

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;  
PATTERNS, ART SQUARES,  
S, ST VALUES ever QUOTED in this city.

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

Own Annuals;  
utograph Albums;  
KS;  
RVICES.

SPORTMENT 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 Duple 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 shabby 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 Kinneer, Mr Neal,  
Miss Cochran, Mr VanBuskirk,  
Miss Story, Mr LeDor,  
Miss Faircliff, Mr Duffie,  
Miss Baird, Mr Baird,  
Miss McLaren, Mr D Ritchie,  
Miss Hunter, Mr Bradford,  
Miss McCann, Mr Silver,  
Miss Cowie, Mr Saller,  
Miss Wier, Mr Morrow,  
Mr and Mrs A Curren, Mr Cowie,  
Mrs Brookfield, Mr Wier,  
Miss King, Mr Troop,  
Miss Christie, Mr Duston,  
Miss Chipman, Mr Leach,  
Mr Dooly, 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. WANT.

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

& DALY.

Own Price  
ive up Store  
CH,

public the benefit of  
s.

s and Dress Trimmings,  
CE.

er of the Trustee.

What Shall We Do in Heaven?  
Leading city clergymen of all denominations  
will answer this question in the next number  
of Progress, February 18. Their letters are  
thoughtful, earnest, able, and will be of deep  
and abiding interest.  
Order the paper now. Your newsdealer  
sells it.

# PROGRESS.

Is Housekeeping a Failure?  
The brightest and best article you ever read,  
on the subject of Homes, Boarding-houses,  
Servants, the Duties of Women and the  
Miseries of Men, will be printed in Progress  
next week, Feb. 18.  
Tell your newsdealer to save you a copy of  
the paper. He won't have any left, later than  
9 o'clock Saturday morning.

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 avenge 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  
furnish 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.

Doubtless 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

## 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 Bookstore.

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  
neither 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*, and a half times that of the *Globe*  
and eight 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.

NEWSDALERS.	Progress.	Telegraph.	Sun.	Globe.	Gazette.
King street—					
M. J. Harrison.....	50	10	10	6	10
M. J. Harrison.....	45	22	22	6	6
T. O'Brien & Co.....	38	15	5	6	6
T. H. Hall.....	12	6	6	6	6
A. Morrissy.....	8	—	—	—	—
Chandler street—					
E. G. Nelson & Co.....	50	25	25	10	10
Watson & Co.....	45	20	15	3	3
H. J. Dick.....	6	6	6	6	6
Union street—					
D. J. Jennings.....	50	15	10	6	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.....	3	3	3	3	3
Green street—					
G. R. Frost.....	3	3	3	3	3
Coube street—					
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
St. James street—					
L. E. DeForest.....	12	7	10	10	1
St. John street—					
E. E. McArthur.....	15	12	6	20	4
Haymarket square—					
S. McBride.....	10	10	10	10	10
Dorchester street—					
Jas. A. Rogers.....	6	6	6	6	6
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.....	30	12	8	25	10
W. G. Brown.....	30	8	6	8	8
G. W. Hobbs.....	25	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	3
Total.....	977	502	433	634	131

Other Places.

NEWSDALERS.	Progress.	Telegraph.	Sun.	Globe.	Gazette.
Fredericton—					
W. T. H. Feney.....	350	100	130	115	6
H. H. Hawthorne.....	110	100	130	115	6
Moncton—					
W. W. Black.....	100	70	70	70	70
W. H. Murray.....	90	70	70	70	70
Woodstock—					
W. Everett.....	70	70	70	70	70
St. Stephen—					
C. H. Smith & Co.....	35	37	35	2	2
G. S. Wall.....	30	20	20	20	20
Newcastle—					
Bertie Russell.....	30	15	15	15	15
Johnston Brook—					
R. D. Beal.....	25	20	20	20	20
Sussex—					
S. H. White & Co.....	15	8	8	35	—
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.....	20	10	10	10	10
Sackville—					
Charles Moore.....	18	12	12	12	12
St. Andrews—					
T. R. Wren.....	20	14	4	4	4
Dorchester—					
G. M. Fairweather.....	15	10	10	10	10
Robbinston—					
G. W. Sherwood.....	12	10	4	2	2
Shediac—					
H. Sault.....	15	10	10	10	10
St. Mary's—					
E. Vanwart.....	10	5	5	5	5
Gagetown—					
John W. Dickie.....	5	5	5	5	5
Bathurst—					
A. C. Smith & Co.....	4	4	4	4	4
Halifax, N. S.—					
C. W. Knowles.....	30	20	20	20	20
Ambrose, N. S.—					
G. G. Burt.....	10	20	10	4	4
B. C. Munroe.....	4	2	10	4	4
Total.....	1761	660	478	820	30
Grand Total, City and Pro- vince.....	2000	1001	907	950	161

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 Chin-  
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 incompe-  
tent 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.  
Read the attractive announcement of the  
Oak Hall clothing store on the second  
page.

## ITS REGISTER IS CLOSED.

**NO MORE UPS AND DOWNS IN THE  
PARK HOTEL MANAGEMENT.**

The Building Will be Devoted to Printing  
and Bag Making—A Reminiscence of the  
Days When the General Robert Marshall  
Sought Fame in Politics.

The Park hotel has had its last guest  
and the register has seen its last entry.

The building in which for 25 years the  
travelling public have fared more or less  
sumptuously, according to the styles of the  
various landlords, is to be devoted to busi-  
ness purposes. On the first of May it will  
be occupied by Brown & Leitch, paper-  
box makers, and George W. Day, printer.

Mr. Day will have the ground and first  
floors on the east side, while Brown &  
Leitch will take the west side. Presses and  
engine will utilize the office and bar,  
while printers will stick type in the roomy  
and frescoed parlor. The spacious dining-  
room will be filled with busy bag-makers,  
while the apartment leading to the balcony  
will be devoted to the ignoble purposes of  
a glue room.

Mr. Day is doubtless very glad to get  
away from his present quarters, in the top  
of a building peopled by lawyers. In  
doing so he returns to his old stamping  
ground, where he has made and paid bush-  
els of money in the past. Years ago he  
did a big business in the old "Ark," on  
the corner of Germain and Market streets.  
Later he moved to Puddington's building,  
on Charlotte street, where he used steam  
power, and finally he reached the Pugsley  
building which he is now to vacate for  
what must prove in all respects a much  
better location.

The Park has never had an extraordi-  
nary success as an hotel. It has changed  
landlords a great many times, and most of  
them have been glad to get out without  
actual loss. Its most successful era was  
from 1878 to 1881, when Fred. A. Jones,  
now of the Dufferin, ran it as a first-class  
house. He made money for the first year  
or two, but he never was in love with the  
place. During his tenure the present office  
was added, the original entrance having  
been only the centre hall door.



FANCIES OF FASHION

THAT AROUSE THE INTEREST OF THE INGLESIDE 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 Ingleside," 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 jalot, 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 tulle. 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 4 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 buttons 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' shoes 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 cloths 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 brocated silk 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 smocking 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 bisness.

He does a good bisness 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 fellar in the grocery store's gettin' fixed, 'cause I couldn't find hers.

So the smart fellar 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 bisness 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 'n' 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 interloache! 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 bisness 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 transmigrations 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 Ephraim 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 rods 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 blanced 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 at 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, PLUSHES, 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;

COLORS and WHITE MECHLIN;

BLACK, WHITE and CREAM FLOUNCINGS and ALLOVERS;

BLACK SILK GRENADINE, Stripes and Checks;

NOVELTIES in HOISERY, 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

IN

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

Hosiery; Ladies' Vests; Black and Colored Cashmeres;

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

by accepting our CASH COMMISSION offers of work-

ing for our valuable and popular premiums. In ad-

dress the MAIL AND EXPRESS, New York City.



Dress Wear.

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

WILSON & ALLISON. A NEW RANGE, OR

Cook Stove?

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

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

All interested in securing the best goods should call at our Stoves and Kitchen Hardware, 107 WILLIAM STREET.

Attended to promptly by competent men.

ATTENTION!

Attention! Read! This is to you, Read!

EVERYTHING HOUSE,

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

are all new fresh stock. to-day—Newest Styles, Latest Novelties.

re buying. Remember the place!

No. 5 Market Square, North side.

RED LIGHT.

DOUBLE VALUE

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

General Dry Goods Store, 179

GO TO Page, Smalley & Ferguson's,

Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Gold Jewelry,

Silver and Plated Goods, CLOCKS and BRONZES, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc.

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TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,

44---King Street---84

S. R. FOSTER & SON,

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—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 Goodyear 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 chairs, strolling, 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." "Twas 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 all her surroundings. It was only one long monotonous round of homely toil, unrelieved by any of the little sweetesses 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 Burnham'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 Burnham, 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 Burnham found another wife, and Mrs. Thompson this weary day, was furiously envying her. Mrs. Burnham 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 unreasoning, 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.

"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 blazine' 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."

"I've tried to have it nice, Robert," she said, trying to choke down a rising sob as well as an angry word.

Mr. Thompson, aroused by a quiver in the lady's voice, and perhaps a look at one another. She sat down at length, but could not eat. Mr. Thompson finished his meal in silence.

He was watching his wife's face; there was something in it that he did not understand—a kind of patient, hopeless look, as if she no longer cared to struggle onward. The old mulberry ware did look dingy on the snowy white table-cloth; it stood too bad for these chums of his to sit down to it. He wondered he had never thought of that before. Robert Thompson grew thoughtful.

He passed into the kitchen when they were going out again—how hot and stifling it felt with that big fire, as bad as the south meadow. His wife had been in it cooking; that must have made her face scarlet. Indoors was not so comfortable a place after all, if you had hot work to do, was the idea that flitted through his mind. And perhaps the work was overmuch for his wife, who at best was but a delicate woman.

A fresh, cool breeze had sprung up from the south, as he went out, walking slowly, but the sun was burning hot still. Robert Thompson waited to wipe his brows; and in the moment the voices of his comrades came toward him from the other side of the hedge, where they stood in the little shade it cast.

"I never pitied a woman so much in my life," quoth one of them. "She works like a slave, and does not get even a 'thank ye' for it from Thompson. He's a good fellow, but uncommon down upon the work. Strong as a horse himself, he thinks, I suppose, women must be the same."

"Yes, Bob's a sterling good fellow, but Jane Lawrence made a mistake when she said ye to his asking," said the other. "Jones, she's a good girl, but she's a wife, especially one who keeps his wife like Thompson does. She's over sensitive—delicate; any lady but she would have turned long ago and bid him give her proper help. He won't make his money out of her many years, if he don't take better care of her; she'll run down fast. Her wife's changed she is; she looks as faded as a old house rooms—and they haven't seen a coat of paint since Grandfather Thompson's day."

"Ah, she'd better have took Joe Burnham. The Lawrences used to have things nice in their house. She's a good girl, but still if she'd married Joe. His wife's just gone out in her pony shaft. I say, Jones, I wonder whether Thompson's wife's ever sorry?"

Was she? The unconscious comments of these, his warm friends, came crushing down on Robert Thompson's heart and brain like a bolt of fire. That she rejected Burnham for him he knew, when she came home to the old homestead and took care of his invalid mother. Tenderly had she done it, too. Could she be wearing out her life in hard work for him; she, the mother of his boys; she who loved well for all his childishness? Robert Thompson stole away; he could bear his thoughts no longer, and he felt that he could almost kill himself for his blind heedlessness.

The afternoon wore on toward evening. Mrs. Thompson had finished her indoor work on the washing of the dinner dishes and the putting of the rooms straight—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 cart 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.

Mrs. Thompson sat down by the hamper of crockery and cried as if her heart would break. They were magical tears, too, for the washing of the dinner dishes and the putting of the rooms straight—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.

S. OLD L.

THAT SUSPICIOUS OLD LADY who was formerly so careful to CRITICISE, SCRUTINIZE, PULL, STRETCH, and TURN OVER and OVER our boxes of 64c. KID GLOVES, has now fallen into the habit of leaving her spectacles at home, and trusting entirely to our statement. This is because the S. O. L. has found out for herself (just as all other customers do), that the Gloves are really EQUAL to JOSEPHINE, and that this firm do not misrepresent anything they have to sell.

See also our 55c. CASHMERE HOSE selling for 36c. a pair.

FAIRALL & SMITH.

"Oh, Robert, how kind you are! I feel as light as a bird." "And you are, almost," he answered, smiling a little sadly as he looked into her eager face. "We'll all turn over a new leaf, Jane. Heaven knows I did not mean to be cruel."

"Robert, you were never that." "Well—we'll let it be; by-gones shall be bygones, if you will. Oh, and I forgot to say that I saw Leeds this afternoon. It's a very dull time just now, the poor fellow says, without a job on hand; so I thought I'd give him one. They'll be here to begin to-morrow morning."

"You are—not going to have the house done up?" she exclaimed in surprise. "Every square inch of it! And, once the painting and that's finished, we'll see what else we can do to make it look a little bit brighter."

She hardly believed it; she burst into tears. "And I have been so wicked!" she cried. "Only to-day I had quite wicked thoughts, Robert. I was envying Mrs. Burnham; I was feeling angry with everybody. It was the discouragement, Robert."

"Yes, it was the discouragement," he said, quite humbly. "We will do better for the future, Jane; I'll try another plan." She cried silently for a minute longer; soft, happy tears, feeling that light had superseded darkness.

"And it has all risen from my trying to carry out for a bit that blessed proverb, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath'!" she murmured. "Robert, did you ever before see such lovely white ware?"—The Argosy.

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NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing January 7, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, AT

18.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

FULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 13.35 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations.

18.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

FULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Bangor at 16.45 p. m., Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 17.15 a. m.; 12.00 noon. Woodstock at 19.20 a. m.; 18.40 p. m. Houlton at 19.15 a. m.; 18.40 p. m. St. Stephen at 19.55 a. m.; 19.45 p. m. St. Andrews at 19.20 a. m. Fredericton at 17.00 a. m.; 12.50 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 9.45; 11.00 a. m.; 14.00 p. m.

LEAVE CARLTON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.25 a. m.—Connecting with 8.40 a. m. train from St. John. 12.20 p. m.—Connecting with 3.35 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked \* run daily except Sunday. † Daily except Monday.

F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

1888—Winter Arrangement—1889

ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express..... 7 30 Accommodation..... 11 20 Express for Sussex..... 16 35 Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 18 00

A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 7 00 Express from Sussex..... 8 35 Accommodation..... 13 20 Day Express..... 19 20 All trains run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20, 1888.

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MODERN IMPROVEMENTS. Terms—\$1.00 Per Day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 Cents.

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Best \$1 House in the Maritime Provinces. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount for cash.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.

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. 37 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.

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. STEVENS, says:

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

Does Dr. STEVENS 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.

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.

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 McMillans. 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 Hallock Foote continues her delightful "Pictures of the Far West," and George W. Cable, "Strange True Stories of Louisiana." George Kennan has another chapter of exile life in Siberia, entitled, "Exiles in Irkutsk."

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

THE NORMALIE.

Across the desert Calculus We hunt the hapless How,

We clamber up the hill of Time, To glean the mossy When;

Deep down in caverns of the Why We trace the Wherefore worm;

Along the garden fence of Yet, The squirrel If we chase,

Amid the woful waste of Was, We scan the lay Is,

The nimble Minus and the Plus, The square and cubic root,

For But and Though, and While and So, Vile insects every one,

Lit by the glimmering torch of Right We shudder at the Should,

At times the holy hush of Hence Our throbbing senses calm,

Wherefore, Wherein and Thus and Such Whereas, Whereat, Whereeto,

But Ah, scarce e'er the Mullen-bush Of Brittain pass we through,

WEIGHTY WORDS FOR Canada's Daughters!

The Enormous Regular Sales of Thousands of Boxes of



Is the best proof that the public know and appreciate its MAGICAL CLEANSING PROPERTIES and THOROUGH STERILIZING VALUE.

A lady writes: "I find it saves time and material, as the clothes require less rubbing, no boiling, and wash a much purer color than with ordinary Soap."

WM. LOGAN, Sole Manufacturer.

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.

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.

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.

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."

"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."

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

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HAMBURGS! HAMBURGS!

Our Stock is now complete and will be found as CHEAP as any shown in the city. Prices ranging from 2 cts. to \$2.00 per yard.

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CUT GLASSWARE in Tumblers, Wines, Carafes, Finger Bowls, Bar Tumblers, etc.

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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.

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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.

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.

SOCIETY

And the Fredericton... The picnic... Monday evening... young John... tend during... On Tuesday... enjoyed a... social, in... society lent... "Hear My... Mr. Morley... Eagerly... been read... entertainment... Thursday... by the over... be acknowl... popular... works of ge... sure to sh... she takes i... kind. All... tures were... I am sorry... but will en... Mr. John... gentlemen... on Wednes... Mr. and M... pathy of the... having lost... Mr. G. He... of the same... I am glad... from his ted... town last w... Mr. Frank... spent a few... leaving for... A. Shirley... Mr. and M... Ottawa, wh... of the season... Miss Bessie... all while vi... Strachey, ha... travel so far... a visit. She... Macdonald... Mr. and M... to the old co... One of the... insist on her... ceptions and... bottle filled... worn in front... left side... Mrs. H. J... Count and M... Windsor and... Master Rob... Winsor and... Holden for the... I am sorry... is quite ill ag... Why has no... ized this year... ment seems th... account of the... up last year... directors have... very little trou... coffee, I do n... bodies, do not... a beginning, w... and take their... I hear there... shortly, one... DuCosta, of B... be married in... known year... comes off at the... but as it was... to the names of... will only say... social and mil... favorite in St... some time away... been accused of... 12.—I wish I co... ding, but that w... Miss Ella Ma... from Boston, w... five or six week... On Wednesda... the bride's fathe... Miss L. Lord... Rogers took the... Miss Ellis left... spend a few wee... Dr. J. Morris... to his old home... Miss M. Be... evening, to visit... evening appear... migrating to the... "Progress" is... Saturday noon... ner George was... FEBRUARY 6—... a thing going... parties, and, by... of poker parties... and enjoyed the... play, not as... On Saturday... street, will be... house, Mr. Coll... England, where... take orders in... always been popu... wish them many... The crack circ... Scotia are gather... been the opening... poured rain, so... was the result... T. Strangers decem... The amateur the... on Friday even... very fashionable... opened today and... posed of, I may... performances in... Mr. H. B. Cl... ansic and skat... the dades and loup... It is said that... Kenna, M. P., will... ried.







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 Morrissy. 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 Paisi, 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 tones 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 by 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.

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.

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DEPARTMENTS.

- CARPETS. Wilton and Brussels, Tapestry and Wools, Union and Hemps, Mattings and Mats, Squares and Rugs, Linoleums, Oilcloths, Curtains, Portieres, Cornice Poles. FURNITURE. Bedroom and Parlor, Dining Room, Library and Sitting Room, Rattan Furniture, Reed and Rattan Baby Carriages, Mantel Mirrors, Hall Stands, Fancy Tables.

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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.

The Atlantic for 1889

Will contain Literary, Social, Historical Essays, Stories, Poems, Travel Sketches, Papers on Education, Politics, Art, By the foremost American writers.

THE BEST REPRESENTATIVE

Of American periodical literature, which appeals to readers by its own charms.—New York Evening Post.

MONTH AFTER MONTH

It illustrates practically its well-earned reputation as the foremost literary magazine in America.—Providence Journal.

THE ONE AMERICAN

Magazine in which a regard for letters is a controlling motive.—The New York Tribune.

The Atlantic for 1889.

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Special Lot of Plated Forks, etc.

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HALF SOCIALISM

Rev. Mr. B. Jones as a Scores Mr. Ignorance To the issue of St. John's attention to the ministers in the 'Teleg' under which You say I ministers ha which below you tersely I them, "pay I am very view. I am I believe a men do, on I in agreean have frequen ductions gra ways. But the matter h mind wether matter of fav have had fe train who we ment not on R orable cond press." I s count yoursel brotherhood, whether your as to do away a case of who do the objecti when the rate really such i to smite the w the root? As I said, I myself, and you include whether you directed to on saying, for my them whose fit localities, and necessary exp more heavily favors, and, not accept the upon which t others, wisely namely, a supp by them beyon remunerated d. You have to tion, and it ma follow it out a St. John, Fe [We may say dent that we a whole system While it does men have, ab availing themse ments of railr mainly for publ charge; in almo the railroads a vertising, for w and in many ca book of "annus for the space it own principle a indicated in the appeared in Pro The Maritime at Moncton, Sep sions it as proba party" will be of Chatham; thenc Woodstock an thence down to trust that, beyo their railway, h tracted en route paper men do journey. There for such bumper raids of the avera ciation. We must not t that the offer of taken advantage the clergy. Our offer is that it ins them is the posit privilege to which no right.—THE F "Sociali To the EDITO had not scriptur that "when the bl shall fall into the to request your sp Mr. A. J. Glazel ure in the Institi ever, very loth t stagger through li such overperwin him; and I will a attention briefly to said and did not s In the first plac Socialism or An heard him could d whether these are "something good tion he did ventu Socialism, as aimi the powers of the —was grossly inac purpose of the so chair," pseudo-refo of that bastard sci who are the bitter Socialists have. An Anarchism, again, later is the "violon than which nothing the truth. Sociali archists are individu lutely nothing in disapproval of the ing of Socialism, th to say of the theory economic basis of devote a single inci trial organization of







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 Mahanias 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. It is hoped that they will return bringing their spoils with them.

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?"

CHATHAM. "Progress" is for sale in Chatham at Edward Johnson's bookstore.

DORCHESTER. "Progress" is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's bookstore.

WOODSTOCK. "Progress" is for sale in Woodstock at W. Everett's bookstore.

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.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Milner, 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.

Mrs. Chamberlain has been congratulated and good wishes of her many Dorchester friends.

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BATHURST. "Progress" is for sale in Bathurst at A. C. Smith & Co.'s store.

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 'onest 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 aristocracies worth your respect; one is the aristocracy of the brane, the other is the aristocracy 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 'onest, 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

F. R. BUTCHER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN



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No. 56 King Street, Saint John, N. B.

iamonds raised this year in Fredericton of enny year since the collera. Look at the papers, sez he, and see the pile of diamonds 'xibited by the fare sex at that ball. Why, sez he, there must a been a 'lumination up there equal to the northern lites.

They Are in Great Demand. "Got any almanacs?" She was a little bit of a girl, and hadn't known how to speak very many years. It was with great difficulty that she got the door of the drug store open; and she held the latch in her hand, for fear she would be shut in.

The druggist smiled as he told her that he had no almanacs, and turning to Progress' representative said: "Do you know, that youngster asks that same question about five times every day."

Just then a good-sized boy with a parcel under his arm, shoved his head in the doorway, and cast his eyes over the whole length of the counter.

"Well?" said the druggist with a very distinct interrogation mark after it. "Got any almanacs?" "No!" "Got any calendars?" "No!"

The head flew back, the door shut, and the boy passed the window with his hands in his pockets, whistling. The desire for calendars and patent medicine almanacs, among the young folks seems to be very general. The reporter hadn't been in another drug store five minutes before "Got any almanacs?" greeted his ears.

"These calls for almanacs are getting too numerous," said the clerk, as the youthful applicant disappeared, "it's almost as bad as the calls for Progress we've had all this month—for we sell our regular supply every Saturday before 9 o'clock."

THE HARVARD IDEA. A question arises in connection with the vacancy in the professorship of English literature at Dalhousie as to who are the Canadians who are eligible for this position. We have no doubt but that on enquiry it will be found that there are a number of Canadian scholars available who have attained to various degrees of distinction.

But we need not leave the maritime provinces to discover men who possess qualifications for professional work of this nature. Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, who graduated at the university of New Brunswick in 1879 at the early age of nineteen, and who took the degree of M. A. two years later, is a man who has many qualifications for the work. He possesses in an eminent degree the poet's fervor and inspiration, combined with a very thorough acquaintance with the best English authors. Harvard, which has been the home of the literary life of New England, gave her professorships in English literature to James Russell Lowell and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the most eminent of the New England poets. The Harvard idea is worthy of consideration.—Halifax Herald.

THE WATER METER. I'm a wicked water meter, Pharisaic 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, saunter, 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 Elysium and Gates of Ivorie; But none of these pleasantries 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 limbo whose leaves are gray With booky patina of ancienterie; And I kneel to the sage come o'er the sea That wanders may sell his for Yankee gold, And gladly I part with my hard-earned, Where the second-hand books are bought and sold.

envoy. 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.

Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

SPRING, 1889.

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THE BOSS. What was Council of Off an In garding the Boss Che im't a very kinds of fish certain luck of the alleg police affair ber fishing l have a histo some rubber sent to a and got one the departm nice pair of sumbly as a accepted th goes fishin. The Boss named, each jobbery secre the warpath Up to the ho not secured a The expos Chesleys shir surprised a g Not before g An analysis of the Chesley ridiculous figu ley's lot on th his house at \$ the Boss supp moderate inco Last year \$ assessment, b it had stood i \$5,000. Perlu out that his pr that extent by whole length o many houses o people of Port to build a sew the two Chesle Alderman M when \$1.10 a d that it was an day for inspec He claimed th \$3 a day at sors have crue at \$300 a year, too low in their "too fresh" in Alderman W displeasure of t tention to inv The ring is und cut and dried, b threatens to bri the last council moved that Bos bye-hw commit Alderman Walla thing was done motion of Alder the adjournment 9.25 was to cho vestigate the ch The millwright week's work at t his bill for \$75 p ment. Assessor Sam come disguste dines to serve a system of assess and some featu wholly illegal. that they are wro dominated as the they are tied h patrick has foun work which goes to resign. The fire depart of all, as they say, find any more al during the last we the interests of will be no serious tee has charge of has jeopardized the more ways than m Some of these ar shown. There ar For instance, wh owned by the Tapl town last summer engines was detaile only that, but all the other engine w was a hot, dry sun ern part of the city an engine, fire ab as useless as a p Had a fire starte might have had a ca become historio. It will scarcely be that the city of Port ladder apparatus, the upper part of a be taken through, unless some private