnin' shoes with spikes in 'em, what the smart young fellow in the grocery store's gettin' fixed, 'cause I couldn't find hers.

So the smart fellow wanted his runnin' butes, and 'cause the old lady had 'em I had ter send him the butes what the man with the club foot is gettin' soles on, so's to not dissipat him.

I guess everybody wanted their butes that day, for young Miss Jenkins what ma says is puttin' herself up to every young man that comes along, sent for hers. I couldn't find 'em, so we sent her a pair what didn't belong to anybody we know, 'cause they had humps on 'em, which Bill said was fur corns and family bunyuns.

When busines got dull, I appointed Bill my advertisin' agent, so he wrote a sign, on the clean side of a shutter, with the paint what the shoemaker paints soles with:

Come everybody, BUTES & SOLD Here To Day Only Fur 5 CENTS. Everybody go home and take yer butes out. Ware rubbers till the 'spines' wonder if solids yer butes with leather what ain't stuffed with straw. One day only ter interloope! Cum! Cum! Cum!

I never thort advertisin' paid so well afore, 'cause me and Bill was awful busy stown boots away, and the people said the shoemaker must be crazy, but we said he knew what he's doin', and that settled them. We closed up early, and I let Bill put on the shutters, 'cause I was boss.

I guess our shoemaker was surprised, and got mad 'cause he wasn't used to so much trade, fur he come up ravin' around pa and said he'd make him pay fur somethin'. Some people ain't born fur busines anyway, I think.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

"CANADIANS ARE WE."

[A TOAST FOR DOMINION DAY.]

Here's to the glory of the land we have made

The dear Land of Canada the Free,

Where our hope is, and our home, and our faith and our fame—

For Canadians—Canadians are we!

Dominion is to us from Columbia's shores of balm

To the shouting tides of glad Acadie,

From the laughing waves of Erie to the Arctic fields of calm—

For Canadians—Canadians are we!

Here the lily and the thistle, the shamrock and the rose,

Are at one beneath our goodly maple tree,

From our union confusion shall come down about our feet—

For Canadians—Canadians are we!

Then, here's to our Land! Lundy's Lane—Chateauguay—

Would they win by bribe or battle? They shall see

Our Maple Flag forever proclaim our nation's sway—

For Canadians—Canadians are we!

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in The Dominion Illustrated.

THE ORIGINAL OF "SHE."

WONDERS SHE WROUGHT BEFORE A WHITE MAN'S EYES.

Walking Downward Through the Air, Uniting Severed Limbs, Turning Enemies to Stone and Showing in Her Magic Pool the Faces of Persons Far Away.

[R. D., in the Fall Mail Gazette.]

The psychological and psychical portions of Rider Haggard's *She* strike me as being not so much the creation of a vivid imagination as the simple recital—or, perhaps one should say, the skilful adaptation—of facts well-known to those who penetrated the recesses of the West Coast of Africa a generation ago. Astounding, terrifying, and incredible as the powers of Ayesha appear to the casual reader, yet to the men who laboriously threaded the jungles and swamps of the riverain portion of West Africa, long before Stanley was thought of, they only seem like a well-known and familiar tale. The awful mysteries of Obeyah (vulgo Obi), and the powers possessed by the Obeyah women of those days, were sufficiently known to all the slave-traders of the West Coast to make the wonders worked by *She* seem tame by comparison.

And, always excepting the idea of the re-vivifying and rejuvenating flame in the bowels of the earth in which *She* bathed, there is nothing but what any Obeyah woman was in the habit of doing every day. And the fact forces itself upon one that *She* is neither more nor less than a weak water-color sketch of an Obeyah woman, made white, beautiful, and young, instead of being, as she invariably is, or was, black, old, and hideous as a mummy of a monkey. This is not only my own opinion, but that of all the old comrades of "the coast" of thirty years ago to whom the subject has been mentioned. Though the Obeyah men were, without exception, clumsy and ignorant charlatans, and simply worshipped Mumbo Jumbo, the Obeyah women were of a different creed: offered human sacrifices, under the most awful conditions, to Satan himself, whom they believed to inhabit the body of a hideous man-eating spider; practised evocation of evil spirits; and, beyond all dispute, possessed powers far exceeding anything ever yet imagined in the wildest pages of fiction. To even hint at some of these wonders would be to subject one to one of three alternatives—to be considered either *menteur*, *farceur*, or *fool*.

Well! in the interests of occult science I shall risk these kind imputations, and in a forthcoming work of professed fiction shall relate the wonders of Obeyah. One who has witnessed them can easily believe in the fabled Medusa, and in many mythological transmutations of which he read in school-days. There is nothing on record in the ancient myths of any religion that is not done by the Obeyah of today. The human imagination—whatever philosophers may think—has not the power to create; and whatever you have read of magical powers—especially those of necromancy—are absolutely possible; absolutely true; absolutely accomplished! From Moses to Bulwer Lytton; from Janes to Jambres, of the Egyptians, to all the wonders of India, there is nothing—never has been anything—that cannot be done, and is not done, by the African Obeyah.

I remember, more than 30 years ago, meeting an Obeyah woman, some hundreds of miles up the Cameroons river, and who had her residence in the caverns at the foot of the Cameroons mountains. In parenthesis I may remark that I could not have existed there for one moment had I not been connected in some way or other with the slave trade. That by the way. Judge for yourselves, O my readers, whether *She* was not "evolved" from Sube, the well-known Obeyah woman of the Cameroons, or from one of a similar type. Sube stood close on 6ft., and was supposed by the natives to be many hundred years of age. Erect as a dart, and with a stately walk, she yet looked 2000 years old. Her wrinkled, mummified, gorilla-like face, full of iniquity, hate and uncleanness (moral and physical), might have existed since the creation, while her superb form and full limbs might have been those of a woman of twenty-four. "Pride in her port and venom in her eye," were her chief characteristics; while her dress was very simple, consisting of sharks' teeth, brass bosses, and tails of some species of lynx. Across her bare bosom was a wide scarf or baldric made of scarlet cloth, on which were four rows of what appeared like large Roman pearls, of the size of a large walnut. These apparent pearls, however, were actually human intestines, bleached to a pearly whiteness, inflated and constricted at short intervals, so as to make a series of little bladders. On the top of her head appeared the head of a large spotted serpent—presumably some kind of boa constrictor—the cured skin of which hung down her back nearly to the ground. Round her neck she wore a solid brass quoin of some four pounds weight, too small to pass over her head, but which had no perceptible joint or place of union. Heavy bangles on wrists and ankles reminded one somewhat of the Hindoo woman's; but hers were heavier, and were evidently formed from the thick brass rods used in "the Coast trade," and hammered together *in situ*. Her skirt was simply a fringe of pendant tails of some animals—presumably the mountain lynx—intermingled with goats' tails. In her hand she carried what seemed

to be the chief instrument of her power, and what we in Europe should call a "magic wand." But this was no wand; it was simply a hollow tube about four inches long, closed at one end, and appearing to be made of a highly glittering kind of carved ivory. Closer inspection, however, showed that it was some kind of reed about an inch in diameter, and encrusted with human molar teeth, in a splendid state of preservation, and set with the crowns outwards. When not borne in the right hand, this instrument was carried in a side pouch, or case, leaving the open end out.

Strange to say—this mystery I never could fathom—there was always a faint blue smoke proceeding from the mouth of this tube, like the smoke of a cigarette, though it was perfectly cold and apparently empty. I shall never forget the first day on which I asked her to give me a specimen of her powers. I had previously witnessed all the marvels of the Indian conjurers, as well as the ink mirror of the Arab dervishes. Therefore I quietly settled down to enjoy the performance without expecting to be astonished, but only amused. I was astonished, though, to find this six feet of humanity, weighing at least eleven stone, standing on my outstretched hand when I opened my eyes (previously closed by her command), and when I could feel not the slightest weight thereon. I was still more so when, still standing on my outstretched palm, she told me to shut my eyes again and reopen them instantaneously. I did so, and she was gone. But that was not all; while I looked round for her, a stone fell near me, and, looking upwards, I saw her calmly standing on the top of a cliff nearly 500 feet in height. I naturally thought it was a "double"—that is, another woman dressed like her, and said so to the bystanding natives, who shouted something in the Ephraic language to her. Without more ado she walked—not jumped—over the side of the cliff, and with a gentle motion, as though suspended by Mr. Baldwin's parachute, gradually dropped downwards till she alighted at my feet. My idea always was that this tube of hers was charged with some (to us) unknown fluid, or gas, which controlled the forces of nature; she seemed powerless without it.

Further, none of her "miracles" was strictly speaking non-natural. That is, she seemed able to control natural forces in most astounding ways, even to suspend and overcome them, as in the previous instance of the suspension of the laws of gravitation; but in no case could she violate them. For instance, although she could take an arm lopped off by the blow of a cutlass, and holding it to the stump, pretend to mutter some gibberish while she carefully passed her reed round the place of union (in a second of time complete union was effected, without a trace of previous injury), yet, when I challenged her to make an arm sprout from the stump of our quartermaster, who had lost his left forearm in action some years before, she was unable to do so, and candidly declared her inability. She said, "It is dead: I have no power." And over nothing dead had she any power. After seeing her change roads into tic-pologans (the most deadly serpent on the coast) I told her to change a stone into a trade-dollar. But no, the answer was the same—"It was dead." Her power over life was striking, instantaneous, terrible. The incident in *She* of the three blanchard finger-marks on the hair of the girl who loved Kallikrates, and the manner of her death, would have been child's play to Sube. When she pointed her little reed at a powerful warrior, in my presence—a man of vast teeth and sinews—with a bitter, hissing curse, he simply faded away. The muscles began to shrink visibly, and within three months' space he was actually an almost fleshless skeleton. Again, in her towering rage against a woman, the same action was followed by instantaneous results. But instead of withering, the woman absolutely petrified there and then; and, standing erect, motionless, her whole body actually froze as hard as stone, as we see the carcasses of beasts in Canada. A bit from my revolver on the hand (and afterwards, all over the body) rang as if I were striking marble. Until I saw this actually done I must confess that I never really believed in Lot's wife being turned into a pillar of rock salt. After it, I was disposed to believe a good deal.

One of the things which most impressed me was when she poured water from a calabash into a little cavity scooped by her hands in the soft earth. That this was nothing but water I satisfied myself by the taste. Telling me to kneel down and gaze steadfastly on the surface of the water, she told me to call for any person whom I might wish to see. And here a rather curious point arose. She insisted on having the name first. I gave her the name of a relative, Lewis, which she repeated after me three times to get it fixed correctly on her memory. In repeating her incantation, a few minutes afterwards she pronounced the word "Louise," though I did not pay much attention to it at the time. When, however, her wand was waved over the water, evolving clouds of luminous smoke, and I saw distinctly reflected in it, after those clouds had passed away, the face and form of a relative of mine standing in front of an audience, evidently reciting some composition, I told her she had made a mistake. I did not acknowledge to having seen anything for some time, but at last I told her that it was the wrong person. Then, naturally, argument followed. She insisted that I said "Louise." However, at last, I taught her the correct pronunciation of Lewis, and I saw the man I wanted, sitting with his feet above his head, more *Americano*, and calmly puffing his pipe while reading a letter. I need scarcely say that I verified the time in which these things occurred; and in both instances I found them, allowing for the difference in longitude, absolutely and exactly correct.

Space will not allow, or I could go on for hours relating the wonders I have seen Sube perform. And the most wonderful of all I have left untold, because they seem, even to myself, utterly incredible. Yet they are there, burned into my brain ever since that awful night when I was a concealed and unsuspected witness of the awful and mysterious of the Obeyah in the caverns of the Cameroons.

Evening Dress Wear.

NOW SHOWING:

THE LATEST COLORINGS in NEW FABRICS for SEASON 1889.

PONGEE SILKS, SATIN DUCHESS, SATIN MERVEILLEUX, PLOUSES, MOIRE FRANCAIS;

TINSEL SPOT NETS, CHENILLE SPOT NETS, POINT D'ESPRIT NETS, spots and stripes;

SEVENTY-TWO inch PLAIN NETS, in the new shades;

WHITE BEADED NETS, BLACK-BEADED NETS;

WHITE BEADED LACE, WHITE and GOLD DRESS FRONTS;

COLORED and WHITE MECHLIN;

BLACK, WHITE and CREAM FLOUNCINGS and ALLOVERS;

BLACK SILK GRENADINE, Stripes and Checks;

NOVELTIES in HOSE, GLOVES, RIBBONS and LACES.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

DO YOU WANT A NEW RANGE,

—OR—

Cook Stove?

If so, we invite your attention to our Stock, which

comprises

THE LATEST AND BEST IN THE MARKET.

We guarantee all the Goods we sell to be

as represented, and

OUR PRICES ARE LOW.

We solicit comparison of values from all interested in securing the best goods

at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

EMERSON & FISHER, Stoves and Kitchen Hardware,

75 and 79 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

STOVE REPAIRING AND JOBBING attended to promptly by competent men.

ATTENTION!

One and all, Attention!

This is to you, Read!

OAK HALL CLOTHING HOUSE,

No. 5 MARKET SQUARE, (North Side),

now open and is the best place in St. John to buy READY-MADE CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, TRUNKS, VALISES, Etc.

This is our third week open. Our goods are all new fresh stock.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS just opened to-day—Newest Styles, Latest Novelties.

Please call and inspect our goods before buying. Remember the place!

SCOVILL, FRASER & CO., - - - No. 5 Market Square, North side.

LOOK FOR THE RED LIGHT.

Watch for this space next week.

FOR GOOD VALUE

Union and All-Wool Grey Flannels; Ladies' and Children's Wove

Hosiery; Ladies' Vests; Black and Colored Cashmères;

Gloves; Jerseys and Jersey Coats, Embroidered

Cloth Table Covers; Gents' Ribbed

Shirts and Pants, etc., etc.,

GO TO

PITTS' General Dry Goods Store,

179 UNION STREET. 179

A Model Newspaper.

GO TO

Page, Smalley & Ferguson's,

—FOR—

Gold and Silver Watches,

Fine Gold Jewelry,

Silver and Plated Goods

CLOCKS and BRONZES,

Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc.

43 King Street.

JUST THE ARTICLE

—FOR—

Tea and Coffee,

SWEET CREAM.

CAN BE HAD EVERY DAY AT THE

Oak Farm Dairy Butter Store,

19 CHARLOTTE STREET.

The Cigar

LITTLE KING.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,

84 --- King Street --- 84

S. R. FOSTER & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

STEEL AND

IRON-CUT NAILS,

And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS,

SHOES, SAILS, BRUSHES, GALVANIZED NAILS, Etc.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

You Can Make Money

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dress the MAIL AND EXPRESS, New York City.

Dress Wear.

HOWING: NEW FABRICS for SEASON 1889. SATIN MERVEILLEUX, PLOUSES, SPOT NETS, POINT D'ESPRIT NETS, the new shades; MENDED NETS; GOLD DRESS FRONTS; RINGS and ALLOVERS; CHECKS; GLOVES, RIBBONS and LACES.

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If so, we invite your attention to our Stock, which comprises BEST IN THE MARKET.

Goods we sell to be priced, and PRICES ARE LOW.

All interested in securing the best goods should call on

Stoves and Kitchen Hardware, WILLIAM STREET.

Work attended to promptly by competent men.

ATTENTION!

Attention! Read!

is to you, Read!

THING HOUSE,

ARE, (North Side), to buy READY-MADE CLOTHING, TRUNKS, VALISES, Etc.

are all new fresh stock.

to-day—Newest Styles, Latest Novelties.

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No. 5 Market Square, North side.

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Ladies' and Children's Wove and Colored Cashmeres; Coats, Embroidered; Gent's Ribbed, etc., etc.

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GO TO Page, Smalley & Ferguson's,

Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Gold Jewelry, Silver and Plated Goods, CLOCKS and BRONZES, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc.

43 King Street. JUST THE ARTICLE

Tea and Coffee, SWEET CREAM.

CAN BE HAD EVERY DAY AT THE Oak Farm Dairy Butter Store, 13 CHARLOTTE STREET.

The Cigar

LITTLE KING.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, 34---King Street---34

S. R. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF STEEL and IRON-CUT NAILS, and SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc. ST. JOHN, N. B.

ALICE KIRBY. Slip softly, Nashwaak water, Where thrushes sing and soar. Silas alters bend to view thee, Glad brooks come hurrying to thee, But hush—hush! Alice Kirby Shall come to thee no more. Still shine, so in a mirror, Green pictures of the shore; Where soft thy wave caresses, The willow dips her tresses; But dream-eyed Alice Kirby By these shall rove no more. Above thy sheltering forests Their song the rain-birds pour; Among the under-tangle, The drowsy cow-bells jangle, But soft-eyed Alice Kirby Shall wander there no more. Lark still among the bushes, The ferns she hunted for, Blue-vech and pigeon-berry, Make all the stream-side merry, But Alice—Alice Kirby Shall gather there no more. Slip softly, Nashwaak water, Unruffled as before; Thy woods know naught of sorrow, No-moon-thy songsters borrow— But ah! for Alice Kirby, Who comes to thee no more! —J. Ethelbert Gossenskye Roberts.

GROVER'S WHITE WARE.

Mrs. Thompson stood by the kitchen table parsing potatoes for dinner. "Something was evidently wrong with the little lady, for there was an unmistakable air of 'spite' in the way she tossed the potatoes in the pan of cool spring water, waiting there to receive them. It was sultry weather; and through the open window came the sound of mowers whetting their scythes, blended with the call of the robin and the faint notes of the cuckoo in the shaded wood. But it only irritated Mrs. Thompson; indeed, everything irritated her that day. Looking out from the back door might be seen a lovely landscape, with broad reaches of meadow land, fringed with graceful belts of birch, and softly-rounded mountains lifting their velvet foreheads to the white, fleecy clouds, that were slowly sailing across the exquisite ether like huge drifts of thistledown. But this also irritated her; everything could be beautiful save her life, and that was cold, and rude, and barren. At least Mrs. Thompson, in the plenitude of her present unsatisfactory mood, was telling herself that it was.

To begin at the beginning, Jane Lawrence had been an unusually romantic girl, and had gone for two years to a boarding-school. She had always fancied she would marry some famous artist or scholar, who would take her to Rome or Venice, where she might live in a perpetual dream of beauty. She so loved beautiful things! Perhaps all women do; and that may be the reason so many are found ready to barter love for gold.

But, contrary to all her preconceived notions, she married Robert Thompson, a plain, practical farmer, instead of touring it in Italy, she went to live at the old homestead, which had been the home of the Thompsons for generations. Dreams and reality are so very different, you see. Robert Thompson was a working farmer as well as a practical man, and all his people worked hard. He had a large family in her day, his sisters had worked, he expected his wife to work. She took to it gleefully; she had not been brought up with high notions by any means; and at first the work did not seem so much. But every experienced lady knows how the work seems to accumulate in a plain farmer's household as years after marriage go on. There were plenty of men and boys about, but only one woman servant was kept; and Mrs. Robert Thompson grew to find that she helped at nearly everything, save perhaps the roughest of the labor. Instead of lounging in elegant carriages, or gliding down famed canals and streams in picturesque gondolas, she had butter and cheese to make, and poultry to rear, and dinners to cook in the long low-celled kitchen, and the thousand and one cares upon her shoulders that make up a woman's household. Quite a contrast, it must be admitted.

With things a little different, she'd not have minded the work so much; could she have had nice carpets and tasteful furniture, and books, and a picture or two, and flowers. The home was so very practical, and its surroundings were getting so shabby. At first she had not noticed this or cared for it, but every year, as the years rolled on, made matters look dingier. Old Mrs. Thompson had not cared to be smart and nice; Robert never thought about it. And what though he had? It is only natural for men to assume that what had done for a mother would do for a wife.

The matter today, which put her so much out, was this. A sewing club had recently been established in the neighborhood. There was much distress among the poor laborers' wives and families, and some ladies with time on their hands set up a sewing club, to make a few clothes for the nearly naked children. The farmers' wives had joined it—Mrs. Thompson among others. They met at stated intervals, taking the different houses in rotation; dining at home at 12, assembling at 1 o'clock, and working steadily for several hours.

It was surprising how much work got done; how many little petticoats and frocks were made in the long afternoons. In less than a month it would be Mrs. Thompson's turn to receive the company—for the first time—and she naturally began to consider ways and means. For they met for an entertainment as well as for sewing—tea in the afternoon, a grand meal later, when the stitching was over. What was Mrs. Thompson to do? Their stock of plates and dishes consisted of a few odds and ends of cracked delf that had once been a kind of mulberry color. She had long wanted some new white ware; she wanted it more than ever now. Grover, the keeper of the village crockery shop, had a lovely set for sale—white, with a delicate sprig of convolvuli and fuchsias, looking every bit as good as real china. Mrs. Thompson had set her heart on the set, and that morning had broached the subject to her husband, but he had brushed it off. "What's the matter with the old ones?" he asked. "Look at them," she answered. "They are frightfully old and shabby."

"I dare say the food will taste as well off them as off Grover's set of white ware."

"But there's not half enough. We have as good as none left." "Mother had some best china. Where is it?" "That's nearly all gone. We couldn't put the two on the table together." "Why not?" "Oh, Robert! Look at this. It is the shabbiest old lot ever seen."

"I was good enough for mother." Mrs. Robert Thompson disclaimed to make comment. "You'd not have thought of this but for the sewing circle having to come here. If they can't come and eat from such dishes as we've got, they are welcome to stay away."

There were tears in Mrs. Thompson's eyes, but she crowded them bravely back. He took his hat to go out mowing. "We really want the things, Robert. These at Grover's are very cheap. I can get all I want for a trifle. Do give me the money."

"Grover'll have to keep 'em for us; I've got no money to waste on fine china." returned the farmer. "By the way," looking back from the door, "Jones and Lee are coming to give me a helping hand. I want to get the sough meadow down today if I can; it's a famous crop; so I shall bring them in to dinner. Oh, and the Hubbards want six pounds of butter to-night; don't forget to have it ready."

With these words Mr. Robert Thompson had marched off, leaving his wife to her long, weary day's work, darkened and made disagreeable by her disappointment. She was both grieved and angry. It was a little thing, perhaps, but it is the little things of life that delight or annoy.

"Existence seemed very bare and homely to Jane Thompson that summer day. With her love of ease and beauty and symmetry, her rude and coarse and hard looked at her surroundings. It was only one long monotonous round of homely toil, unrelieved by any of the little sweetnesses and graces that might make even toil pleasant. She did not often think of it, but she remembered that day with the faintest little air of regret, that she might have been differently situated, and as she looked up to the pretty French cottage on the hill, embowered in a perfect forest of blossoming vines, caught the cool gleam of urn and fountain, something like a sigh trembled on her lips.

"Squire Burham's wife does not have to beg for a paltry bit of money to set out her table decently," she thought, rebelliously. What business had she to marry Robert Thompson, she asked herself, her slender wrist beating away at the butter for the Hubbards. For in the green and gloomy light in which Mrs. Thompson looked at things today, she quite forgot the fact that she had fallen in love with the honest, steady and good-looking young farmer, choosing him in preference to Joe Burham, whom she might have had. Joe had a patrimony of his own—200 a year at least—and a good bit of land, which he rented, and was called "Squire," as was his father before him. He wanted to marry Jane Lawrence, and she would not; likes and dislikes cannot be controlled, and she cared more for Robert Thompson's little finger than the whole of poor, undersized Joe. "Squire Burham found another wife, and Mrs. Thompson this weary day, was furiously envying her. Mrs. Burham would come amidst the rest of the sewing club, too, and see the miserable shabbiness of the mulberry ware, and the home generally. The unfinished butter got beaten savagely at the thought.

Robert Thompson was not an unkind man, only thoughtless. He was a type of a very large class, more especially farmers, who do not feel the need of life's rugged pathway being smoothed with flowers. Absorbed in his stock, his crops, his money-getting, he did not realize how monotonous was his wife's life at home. He had his recreations; the weekly market; gossip with his brother farmers; politics. She had nothing but work and care. He did not realize the truth that the worn, shabby home told upon her; that she needed some brightening to come to it as a yearning want of life, and so, as the years had gone on, she grew dissatisfied at heart, hardly understanding what she wished for or what she did not wish; the intensely unlovely prosy dull life somewhat souring her spirits. Now and again, when she gave back a short or bitter retort, Robert wondered; she used to be so sweet-tempered.

All through the long forenoon Mrs. Thompson nursed her wrath. Robert was selfish and unreasonable, and she did not care who knew it. She would not have the sewing club at the farm, come what might. The potatoes got boiled; the big piece of beef was simmering on the fire. Before 12 o'clock had struck she saw her husband and his two friends coming through the orchard, with red and hungry faces. Mr. Thompson always wanted his dinner boiling hot, and she hastened to lay the cloth in the cool room of the kitchen. Frank and Charlie, her two boys, came rushing in from school, each trying to claim her attention. She was tired, heated and very cross.

"Bring them in, please," she answered, rather faintly. He did as he was bid and then drove off. Mrs. Thompson sat down by the hamper of crockery and cried as if her heart would break. They were magical tears, too, for she had washed the crockery and was going in with an armful of fine things she had taken from the clothes line, when the sound of wheels made her look round.

"I've brought that white ware, Mrs. Thompson," said the brisk voice of Grover, springing from his car and lifting down carefully a large hamper. "But I didn't order it, Mr. Grover," she rejoined, in rather a frightened voice. "The master did, though. Mr. Thompson came down this afternoon, and said the things was to come up to you at once. There's the dinner set you admired and a tea set as well. Where shall I put 'em?" "Bring them in, please," she answered, rather faintly. He did as he was bid and then drove off.

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"Why isn't dinner ready?" demanded Mr. Thompson, not seeing it actually on the table when he entered. "I told you we had no time to waste today," he added angrily, in his anger and hunger. "If I hadn't anything to do all the forenoon but to get dinner, I'd have it ready in time, I know."

A bitter retort was springing to her lips, but ere it could be spoken Charlie clamorously interposed, pushing his new copy-book before her eyes. "Look, mother! I am going into sentences now, like Frank. It's my first copy. The master wrote it, and he said I was to get it by heart, too, and always remember it. Do read it, mother."

Mrs. Thompson, with her arms full of the cracked mulberry plates, paused a moment to let her eyes fall on the new copy. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," was what she read. It was not that the proverb was new; she had read it scores of times; but there was something in its appropriateness to the present moment that fell like a cool, sweet wind on her heated pulses. "I will have it ready in a moment, Robert," she said quietly.

Mrs. Robert Thompson, looked up. Evidently he had not expected so pleasant a reply. If the truth must be told, he had thought a good bit that morning about the white ware. Not in the way of granting it, but that she would probably be sulky over it when they got in to dinner. "It doesn't feel here as it does in that

blazing meadow," he remarked to his friends, as they went into the cool north room to dinner. "Folks that can keep indoors this weather have an easy time of it; they don't know what heat is."

Mrs. Thompson wondered whether this was a slap at her. Her face looked scarlet enough for any amount of heat. As to sitting down with them, she had enough to do to wait on her party. It was washing day, and Mollie must not be called. "This butter must have been kept in the kitchen; it's like oil," said Mr. Thompson. "I took it out of the cellar; sure you came in; I will go down and get you some more, if you think I had better," was the reply, given pleasantly. "Never mind. Well, I declare! Do you call this meat boiled?" went on Mr. Thompson, as he began to carve. "It's harder than a rock. It meat has to be cooked pretty fresh this weather, it needn't be like this."

S. OLD L.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor. WALTER L. SAWYER, Business Manager.

Subscription rates: \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail.

Advertisements: Rates will be given on application. The edition of Progress is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

The composition and presswork of this paper are done by union men.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 9.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

LET THE PEOPLE KNOW.

Many citizens, and especially those who contribute largely toward the civic revenue, are somewhat exercised over the proposed extension of the water works.

There is quite a general belief that the water commissioners have not taken the people into their confidence in the past as much as they might and should have.

The idea has gained strength that the proceedings of the water commission are not as open as they might or should be.

We take the ground that the meetings of any commission appointed to look after a public service should be open to the public.

There is another reason for great frankness and openness in the financial conduct of the commission. In the past, the office cost the people some \$15,000 more than it should have, and while we have no reason to imagine that history will repeat itself, it is better for everybody concerned that all transactions should be open and above board.

OBTRUSIVE COMMISSERATORS.

In his reply to a correspondent charging the asylum management with cruelty to the insane, the superintendent, Dr. JAMES T. STEEVES, says:

They are not exactly the sickly unfortunates that pseudo-philanthropists depict; on the contrary many of them are better men, live more comfortably and enjoy more than their obtrusive commisserators.

Does Dr. STEEVES forget that in the institution which he is suffered to have charge of there are nearly 500 human beings presumably bereft of reason?

Does he imagine that because a person is so unfortunate as to come under his control that his friends lose all interest in his welfare?

Does he suppose that the institution which costs the province more almost than all the others combined is not an object of interest to the people?

Obtrusive commisserators, forsooth!

The directors of the Saint John Opera House have had quite a nap. It is time to awaken. Spring is here; the building excavations are about finished and the sooner the people see the walls of the new building going up the greater will be their faith in it.

The prospectus of the Atlantic Monthly, which will be found in another column, opens the door to a feast of fat things.

ORA P. KING, barrister, of Sussex, left last night on a business trip to New York and expects to be absent about ten days.—Sun.

When you reach New York, Mr. KING, take the next train for the Pacific and don't return. If you won't do the right thing, the breadth of the North American continent is not too much to keep between you and your victim.

The bully of Kings county has been downed at last. For more than 20 years NELL TAYLOR has terrorized certain sections

of the county. Thoroughly unscrupulous, careless of everything and everybody and possessing great physical strength, his record as a law breaker is unenviable.

The Magazine of Poetry, printed at Buffalo, N. Y., pays a graceful compliment to Prof. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, M. A., by publishing his portraits, several of his poems and a brief biography by Mr. BLISS CARMAN.

Dominoes, Checkers, Cards, etc., at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King St.

HOW THE RENT WAS PAID.

A Fredericton Lawyer Won't Get Left If He Can Help It.

Mr. Blank, who was once the mayor and is now a lawyer in Fredericton, counts among his earthly possessions certain buildings on the front and back streets of the town.

There is quite a general belief that the water commissioners have not taken the people into their confidence in the past as much as they might and should have.

Poor wares is never cheap! Avoid all imitations of Ideal Soap.

For an Idle Hour.

The Canadian copyright edition of Under False Pretences, by Miss Adeline Sergeant, is published by Bryce, of Toronto, and is for sale at McMillan's. Price 50 cents.

A Crown of Shame is Florence Marryat's latest contribution to light literature, through the National Publishing company of Toronto.

The midwinter Century is second to none of the magazines of the month. The artist Jerome and his masterpieces is the interesting introduction, written by Fanny Field Hering, and beautifully illustrated.

Mary Hallowell Foote continues her delightful "Pictures of the Far West," and George W. Cable, "Strange True Stories of Louisiana."

Exciles in Irkutsk. "Two Negatives" is a bright, original love story, by Mary Spear Tiernan.

2,500 Novels, from 10 to 30 per cent. discount, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

THE NORMALITE.

Across the desert Calculus We hunt the hapless How, And "acath the sombre shades of Thus We pounce upon the Now.

We clamber up the hill of Time, To glean the mossy When; The slippery Wayback tree we climb To rob the nest of Then.

Deep down in caverns of the Why We trace the Wherefore worm; We love to catch the Ergo-fly And watch the Which-bug squirm.

Along the garden fence of Yet, The squirrel If we chase, And through the copes of Forget The trail of Truth we trace.

Amid the woful waste of Was, We scan the ley Is, And o'er the billows of Because, We sail in search of Viz.

The nimble Minus and the Plus, The square and cubic root, Armed with a mental blunderbuss We run to earth and shoot.

For But and Though, and While and So, Vile insects every one, With analytic broom we go And smash them on the run.

Lit by the glimmering torch of Right We shudder at the Should, And on the awful brink of Might We angle for the Could.

At times the holy hush of Hence Our throbbing senses calm, And equinoctial gales of Whence Give place to placid Am.

Wherefore, Wherein and Thus and Such Whereas, Whereat, Whereeto, Whereon, Wherever, Inasmuch, Moreover, But, Also.

But Ah, scarce e'er the Mullen-bush Of Brittain pass we through, Than from the hardshell Creed we rush To Father Billovean.

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Every bar weighs 16 oz. Cannot injure the most delicate fabric. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

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ONE WHO KNOWS BEANS

LOOKS VAINLY FOR HIS OLD FRIENDS IN BOSTON

And Concludes that There is a Good Opening for the Right Kind of a Restaurant—The Peculiar Virtues of the Bean—How It Should Be Baked.

I visited Boston, last week, for the first time in seventeen years, said my friend from Ohio. The event deserved to be commemorated and I tried my best to celebrate.

The bejewelled waitress smiled and toyed with the salt-cellar. She evidently concluded that I had just come out of the woods. "We're all out, sir," she said.

"Don't have beans!—in a Boston restaurant!" I gasped.

"Well, you see most of our regular customers think beans are kind o'—kind o' vulgar. You can get 'em at the cheap saloon around the corner, I guess."

I found some beans. I recognized them at once. They had been imported from New York, where are cooks so hardened in sin that even Omnipotence shrinks from a conflict with them.

The dish was literally, as the waiter named it, "Pork and." There was a good deal of the pork but very little of the and. The mess was stone cold.

I found a few beans—but how sadly changed from the beans I used to know! White, tasteless, mashed to a pulp, spurned from the table of the dainty diner, degraded to the level of the 10-cent feeder, torn from the place they should hold in the gastronomic heaven and tortured by the thought of what they might have been—what wonder that they looked sickly and unhappy!

My craving, once roused, had to be assuaged at any cost. I went out to Worcester and hunted up a friend of my soul and we took turns standing over the servant with a club, for five hours, until the beans were baked in proper fashion—and then we ate the quart and scraped the pot.

Where are the beans of my boyhood, anyway?

I carried that inquiry a little further when I got into Maine, a few days later. There was a time when Portland people appreciated beans. Then every Sunday morning, between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock, the solid citizen who had lugged his bean-pot to the bake-shop over-night, joined the procession that bore the sacred vessels home again.

Two hours later, full of high and holy aspirations—because full of beans—the solid citizen wended his way to worship. During service he dreamed of beans and when meeting was out he went happily homeward and ate all that had been left over from breakfast.

As evening fell, the appetizing scent of beans pervaded the whole town; strangers were soothed by the prevailing air of peace, contentment and repose; and forgot to curse the Maine law; natives laid hold of a new lease of life: the wholesale price of beans rose 10 cents a barrel. Ah, those good old days!

Well, while in Portland last week, I called on the new-married daughter of an old flame, whose tombstone bears—or ought—the inscription, "She baked the best beans in Beverly." My young friend is no novice in cooking. She gave me a devilled kidney that made me feel ten years younger, and her pudding was perfection.

But when I interrogated her about beans, she blushed a little uneasily as she answered: "I parboil my pork and beans together. Then I cut my pork into pieces about a half-inch square, and put in the pot a layer of pork, then a layer of beans, then another layer of pork, and so on, until pretty near the top, when I add pepper and salt and a cupful of molasses."

"Is that the recipe your mother gave you?" I asked.

BARNES & MURRAY, 17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

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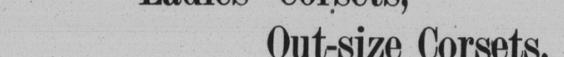
Misses' Corsets, Ladies' Corsets, Out-size Corsets, 30 to 36 INCH.

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SPECIAL ATTENTION IS CALLED TO OUR MATCHLESS HERRINGBONE CORSETS, Sizes from 18 to 36 Inch.

No such Value Elsewhere.

Walter Scott, 32 and 36 King Square.



WHAT LADY hasn't some cosy room in her house which is different from every other, which is her joy—her pride: made so by the skillful painter and his artistic designs and color blending.

But such work is best done when there is plenty of time. As spring advances the painter has more than he can attend to. Therefore, ladies, ask A. G. STAPLES (175 Charlotte or 141 Britain Street), plain and decorative painter, to use his time and best skill to retouch your favorite nook.

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All descriptions of House, Sign and Decorative Painting. A special feature is made of Decorative Paper Hanging, Tintin; and Freezing in either Oil or Water Colors.

PEN AND PRESS.

The carnival number of the Montreal Daily Star is bright, beautiful—and Canadian. Finer engravings than those that adorn its pages are not often seen in the great illustrated weeklies, and nothing better was ever done in this country.

The prospectus of that excellent New York daily, the Mail and Express, which appears elsewhere in this paper, deserves careful reading. The Mail and Express had suffered for years with what appeared paralysis, when, a few months ago, Col. Elliot F. Shepherd took charge, gathered a staff of capable assistants, and applied the electrical treatment. The paper has probably quadrupled its circulation since

that time, and it is gaining ground every day in public esteem. Bright, readable, reliable, pure in matter and soundly conservative in tone, it will be found to meet the ideas of almost any one who wants a good metropolitan daily.

Many a subscription monthly is not nearly so bright and crisp as the Traveler's Record of Hartford, Conn. The fact that it is published in the interest of the first accident insurance company in the world, The Travelers, does not detract from the interest it has for the average reader.

Some of the jokes are "chestnuts" and some are gems; the contributions are bright, the illustrations good and typographically the Record is a model quarto. Progress is indebted for its copy to Messrs. M. & T. B. Robinson, the representatives of the company in St. John.

Not "One of," but "The." Progress is one of the liveliest papers in Canada.—Vancouver World.

SOCIETY EVENTS

And the Fredericton Dorchesters Monday evening, a young John, drew manly to tend during

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as CHEAP as any
Prices ranging
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STREET.

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Out-size Corsets,
3 INCH.

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splendid range.

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8 to 36 Inch.

Elsewhere.

Scott,

King Square.



room in her house which is different from
her pride: made so by the skillful painter
or blending. It is beautifully decorated,
water colors. She delights to show her
admiration.

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STREET; Residence, 141 BRITAIN STREET.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL
EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN ST. JOHN
AND HALIFAX

And the Happenings in Social Circles of
Fredericton, St. Stephen, Woodstock,
Dorchester, Chatham and Bathurst—Mrs.
Montgomery Campbell's Ball.

The pleasures this week have savored more of an
intellectual character than usual. Beginning with
Monday evening, the lecturer at the Institute, being a
young man and a great society favorite in St.
John, drew more of the youthful portion of our com-
munity to the Mechanics' Institute than usually at-
tend during the season.

On Tuesday evening, the music-lovers of our city
enjoyed a treat in listening to Mr. Morley's organ
recital, in St. Stephen's church. The Oratorio
society lent their aid by singing Mendelssohn's
"Hear My Prayer," and a Te Deum composed by
Mr. Morley.

Eagerly and thoroughly have the works of Scott
been read during the past week. However [such
entertainments of the character of those given
Thursday and Friday evenings may be cried down
by the over-prudent and particular, the fact can be
acknowledged that they do much to raise the
popular taste, and make one more familiar with the
works of great authors. We have in a great measure
come to think Mrs. Temple for the time and trouble
she takes in treating us to entertainments of the
kind. All did their parts admirably, and the
costumes were very pretty and true to historic legend.
I am sorry to be unable this week to particularize,
but will endeavor to do so at another time.

Mr. John H. Parks entertained a number of his
gentlemen friends to a most enjoyable [such party
on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Austin have the sincere sym-
pathy of their many friends in their great sorrow,
having lost their eldest boy with scarlet fever.

Mr. G. Herbert Lee's eldest boy has a slight attack
of the same disease.

I am glad to hear that Maj. Tuckler is recovering
from his tedious illness and was able to drive into
town last week.

Mr. Frank Benn arrived in town, Saturday, and
spent a few days among his old friends, previous to
leaving for Mobile, where he joins his brother, Mr.
A. Shirley Benn, who does business in that place.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Weldon, left Wednesday for
Ottawa, where they intend remaining until the end
of the season.

Miss Beattie Scott, who has lately been seriously
ill while visiting her sister, Mrs. DeBriay in
Strathroy, has recovered sufficiently to be able to
travel as far as St. John and pay her relatives here a
visit. She is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Charles
Macdonald.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Drury intend paying a visit
to the old country, very shortly.

One of the latest fashions has taken it to
insist on her followers carrying at afternoon
receptions and other entertainments, a large cut glass
bottle filled with smelling salts.

The watch with fob chain attached is no longer
worn in front of the waist but tucked under it on the
left side.

Mrs. H. J. Thorne's reception day is Wednesday.
Count and Mrs. DeBury intend leaving St. John
in April to pay a visit to England and the continent.

Master Robert Brigstocke has returned from
Windsor and has been the guest of Mrs. Charles
Holden for the past week.

I am sorry to learn that Capt. P. Scott, of Halifax,
is quite ill again.

Why has not our skating rink been more patron-
ized this year? One would think that as this amuse-
ment seems the only one that has not failed us on
account of the weather, that parties like those given
last year would meet with favor. Now that the
directors have a room that parties can hire and with
very little trouble regulate their visitors with tea and
coffee, I do not see why some energetic body, or
bodies, do not break the ice (not literally) and make
a beginning, when others, I feel sure, would follow
and take their turn in acting host or hostess.

I hear there are two weddings coming off very
shortly, one as early as next Tuesday, when Mr.
DaCosta, of Barbadoes, and Miss Raymond are to
be married in St. John's church. Some of our well-
known young men are to act as ushers. The other
comes off at the end of this month, in Trinity church,
but as it was told in secret I would not divulge the
names of the parties concerned for anything. I
will only say that the gentleman is well known in
social and military circles, and the lady a great
favorite in St. John, though latterly she has spent
some time away from it. Now I am sure I cannot
be accused of breach of faith. I have not told, have
I?—I wish I could tell the exact date of this wed-
ding, but that was withheld from me.

TEMPERANCE.

Miss Ella MacDuffie returned home, last week,
from Boston, where she has been spending the last
five or six weeks very pleasantly.

On Wednesday evening last, at the residence of
the bride's father, the marriage of Mr. A. Rogers to
Miss L. Lord was solemnized. Mr. and Mrs.
Rogers took the night train for Boston.

Miss Ellis left for Boston, Wednesday evening, to
spend a few weeks.

Dr. J. Morrison, of Birnie, Man., is paying a visit
to his old home.

Miss M. Beattie left for Boston, Wednesday
evening, to visit friends there. It was Wednesday
evening appears to have been a favorite one for
emigrating to the Hub.

HALIFAX, N. S.

"Progress" is for sale in Halifax every
Saturday noon, at Knowles' bookstore, cor-
ner George and Granville streets.

FEBRUARY 6.—Everything dull socially. Scarcely
anything going on. I have heard of some whist
parties, and, by the way, I have heard of a number
of poker parties in which the ladies have taken part,
and enjoyed themselves very much. Beans were
played for, not money.

On Saturday next, Miss Beamish, of Queen
street, will be married to Mr. Collins, late of Girton
house, Mr. Collins and his bride propose going to
England, where they will reside. He intended to
take orders in the ministry. Miss Beamish has
always been popular among her many friends. I
wish them many happy days.

The crack crickets of New Brunswick and Nova
Scotia are gathered in Halifax. This was to have
been the opening day of the grand bonspiel, but it
poured rain, so that a postponement until tomorrow
was the result. Too bad the weather will not turn
strangers decently.

The amateur theatricals at the academy of music
on Friday evening, will attract a very large and
very fashionable audience. The reserved seat sale
opened today and already 200 tickets have been dis-
posed of. I may have something to say about the
performance in the next Progress.

Mr. H. B. Clarke, manager of the academy of
music and skating rink, has fallen in with the rest
of the ladies and bought himself a Chumley ulster.

It is said that Miss Kenny, daughter of Thos. E.
Kenny, M.P., will soon go to England to be mar-
ried.

FREDERICTON.

"Progress" is for sale in Fredericton at the
bookstores of W. T. H. Vesely and James
H. Hawthorne.

FEBRUARY 6.—One of the most delightful parties
of the season was that given by Mrs. Montgomery
Campbell, last evening. The invited guests were
Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley, Sir John and Lady
Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, Judge and Mrs. Wel-
ton, Miss Weston, Mrs. J. New, Mr. and Mrs.
W. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Allen, Mr. and Mrs.
Mansell, Capt and Mrs. G. Mansell, Mr. W. Mann,
Miss Bayard (St. John), Miss Ethel Smith

(Previously Miss Daisy Donville (Robtshaw) Mrs.
Gordon, Major and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs.
Perry, Mr. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Win-
slow, Mrs. Winslow (Graham), Major and
Miss O'Malley, Mr. and Mrs. Seaman, Miss Van
Koch, Mr. G. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery,
Miss Seaman, Mrs. Helen Green, Capt and Mrs.
Hemming, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Capt Sears
(Townsend), Mr. and Mrs. Green, Capt and Mrs.
and Mrs. Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, Mr.
and Mrs. Parkin, Miss Louisa Fisher, Capt Dodge,
and Mrs. Loggie, Miss C. Kilmer, Mr. and Mrs. A. J.
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THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Another Theological Novel. The new volume of Ticknor's paper series, 'The Desmond Hundred,' will have special interest at this time of religious study and comparison, from the fact that its chief characters are ritualist priests, as clearly marked and carefully drawn as Newcomb, in 'Robert Elsmere.' The fact that the book was written by Jane G. Austin, the author of 'A Nameless Nobleman and Mrs. Beauchamp Brown,' is guaranty of the mingled delicacy and power of its scenes and delineations. It is indeed a story of marked individuality and interest, whose scenes are laid in such attractive regions as New England and the Bahamas. When it first appeared, 'The Churchman' pronounced it to be "the strongest American novel that has been produced for many a year."—Boston: Ticknor & Co. St. John: Alfred Morrissey. Paper, price 50 cents.

The North American Review for February is bright and interesting. The best and most popular writers of the day are among the contributors. The financier will find plenty to interest him in Andrew Carnegie's "Bugaboo of Trusts" and Edward Pierpont's "Restore Silver in the Coinage." The author of 'Robert Elsmere' discusses "Sin and Unbelief" and if for nothing else the Review will be widely bought and read for this. But to many readers perhaps the most fascinating articles in the publication are by Shirley Dare, Rose Terry Cooke, Marion Harland, Catharine Owen and Maria Parloa who write on that great question, "Is Housekeeping a Failure?" There is nothing dull and dry about these articles. The question is all important to women and when they are addressed by such capable and entertaining representatives of the sex they should not fail to read what is said on the subject. Among other articles in this number are "Coming Polar Expeditions" by Lieut. Schwatka; "False Modesty in Readers" by George Parsons Lathrop; "Misrepresentation in Congress" by General L. S. Bryce, M. C.; "Naval Wars of the Future" by Admiral D. D. Porter; "The American Boy" by J. T. Trowbridge; "Unconscious Suicide" by Wm. Hosca Ballou; "Zoological Game Preserves" by F. L. Fremont; "Our Rodent Rivals" by Felix L. Oswald; "Why am I a Missionary" by Marion E. Beall; "Siberia and Land Tenure" by Benjamin Doblin and "Shakespeare Interviewed" by Dion Boucault.—New York: Allen Thorndike Rice. Price, \$5 a year, 50 cents a number.

Notes and Announcements.

H. Rider Haggard has become a vegetarian. He says meat diet retarded his imagination.

The first volume of Thomas Stevens' narrative of his journey 'Around the World on a Bicycle' has gone into its second edition.

Miss Olive Shreiner, the author of 'The Story of an African Farm,' has nearly finished another novel. It is said to deal with the question of ideal marriage, much in the spirit of Tolstoy.

Amelie Rives-Chandler writes to a Philadelphia friend in regard to her next novel: "It has been dashed down in my usual helter skelter style. I wish you would most kindly call my attention to anything that you may think improper."

Robert Louis Stevenson is soon expected in New York. He writes from Tantra that he has taken to going barefoot, and is doing well. In his own words: "I write this just after having dismissed Oli (the sub-chief in whose house I live), Mrs. Oli, and Paisri, their adopted child, from the evening hour of music, during which I Publicly Blow on the Flageolet!"

The suggestion of the Spectator that it might be possible to issue an edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica "in 100 instead of 24 volumes—an edition of a size which could be lifted without a backache, and read while sitting in a chair," is meeting with unexpected favor from readers who buy books to read, and not to look at.

Among the new books soon to be published in England are Occasional Thoughts of an Astronomer on the Subjects of the Day, by Rev. Prof. Pritchard, of Oxford; an authorized translation of Dr. Geffcken's Pen Sketches of the British Empire, translated by Mr. S. J. MacMullan; The Foundations of the Creed, by Dr. Harvey Goodwin, the bishop of Carlisle.

Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, of Trinity college, Dublin, the well-known author of Social Life in Greece, Greek Education, Manual of Greek Literature, The Art of Conversation, etc., will visit the United States next summer as the guest of the Chautauqua assembly. He will pass two weeks in August at Chautauqua, where he will deliver lectures.

The Shakespeare society of New York receives a proof of the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's regard in the shape of electroplates, electros of wood-blocks, and wood-blocks. All these of which he died possessed he leaves to his American disciples. He bequeaths three hundred bound volumes of autograph letters to the University of Edinburgh. His unrivaled collection of Shakespearean rarities goes to the Corporation of Birmingham, if they like to pay \$35,000 for them. His library is left to his nephew.

For a book of sermons to run through five editions is sufficiently unusual to attract

especial attention to the late Dr. Roswell Hitchcock's volume, 'Eternal Atonement.' Among the interesting fac-simile reproductions in the forthcoming volume of Wallace's reminiscences, 'Memoirs of Fifty Years,' is the comedian's first theatrical contract. This is dated London, September 9, 1846, and in it "Mr. John Johnston Wallack" engages himself to Mr. B. Webster to act in the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, for three seasons, in eccentric comedy, at a salary of £6 per week for the first season, and £8 per week for the two next seasons. Wallack also stipulated that he should act under the name of Lester.

Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, the sturdy advocate of Woman's Suffrage, and one of the senior editors of the 'Woman's Journal,' received a charming compliment the other day. His compact figure, his smiling face surrounded by snow-white beard and whiskers, his large head crowned with hair as white, are very well known indeed to Boston people. Sitting at his desk in the pleasant parlors of the 'Woman's Journal,' which look out on Boston common, Mr. Blackwell received a call from Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, who was accompanied by her little daughter. The small woman of five years gazed admiringly at Mr. Blackwell, poised her head critically to survey him from all points, walked round and round him, and finally exclaimed in enthusiastic tones, "Well, this is the first time I ever saw Santa Claus in the daytime before!" When Mr. Blackwell put on his hat and coat and walked out her disappointment was great because he did not disappear up the chimney.—E. M. Gosse, in 'February Wide Awake.'

MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AT AN ORGAN RECITAL. Midway we sat between the nave and door. Between the worldly tumult of the street And the calm silence of God's pure retreat. We heard the hidden organ pipes outpour Their mighty waves of music. More and more The melody encompassed in. The sweet Four woke my soul to see life incomplete And strive towards God on those pure strains to soar.

Midway between the world and God we sat, While through the dim, arches vault the music stole. And in its rustling garments wrapped us twain. Of thy pure soul, we drew from wrong and hate, Then woke my soul to hear the grand refrain, And yearned to reach, like thee, life's heavenly goal.—Arthur Weir, in 'The Dominion Illustrated.'

A London, Eng., exchange says that the cathedral organ at Gloucester has been rebuilt. The old organ was built in 1666 by Charles and Renatus Harris. Many of the old pipes have been incorporated in the new instrument, and the handsome oak case remains unaltered. I wonder what will be the condition of the Mission church organ in 230 years, say A. D. 2100!

Now I am upon organs, naturally I must say something about recitals, and I have been rather surprised to find what a very feeble and poor attendance those at the Mission church have called forth. The fact is impressing itself more and more on my mind that the people of St. John do not appreciate the highest class of music. These recitals have been of more than average merit, both vocally and instrumentally, and one would have thought that 350 people would have been found in St. John to go to such an evening's recreation. Knowing the ability of the performers, only on one night has the church been more than half full, and the audience on each evening has been largely composed of the congregation of the church. Taking an experience of St. John audiences of over five years, I come to the conclusion that they want something to laugh at, and patter songs, minstrels, comic opera and comedy (or rather farce) are better suited to their taste than organ recitals, oratorio, opera or tragedy.

The recital on the 1st was the best yet given. Miss Massey's singing of "With Verdure Clad," was a gem only marred by her very imperfect enunciation of the words. Mrs. Carter's reappearance after such a long silence, about eighteen months, I think, proved that her voice has lost nothing by its long rest, her singing of the two trios and the duet with Mrs. Perley being very delightful performances. Mrs. Perley has not sung so well or been in such fine voice for years, as she was in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and it was a treat that those present would not have missed for a great deal. I myself have not enjoyed any sacred music quite so much since I came to Canada. Rev. Mr. Davenport was in his usual fine form, and Mr. Morley was—well, Mr. Morley.

At the organ recital in St. Stephen's church, Tuesday evening (which, by the way, suffered from lack of attendance, as all these recitals do where the tickets are sold), the most noticeable numbers played by Mr. Morley were the two selections from Handel's works, the aria, "Waft Her Angels" and the Coronation Anthem, Chinner's Offertoire and the lovely Pastorale by Sir Sterndale Bennett. These four selections brought out Mr. Morley's now well known ability in the fullest manner, though of course the rest of the programme was admirably performed.

The Oratorio society are showing to better advantage every time they are heard, and these public recitals are evidently doing much for the chorus, who are evidently learning to depend more on counting their own beats than entirely on the conductor; and as they now do so well without the baton, I look forward to a great advance over last year at the next

annual concert, where they will be under their conductor.

The beautiful solo and chorus, "Hear My Prayer," went very well, Mrs. Gilchrist taking the solo with much effect, though it was apparent that a contralto is not quite fitted for the singing of a soprano part, however well trained the voice may be, there being a very noticeable lack of tone in the upper register. The quartette choir of the church sang, "Still, Still With Thee," to a simple chant, tunefully and with some expression.

The Minstrels having fixed their date for Feb. 28, March 1 and matinee on the 2nd, will now get on rapidly with their work. There is a sort of feeling that there is plenty of time and so the attendance is not so good at rehearsals as it should be, until the actual date is fixed and the members stand committed. Then they buckle to. At least that was the experience last time. I think it would be well to practice some of the songs that were so well liked last time and give them at least on the second evening or at the matinee. There seems to be a very general demand for a second hearing of "Dem Chickens."

The Folio for February is at hand and is composed mainly of short paragraphs, there being no very noticeable articles of any length—probably on account of removal of the publishing premises. The music is composed of a duet for soprano and contralto, "Trusting," by C. A. White, "Little Nugget Polka," by H. J. Sechrist and a gavotte by Keller, "Youth and Beauty."

The Oratorio society have ordered the copies of 'Samson,' one of the works to be done at the annual concert this year. I shall have something to say about this oratorio next week.

The following is rather a severe remark aimed at the organist of Trinity. I heard a musical friend who is a regular attendant there asked how Mr. Cogswell played last Sunday and the following was the reply: "Mr. Cogswell is as good as an amateur as Mr. Hill was bad as a professional." I hear from a good many sources that Mr. Cogswell acquitted himself well last Sunday. FELIX.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Sol Smith Russell seems to have hit upon a character to which he can do justice. In his impersonation of Noah Vale, in 'A Poor Relation,' he is said to achieve a success beyond anything which has yet fallen to his lot. He has given it a reality far beyond that conceived by the author, and the best description of it seems to be that while as quaint as a character from Dickens, it is yet human and real. Sol has many acquaintances in this part of the world who will be glad to hear that the Boston critics appreciate his latest efforts.

Mrs. Langtry seems to have improved wonderfully in 'Macbeth' since her first appearance in that play, a week or two ago. It was then flatly declared that she was unequal to the part of Lady Macbeth, and that the production was likely to be a dismal failure. Now the New York papers have only good words for her and mild criticism for her support. The Sun, which was very pronounced in its opinion at the outset, says that her share "is so unexpectedly satisfactory, and the general merit of the revival is so marked, that excellent entertainment is provided by her enterprise, which was regarded beforehand as rash, but which proves to have been carefully considered." The question occurring to some people will be: Has Mrs. Langtry really improved, or have the critics been "seen" by her manager?

Next Monday evening Boston will see Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Yeomen of the Guard' for the first time. It will be given at the Globe theatre, and will undoubtedly be a success in the Hub. It has had a run of 100 nights in New York, and is said to please the public even better than the 'Mikado,' which took Boston by storm three years ago.

Joe Jefferson will spend the next three months at New Iberia, La. By that time he will begin to make preparations for his usual trip to the salmon streams of New Brunswick.

Booth and Barrett have not toiled merely for "the bubble reputation," this season. The profits of the former will reach the snug sum of \$165,000, while the latter, who has had to pay the expenses, will clear the modest figure of \$75,000. The weekly receipts have averaged over \$13,000 during the season. They will close their season with a week of plays which must fill the house. These are 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' 'Macbeth,' 'The Fool's Revenge,' 'David Garrick,' 'Yorick's Love' and 'The King's Pleasure.'

Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., who has signed a three years contract, will have an American society comedy written for her. She will make her first appearance in New York in October. By the terms of her contract she will receive a weekly salary and a share of the receipts, with her own travelling expenses and those of her child's nurse.

ENLARGED.

I HAVE recently added to my already spacious showrooms a large new building in rear, for the accommodation of my new departments, composed as follows, making the most complete CARPET AND FURNISHING WAREHOUSE IN THE PROVINCES.

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THE POETRY OF THE FUTURE.

BY RIGHT PRICES. I will walk into this Retail, Said the Lady passing by; And, perhaps, some pretty Hamburgs In here I may espy.

She walked into the London House, And the first thing caught her eye Was the Edgings, on the front counter laid To attract the passer-by.

But she wanted more than Hamburgs, So she quickly pressed her way To the counter, where the Gingham and the Seersuckers are displayed.

And here, she looked and purchased— And in fact, she was dismayed At the beautiful array of patterns For the Spring and Summer trade.

\*The London House Retail is on the corner of Charlotte and Union streets.

The Atlantic Monthly

for 1889 announces as a small part of its attractions for the reading public, THREE SERIAL STORIES: THE TRAGIC MUSE. BY HENRY JAMES, author of "The Portrait of a Lady," etc. THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER. BY E. L. BYSSON, author of "Agnes Surrage," "Penelope's Suitors," etc. PASSE ROSE. BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY, author of "But Yet a Woman," etc. This began in the September number, and will continue until April.

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

Special Lot of Plated Forks, etc.

WE OFFER A SPECIAL LOT OF BEST ENGLISH PATTERNS SPOONS AND FORKS, IN— Prince of Wales, Lilly and Beaded Patterns. These goods we guarantee best quality, but wishing to clear out the line will sell at COST PRICE.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,

60 and 62 Prince William Street.

THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY

ADVERTISES FACTS. We made more Cigars than all Cigar Factories East of Quebec City during 1888. We paid more DUTY than all Cigar factories east Quebec city during 1888. We have imported more HAVANA TOBACCO than all Cigar factories east Quebec city during 1888. And still we do not ADVERTISE to give a CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR for 5c.

BELL & HIGGINS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Encourage Home Manufacture.

MARITIME VARNISH AND WHITE LEAD WORKS. JAMES ROBERTSON, Manufacturer of all kinds of VARNISHES and JAPANS, WHITE LEAD, COLORED and LIQUID PAINTS and PUTTY. FACTORY—CORNER OF CHARLOTTE AND SHEFFIELD STREETS. Office and Warehouse: ROBERTSON'S New Building, Corner Union and Mill Streets. St. John, N. B. WILLIAM GREIG, Manager.

PURE BEES-WAX CANDLES,

—AT— JENNINGS', 171 Union Street

Carbolic Vaporiser,

Purification of the air in SICK ROOMS and general use where an SERIAL DISINFECTING and PURIFYING AGENT is required. Full directions accompany each Vaporiser.

R. D. McARTHUR,

MEDICAL HALL, No. 50 Charlotte street, opp. King Square. MORE GOODS At 50 Cents a Week. Spring Mattresses, Lounges, Chairs, Lamps, and don't forget the Wringers. F. BEVERLY, 45 Germain St.

T. J. McPHERSON,

181 UNION STREET, GROCER. FRUITS A SPECIALTY.

C. P. CLARKE, 100 KING STREET.

HALF

SOCIALISM

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Rev. Mr. B. Jones as a Scores Mr. Ignorance

To the issue of St. ministers in the 'Teleg' under which

You say I ministers ha which below you tersely them, "pay I am very

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We must not that the offer of taken advantage the clergy. Our offer is that it ins them in the posit privilege to which no right.—THE F

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

night's Quebec express for his home in Ottawa, where he will spend some days. Mr. Davis will visit Montreal on his way up, taking in the carnival festivities.

Mr. E. C. Jarvis, inspector of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, was registered at the Brunswick yesterday.

I am very glad to say that Mrs. Estey's bright face, behind her black pony, is once more to be seen sitting about the streets on fine afternoons when the sleighing is good.

Miss Todd returned Saturday from a visit at Government house. Miss Alice Graham has also returned from Fredericton where she has been the guest of Hon. A. F. Randolph.

Miss Mary Crocker terminates her stay in town next Friday, when she will start for her Western home.

Miss Rachel Mowatt returned yesterday to her home in St. Andrews.

On Thursday evening last week the members of Agassiz association, Chap. 857, enjoyed a most delightful talk on matters of scientific interest from Rev. W. Cross, of Milltown.

A number of young people drove to Mahanoe last Wednesday evening and enjoyed a most pleasant evening at the house of Mr. T. Fairhead, breaking up at a late hour with many expressions of appreciation of Miss Mowatt's and Mrs. Fairhead's hospitality.

Mayor Chipman is absent with the visiting rinks at the Halifax hospital. The veteran Marchie is also on the list and the remaining players are men who have made a good record in the past.

What's the best number yet, is the verdict I heard for Progress, the other day, referring to last week's number. And yet there are people who say, "What's in a name?"

David Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. M. Barlow Palmer, and Mr. and Mrs. McQueen. Instrumental and vocal music was furnished by the Misses Robb and others, and all present spent a very enjoyable evening.

The ladies of Trinity church guild purpose holding a series of weekly meetings at the residences of the various members, the time to be spent in guild work, interspersed with music and refreshments.

The first of these meetings was held last Thursday evening at the rectory. About 25 ladies were present, as well as a number of gentlemen.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Miller, of Sackville, spent Saturday and Sunday in Dorchester, the guests of Lady Smith, at Woodlawn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Hazen Chapman have the sympathy of the entire community in the loss, by scarlet fever, of their youngest child, Sunday morning.

Miss Ford, of Richibucto, is in Dorchester, staying with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Foster, at the Penitentiary.

Mr. H. C. Hanington is spending a week in Montreal.

Mr. B. B. Teed has been visiting friends in Sackville for the last few days. He returned to Dorchester today.

Mr. J. G. MacIntyre, of the Halifax Banking company head office, spent Monday in Dorchester on business connected with the bank.

Mr. D. L. Hanington is attending court at Fredericton.

Miss S. B. Robinson, of St. John, who is visiting Mrs. J. F. Allison, at Sackville, was in town yesterday with Mr. Allison.

Miss Hanington left today to visit Mrs. Chas. F. Hanington in Moncton. She will probably be gone a fortnight.

The Misses Desie and Etta Chapman returned today from Sackville, where they have been taking a course in music at Mount Allison.

Owing to pressing business engagements Mr. J. W. Revere was unable to pay a visit to Dorchester, as he expected. He passed through today on his way back to Boston, to the immense disappointment of his friends, some of whom were at the depot to meet him.

The following no doubt explains Mr. Chas. E. Knapp's visit to New York: CHAMBERLAIN-KNAPP.—On the 20th Jan., 1888, by Rev. Robert B. Hall, D. D., pastor of the Greenwood Baptist church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Theodore A. Chamberlain to Lizzie L. Knapp, youngest daughter of Chas. E. Knapp, of Dorchester, N. B.

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

WALL PAPER PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL GLASS. Window Shades, Picture Mouldings, Feather Dusters, Etc. No. 56 King Street, Saint John, N. B.

NEW GOODS Received this week:

Ladies' Jerseys; Neck Frillings; Pearl Buttons, And Linen Goods. We have a few pieces of the HALF-PRICE DRESS GOODS left—only a few, if you are wanting Dress Materials, SEE THEM.

DOWLING BROS., 49 Charlotte Street. Commercial Buildings, KING STREET, No. 9. J. W. MONTGOMERY WILL OFFER THIS WEEK

500 MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS, with Collars attached, open fronts, fine linen bosoms, for 75c; cost to make \$1.25. 100 boxes of SILK FACE VELVETS in Seal Brown, Mid Brown and Golden, Myrtle and Olive Greens, Garnet, Ruby and Cardinal, Prune, Navy and Black, new goods, all selling at half the usual price.

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.

THE LATEST SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS. SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO The New York Labor News Co., 25 EAST FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS. ESTATE McCAFFERTY & DALY. Dry Goods at Your Own Price. As we are obliged to give up Store on 1st MARCH, we are prepared to give the public the benefit of genuine Bargains.

Dress Goods from 10c.; Trimming Silks, Satins and Dress Trimmings, AT HALF PRICE. All other Goods in proportion. Call early and satisfy yourselves. By order of the Trustee.

SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOUSES.

SPRING, 1889. SPRING WILL SOON BE HERE and HOUSEKEEPERS will want to KNOW where to buy their CARPETS and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS. Having made SPECIAL preparations for the coming season, I will be able to show all the LATEST NOVELTIES in

WILTON, BRUSSELS and TAPESTRY CARPETS, with borders to match; LINOLEUMS, OILCLOTHS, MATTINGS, ART SQUARES, RUGS, MATS and CURTAINS. At the LOWEST PRICES and the BEST VALUES ever QUOTED in this city. Samples forwarded on application.

A. O. SKINNER, - - 58 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. DO YOU KNOW TO LET. PERRY & CO., ARE HAVING A Big Clearance Sale AT THE SHEFFIELD HOUSE, MARKET SQUARE?

It is worth your while to give them a call and secure some of the many BARGAINS IN TINWARE, GLASSWARE, FANCY GOODS, SMALLWARES, Etc. This is your LAST CHANCE to get these goods from them, and at such prices. The stock is limited and will not be renewed, as we are going out of business.

Corporation Contract. SEALED TENDERS will be received at the Common Clerk's office, until MONDAY, 25th inst., at 12 o'clock, noon, for PAVING WATER STREET, with CEDAR BLOCKS, according to plans and specifications to be seen at the City Engineer's office.

Mechanics' Institute. THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE CO. FOR A SHORT SEASON. HARRY L. CHURCHILL, Manager. Commencing Tuesday Evening, Feb. 12.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY, 115 Sydney Street, opp. Victoria School. MRS. H. M. DIXON, Stamping, Finking and Fancy Work done to order. Address THE SUN, New York.

THE SUN FOR 1889. And for the Democracy. The Sun believes that the campaign for the election of a Democratic congress in 1890 and a Democratic president in 1892 should begin on or about the fourth of next arch. The Sun will be on the beginning and until the end of the most interesting and important political conflict since the war, doing its honest utmost, as ever, to secure the triumph of the Democratic party and the permanent supremacy of the principles held by Jefferson, Jackson and Tilden.

THINK OF IT. LINENS will never be cheaper. COTTONS never so cheap. FOR YOUR season's wants it would be well to buy this month. Good Hemming Free. HUNTER, HAMILTON & MCKAY.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY. His Pa Talks About Respectability and Changes His Politics. I guess pa is sorry he ever tried to be respectable same as ma wants him to be. He sez to me when I was startin' for school: "Jimmy," sez he, "be 'onnest but don't be respectable. To be common is better'n constabls. Be proud of your repytashun, but never mind your pedigree. A pedigree without repytashun is a blood hoss with the heaves. There is only two aristokracys worth your respect; one is the aristokracry of the brane, the other is the aristokracry of the hart. If enny man has more branes 'n you he's a bigger man than you; if enny man has more hart than you he's a better man than you. But az for bloo blood, Jimmy, sez he, skim-milk is bloo and the blooer it is the shaller the pan. A epitaf like a cote of arms is cheap but a repytashun kin neither be bought nor sold. Be 'onnest, be nacheral, sez he, but dont attempt to be respectable, for bein' too respectable haz been my bane. It iz the dry rot on the tater field of life. Fur, az the poet sez, which is identizle: It iz not wealth, Nur rank, nur state, But git up and git That makes men grate. Pa used to be on the fence in politix, but now he sez hez goin' over to the Nashunal Pollisiz. He sez its no use fur ennybody to tell him that the country is goin' to the dogs. He sez ther was the biggest crop of

THE WATER METER. I'm a wicked water meter, Pharisic water meter, with a face of white enamel, hard enamel, trimmed with brass. But I wear the soft expression of a painted Simon Peter, looking out into the future like a goldfish through a glass. When it happens that the carcass of an infant alligator plays the mischief with my vitals in its efforts to get through, I record the strange occurrence on my brass-bound indicator, by the fraudulent addition of a hundred feet or two. O, the mimetic matter and the poison which I scatter with the simple name of water, unadulterated pure! While my friend the undertaker waxes richer, slicker, fatter, and the druggist's wife and daughter take a European tour! O, I often pause and wonder as I ponder o'er my plunder, pause and wonder why in thunder honest people let me lie. Why they do not rise in anger, tear me limb from limb, saunder, and adopt a water meter more ingenious than I!—The Wasp. A BALLAD OF OLDE BOOKES. They sing of the shadow lands far away, The meads and the valleys of Arcadie; Of haunts where the satyr and wood-nymph play, And of Ellens and Gates of Ivorie; But none of these pleasancess seems to me A haven of joy, for I'm growing old, And crave of Dame Fortune that I may be Where the second-hand books are bought and sold. My pulses beat high and my heart is gay At finding a date that begins, MD—, On a sweet old lino whose leaves are gray With booky patina of ancienterie; And I kneel to the sage come o'er the sea That ransals may sell him for Yankee gold, And gladly I part with my hard-earned, Where the second-hand books are bought and sold. INVOL. Ah, Princess! these glories shall live when we Are dead, and our lifeblood has long run cold; For they are immortal, as you may see, Where the second-hand books are bought and sold. —Edward Heron Allen, in Lies.

THE SUN FOR 1889. And for the Democracy. The Sun believes that the campaign for the election of a Democratic congress in 1890 and a Democratic president in 1892 should begin on or about the fourth of next arch. The Sun will be on the beginning and until the end of the most interesting and important political conflict since the war, doing its honest utmost, as ever, to secure the triumph of the Democratic party and the permanent supremacy of the principles held by Jefferson, Jackson and Tilden. The hope of the Democracy is in the loyal efforts of a united press, cherishing no memories of past differences in non-essentials, forgetting everything but the lessons of experience, and that victory is a duty. February 6, 1889. By order, HURD NOTTERS, City Engineer. Mechanics' Institute. THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE CO. FOR A SHORT SEASON. HARRY L. CHURCHILL, Manager. Commencing Tuesday Evening, Feb. 12. Opening Bill, the greatest of all comedies, CALIFORNIA DETECTIVE! Change of bill nightly. Grand Matinee Saturday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. Popular prices—To Balconies, 20 cts.; to Gallery, 15 cts. Reserved seats, 30 cts. Matinee prices—Children, 10 cts.; adults, 20 cts. A first-class company! Fine properties! Grand orchestra! Beautiful scenery! Secure your seats early at A. C. SMITH & CO.'S, Drug store. EMPLOYMENT AGENCY, 115 Sydney Street, opp. Victoria School. MRS. H. M. DIXON, Stamping, Finking and Fancy Work done to order. Address THE SUN, New York.