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# PROGRESS.

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## LUCK FOR THE LIBRARY.

ENCOURAGING PROSPECTS FOR THE PUBLIC'S EDUCATOR.

It will in future be managed on Business Principles, without the Aid of Tea Fights—A Belief that Mr. James I. Fellows will Immortalize Himself.

The Free Public Library has passed through another chapter of its history, and the management has turned over a new leaf.

Heretofore it has been in the hands of a coalition government, a kind which has been found to be eminently successful in provincial politics, but which in the case of library has not been a bright and shining example of the attainment of the best results.

When the library was in its infancy, and needed all the help and encouragement it could get, a number of warm hearted and earnest women organized a ladies' aid committee to assist the institution in getting firmly on its feet. This committee was no part of the regular organization, but was a wholly separate body. It was not "one of the family," but more in the nature of a nurse for a toddling but promising infant.

As such it did much good. It has come to the front at various times with substantial aid, and has furnished the funds to pay the librarian's salary. The rent and other expenses have been paid by the board out of the annual grant of \$1,000 from the city. This arrangement would ordinarily seem like a good one, and it was, for a time. Of late, however, the board and its auxiliary have been at variance.

For the coalition has been that of hard-headed, unsympathetic business men and enthusiastic women abounding with bright ideas. The two elements have not combined to form a harmonious and efficient organization. They have proven to be what a chemist would term "incompatibles," and have been in perpetual antagonism to each other.

A big mercantile establishment is run in one way; a sewing circle in another. Both methods have their peculiar points of excellence, but their is nothing in common between them.

So it was with the Library. When funds were needed, as was always the case, there was a wide divergence of opinion as to how they should be raised. The ladies inclined to conversations and bazaars, while the men thought the city should supply the funds by grants.

Besides, the chairman had distinct and pronounced ideas of the eternal fitness of things. He looked upon the Public Library as an institution which should not be dependent on the somewhat uncertain income derived from tea socials, and that it should stand on its own merits without the well-meant but not always discreet exertions of an outside body. So long, too, as there energetic ladies proposed to raise the funds, there was no prospect that the city would do anything beyond making the meagre and wholly insufficient grant of \$1,000 a year. So the management was in that position in which it began to desire to be saved from its friends.

More than a year ago, the proposal of the ladies to have a social entertainment of some kind excited a good deal of interest, and not a little disapproval. A timely letter on the subject, in PROGRESS, explained the true position of affairs, and the project was abandoned. Last December, however, another agitation in the same direction was started, and this time the proposition was to have a conversation in the library rooms. This reached the ears of Chairman Ruel, who at once vetoed the arrangement, as being a wholly improper connection with a public institution.

The ladies abandoned the scheme, and began to consider whether it was worth their while to continue in exertions which were so little appreciated or so rudely nipped in the bud.

As a result, they have determined to retire and leave the library to the persons appointed to manage it. They have so notified the board, and have received a letter of thanks, not for retiring, but for the valuable assistance they have rendered in the past.

The position of the Library now is that it is run by its own board of management, with a grant of \$1,000 a year from the city. This is about half as much as it requires. To compel it to struggle along on such a sum is to impair its usefulness and defeat the intention with which it was founded.

Many things are needed, which can be accomplished with the comparatively small outlay which an additional grant from the city would permit. These are the increasing of the Library's usefulness by having it open six days of the week instead of three, the fitting up of a reading room to which people will resort, the addition of needful books and the supplying of proper catalogues. Other things are also needed, but those mentioned are among the most pressing wants. They are necessities, not luxuries, and they must be had, if the Library is to be worth anything to the public.

The future of this Library, should the city do its duty, is likely to be a prosperous one. In its present temporary quarters it lacks and must continue to lack many accessories which it ought to have. There is, however, a prospect that a building may be provided by private liberality at no distant day.

Mr. James I. Fellows, of London, England, has never forgotten that his first steps to wealth and fame were made in his native city of St. John. He is a liberal giver, and when he was here, last year, he made many enquiries in regard to the Library. On his return to England he procured a splendid edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, specially bound and inscribed for the use of the Library, at a cost of about \$270. As, however, he learned later that the Library already had a set of the work, he determined to keep it and make another gift in its place. In later correspondence with him, by Mr. Ruel, it was suggested that he could build no more enduring monument in his native city than by giving a building for the Free Public Library.

The letter in reply to this suggestion was of such a nature as to lead to the hope that Mr. Fellows will carry out the idea at no distant day, and thus have his name embalmed forever in the memories of a grateful people. In the meantime, the Library needs only the just encouragement it deserves to enter upon a new and prosperous era in its history.

## WOODSTOCK'S ROSEBUD GARDEN.

St. Valentine's Tribute to the Twelve Fairest Girls of Woodstock.

WOODSTOCK, Feb. 14.—Has not PROGRESS overlooked Woodstock a little? We get your bright and entertaining paper every week, but only now and a while do we "see ourselves in print." I have understood that good correspondents are scarce and timid, and that must be the reason. I have a Valentine for the Woodstock beauties, for the charming girls who in our pride who make life worth living in this bitter town. They are designated by numbers and will not lack the recognition of their acquaintances.

No. 1.—Is a charming young lady of ancient lineage and courtly fame. She is petite in figure, has large lustrous eyes the beauty of which is enhanced by gold-rimmed glasses. A great favorite in society, and has numerous accomplishments.

No. 2.—Is a tall magnificently proportioned maiden, a decided brunette with tresses of a dark dark brown and great, tragic, soulful eyes. She has decided dramatic talent and would make a worthy rival of Scott Siddons.

"Around her is a light Of inward majesty and might."

No. 3.—Is a dainty, brown haired maiden, full of fun and mischief. She is of medium height, fair and sweet; paints beautifully and dances charmingly. She seldom lacks an admirer, for "When once is seen her beauteous face One ever longs her steps to trace."

No. 4.—Is the possessor of the smallest and most beautifully shaped head in town. A blonde with fair hair and eyes of cerulean blue. "She goes with a smiling but sorrowful face."

No. 5.—"O thou sweet maiden fair, Thou with the raven hair."

A brunette with eyes of glorious black and raven tresses. A complexion like a damask rose. She is quiet, witty and independent, looks deeply into the future and reveals to her companions their fate.

No. 6.—Is one of the most charming girls to be met in society and a most desirable partner either for a dance or tete-a-tete. Well informed on every subject, she can talk easily and fluently. She is fond of poetry, and is inclined to make very apt quotations. "But 'tis not her language that charms me alone, 'Tis her mind, 'tis that language whose eloquent tone From the depths of the grave could revive one."

No. 7.—"Beauteous rosebud young and gay, A dangerous rival most girls say. The prettiest girl in town. A prettily rounded figure, glorious brown eyes, shaded with curling lashes, and brown wavy hair. She is yet "sweet seventeen."

No. 8.—"Straight but as lissome as a hazel wand, Her eyes a bashful azure and her hair In gloss and hue the chestnut."

She possesses a fine voice, well trained, and is always willing to favor select audiences with a song. No. 9.—Is a decidedly original and energetic young lady. She is fair and distingue. "She is a form of life and light, Which soon becomes a part of sight," Given to writing poetry of satirical character.

No. 10.—"Gladness, sadness and pensiveness blended." She has a merry rippling laugh, and is a decidedly pretty blonde. Is possessed of a large fortune in her own right.

No. 11.—Is a young society belle, is inclined to be fair with blue eyes but brown hair. Is an only daughter and will be well dowered.

No. 12.—Another rosebud, a very pretty girl with a fair complexion of dazzling clearness, and a sweet temper. She also is an only daughter of wealthy parents. ST. VALENTINE.

## Who Are They?

The St. John correspondent of the Toronto Empire telegraphs in regard to the dock scheme, that "interesting developments are expected, especially as stories are afloat that several prominent individuals have been liberally granted in the interest of Mr. Leary."

The names of the "prominent individuals" would be interesting reading for the taxpayers. Who are the men?

## Where Leisure Hours Were Spent.

The amusements this week have been the production of the amateur drama *Out At Sea* and the Star Concert Co.'s performances. Both were entertaining in their way. The scenic, musical and other special features with *Out At Sea* made it a decided go, and paid the company handsomely for their trouble—a rare thing for local talent to accomplish.

## VERY FESTIVE YOUTHS.

THE EXPLANATION OF A BOLD BURGLARY AT MONCTON.

Thrilling Details of the Way the Deed Was Done—How the Wine Went—Detectives Have a Clue If They Will Measure the Heads of Certain Young Men.

On a certain night, not quite a month ago, an unusual calm brooded over the hollow precincts of the now-well-known Moncton City Club. Not a sound was heard; hushed was the popping of the festive champagne cork, silent the rattle of the poker chips, and even the faint gentle sound of the snoring of the canine members was not to be heard. A silence so deep that in the tense expectation of waiting for a tangible sound, you could almost hear your hair growing.

Scarcely had the great clock over the post office and custom house, which holds so warm a place in the fevered imaginations of the citizens boomed the solemn hour of nine o'clock, when there was a slight disturbance on the marble stairs leading to the club room; a sound that was suspiciously like a suppressed chuckle. A sudden blinding flash from a lucifer match, and there stood revealed in all the charm of their bright youth and elegantly fitting clothes, two lads of tall and kingly proportions; lads who were well known as moving in the very inner circle of Moncton society, both scions of the first families and members of distinguished professions.

Judging by their first remarks to each other, you would never have imagined them to be on a nefarious errand. "Ye'he!" said the first. "And ye'he!" answered the second.

And they called a halt, and both stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths, sat down suddenly on the chilly ebony balustrade and gave themselves up for some moments to inward emotion. Perhaps it was their first departure from the paths of virtue, and they were weeping over it.

The eldest, a stalwart Adonis, with black hair and grey eyes, was the first to recover himself. "Did you bring a crow-bar?" he whispered hoarsely—he was just recovering from gripe.

"No," said the other, who had beautiful hazel colored hair, and eyes that matched exactly. "There was no need, I brought this instead," and he held before the startled eyes of his companion in crime what looked at first sight like a dagger, but it was only a well thumbed edition of a screw-driver. "The transom over the door is always unfastened, and this will do to pry open the door of the cupboard where the wines are kept, you must have taken me for a fool to go logging a crow-bar around at this time of night."

I believe I omitted to mention that this conversation took place by the fiftful glimmer of a small dark lantern which the initial match had been used to light, and which now threw its mellow rays over the slender aristocratic toes of the genteel burglars.

"Are you sure everyone is at the meeting?" asked the first speaker.

"Come off the roof!" sportingly ejaculated the second. "Do you think I'd be here if I wasn't?"

And "Peter" Cooke persisted the first. "You are perfectly certain he has not been locked in by mistake? He was not at the political meeting I know, or he would have barked at the speakers, under the impression that they wanted to steal bait?"

"No! no!" said he of the hazel eyes impatiently. "If you are going to get to work at all, take off your coat and start. You are the strongest, so you can give me a hoist."

So the dark haired lad boosted his comrade up to the transom, which was unfastened and swung open easily. To climb through and down on the other side was the work of a moment, his friend passed him the lantern and waited with bated breath till the sound of splintering wood, cursory remarks in a whisper, and finally the musical jingle of glass against glass told that the most difficult part of their mission was accomplished. Slowly the precious freight was passed through the transom to the sternly silent guard outside, twelve bottles of sparkling champagne, together with a few unconsidered trifles in the shape of brandy, old rye, and a few boxes of cigars. The transom was softly closed, the spoil carefully secreted, the lantern blown out, and two scions of the upper ten retired to their office and rolled about the floor in the excess of their jubilant mirth.

And the next morning the story spread like wildfire that a gang of professional burglars had broken into the rooms of the City club and stolen \$50 worth of champagne and other beverages, particularly cigars, and the police were called in to examine the premises and look for clues, and the entire force were unanimous in their decision that it was the work of old hands and the entrance had been effected by a ladder to the back window.

So a policeman was told off to watch the premises every night, in the faint hope that the professionals might so far forget

their usual caution as to return and do it over again, but as yet the watchman has watched in vain and the inconsiderate criminals decline to "come and get killed, ducks, come and get killed."

As for the champagne, I can give no further information concerning it, but the two youths in question have been observed on several mornings lately to have extreme difficulty in getting their sealskin caps properly fitted on their graceful heads.

## THEY WENT TO FREDERICTON.

Something About the Municipal Gas Company, and Its Powers.

The mayor and several members of the council made a hasty rush to Fredericton a day or two ago, to see Mr. Blair. They did not go to congratulate him on his reelection, on the success of the Northumberland deal, or on the prospect of the government holding its own against all comers. They did not go to congratulate him at all. They went to remonstrate.

The cause of their preturbation was that they had suddenly awakened to a realization of the very important fact that the city had been captured without resistance and was in the hands of a corporation which had the power to do pretty much as it pleased. This corporation was the Municipal Gas Company.

The general public had never heard of the concern, nor probably had the members of the common council, with the exception of Ald. Busby, who is one of the company. It was organized last year under letters-patent, and if anybody noticed it in the papers at the time, no one paid any attention to it.

It is said to have originated in consequence of an unpaid gas bill. A lawyer had some misunderstanding with the St. John Gas company, refused to pay his bill, and was not surprised when he found the gas shut off from his premises. Then the great idea seized him that he would start a company of his own, make his own gas, and laugh the bloated Lower Cove monopoly to scorn. He did so, Ald. Busby joining in the scheme, with a view, doubtless, to supplying the coal for the new enterprise. There were other corporators, the name of a prominent resident of St. Stephen giving eclat to the project. The new company got all the rights it wanted.

An act passed last session, and apparently passed very quietly, allows the local government, in a case of this kind, to give the company most extraordinary powers in regard to the city of St. John. The citizens do not appear to have much to say about the matter. The company can dig up all the streets how and when it pleases, build aqueducts, viaducts or any other ducts, plant a forest of poles and decorate them with a network of wires. All that is necessary is the consent of the local government. So far as the citizens are concerned, they can grumble and be condemned.

Now nobody imagined that the gentlemen composing the Municipal Gas Company intended to do anything as wicked as that. The danger lay in their selling out their interests to men who were less considerate and more active. When, therefore, the mayor heard about the matter, not long ago, he promptly interviewed Mr. Blair, and besought him to stay his hand ere he hastily delivered the city to the tender mercies of a corporation which would undermine the streets and overshadow the houses, while the terrified citizens looked on and trembled.

Mr. Blair promised not to do anything rash without letting the mayor know about it in advance. There the matter rested until the other day, when the mayor and a delegation went to Fredericton, with something like the speed attained by Chief Kerr when the alarm rings.

It is not probable that the Municipal Gas company will take charge of the city in the immediate present, or that it will be allowed to interfere with any project which the city may devise for having the streets properly lighted. It can, however, readily be seen how such a concern might cause a vast amount of trouble and expense, under some circumstances. The people are awake now, and that is enough.

The most marvellous thing about the whole affair is the facility with which, apparently, anyone who wishes can secure the most extraordinary powers under the laws of this province. The man who wants the earth ought to come to New Brunswick. Perhaps he can get it if he organizes a company and goes about it in the right way.

## He Forgot to Pay For It.

A young man about town finds himself in rather a queer position this week. He was a member of a company some time ago, and when death deprived him and his companions of their member's services he was the first to solicit subscription for a floral offering which were duly collected. The floral offering went forward but was not paid for, and now the funny fellow has been sued for the amount.

## ST. VALENTINE'S VISIT.

HE IS STARTLED OUT OF HIS COMPOSURE BY TRINITY CLOCK.

A Glimpse at the Budget of the Dear Old Man—He is not Sentimental, but Eminent-ly Practical This Year—His Opinion on the Subject of St. John Time.

St. Valentine got to St. John a few hours earlier than usual this year. He wore no watch and was not accompanied by Father Time with his hour-glass, so he depended on the town clock for midnight to arrive.

He was hovering somewhere around the King square, when he heard midnight struck by Trinity church clock, and a sweetly solemn air rang out on the night. St. Valentine was surprised. He had calculated that he was two hours ahead of time. He must have met Mr. Leary or somebody else and been mesmerized. So he started down King street, on a rush, to mail his missives at the post office.

St. Valentine has age and experience, He did not patronize the street letter boxes He wanted his missives delivered within the next 24 hours.

As he passed Gard's window, he looked at the clock and was astonished to find that it indicated 10.15. Just then the editor of PROGRESS strolled along. "Is that clock right?" asked the Saint.

"Correct local time," was the reply.

"Well what does that town clock mean by striking midnight and scaring me out of my wits?"

"Oh, that's only a playful habit it has of giving the citizens the worth of their money. Sometimes it strikes two or three hours, one after the other, and plays two beautiful hymns, when it is under no moral obligation to sound anything but the quarter strokes. We like it. It makes things lively.

"We can always tell when it is exact midnight, by the extinction of the electric lights. Masters of schooners in the Market slip regulate their chronometers by that, in preference to the fire-alarm."

St. Valentine thought that Father Time might get some pointers if he came to St. John. There he showed PROGRESS some of his letters.

"Here is something very new," he said. It is for a member of the city government, and is quite expensive—to somebody. It is of embossed pig-skin, with brass response work, and the words,

There's hooles for me And grease for you, If you only vote As I want you to.

"Here is another, also for a member of the corporation. It is simple, only a design of a \$50 bill, with the copulet.

When this you see, Remember me, And cast your vote For the D. O. C.

"Here is one for a man who was a candidate in the local election. It represents him standing on a huge rock, labelled Mistake Ledge, the wave of popular favor receding from him and the motto, Did you ever get left?"

"This is for an alderman who has represented a North End ward. It is a picture of the chair used by him in the council chamber with the motto, 'You won't warm it after next election.'"

"Here is one for Mr. J. D. Leary. It represents him as trying to magnetize the council by singing 'If I had but ten thousand a year,' while the aldermen are puckering up their mouths to say, 'Don't you wish you may get it.'"

"I sent one to Mr. Tweedie of Northumberland. It represents him as an acrobat, and is inscribed 'One good turn deserves another.'"

"This was sent to Mr. Thaddens Stevens. It is a picture of himself, with the verse:

The elephant has one big trunk, The lightning bug has flames, That has a yellow gripack, but He gets there just the same.

"Here is one for a St. John draughtman. It represents him all alone in his office fixing up some dock plans, and saying to himself: 'Great joke; six electric lights and a staff of engineers working day and night—that's me.'"

"And here is another for a certain alderman who didn't vote for the dock scheme. He is showing one of his eyes to a colleague, with the enquiry, 'Do you see anything green there?'"

## THE COMIC VALENTINE.

Some Queries as to Who Invented it and Its Right to Exist.

Ere PROGRESS reaches the eager hands of the waiting thousands who look for it, St. Valentine's day will have passed, and the stock of comic (?) valentines will have either melted insensibly away or else been stored carefully under the counters of the stationer's shops to blush unseen as blush they will may, until next year when they will once more emerge from retirement to grace the windows and begin another season in town as fresh importations.

Who invented comic valentines, I wonder? and is his name really lost in the mists of obscurity like that of the inventor of spectacles? or did he change his name immediately after giving his invention to the world, to save the family cognomen from the execrations of posterity? Let us find the miscreant out if possible and celebrate St. Valentine's day by burning him in effigy at least, since it is out of our power to do it in propria persona.

Of what earthly use are the abomination anyway? If my enemy wants to be vulgar and insulting why has he not the courage to be vulgar over his own name. I should think he would lose fully one half of his anticipated fun through the victim being unconscious of the hand that sent the shaft; it is like winking at someone in the dark. But the charm of the comic valentine, at least to the common herd, seems to consist in its anonymous nature, it is a sort of illustrated anonymous letter, and one purveyor of valentines in our bright little town, who is not a stationer, has been so thoughtful as to place unusual facilities at the disposal of his customers for the dissemination of his elevating literature, he has provided a letter box in his shop and advertises to that effect, it is a sort of little private post-office, into which none shall know what goes, nor yet what comes out.

Alas! poor St. Valentine! good old saint martyred for thy faith so many centuries ago. Couldst thou have known what atrocities would be perpetrated in thy name in far away centuries, thou wouldst have prayed with thy latest breath that thy name might be writ upon sand and speedily blotted out forever, and couldst thou know it now the very dust that has "lain for centuries dead," would rise up in judgment against those who have wantonly profaned thy sacred memory.

GEOFFREY CUTBERT STRANGE.

## HERRING ARE RAISED.

How the Fishery is Being Reclaimed Year by Year in the Bay of Fundy.

From all along the shore of the Bay of Fundy, from Carleton to Deer Island, comes the complaint of a scarcity of herring. Where there have been millions in the past there are practically none now. This means a loss of which the general public have no idea.

Along the coast in question are now about 250 vessels, with probably 1,800 men. They are doing nothing. Not only are they losing their winter's work, but all who are owners of vessels and nets are going in debt. It is said that one St. John concern alone is their creditor for something like \$5,000 for supplies.

The failure of the herring fishery means dull times and a scarcity of money in every settlement along the coast. It means want where in ordinary seasons there is a plenty. It not only affects the present, but its consequences reach into the future.

Some people think that the presence of small whales has frightened the fish away, but there have always been whales in the Bay of Fundy. The real reason is that though the ocean teems with inexhaustible quantities of the fish, they are being driven away from the bay by man's greed and the government's neglect.

The sardine factories, which impose small herring upon the people under the fraudulent name of French sardines, are responsible directly for a wholesale destruction of the fish, but this is not all. Seines are erected at every available point, and in the past these have been overloaded with herring which spoiled before the boats from Eastport could come to take them away. Vast quantities of them have putrefied and been sent adrift to pollute and poison the water. No wonder that herring have chosen other feeding grounds?

Constant destruction, carried on for years, and constant pollution of the feeding grounds are beginning to have their effect on the herring. The grampus also is a greedy creature, but not half so bad an enemy as man.

## Tracks in the Snow.

The night the Salvage Corps windows were smashed there was a light covering of snow on the ground, and those who were in the room had no difficulty in tracking the offenders to their place of residence. The tracks were plain and the distance was short, and it did not require a sleuth hound to make sure of the parties.

Umbrellas Repaired; Duval, 242 Union street.



BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

The Carleton Ferry in Old Times—A Clergyman who Tarried on the Sabbath and Missed the Boat—How He Surprised the Congregation by His Explanation.

Fifty years ago there was no steam ferry-boat between St. John and Carleton. We had to cross in row-boats, and at the risk of being swamped when overloaded. The point of departure was from the steps at South wharf, landing at Sand Point on the other side. There was also the short ferry at the Straight shore. It was some time after the steamer came on that anything like regular trips were made—once an hour to cross over and back was considered quite a performance, and an improvement upon the rowing accommodation. On a certain Sabbath evening a reverend gentleman of considerable fame was announced to officiate in a certain church. In the afternoon he had gone over to Carleton to preach, and arranged to cross back in time for the seven o'clock evening service. In due time the reverend gentleman sat down to tea; and here, in this comfortable position, we shall leave him for a few minutes.

The city bells, always noisy, had done ringing, by which time the church was filled to overflowing. A dead silence prevailed—all eyes were directed at the pulpit, or platform, which about this time had come in to take the place of the ordinary pulpit, but no minister was visible. Half-past the hour of the usual commencement had come and gone, and the absent one was still absent. Impatience now began to take possession of the congregation—some of the elders or leaders thought it about time to rustle, in order that it might be understood that there was some life in the church, and that if the worst came to the worst they might resolve themselves into a prayer meeting. It was now half-past seven, but a solution of the mystery seemed as distant as ever. The sexton, like the dove from the ark, had sallied out at frequent intervals into the darkness, to endeavor to obtain a glimpse of the approaching divine, in hopes of being able to announce his coming, and so keep the congregation in their seats, for many persons by this time were making ready to leave. At length a loud stamping was heard in the distance, as of hurrying footsteps, indicating glad tidings of some kind, and in a few minutes more the sexton rushed up the centre aisle, almost breathless, singing out as he proceeded towards the pulpit, "He's coming—he's coming!" Who, he did not say, but we all took it for granted that he meant the minister. In a moment or two after his reverence himself made his appearance, very much overheated and excited and mounted the pulpit steps faster perhaps than he ever did before. At this critical juncture he was certainly the observed of all observers. How is he going to apologize for keeping his audience waiting an hour after time? no doubt was the thought uppermost in many minds. He opened the book and gave out the hymn—no apologies? I have long since forgotten the number of the hymn or the words. It certainly was not—

"I came down to the river 'And couldn't get across!"

At all events after reading several stanzas, as if nothing had happened, or no explanation, he made a full stop and addressed the congregation somewhat in this style—

"I beg to apologize to the congregation for keeping you waiting so long this evening. I had been officiating in Carleton this afternoon, and timed it so as to catch the 6 o'clock boat, and just as I had nearly reached the end of the Carleton floats the boat started, which meant to me an hour's lost time, and you may depend I was in great trepidation, as I knew what the effect would be upon the congregation. I hope, however, you will excuse me." Of course everybody was sympathetic, and had the rev. gentleman rested his case here all would have been well. Now a collection was to be taken up on this occasion for some special purpose; and as the plates were about being passed along, at the end of the sermon, his reverence again apologized—"I earnestly trust that the misadventure of this evening, as already explained will not affect the amount of your contributions—for I can assure you it was not my fault, and the next time I go over to Carleton to preach I shall start in the morning, and take a whole day for it, for there is no dependence to be placed on that Ferry Boat." I did not suppose at the time that the collection was affected one penny.

AN OLD TIMER.

HE DID NOT CARE FOR BABIES.

And was Sat Upon, Simply Because He Acted as His Nature Prompted.

A charming young matron of my acquaintance, who is noted for her delightfully bright but always good humored wit, is the proud possessor of a baby, and this same babe being the first is, of course, a very wonderful child; and if she needed one more attraction she has it in belonging to the same adorable sex as her mamma. Now in this same family there also resides a pup who is in his own particular way almost as attractive as the baby. He belongs to the canine aristocracy, being a Cocker spaniel almost as long as the Laird o' Cockpen's obdurate lady love, and a tail

as short as that lady's answer to the Laird's wooing.

Indeed the baby and the pup have grown so used to dividing the honors with the household that there is not the least hard feeling over the matter; and it has grown to be quite a common form of invitation with the young father and mother, who take a very humorous view of life, to say to their intimate friends, "Come up and see the baby and the pup."

A few evenings ago I was paying an evening visit at the home of the baby—and the pup—accompanied by a friend who had never been at the home before; and shortly after our arrival the baby spoke and gently but firmly insisted on being brought down stairs.

I am fond of babies myself, when they don't cry, and I paid the small damsel a great deal of attention, and I have little doubt showed to great advantage with the baby's fingers lovingly wound around my mustache, and a look of almost paternal affection illuminating my fine features, while my poor friend sat silent and unsympathetic, lacking even the presence of mind to say that she was a fine child, or that she strongly resembled her papa.

Suddenly there was a scuffle in the hall, and the pup made a triumphant entrance. In an instant my friend was all animation, his speaking countenance lighted up with enthusiasm, he picked up the pup and tenderly cherished him during the remainder of our visit. He talked baby talk to him, and played with him, and the pup thought he was lovely. But there was a malicious twinkle in the eyes of baby's mamma that boded ill for my friend's peace of mind; and when we arose to take our leave she was more than usually cordial to the too-ardent-pup fancier.

"Good-night Mr. Johnson!" she said, warmly. "Now that you have broken the ice, I hope you will come up to see us very often, and remember that we don't expect you to admire the baby every time you come; after the first view we consider the exhibition over, and you are free to notice her or not, just as you please." Poor Johnson, it is useless to protest, the more he tried to explain that he did not know much about babies, the more his hostess laughed, and at last when he reached the cool and grateful shelter of the star gemmed dome of Heaven, he remembered after a long silence, "Sat on, by Joe; I say old fellow! it was the wittiest thing I ever heard. It's worthy of PROGRESS, and I'd like to see it there. Confound that pup, anyway!"

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

MONEY MADE EASILY.

A Sample Letter of Many Received by "Progress"—Instructions to Others.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Esq., Pub. PROGRESS, St. John, N. B.

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find names of nine new subscribers, for which I enclose \$6.75, that amount less your commission of 25 per cent. to canvassers. I had no difficulty in getting the subscriptions, and hope to send you four more before Friday. I have but little time to canvass, having a regular position as clerk, but the commission is welcome, and pays me well for the work. Please send the papers this week. Frederickton, Jan. 29, '90.

This is a sample letter of many that come to PROGRESS' counting-room. No man or woman objects to earning an extra dollar when they can, and they find that one of the easiest ways to get it is to get a few subscriptions for PROGRESS. There are are a hundred, yes, two hundred, places in New Brunswick alone where PROGRESS has no active canvassing agents, and yet the paper goes to those places, the result of unsolicited orders. How many more would go if active agents were at work?

There is money for you and for us in the work. Send three dollars to PROGRESS and the names of any four subscribers, who will get the paper for one year. There is only one condition to this offer—the subscribers must be new—persons who have not taken the paper before.

Sample copies are supplied cheerfully and the fullest information can be obtained by writing to the publisher.

He Sent the Note.

Irish bulls are beginning to belong more to the vegetable than the animal kingdom, so many of them are chestnuts. So here is a Canadian bull for a change:

A prominent resident of a well known Nova Scotia town was rather proud of his punctuality in business, and fond of boasting that when he undertook to do a thing he always carried it through. He was not by any means a brilliant man, as the sequel shows, but he made up in perseverance what he lacked in brilliancy.

One evening his wife was taken ill with symptoms of quinsy, and the great man wrote a note to the family physician, who lived some distance away, asking him to come up at once, as Mrs. Smith was very ill; but in his excitement he forgot to tell the servant where to find the note, and the servant, nothing loth, forgot to go for the doctor.

Next morning Mrs. Smith was much better, nearly well in fact, but her conscientious spouse finding the note on the hall table, where he had laid it, opened it, added a postscript to the effect that Mrs. Smith was quite well and the doctor need not call, and sent the note rigidly to its destination, quite unconscious of doing anything out of the way.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

DR. SILAS ALWARD'S DESCRIPTION OF WATERLOO.

As Given in His Lecture on That Subject—The Place Where Wellington Conquered, and of Ney's Heroism—Brilliant Word Painting of the Spot and Surroundings.

We care not to leave Brussels without a visit to Waterloo. "What can be seen there?" some one asks—"only a battle field." Yes, but what a battle field! And is it not worth some effort to get a clear idea of one of the greatest conflicts, if not the very greatest, of modern times? From the several modes of reaching this spot of interest we select the coach, which leaves Brussels between nine and ten each morning, and calls at the principal hotels for passengers. We are already in the court yard, when the musical notes of the post horn reach us, and it does not take long to clamber up and secure an outside seat. Not fortunate enough to get in front with the driver, a typical English coachman, from his rubicund countenance and portly figure to his use and misuse of the letter "Haitch," we have to content ourselves with a back seat, and the company of a rather shabby-looking English woman of uncertain age, and a Spaniard of ill-temperament, who smokes gloomily all the way. It takes fully an hour to call at the other hotels, but the top of the coach is an excellent place from whence to view the city, and it bows along so smoothly over the well paved streets, that we are very comfortable, notwithstanding the entire absence of any back to the seat. After passing through the avenue, Louise, and reaching the entrance to the forest of Soignes, a change comes o'er the scene, for the road here is paved with cobble stones, and the jolting through the five miles of its length is misery long drawn out; and were it not for the blessing of a strong vertebra I know not what would have happened. In 1815 both sides of the road were thickly wooded; but now, on the right, looking towards Waterloo, the trees have been greatly thinned out, and numerous small houses have taken their place, and there are fine fields of rye and barley to be seen: while on the left the grand old trees remain undisturbed. Each house has a wonderful possession in the way of youthful acrobats, all apparently fired with one ambition, namely, to cheer the traveller on his way by enlivening the landscape for him. It would be rather more entertaining if there was some variety in the performance, for though it is really quite amusing to greet a little lad standing on his head at the first house, and when he springs to his feet and follows the coach to reward him with all the available small coin, still when a few yards further on, two, and perhaps three,urchins are to be seen waiting in exactly the same attitude as the first, and away beyond there are other cottages and more gymnasts, there is a degree of monotony about the spectacle, which fails to elicit any response from the passengers, no matter how hotly the coach is pursued by these indefatigable small boys. At the village of Waterloo, there is a halt to view the little church, wherein can be seen tablets to the memory of some of the slain in the great battle, and a bronze bust of the Duke of Wellington. The house in the village, where the duke slept the night of the 17th, is pointed out, and here we take our guide, who is as interesting in his way as anything we have met on the journey. Martin Pirson is his name, and he presents a card, which vouches for his being the son of one Emile Pirson, who assisted in removing the wounded from the field on the morning of the battle. Martin accompanies the coach to Mont St. Jean, three miles distant, where we all alight from our lofty perch and form into a party to go with our guide over the field of battle. It looks very peaceful this beautiful June day—the barley as high, and the poppies and corn flowers as gay, no doubt, as on that other June day, seventy odd years ago, when the thunder of battle awoke the echoes of its hills, and its carnage crimsoned its valleys. Our little Frenchman is in his element now, and is evidently so proud of his English, that it would be cruel to suggest that many of his remarks are quite incomprehensible to his listeners. "Yare" is a pet expression, and "Will you'll be see," an emphatic way of attracting our attention. As we go further into the thick of the fight, so to speak, he works himself into a perfect frenzy of excitement, what Mark Twain describes as a French calm. He is by turns the English, the Belgians, the French and the Prussians; coming up under Blucher; he makes himself hoarse over—"Vive L'Empereur"—"Vive Napoleon," and then, with a most ludicrous Cockney accent, learned without doubt from our worthy coachmen, personates the Duke of Wellington himself, and shouts—"Hup guards and hat them." Monsieur Pirson also assures us, most solemnly, that one important engagement took place "at half past one and a half."

The most extraordinary thought is, that the man works himself into this dreadful heat nearly every day for at least five months out of the year. We walked to the old farm house of Hougomont, probably the least changed of anything about the place. The guide affirms that the brick wall, which surrounds the garden, was mistaken for the red coats of the British, and

in the smoke of the battle, which prevented clear vision, the French wasted a great deal of valuable ammunition in their efforts to break through what must have certainly seemed a marvellously compact and immovable column. Two young Scotchmen in our party ask to see just where Picton made his memorable charge and the spot where he fell. The aspect of the field has been greatly changed since the earth was taken to make the mound, on which stands the Belgian lion; but when we have climbed to the steps that lead to this huge monument, the farm house of La belle Alliance and La Haye Sainte can be seen much as they appeared on that memorable day. Everything seems clearer as we stand on this high vantage round and have pointed out to us just where the Duke arranged his forces, Napoleon's line of battle in the form of a semicircle on the opposite heights, and the road by which Blucher arrived from Wavre to settle the question of victory, held trembling in doubt through the anxious hours of that long, June afternoon. Unquestionably the allies, on the plateau of Mont St. Jean, had the coigne of vantage. Between them and the heights occupied by the French was a valley, over which it was exceedingly difficult for cavalry to deploy owing to the heavy rains of the previous night. Across this valley Ney led the splendid charge, when La Haye Sainte was carried and the English left wing driven back upon the square massed behind the brow of the hill. And across this valley of death "the bravest of the brave" charged at the head of the Imperial Guards, when Napoleon staked all upon this last supreme effort. All the world knows the fate of that charge. Stunned, baffled, and beaten back by the terrible onset of the Guards when Wellington gave his memorable word of command, the scene that ensued beggars description. How Ney bore himself let Victor Hugo tell—"Ney, wild and grand in the consciousness of accepted death offered himself to every blow in this combat. He had his fifth horse killed under him. Bathed in perspiration, with a flame in his eye, and foam on his lips, his uniform unbuttoned, one of his epaulets half cut through by a sabre, and his decoration of the great eagle dented by a bullet—bleeding muddy, magnificent and holding a broken sword in his hand, he shouted—"Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the battle field!" But it was in vain, he did not die. He yelled amid the roar of all this artillery, crushing a handful of men—"Oh there is nothing for me! I should like all these English cannon balls to enter my chest."

It would be interesting if one had the time, to remain a week or longer and study the field as Hugo did when he wrote that brilliant description of the battle in *Les Miserables*. No matter how much we may glory in the utter defeat of the great and terrible man, a thrill of sympathy must go out for Napoleon when we think of his feelings on the night of Waterloo—the utter despair which wrung from him that agonized cry, "Tout est perdu, sauve qui peut."

Well has it been said—"This overthrow did not take place without a cause. The shadow of a mighty right hand is cast over Waterloo, it is the day of destiny, and the force which is above man produced that day. \* \* \* On that day the perspective of the human race was changed, and Waterloo is the hinge of the nineteenth century."

The Difference. Not a journalist: Millionaire—You ask me for the hand of my daughter. You are a journalist, I believe, and journalists, I am told, can scarcely earn their salt. Young editor (with dignity)—You mistake, sir. I am not a journalist, I am a newspaper man. "Oh! keep a news stand, I presume. Good paying business. Take her my son, and be happy.—New York Weekly.

Lowering the Record. Mother (to her old maid daughter)—Why, Julia, what do you mean by using the family bible in that way? You are scratching out figures in the family record and inserting others. Julia—It is a record of my birth, isn't it? Yes, it is. Well, I'm lowering the record.—Texas Siftings.

He Had Been There. Editor's Friend—I see you have a new reporter. Has he had experience? Editor—He must have had a great deal. He insisted on getting his week's salary in advance.—Texas Siftings.

35 King Street, F. E. CRAIBE & CO. JUST RECEIVED Wyeth's Beef Wine and "A Nice Tonic after La Grippe." Wyeth's Chlorate Potash, Tablets, Chloramine Pastilles, Liquid Malt, and a FULL LINE OF ELEXIRS. F. E. CRAIBE & CO., Sabbath Hours—9.30 to 10.45 a. m.; 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m.

THE PLANETS I.

Mid flashing gems that decrease As stars of moon, the lovely Of Venus, Saturn, Neptune And Regulus, last chance. With unassisted vision may There Jupiter steps forth to The brightest of the heaven Evening lamps that decrease Now is the time to sing of And autumn nights; for less Shall be laid low by meadow Since sunset, white the meadow While over earth shines down To gladden all the hearts.

Upon the morning of the twelfth of this fair month, and at the Saturn and Mars, in close proximity. You may behold with fond North-westward, where the Last midnight, one wide, ro Look out in time, and thy re A vision such as words can't Near by the gleaming orb of Those twin moons stars, sh Close-bleeding as the mixing While royal Venus flashes yet Yet as the reigning beauty Till daybreak quenches every

This harvest month doth still As at its close I see as morn The planets Venus, Saturn, And lamps of eve, amid the Of lesser stars, gliding, rolling The slopes of hills (white th The north sky with its red Ju Jupiter, Mercury and Uranu Beneath this splendid galaxy Immortal and divine, who li Day's film who made and dir And 'round the world grand A Heaven's gift of sunlight Rains kindly down on all, fr

—A. H. Chandler, Moncton, N. B.

BRUIN AND

To one who visits winter camps, deep in Maine, New Brunswick life led by the loggers monotonous after the str worn off. The sounds the shouting, the clanking give an ample warning tures of the woods, who ally agree in giving a wiborhood which has su populous and noisy. In chopping and hauli men are at work unrem until sundown, and at n energy to expend on the or panthers. The bunk exert an overwhelming the time the men have after-supper smoke, and few rough songs has the beasts may creep near e pork and beans, and ma camp until dawn, with s tation from the sleepers. At intervals, however, camp life is broken. So remind the careless wood in the wilderness, indee truly of it. They are aware of those shy bu regarding their ever b keeping them und eger surveillance. T violated forest makes a time effectual, but al stroke for revenge. A yoke of oxen, a load. A great branch catches the nearest ox by poor brute falls in its tra broken. A stout saplin ground by a weight of ice thaw or the shock of a leases it, and by the fierc leg is shattered. A lumberman has str woods by himself, per spruce gum for his frie ments, and he is found, half-eaten by bears and f chopper throws down h against a tree to rest and panther drops from the and tears him. Yet such vengeance is seldom, and makes no p sion on the heedless wo ward march is inexorable. The cook, it must be m most important personage camp. This I say of cameral, and I assert it in c cook who figures as one o the story about to be rel here is the bear. It was a bright Ma Nicholson's camp on S northern New Brunswick been a heavy thaw for s snow banks under the ea were shrinking rapidly. about the door, the tra fodder around the stable, and soaking under the ste winds as were stirring al were quite shut off from the dark surrounding woods. From the protruding s did duty as a chimney, a fa of smoke curled lazily. T camp all to himself for teams and choppers were away, and the "cookee," assistant is called, had bet a neighboring pond to fish the ice. The dishes were washed in order, and in a little wh time to get the dinner re table pork and beans were and an appetizing fragranc the quiet air. The cook d a wink of sleep in his bu eyes. He had a spare h him, and under his prese he knew no better way of sp The weather being mild, door wide open, and, swing berth, soon had himself lux in blankets—his own and a fellows blankets as he lik to doze and dream. He d mer fields, and then of a school picnic, and at last of band which he heard crash Then the cymbals and the b unbearably loud, and, waki he remembered where he v his head in astonishment o the bunk. The sight that filled him with alarm and i The prolonged thaw had b bears from their snug winter now, in a very bad humor

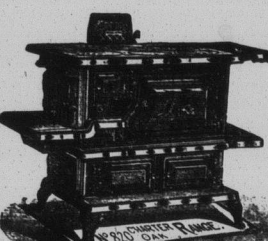
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the advantages of which for Roasting and Baking are now so well and favorably known. We guarantee every one we sell to be all we claim for it in every respect, and commend it to those who appreciate Home industry, as a production of which we are justly proud.

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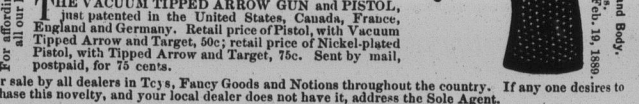
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THE PLANETS IN SEPTEMBER.

'Mid flashing gems that deck the dome on high, As stars of morn, the lovely planets see, Of Venus, Saturn, Neptune, Mercury— And Regulus, last chance, the naked eye With unaided vision may descry; There Jupiter steps forth triumphant, bright, The brightest of the heavenly galaxy O evening lamps that deck September's sky. Now is the time to sing of autumn days And autumn nights; for leaves, grass, flowers soon Shall be laid low by meadow, wood and fen; Slice sunset, while the meads and pasture-ways, While over earth shines down the harvest moon, To gladden all the hearts of husbandmen. Upon the morning of the twentieth day Of this fair month, and at the hour of three, Saturn and Mars, in close proximity, You may behold with food eyes far away. Northwardward, where th' Aurora beams did play Last midnight, one wide, rolling, crimson sea: Look out in time, and thy reward shall be A vision such as words cannot convey; Near by the gleaming orb of Regulus Those twin morn stars shall be in union there, Close-blending as the mixing eyes of Love; While royal Venus flashes gloriously, Yet as the retiring beams past pasture-ways, Till daybreak quenches every lamp above. This harvest month doth still inspire my song, As it is close I see as morning stars The planets Venus, Saturn, Neptune, Mars! And lamps of eve, amid the twinkling throng Of lesser starlights, rolling swift along The slopes of blue (awhile th' Aurora scars The north sky with its red electric bars), Jupiter, Mercury and Uranus surge. Beneath this splendid galaxy of lights, Immortal and divine, who lives shall dare Deny Him who made and directs the whole, And round the world grants equal days and nights; And Heaven's gift of sunlight, all may share, Rains kindly down on all, from pole to pole! —A. H. Chandler, in Boston Transcript. Moncton, N. B.

BRUIN AND THE COOK.

To one who visits the lumbermen's winter camps, deep in the backwoods of Maine, New Brunswick or Quebec, the life led by the loggers is likely to seem monotonous after the strangeness of it has worn off. The sounds of the chopping, the shouting, the clanking of the teams, give an ample warning to all the wild creatures of the woods, who thereupon generally agree in giving a wide berth to a neighborhood which has suddenly grown so populous and noisy. In chopping and hauling logs the lumbermen are at work unremittingly from dawn until sundown, and at night they have little energy to expend on the hunting of bears or panthers. The bunks and the blankets exert an overwhelming attraction, and by the time the men have concluded their after-supper smoke, and the sound of a few rough songs has died away, the wild beasts may creep near enough to smell the pork and beans, and may prowl about the camp until dawn, with small fears of molestation from the sleepers within. At intervals, however, the monotony of camp life is broken. Something occurs to remind the careless woodsmen that, though in the wilderness, indeed, they are yet not truly of it. They are made suddenly aware of those shy but savage forces which, regarding them ever as trespassers, have been keeping them under an angry and eager surveillance. The spirit of the evagated forest makes a swift and sometimes effectual, but always unexpected, stroke for revenge. A yoke of oxen are strained at their load. A great branch reaching down catches the nearest ox by the horn, and the poor brute falls in its track with its neck broken. A stone is thrown from the ground by a weight of ice and snow. Some thaw or the shock of a passing team releases it, and by the fierce recoil a horse's leg is shattered. A lumberman has strayed off into the woods by himself, perchance, to gather spruce gum for his friends in the settlements, and he is found, days afterwards, half-eaten by bears and foxes. A solitary chopper throws down his axe and leans against a tree to rest and dream, and a panther drops from the branches above and tears him. Yet such vengeance is accomplished but seldom, and makes no permanent impression on the heedless woodsman. His onward march is inexorable. The cook, it must be borne in mind, is a most important personage in the lumber camp. This is say of camp cooks in general, and I assert it in particular of the cook who figures as one of the heroes in the story about to be related. The other hero is the bear. It was a bright March morning at Nicholson's camp on Salmon River, in northern New Brunswick. There had been a heavy thaw for some days, and the snow banks under the eaves of the camp were shrinking rapidly. The bright chips about the door, the trampled straw and fodder around the stable, were steaming and soaking under the steady sun. Such winds were stirring abroad that day were quite shut off from the camp by the dark surrounding woods. From the protruding stovepipe, which did duty as a chimney, a faint blue wreath of smoke curled lazily. The cook had the camp all to himself for a while, for the teams and choppers were at work a mile away, and the "cookee," as the cook's assistant is called, had betaken himself to a neighboring pond to fish for trout through the ice. The dishes were washed, the camp was in order, and in a little while it would be time to get the dinner ready. The inevitable pork and beans were slowly boiling, and an appetizing fragrance was abroad on the quiet air. The cook decided to snatch a wink of sleep in his bunk beneath the eaves. He had a spare half-hour before him, and under his present circumstances he knew no better way of spending it. The weather being mild, he left the camp door wide open, and swinging up to his berth, soon had himself luxuriously bedded in blankets—his own and as many other fellows' blankets as he liked. He began to doze and dream. He dreamed of summer fields, and then of a lively Sunday school picnic, and at last of the music of a band which he heard crashing in his ears. Then the cymbals and the big drum grew unbearably loud, and waking with a start, he remembered where he was, and thrust his head in astonishment over the edge of the bunk. The sight that met his eyes filled him with alarm and indignation. The prolonged thaw had brought out the bears from their snug winter quarters, and now, in a very bad humor from having

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with the lumberman's dinner—a labor of love in which he lost no time. At this juncture a noise was heard in the woods, and hope came back to cook's heart. The men were returning for dinner. Bruin heard it, too, and made haste to gulp down the remnant of the beans. Just as teams and choppers emerged into the little cleared space in front of the camp, Bruin, having swallowed his last mouthful, rushed out of the camp door, to the breathless and immeasurable amazement of the lumbermen. Finding himself to all appearances surrounded, Bruin paused a moment irresolutely. Then charging upon the nearest team, he dealt the teamster a terrific cuff, bowling him over in the snow and breaking his arm, while the horses plunged, reared, and fell over backward in a tangle of sleds and traces and lashing leels. This episode brought the woodsmen to their senses. Axe in hand, they closed in upon the bear, who rose on his hind-quarters to meet them. The first few blows that were delivered at him, with all the force of practised arms and vindictive energy, he warded off as if they were so many feathers; but he could not guard himself on all sides at once. A well directed blow from the rear sank the axe-head deep between his fore-shoulders, severing the spinal column, and Bruin collapsed, a furry heap, upon the crimson snow. In their indignation over the cook's torn hand, their comrades' broken arm, and perhaps most aggravating of all—their thoroughly demolished dinner, the lumbermen undertook to make a meal of Bruin; but in this attempt Bruin found a measure of revenge, for in death he proved to be even tougher than he had been in life, and the famous luxury of a fat bear-steak was nowhere to be had from his carcass. —Charles G. D. Roberts, in the Youth's Companion.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

In An Autograph Collection in Montreal, We Found The Following Letter, Which We Think Will Interest Our Readers. MONTREAL, October 30, 1889. I have suffered over twenty years with a kind of nervous debility brought on by over-work and too little rest; the least excitement would completely upset me and make me unfit for my business. I have been under treatment by four good doctors, but they did not do me much good. I have tried all the proprietary medicines in the market, I think, which cost me hundreds of dollars, and never did me one bit of good. Being induced to try Paine's Celery Compound, I got a bottle and was surprised at the effects it had upon me. I have now taken eight bottles, and have not felt better for years. I was never as stout as I am now. I am a man over sixty, and there is not a man in my factory who will get through more work or stand more fatigue than I do. I feel a little overdone or too fatigued, I take some of Paine's Celery Compound and go to bed early, and in the morning I am fit for business. Yours gratefully, H. GOODRICK, 205 Fortification Lane. In the same collection we saw many names that are well known throughout Canada. All these letters testified to the unequalled curative power of Paine's Celery Compound in nervous diseases. As a result of the many testimonials that have been published, and the perfect satisfaction this medicine always gives, more of it is sold in the Dominion than of all medicines combined. Try it yourself, and see how soon it will strengthen your nerves, and give that perfect health which makes life pleasant. —Advt. Had a Dock Scheme. "Who is that man over there?" said one travelling man to another, directing his attention to a gentleman who devotes his energies principally to booming exhibitions and so on. "He is a promoter." "What does he promote?" "His own interests principally." —Merchant Traveller. Many diseases of the skin are not only annoying but are difficult to cure. You will not be disappointed if you try Baird's French Ointment. It also cures insect stings, piles, chapped hands, etc. Sold by all dealers. —Advt. Prospective Builder—Did you make an estimate for the cellar wall? Mason—Vell, I dink I can do dat chob for twelvend tollers. "Good heavens, man, do you want the earth?" "No, but I dink I can delize de stone." —Time.

THE BELL'S VOCABULARY.

What She Says When She Wants to Talk as They Do in England, You Know. Accent and intonation are two prominent factors in the curriculum of the four hundred. There are really two voices in use in fashionable society today, either of which is considered quite proper. One swells girl speaks rapidly and without much inflection, and while her voice is not loud there is a penetrating timbre to it which makes it very distinct and easily heard. It is a pleasant voice when it is not too manifestly and artificially so. Some girls overdo the matter and acquire a nasal tone that is objectionable. The other equally swell girl has, or thinks she has, the English drawl. She pitches her tones in a considerably lower key than her fashionable sister, and it would seem that in crossing the water this production imbibed the wave motion of the sea, for it undulates gently but regularly as its Anglo-American possessor lets it glide sinuously from her pretty lips. In her speech the fashionable young lady has her vocabulary as she has her code. Latterly she has permitted herself the use of a good many English expressions. She says "fancy" always for "suppose," and never says "guess;" she says "chick" for "druggist," "stop at home" for "stay at home," and she "tubs" oftener than she "takes a morning bath." "Function" with her means any sort of social gathering, and a very gay ball becomes a "rout." "Smart" expresses a considerable degree of excellence, which she applies equally to a wedding or a bonnet; "an awfully fetching frock or gown" is very English for an especially pretty dress. She likes the word "clever" too; when she sees a fine painting she says: "That's a clever bit of canvas." She thinks Marshall Wilder is an "awfully clever fellow," and if you ask her does she bowl she replies modestly: "Yes, but I'm not at all clever with the balls." Some phrases she leans rather heavily upon, notably "such a blow," when a rain postpones a visit or a friend dies, and "such a pleasure" alike to hear Patti and spend a tiresome evening at the house of some acquaintance. She has, too, and in excess, expletives which she is very careful to respect. There are no more "stares" for her, they have become "shops;" "servants" also have ceased to exist as such, they are "men servants" and "maids," although she permits herself to designate as laundress, housemaid or butler; "gentleman" she avoids; "a man I know," she says, referring to a male acquaintance; or "there were lots of delightful men out last night," she confides to some sister belle who missed the opera; "all right" she never says, making "very well" do much better service, nor does she add "party" to dinner, speaking of such an entertainment. Her home no longer has a "parlor," pure and simple, but a "blue room," a "red room," a "Japanese room," or possibly an "east parlor." —N. Y. Press.

He Had a Pull.

Drummer (to fellow traveller who mistakes for commercial tourist)—How do you find business? Traveller—Never better. "Strange! All the other boys are kicking about the dull times and the numerous bankruptcies. You must have a pull. What is your line?" "Foreclosing mortgages and closing out merchants." —Time.

Joe and His Jokes.

"I saw Joe laughing at one of his own jokes this morning." "Oh, well, you must remember that 90 per cent. of Joe's jokes aren't his own." —Harper's Bazar.

MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCORFUM. NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM in which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by their use. In humectating, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair. CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scurfum. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIX PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

\$100 WELL INVESTED

In Stocks, Grain or Petroleum with immediate splendid profits. The stock markets offer unusual opportunities just now to the conservative investor and speculator. Buy and sell stocks and bonds, and other business, with intelligence and discrimination, will make money. \$100 used as margin controls 100 shares. You can buy and sell amounts of grain and petroleum, on one per cent. (equal to \$1 per share) margin, or as much more marginal percentage as desired. We charge no interest, make immediate settlements, furnish latest information, and give customers the benefit of private wires to New York and Chicago. Write or telegraph your orders for any of the leading active New York stocks, grain or oil. If you are not posted on speculation, write for our explanatory pamphlet (free by mail). References to the best business houses in this city.

C. S. WILLIAMS & CO., 26 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

Dyspepsia

Is one of the most prevalent of diseases. Few persons have perfect digestion. One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, or a dose at night before retiring, never fails to give relief in the worst cases, and wonderfully assists the process of nutrition. As a family medicine, Ayer's Pills are unequalled. James Quinn, 90 Middle st., Hartford, Conn., testifies: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and can conscientiously recommend them as an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia." Lucius Alexander, of Marblehead, Mass., was long a severe sufferer from Dyspepsia, complicated with enlargement of the Liver, most of the time being unable to retain any food in his stomach. Three boxes of Ayer's Pills cured him. Frederic C. Greener, of East Dedham, Mass., for several months troubled with Indigestion, was cured before he used half a box of these Pills. In her speech the fashionable young lady has her vocabulary as she has her code. Latterly she has permitted herself the use of a good many English expressions. She says "fancy" always for "suppose," and never says "guess;" she says "chick" for "druggist," "stop at home" for "stay at home," and she "tubs" oftener than she "takes a morning bath." "Function" with her means any sort of social gathering, and a very gay ball becomes a "rout." "Smart" expresses a considerable degree of excellence, which she applies equally to a wedding or a bonnet; "an awfully fetching frock or gown" is very English for an especially pretty dress. She likes the word "clever" too; when she sees a fine painting she says: "That's a clever bit of canvas." She thinks Marshall Wilder is an "awfully clever fellow," and if you ask her does she bowl she replies modestly: "Yes, but I'm not at all clever with the balls." Some phrases she leans rather heavily upon, notably "such a blow," when a rain postpones a visit or a friend dies, and "such a pleasure" alike to hear Patti and spend a tiresome evening at the house of some acquaintance. She has, too, and in excess, expletives which she is very careful to respect. There are no more "stares" for her, they have become "shops;" "servants" also have ceased to exist as such, they are "men servants" and "maids," although she permits herself to designate as laundress, housemaid or butler; "gentleman" she avoids; "a man I know," she says, referring to a male acquaintance; or "there were lots of delightful men out last night," she confides to some sister belle who missed the opera; "all right" she never says, making "very well" do much better service, nor does she add "party" to dinner, speaking of such an entertainment. Her home no longer has a "parlor," pure and simple, but a "blue room," a "red room," a "Japanese room," or possibly an "east parlor." —N. Y. Press.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

INSURANCE FIRE PLATE GLASS INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE R.W.W. FRANK 78 PRINCE WILLIAM ST. JOHN, N.B. STEAM BOILER INSPECTION & INSURANCE. ACCIDENT INSURANCE

ROBINSON'S PHOSPHORIZED EMULSION

Consumption and Colds that we so frequently meet with, which so often prove the seeds soon to a harvest of consumption, should have immediate and thorough treatment. A teaspoonful of Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion taken whenever the cough is troublesome, will relieve the patient, and persevered in, will effect a cure in the most obstinate cases. The world-wide reputation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the natural result of its surpassing remedy as a blood medicine. Nothing in the whole pharmacopoeia, effects more astonishing results in scrofula, rheumatism, general debility, and all forms of blood disease, than this remedy. —Advt. I saw Joe laughing at one of his own jokes this morning. "Oh, well, you must remember that 90 per cent. of Joe's jokes aren't his own." —Harper's Bazar.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY OF PURELY VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS AND WITHOUT MERCURY, USED BY THE ENGLISH PEOPLE FOR OVER 120 YEARS, IS

Cockle's Pills

COMPOUND ANTIBILIOUS. These Pills consist of a careful and peculiar admixture of the best and mildest vegetable aperients and the pure extract of Flowers of Chamomile. They will be found a most efficacious remedy for derangements of the digestive organs, and for obstructions and torpid action of the liver and bowels which produce indigestion and the several varieties of bilious and liver complaints. Sold by all Chemists. WHOLESALE AGENTS: EVANS AND SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

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days for a year's subscription to PRINTERS' INK, a journal no advertiser can afford to be without. Issued twice a month and containing articles bearing on every branch in advertising; in fact the trade journal of American advertisers. A sample copy will be sent for Five Cents. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York.

RAILWAYS.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c. Commencing December 30, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, at 10.40 a.m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock. FULLAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 11.20 a.m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate points. 4.10 p.m.—Fast Express for Fredericton, etc., and via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West. CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. 18.45 p.m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle. FULLAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, 17.35 p.m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 16.00 a.m. Parlor Car attached; 7.30 p.m. Sleeping Car. St. John at 11.15, 10.20, 10.45 a.m.; 12.25 p.m. Woodstock at 16.15, 10.35 a.m.; 18.00 p.m. Houlton at 10.25 a.m.; 18.00 p.m. St. Stephen at 18.00 a.m.; 11.20 p.m. St. Andrews at 18.05 a.m. Fredericton at 17.00, 10.00 a.m.; 12.55 p.m. Arriving at St. John at 9.45, 10.00 a.m.; 11.30, 12.20, 16.50 p.m. LEAVE CARLTON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.30 a.m. for Fairville and West. 13.15 p.m. Connecting with 4.10 p.m. train from St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked \* run daily except Sunday; † daily except Saturday. F. W. CLAM, Gen. Manager. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY!

St. Stephen and St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. On and after THURSDAY, Oct. 3, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows: LEAVE St. John at 1 p.m., and Carlton at 12.25 p.m. for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p.m.; St. Stephen, 6 p.m. LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.45 a.m., St. George, 9.50 a.m.; arriving in Carlton at 12.25 p.m. St. John at 12.45 p.m. FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by 4 P.M. on MONDAY, 40 WATER STREET, up to 6 P.M.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carlton, before 6 p.m. BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MCDONNELL'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance. W. A. LAMB, Manager. St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889.

Intercolonial Railway.

1889--Winter Arrangement--1890. On and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.20 Accommodation for Point du Chene..... 11.10 Fast Express for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p.m.; St. Stephen, 6 p.m. LEAVE ST. JOHN at 7.45 a.m., St. George, 9.50 a.m.; arriving in Carlton at 12.25 p.m. St. John at 12.45 p.m. A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 7.10 o'clock and St. John for Quebec and Montreal, leaving St. John at 16.20 and take Sleeping Car at Montreal. The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 16.20, will run to destination on Sunday. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex..... 8.20 Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 11.10 Fast Express from Halifax..... 14.20 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 19.25 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Melville..... 19.25 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive. All trains run by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., 15th Nov., 1889.

Buctouche and Moncton Railway.

On and after MONDAY, 18th November, Trains will run as follows: Leave BUCTOUCHE, 8.30 Leave MONCTON, 15.30 Arr. MONCTON..... 10.30 Arr. BUCTOUCHE, 17.30 C.F. HANINGTON, Manager. Moncton, 14th Nov., 1889.

TICKETS

MONTREAL and All Points West BY SHORTEST ROUTES. Baggage Checked to Destination. Travellers' Insurance Tickets for Sale. FRED. E. HANINGTON, TICKET AGENT, Intercolonial Depot.

HOTELS.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor. ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 to 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. TERMS, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts. W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

HOTEL DUFFERIN,

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

BELMONT HOUSE,

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

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

VICTORIA HOTEL,

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



PROGRESS.

W. K. REYNOLDS, Editor. Subscriptions, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail. Papers will be stopped promptly at the expiration of time paid for.

ADVERTISING RATES. One Inch, One Year, \$15 00. One Inch, Six Months, 8 00. One Inch, Three Months, 5 00. One Inch, Two Months, 4 00. One Inch, One Month, 3 00.

Encourage the Library. The public will learn for the first time, through the columns of PROGRESS, that Mr. James I. Fellows has it in contemplation to present his native city with a Public Library building.

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At give the true conception of the attributes of the attributes of the Son or God? Are there not other hymns equally or even more objectionable for the same reason? Take even that exceptionally beautiful hymn, 'Sun of my soul thou Saviour dear,' with all its comforting assurance to the believer, would it not have been better and stronger if the exigencies of rhyme had not required the adjective 'dear' to be used? It is much worse with hymns of the Moody and Sankey type. There is nothing really wrong about them, but in some way they conflict with the idea of that reverence which is due from the creature to the creator. They give the wrong idea of a God of love, and tend to place our idea of the persons of the Trinity on a level with our ideas of merely human beings.

Our little loved one sweetly sleeps. Upon our Saviour's breast, We try to say amidst our tears: "Father, Thy will is best." In the same column, but for another death, are these: Sadly the parents sigh and weep, Their fondest hopes laid low, An angel bore their part away, To deck the Saviour's brow.

These are the result of those hymns which seek to materialize the Divine, and picture it according to the idea of the human. Some of these hymns, with a musical jingle in which the SAVIOUR'S name is often repeated, become the common songs of boys at their sports and are quoted in ways that must shock the Christian of refined feelings. No such result can be traced to the really reverent hymns, of which there are enough in any denomination to fill every need. Compare the standards of all sacred music, the Psalms, with some of the modern creations such as "Hold the Fort," with its hundreds of shocking parodies, and note the difference. Compare "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" even with the modern "Nearer my God to Thee," and think which tends the more to elevate the soul and bring it into closer communion with the Father of Mercies.

Things You Have Noticed. An Open Letter to the Editor to Several Society Correspondents. Have you ever noticed, my dear young ladies and gentlemen, that some things happen to you unperceived, now and then. Yes, you have noticed it. I am sure you have. I can almost hear your murmurs of surprise and indignation—murmurs which if you were all men might develop into a fuss and a row when you read PROGRESS and remember what you wrote. It is not too bad, isn't it? You are a faithful and industrious correspondent, and PROGRESS is proud of you. Only there are certain well defined rules which in the glad flush of your youthful exuberance you sometimes most innocently and unwittingly break.

Things You Have Noticed. An Open Letter to the Editor to Several Society Correspondents. Have you ever noticed, my dear young ladies and gentlemen, that some things happen to you unperceived, now and then. Yes, you have noticed it. I am sure you have. I can almost hear your murmurs of surprise and indignation—murmurs which if you were all men might develop into a fuss and a row when you read PROGRESS and remember what you wrote.

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FROM EAST TOWNS, THE ONLY OF DAY SMILES ON THE SOAP THAT LEADS THE WAY. IDEAL IDEAL SOAP. MADE ONLY BY W. LOGAN, ST. JOHN, N.B.

BUY STAR CHOP, 5lb. box, and have good Tea.

SUNDRY HITS AND HINTS. Did you like your valentine. O tempora! O mores! O Leary! Have you thought about two good men for aldermen of your ward yet? Who drew the plans for the Leary dock, and where were they drawn? What is the Municipal Gas Company anyway, and what does it want to do? The early canvassing of a certain alderman is one of the harbingers of spring.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES. Lent is drawing nigh and the Church of England people will have to make haste if they want to have any concerts or Sunday school entertainments. Mr. Strand has given a grand concert. When I was first told of it I thought it was in connection with the Church of England Institute lecture course, but I found I was mistaken. By the way, why has that concert (which was certainly advertised for the 13th of January) not taken place? It seems strange. The Church of England Institute people, if I remember rightly, used to give some remarkably good musical evenings at Trinity schoolroom. I hope that it is not because so many of our energetic workers in the singing line have left the city in the last few years.

PEN AND PRESS. The Dominion Illustrated is trying to boom its circulation by insuring every paying subscriber's life against accident for \$500. The arrangement is made with a Canadian accident association. There are no injury benefits, only \$500 in case of accidental death.

PEN AND PRESS. The University Monthly is showing unusual and commendable enterprise under its present editors. New features are being added, and they are interesting features—the latest being short biographical sketches of the graduates. The next improvement in order will be a change of printers.

PEN AND PRESS. The heroine of Miss Mephistopheles, the new novel by the author of The Mystery of a Hansom Cab, is a disreputable hostess whose only redeeming feature is her love for her child. It is even more highly improbable than the average story of love, intrigue and murder. Published in the Red Letter Series, and for sale at McMillans.

LADIES' FINE UNDERWEAR, IN SILK, CASHMERE, and MERINO, WITH AND WITHOUT SLEEVES. We invite special attention to our 75c. SILK VEST, in Pink and Ecru, very suitable for Evening wear. COMBINATIONS, CORSET COVERS and NIGHT DRESSES in Natural Wool. Children's Vests and Combinations; Boys' Blk. Ribbed Hose, Double Knees; Hose Supporters; Children's Waists; Corsets in the leading makes, from 18 to 36 inches. BARNES & MURRAY, 17 CHARLOTTE STREET. 1889. NEW YEAR. 1890.

CHILDREN'S TRAYS: BRASS AND COPPER TEA KETTLES; CAKE COOLERS; 'KEYSTONE' WHIPS; GRANITE AND AGATE TEA POTS; NIGHT LAMPS; NURSERY LAMPS; CAKE PANS, CAKE BOXES; SELF-WRINGING MOPS; And all the LATEST NOVELTIES in our line. Which we are offering at our usual LOW PRICES—the lowest in the market. SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, - 38 KING STREET. TELEPHONE, No. 358.

READ THIS! W. H. Fry, Official Stenographer writes: My machine has been in continual use since August, 1885, and this is a specimen of my work: 'Manifolding Eight Copies with a soft roller. I have made on this machine during the Cadby trial, with a hard roller, from Ten to Twelve Copies. I pin my faith to the Caligraph. This is the best manifold machine in the market, in addition to its other points of superiority.' SEND FOR CATALOGUE. ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Sole Agents.

What Some Merchants Are Doing. Messrs. Sheraton & Selfridge are preparing for the spring trade by remodelling the interior of their store on King street. The improvements will give them more room and better chances for display, which they need with their growing stock. Their neighbors Messrs. Waterbury & Rising will carry out a plan that will astonish their customers when they see it. The counters in the front store are to be removed and the shelving will be replaced with handsome narrow drawers, which will hold the stock. On each side of the broad store, which will be newly floored with narrow birch, there will be a row of settees. The walls and ceilings have been prepared already for the change and look very handsome.

Learn French In Lent. The patrons of the Ingres-Coutellier schools are more than pleased to have the gentleman who introduced the system, M. Ingres, with them again. He is an admirable and energetic organizer and the popularity of the method in the maritime provinces at least is largely due to the popularity and efficiency of the instructor. Lent is a harvest period with the organizer for the ladies who are too good and penitent for the ball room have learned during the season of fashion that French is really an admirable thing to know and are determined to get some smattering of it.

In Memoriam. [Thoughts suggested by the early death of Miss Beesle Bostwick.] A father's pride, his hope, his joy, A mother's care and thought and love, A star, within the happy home, Now shines in Heavenly courts above.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due. To the Editor of PROGRESS: With reference to "Tarbet's" remarks on St. Paul's church choir, in your last issue, will you kindly insert the following, in justice to the organist and myself? It is very possible that "Tarbet" heard the boys under more favorable circumstances last time (as regards the style of music, the presence of the leading boys, &c. &c.) than on a previous occasion. With regard to "expression" that is governed entirely by the organist and the pitch of the chant, all the blame here rests on the organist. "Tarbet" knew Mr. Jones's ability as a teacher of Church Music, as well as the members of the choir do. I am quite sure he would not give him the praise. I have had a very large experience in church music with St. Paul's church choir for nearly twenty years (20), but never before has it been my lot to be instructed by one having no knowledge whatsoever of Psalm or Cantic singing. Mr. Bourne selects all the music, as there would be too much risk in leaving it to the present choir-master to do. Up to the present time no music has been sung by the boys other than that I have taught them, and as I taught them, with the exception of the Kyrie, and here there is certainly an innovation. Mr. Bourne's "Kyrie" is a very fine, but is opposite to all common sense, and does teach him, a boy in the choir but can and does teach him, as he has taught the boys nothing. Five new boys that I placed in the choir at Xmas, are standing

SOCIAL AND PE. EVENTS OF THE WEEK. And the Happenings in Gloucester, St. Stephen, Sussex, Calais, Etc. Instead of filling my column with late news of some of the things I sorrow to relate, and in other cases, I have entered the homes of many of them at that there are so few social gatherings to tell about. Scidom has been such a case as that of Mr. Andrew Cowie, of Annan, who, after the death of his wife, Mr. Cowie left his home on Saturday for the last sixteen years. He was a business man, an affectionate husband and one who was ever ready to aid work.

Mr. R. R. Ritchie returned from day, where he has been visiting William and Lady Ritchie. Mr. Edwards went to Sussex on to assist in the search for Mr. Cowie. Dr. McAvenny has recovered from gripe. Mr. James R. Kaye is also able to after a similar attack. Miss Avery, (sister of Mrs. And Liverpool, N.B., is in the city. Mr. C. M. Bostwick, since the daughter, has been and still is seriously ill. I hear that Mr. Alfred Morrissey, the house on Hazen street, owned by Mr. James Flemming. The house owned by Mr. Morrissey's father-in-law, Fairweather, who sold it many years ago.

Mr. J. R. Ambrose, of the Bank who has been confined to his bed weeks through illness, is a serious physician to his home at Dighton, for two or three months. He left for first of the week. Rev. Mr. Haven, who was detained last Saturday, assisted Rev. J. M. the services at the mission chapel, and returned to Annapolis this week. The Misses Nicholson, left by Monday last for Montreal, to visit. Mr. Morris Robinson, I am sorry again suffering from throat affection. On Thursday evening last, Mrs. W. way, Coburg, entertained a musical dinner. Among the guests present were Mrs. de Soyres. A number of young people took a good sleighing, (an unusual amusement on Monday evening, and drove out to They made a very gay party.

Mr. E. Willis, postmaster, in serious residence, Duke street, with hemorrhoids. The Victoria rink presented quite a appearance on Wednesday evening, dress carnival was held. There were the ice as well as a large number of spectators. The originality of the costume, though the originality of the costume, noticeable feature, there were many ones, especially among the ladies present. The ladies price of \$10 was divided between Miss Parkes, the former "Valentine" and the latter "North Judges were Mrs. Collier and Mrs. Messrs. Robertson, Cleveland and Mrs. The gentlemen's prize, also \$10, was given to Mr. Fred Thita, as Cow boy, by Mrs. Hymen, Esquimaux, Humphrey Mary Queen of Scots' 2nd husband.

St. John—West End. Among the new families who will arrive West End this summer is that of Mr. West End, general agent for the New York Life Insurance Co., who has purchased property recently owned by Mr. D. W. Clark. Mrs. Wright was warmly welcomed to the West End. A welcome will also be given Mr. and Mrs. James Carroll, Cleveland and Mrs. Williams cottage on the corner of Tower and streets. Mrs. John White, mother of Dr. W. Sussex last week at an advanced age. In her recent illness, he was unable to attend the funeral.

St. John—North End. Miss Mary Shaw, who has spent several the house with a slight attack of influenza again. Miss Jennie Holly, since her return from had a severe attack of illness, but is able to be around again. I remarked the week before last that the less the attendance increased the following week, more fair and genial refreshment districts coffee bears. The attendance on Friday series was very encouraging. The first evening series was held at the residence of Mrs. and is only likely to be rivaled by the the closing night. Mrs. Bertha Shaw, of Cedar street, went to last Thursday to spend six weeks with Mrs. Murray.

Many friends assembled at the I. C. R. St. Wednesday evening, to witness the departure of Miss Carroll for Paris. Mr. Frank L. Campbell, Miss Carroll as far as New York, where she sails by one of the steamers of the Atlantic. Among the passengers were Madame Carroll, the Paris correspondent with several other religious of the Sacred Heart. Miss Carroll will be abroad about six months, and will probably spend some time in Ireland before her return. This was a most interesting and well passed away, in the presence of Mrs. Jewell resided here nearly all her life. As the great Indiana fire she moved to live, she came back to the North End to live, and her husband, Mr. James Jewell, a time employed in H. M. customs. Mrs. Jewell is a sister of Judge Travis. Her dear daughter, who having been ill for over a year, died three days ago, and one son, Miss Lou Parks brought the carnival to North End. She obtained first prize at the rink last evening.



SILK, CASHMERE, and MERINO, SILK VEST, in wear. COMBINESSES in Natural Boys' Blk. Ribbed Children's Waists; 6 inches.

MURRAY, 1890. NOVELTIES in our line in the market. KING STREET. THIS!

Official Stenographer writes: this is a specimen of made on this machine. I pin my faith in addition to its

Chants Are Doing. Selfridge are pre-paring by remodeling on King street. will give them more for display, which will be replaced by drawers, which will be a row of settees. have been prepared and look very hand-

glauis is bound to announcements and talks about the and his facilities for time is the harvest nice, warm summer winter clothes look comfortable. A good Mr. Younglaurel for

In Lent. Ingres-Coutellier leased to have the the system, M. He is an admirer-organizer and the od in the maritime largely due to the of the instructor. with the organ-er too good and ion have learned that French ing to know and me smattering of

early death of Miss (ok). his joy, and love, orts above. face, face this friend, ce. is, re, omed through rch. loved her well, case, breath.

is used in all 19 Union street.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN NEW SWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

And the Happenings in Social Circles of Fredericton, Moncton, Woodstock, Dorchester, St. Stephen, Sussex, Amherst, Calais, Etc.

Instead of filling my column with pleasant news of late there seems to be nothing but sickness and sorrow to relate, and as either one or the other has entered the homes of many it is not to be wondered at that there are so few social gatherings or entertainments to tell about.

Seldom has there been such a death to record as that of Mr. Andrew Cowie, of the well known firm of Cowie & Edwards, of this city. When Mr. Cowie left his home on Saturday for Waterford, Mrs. Cowie did her utmost to prevent his going. On reaching the I. C. R. station, rather late, he omitted (as was always his custom) to purchase an accident policy, saying to the ticket agent, "he would let me go this time." Mr. Cowie had resided in this city for the last sixteen years. He was only 53 years of age and was much esteemed as being a most honorable business man, an affectionate husband and father, and one who was ever ready to aid any charitable work.

Mr. R. R. Ritchie returned from Ottawa on Tuesday, where he has been visiting his parents, Sir William and Lady Ritchie. Mr. Edwards went to Sussex on Wednesday last to assist in the search for Mr. Cowie's body. Dr. McAvenny has recovered from an attack of la grippe.

Mr. James H. Kaye is also able to be out again after a similar attack. Miss Avery, (sister of Mrs. Andrew Cowie,) of Liverpool, N.S., is in the city. Mr. C. M. Bostwick, since the death of his daughter, has been and still is seriously ill.

It is reported that Mr. Alfred Morrison, who purchased the house on Ottawa street, has been occupied by Mr. James Flemming. The house was formerly owned by Mr. Morrison's father-in-law, Mr. C. H. Fairweather, who sold it many years ago to Mr. Flemming.

Mr. J. R. Ambrose, of the Bank of Montreal, who has been confined to his house for several weeks through illness, has been ordered by his physician to his home at Digby, N. S., to recover for two or three months. He left for that place the first of the week.

Rev. Mr. Haven, who was detained by the storm last Saturday, returned on Sunday last, and at the services at the mission chapel on Sunday last, and returned to Annapolis this week. The Misses Nicholson, left by the C. P. R., on Monday last for Montreal, to pay a short visit.

Mr. Morris Robinson, I am sorry to hear is again suffering from throat affection. On Thursday evening last, Mrs. F. W. Hather way, Coburg st., entertained a number of friends at dinner. Among the guests present were Rev. J. and Mrs. de Soyres.

A number of young people took advantage of the good sleighing, (an unusual amusement in St. John,) on Monday evening, and drove out to Torriburn. They made a very gay party.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton at the book store of W. T. H. Fenety and by James H. Hawthorne.]

Feb. 12.—The musical at home, given by Lady Tilley, at Government House, last Thursday evening, was an exceedingly enjoyable affair. About 50 guests were present, all in handsome evening costume. The programs embraced solos by Mrs. Currie, Mrs. C. H. B. Fisher, Mrs. Bridges, Miss Harrison, and Prof. Stockley, duets by Prof. Bridges and Miss Harrison, and Prof. Stockley and Mrs. Maussell. Miss Bailey played two solos on the violin. The large double drawing-rooms of Government House are well adapted for an entertainment of this character, and the decorations were exquisite. A platform was erected at the east end of the room, for the singers, and on either side covered with oriental rug, and on either side posts of tropical plants. The ceiling was festooned with evergreens brightened by colored lights, and the walls were decorated with Chinese fans and panels. Numerous fairy lamps were placed on tables in different parts of the room, adding much to the general effect. The appearance of the apartment through the evening, and at 11 o'clock a recheche supper was served in the large dining room. The supper tables were beautifully decorated with flowers. Among the guests were: Attorney Palmer, and Mrs. Blair, Miss Blair, Judge and Mrs. Palmer, St. John, Judge King, Dr. Kingston, Mr. Gordon, Mrs. Montgomery Campbell and Miss Campbell, Mrs. and Mr. Harry Bostwick, Mrs. Maussell, Mrs. Alexander, Dr. and Mrs. Harry son, Miss Harrison, Dr. and Mrs. Bailey, Miss Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Sharkey, Mrs. O'Malley, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Street, Mrs. Edward I. Weir, Mrs. and Mr. C. J. O'Brien, Mrs. W. K. Allen, Mrs. C. H. B. Fisher, Dr. and Mrs. Currie, Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Johnston, Mr. Johnston, Mrs. Sherman, Mr. Brisbane, Prof. Stockley, Dr. and Mrs. Bridges, Mrs. Eugenia Major and Mrs. Gordon, Capt. Hemming, Mrs. Ella Randolph.

Lady Tilley received in an elegant dress of garnet silk velvet, long square train, low bodice heavily trimmed with black passementerie, short sleeves and long cream gloves. Mrs. Blair appeared in black silk velvet, very long train, square neck and elbow sleeves, black gloves. Mrs. Palmer, in dark shade of old rose silk, en traine, square neck, elbow sleeves, cream Spanish lace on neck and sleeves. Mrs. Gordon, in black silk velvet, long train, high bodice, and long sleeves; exquisite black and white lace and cream ostrich tips. She carried a beautiful bouquet of roses.

Mrs. C. H. B. Fisher, in royal purple silk en traine, square neck, elbow sleeves of cream Spanish lace, long cream gloves. Mrs. Beckwith, in black silk train over pink satin petticoat, high bodice of black silk trimmed with jet, short sleeves, long gloves. Mrs. Maussell, in costume of black silk and velvet, demure train, high bodice and elbow sleeves. Mrs. Gordon, in a very pretty costume of black fish net over black satin, old gold ribbon. Mrs. Weir, in an exquisite costume of salmon pink satin and white brocade velvet, en traine, low bodice and short sleeves, long pale pink gloves, and carried a beautiful bouquet of roses.

Mrs. Currie, in black silk with lace net overdress trimmed with black satin ribbon, high bodice, elbow sleeves. Mrs. Byron Winslow, in pale blue marvellous satin, trimmed with gold passementerie. Mrs. Sherman in handsome black moire with red satin front, corsage bouquet of red roses. Mrs. Harrison in black, long train. Miss Harrison in a delicate costume of black velvet.

Miss Bailey in old rose costume with cream trimmings, high bodice, short sleeves. Miss Campbell in white china silk. Miss Blair in white china silk and lace. Miss Winslow in black lace dress, pale pink silk sash. Mrs. Sharkey in fawn silk train over service petticoat. Miss O'Malley in black fish net over maize silk, low bodice under with green satin ribbon, low bodice under with green satin ribbon, low bodice under with green satin ribbon, low bodice under with green satin ribbon.

Miss Johnson in mahogany cashmere and black velvet, high neck and long sleeves. Miss Luggin in pale silk gauze veiling. Mrs. Mowatt in black silk. Mrs. Crocker in brown velvet. Mr. Herbert Riley was home for the musical. Mrs. Montgomery Campbell, gave a very delightful party at her handsome residence, last evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Montgomery Campbell, who was visiting here. The guests numbered about 65. Ice cream and cooling drinks were served through the evening, and at 12 o'clock a delicious supper was served, the supper table being a marvel of beauty and luxury. The music by Hamilton's orchestra, was all that could be desired for dancing. Everything was done by Mrs. Campbell and her daughter for the pleasure of their guests. The West End contingent were entertained on Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Butcher and to say that they enjoyed themselves is but faintly to express their feelings.

Not to have had a fall on the sidewalk lately is to be almost as much out of fashion as if you had not had met with rather bad accidents. Mr. Joseph Kilian sustained quite a serious injury from a fall almost at his own door, on Fleet street. He slipped on the ice and fell in such a manner that his back received the full force of the blow, causing severe spinal shock and other injury, which will lay him up for some little time. Drs. A. H. and E. B. Chaudrier are in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Boggs left town on Monday to spend a few days in Halifax. Hon. L. H. Davies, of Charlottetown, passed through Moncton Tuesday. Strolling up to the station on Sunday afternoon on the arrival of the belated Quebec express, I saw among the waiting travellers the many form of Canada's laureate, Professor Chas. G. D. Roberts and I understood that Professor Roberts had been spending Sunday with friends in town.

Mr. J. S. Chandler, who spent a few days in town last week, the guest of his brother, Dr. E. B. Chaudrier. Mr. J. R. Bruce, of the I. C. R., returned on Saturday from his trip to Quebec. Mr. L. B. Archibald, of Truro, paid a short visit to Moncton last week. Miss Annie Cooke, who has been spending a fortnight in Truro, returned on Monday. A largely signed resignation is being circulated among Mr. F. W. Sumner to become a candidate for the office of Mayor in the coming civic election. Mr. Sumner is already one of our most prominent merchants in spite of his youth, and has always taken a great interest in civic affairs. He was called at first in contradiction to the City Fathers, have covered themselves with glory. The East End club met last evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke, on Steadman street. The meeting was a very pleasant evening was spent.

day evening. Mrs. Wilnot had been in poor health for some time, having never recovered from a paralytic stroke, from which she suffered about four years ago. She was highly esteemed by all who knew her, and many will remember her kind and pleasant manner who passed her in the hospital while at government house. Mrs. Wilnot makes a two months visit in Boston and New York. Mrs. Carmichael, of St. Andrews, has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jack, in this city. Mrs. Palmer returned to her home at St. John last Friday morning. The judge is still at the Bar. Mr. Melville is about moving his family to St. Andrews to live. Their many friends in this city will be very sorry to see them. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jack are attractive members of society, and Miss Jessie Jack, their daughter, will be very much missed.

Miss Winnie Johnston left home on Saturday for a two months visit in Boston and New York. Mrs. Carmichael, of St. Andrews, has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jack, in this city. Mrs. Palmer returned to her home at St. John last Friday morning. The judge is still at the Bar. Mr. Melville is about moving his family to St. Andrews to live. Their many friends in this city will be very sorry to see them. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jack are attractive members of society, and Miss Jessie Jack, their daughter, will be very much missed.

Private advices from Fredericton state that the rumor of the engagement of a prominent clerical gentleman has not been confirmed and is not likely to be. In fact it is understood that the rumor has been denied flatly by the gentleman, and with every wish to do justice, Progress makes this statement.—The Editor.]

MONCTON. [Progress is for sale in Moncton at the book store of W. W. Black and W. H. Murray, Main street.] Feb. 13.—Mrs. C. F. Hanington spent some days in St. John last week, visiting friends.

Mrs. D. F. Maxwell, of the Short Lincs surveying party last Wednesday evening, at her home on Botsford street. It was a well kept party, pure and simple, quite unconnected with either white, club, and a very delightful evening was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Borden, at their home on Botsford street. The members of the East End Whist club met and thoroughly enjoyed themselves last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Harris.

The West End contingent were entertained on Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Butcher and to say that they enjoyed themselves is but faintly to express their feelings. Not to have had a fall on the sidewalk lately is to be almost as much out of fashion as if you had not had met with rather bad accidents.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Boggs left town on Monday to spend a few days in Halifax. Hon. L. H. Davies, of Charlottetown, passed through Moncton Tuesday. Strolling up to the station on Sunday afternoon on the arrival of the belated Quebec express, I saw among the waiting travellers the many form of Canada's laureate, Professor Chas. G. D. Roberts and I understood that Professor Roberts had been spending Sunday with friends in town.

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The ladies of the W. C. T. U. held their anniversary meeting, on Monday evening, at their hall on Main street. The president, Mrs. J. G. Wilbur, occupied the chair and delivered the opening address, to some few words of which I must take exception. The president began by saying that ladies in order to secure public notice or cheap notoriety, they should be willing to work in a sympathizing manner and said they were very large and very efficient body. "The town youngsters," as they were called at first in contradiction to the City Fathers, have covered themselves with glory.

MACAULAY, BROTHERS & CO., 61 and 63 KING STREET.

FOR SPRING, 1890.

Per late English Steamer we have received and opened New Printed Cambrics, New Printed Drills, New Printed Sateens. We have also invoices to hand for stmr. "Nova Scotia," of 10 Cases, which will be open for inspection Monday. They contain New Spring Mantle Cloth, Dress Goods, Costume Cloths. AND MANY NOVELTIES FOR EARLY SPRING.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

PRICES REDUCED. DANIEL AND ROBERTSON. TO ARCHITECTS AND OTHERS. Old Burying Ground.

A few lines of Corsets, balance of last season's Goods, have been placed on counter and marked much below regular price. All sizes are represented in the lot, but quantity being limited, they will soon be broken.

LONDON HOUSE RETAIL.

Cor. CHARLOTTE and UNION STS. LAME HORSES.



FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE Cures Spavin, Ringbone, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Bruises, Sings, Swellings and Stiff Joints on Horses.

NUMEROUS testimonials certify to the wonderful efficacy of this great remedy, and every day brings fresh testimony from Horsemen in all parts of the country, proving that FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE is without a rival in all cases of Lameness in Horses for which it is prescribed.

FANS—Just Received.

A VERY CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF Elegant White and Black Fans FOR EVENING WEAR, IN SATIN AND GAUZE.

C. FLOOD & SONS, 33 King Street.

PRICES TALK.

QUALITY WILL TELL.

We have made a SPECIAL reduction in our Tight-Fitting Cloaks. Our Prices range from \$3.50 to \$9.00.

CALL AND EXAMINE THESE GOODS. Have you purchased one of our 10-CENT COMBS yet?

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Only exclusive Rubber Store East of Boston.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU

PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. St. John, N.B.

BAIRD'S FRENCH OINTMENT!

THIS Ointment has been used with the greatest success in the speedy cure of all eruptions arising from an impure state of the blood or from infection. It relieves and cures ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, ITCH, SCURFY, BOILS, PILES, ULCERS, CHAPPED HANDS, and LIPS, INSECT STINGS, etc. In use 50 years. At all dealers. 25 cents.

(Continued on Eighth page.)

THE Public Works Department of the City of St. John will receive Plans and Specifications for the Enclosure of the Old Burying Ground, until the FIRST DAY of APRIL next.

A Prize of Fifty Dollars will be given for the Plans selected by the Department. Any information will be given by the Director.

French Clocks.

3 CASES RECEIVED TOO LATE FOR HOLIDAY TRADE.

Will Offer This Month at a Large Discount.

FERGUSON & PAGE, 43 KING STREET.

JAMES S. MAY. W. ROBERT MAY.

JAMES S. MAY & SON,

Merchant Tailors, DOMVILLE BUILDING, P. O. Box 303. ST. JOHN, N. B.

Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount or cash.

OPEN ALL NIGHT!

The Golden Ball Drug Store WILL BE KEPT OPEN ALL NIGHT.

2, 1-41. G. T. MALLERY.

THE Wonder of the Age

A NEW Improved DYE for Home Dyeing. Nothing but Water—required in using—

10¢ a package. For sale everywhere. If you are in the City and do not like to send direct to the manufacturers, COTTINGHAM, ROBERTSON & CO. MONTREAL.

MISS B. BOWMAN, Teacher in Oil, Water Colors; Also, China Painting.

CLASSES are being formed in the above, and as only a limited number will be taken Mrs. Bowman would suggest that those wishing to avail themselves of the vacancies that remain should call at

4 WELLINGTON ROW. At home from 10 a. m. until 12.30 p. m. 1, 25-41.

ESTABLISHED 1870.

W. TREMAINE GARD,

SPECTACLES AND OPERA GLASSES.

Practical Jeweler, Optician and Diamond Dealer, Gold and Silversmith, Watchmaker and Electro-plater, 81 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Watches, French Clocks and Jewelry skillfully and promptly repaired on the premises. Orders from out of town solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.

TO LET.

RESIDENCE 66 GARDEN STREET, at present occupied by A. I. Trueman, Esq., barrister. Rent \$200. G. J. COLLIER writes, Hampton, 2, 8-41.

TO RENT—STORE in Masonic Hall, adjoining that occupied by Singer Mfg. Co., at present in possession of Arthur Everett. Possession 1st May next. W. WATSON ALLEN, Papeley's Building, cor. Prince Wm. and Princess streets. 1, 25-41.

TWO SEPARATE self-contained Flats in subscriber's terrace, Richmond street—respectable, compact, comfortable—containing six rooms each; also, pantries, closets—press, W. C., etc. Good yard. Please enquire of E. H. LESTER, 11 Richmond street. 2, 8-41.

FOR SALE OR TO LET—A valuable Leasehold Property on Horsfield street, formerly owned and occupied by George Calnan. Apply to GEORGE F. CALNIN, Rooms, Papeley's Buildings, corner Prince William and Princess streets. 2, 8-41.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS



THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Notes on Canadian Literature. THE TRIO.

After a moment's hesitation, one easily consents to Mr. Sharp's association of three names representative of our poetic literature—yet in its spring and promise—and his dictum which pronounces their writings the most distinctive, artistically considered, that have yet appeared amongst us.

The bell-tongued city with its glorious towers, Mother of balsms and soothing manifold. Such lyrics as "Heat?" Yet much as I am held by these studies of the Upper Canadian landscape, and impressed by their truth and fidelity, I can see little reason even on these grounds, for rating him above Robert's.

Not the least happy of his muse's product are the "Quatrains," some 31 of which appear; and which are sententious and frequently impressive. The leading poem of the book is a version of the legend of Saint Christopher, and it closes with a number of paraphrases and translations.

The next volume of the series of *Historic Towns*, edited by Mr. E. H. Freeman and Mr. Hunt, will be Winchester, by Mr. G. W. Kitchin, the Dean of Winchester, who declares that the place teems with picturesque tradition and anecdote, and thinks it the most historic of English cities.

deed it appears combined with a reasonable degree of literary art. These qualities help to commend to us the poetry of Elliot, Mackay, Swain and some of Massey, with others we might mention, many of whose nervous verses were timed to the heart-beats of humanity. The greater poetry of the age is not devoid of these qualities, as the reader of Tennyson, the Brownings, Longfellow and Emerson well knows; for a pure, strenuous spiritual life has been insisted upon by each of them.

The dark pursues his heavenward quest, Where eye nor ear can follow: Low on the ground he builds his nest, Hid in some leafy hollow: Fit emblem of their lowliness, Who through small duties upwards press.

Notes and Announcements. Longmans, Green & Co., announce several new publications. As a memorial of a distinguished administrator, and to further the cause of Imperial Federation, Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has edited the papers of Sir George Bowen, and they will be published immediately in London and New York.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

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

ST. STEPHEN.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen, at the book-stores of C. H. Smith & Co. and G. S. Wall.]

Mr. Stephen, Feb. 12.—Captain Howard McAllister, has celebrated his fiftieth birthday, by inviting a number of his personal friends to supper and an evening at whist. A very happy feature of the evening was the gift of a handsome gold-headed cane, from his friends, Hon. James Mitchell in a witty and appropriate speech, presented the case and congratulations of the guests.

HAMPTON.

[Progress is for sale at Hampton station by T. G. Barnes, and G. E. Frost, and at Hampton village by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.]

SUSSEX.

STUSS, Feb. 12.—Dr. Warren, M. Sharpe, is spending a week at St. Martins.

RICHMOND.

Rev. H. Howe, of Kings college, Windsor, N. S., spent last week in town. During his visit he attended public meetings here and at Kingston.

MUSQUASH.

Feb. 13.—Mr. Jesse E. Knight has returned to British Columbia accompanied by his brother, Mr. Harry P. Knight.

HAROLD GILBERT. SPRING, 1890. For months I have been preparing for an immense Spring trade, and my intention is to make my stock the most attractive in price, variety, and value, of any that has preceded it.

HAROLD GILBERT, 54 King Street. The details of each department have been carefully studied, and prices brought down to a very fine point. Nearly all my Spring stock will arrive during February when inspection and comparison will show you MOST PLAINLY that my values cannot be beaten.

HOW IS YOUR COUGH? WORSE! Then Let Us Recommend a Bottle of Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream!

WANTS TO SELL. JAS. KELLY, Tailor and Clothier, No. 5 MARKET SQUARE, WINTER GOODS, as to make room for Spring Importations.

The Following Goods Just Opened are offered at the very Lowest Prices for Cash only, at PITTS' DRY GOODS STORE, 179 UNION STREET 179.

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

THE NEW CROCKERY STORE, 94 KING STREET. China Tea Sets. I have just received and am now showing the FINEST assortment of CHINA TEA SETS ever offered in this City.

GROCERS. Canned Goods. W. ALEX. PORTER'S. 85 CASES CANNED TOMATOES, Little Chief brand; 110 cases Canned Corn, Little Chief and Hoeggs'.

Flour and Feed Store. Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat, RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS. From the best mills. Always on hand.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. 40 Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fitz-att at short notice.

HARRIET HUBBARD RECAMIER. They are endorsed both continents who m of their beauty a stud them are MME. ADELINA P. CRAIG-Y-NOS CAN My Dear Mrs. Aye...

And equally strong Clara Louise Kellogg, Sarah Bernhardt, Lillie Langtry, Fanny Davis, Helen M. Mrs. a

Why they are t Recamer Cream, which is famous preparations, is made Julie Recamer. It is not a dent to be applied at night. Ju to be removed in the morning, will remove tan and sunburn, blotches, and make your face as white and as soft as an infant.

Recamer Powder is in gent cream. It is the finest p tured, and is delightful in the men after shaving and for the Recamer Soap is a perfect antiseptic free from animal fat, many of the healing ingredients Recamer Cream and Loti The Recamer Toilet Pre tively free from all poison contains neither Lead, Bi as attested to after a searching ment scientists as HENRY A. MOTT, Ph Member of the London American Chemical S THOS. B. STILLMAN, Professor of Chemistry tute of Technology. PETER T. AUSTEN, I Professor of General and Rutgers College and Scientific School.

Recamer Soap does not Preparations, refuse substitutes you, or order yourself from the Recamer Manufacturing Compan Paul street, Montreal. For sal regular New York prices: Recamer Lotion, \$1.50; Recamer Soap scented, 25c.; Recamer Powd small boxes, 50c.

A. & J. I. —DEALERS IN Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, A French Clocks, Optical JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER 76 KING ST S. R. FOSTER MANUFACTURER STEEL and IRON-CUT N And SPIKES, TACKS, BRAD SHOES NAILS, HUNGAR ST. JOHN, I ADVERTISE IN P





To have the most beautiful hair...  
In my private dressing...  
Adeline Patti Nicolini

A HINT FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE COMPLEXION.

If you desire Toilet Preparations that are PURE, and that will remove all imperfections from the skin, and leave it as white and smooth as an infant's, insist upon having

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER'S RECAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS

They are endorsed by every woman on both continents who make the preservation of their beauty a study. Notably among them are

MME. ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI.

CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE, Oct. 13, 1887.  
My Dear Mrs. Ayer:—There never has been anything equal in merit to the Recamier Preparations; my skin is so immensely improved by their use. I need not dread old age while these magic inventions of yours exist. I use Cream, Balm and Lotion every day of my life, and could not exist comfortably without them. Recamier Soap is also perfect. I shall never use any other. It far surpasses all toilet soaps. I hear that the Princess of Wales is delighted with the Recamier Preparations. I am convinced your Recamier Preparations are the greatest boon ever invented. I could not comfortably endure a day without them.

ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI.

And equally strong endorsements from  
Clara Louise Kellogg,  
Sarah Bernhardt,  
Lillie Langtry,  
Fanny Davenport,  
Helena Modjeska,  
Mrs. Jaa. Brown Potter,  
and many others.

What the Recamier Preparations are and Why they are to be Used.

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

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

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

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

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

The Recamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all poisonous ingredients, and contains neither Lead, Bismuth or Arsenic, as attested to after a searching analysis by such eminent scientists as

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

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

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

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from the Canadian office of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, \$1.50; Recamier Balm, \$1.50; Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, \$1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 60c., unscented, 50c.; Recamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 90c.

A. & J. HAY, DEALERS IN

Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc.

JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED

76 KING STREET.

S. R. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF

STEEL and IRON-CUT NAILS, And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOES NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

GIVE PLENTY OF INFORMATION.

Where Men who Want Engraving Done Fall In Instructions.

The outside business of PROGRESS Engraving Bureau has increased so rapidly since the first of the year that it has been a matter of pleasant surprise to all those connected with it. The Engraving Bureau has quickly earned the reputation of doing the best work in the shortest time and at the most reasonable prices. Quite often, however, a customer defers his own object—promptness—by lack of explanation. He omits to send the exact size of the engraving that he wants and in nine cases out of ten omits mentioning whether he wants the plate mounted on wood or metal. If the cut is wanted for daily newspaper work it is always better to have it mounted on metal, more especially if the advertisement is likely to remain unchanged for any length of time. For general use, such as circular or catalogue work or insertion in weekly newspapers, wood bottoms are just as good as are needed. They are cheaper than metal bases and do not cost so much to transport from one place to another.

To return to the customer who is in a hurry for an estimate on any piece of work; he very often fails to describe the job and the engraver is bound to tell him that he cannot give him an estimate without seeing or knowing something more about the work. This is natural, for no man is going to set a price on an engraving job, the detail of which he has no conception of. Again the customer will invariably forget to mention what kind of copy the engraving is to be made from, whether from a photograph or from a lithograph or ordinary print.

To illustrate what a difficult position the engraver is placed in sometimes from lack of information, the following letter is given. It came on a postal card and cannot properly be called a letter.

What will it cost me to have a single column engraving made to insert in a newspaper; the plate to be about two inches deep.

Now what is there here to estimate upon? The writer wants an engraving and it is to be about two inches square and to be inserted in a newspaper. Such an engraving made from a photograph and with much detail and mounted on metal might cost

him \$10.00, or if it was made from a lithograph or ordinary black print without changes and mounted on wood, the cost would range likely from \$1.00 to \$2.00. There is quite a difference in the price, and there is just as much difference in the amount of work to be done.

Nothing gives the engraving bureau connected with PROGRESS more satisfaction than to answer questions in its line, and to get the orders, if possible, afterward, but it wants all the information it can get in the first place, and thus avoid a correspondence that is delaying and wearisome.

The spring trade is almost upon you. Have you thought of anything new to draw customers, and don't you want it illustrated? PROGRESS Engraving Bureau does it well, does it promptly and does it cheaply.

Had the Right Idea.

He was a solemn old farmer, fond of emphasizing his conversation with scriptural quotations and long words which he occasionally misapplied. He was telling me gravely the other day about a neighbor of his who was addicted to "getting tight."

"Taint the square thing, seein' he's got a family to look after, and I don't take much notice of that man, but I was drivin' home last Saturday night, and when I got most half way there who should I pass walkin' along the road but Bill Jackson himself, and that tigh he couldn't hardly stagger. Every now and the he'd kinder fall down. I haint no liken for the feller I told you, but it was a desperate cold night, so I jest turned right around and picked him up and drove him home. I thought if it was only for his family's sake I'd jest act the Sarmation by him that once. . . ."

Both Were Too Cheap.

Dealer—Here, that poem I paid you to write about my one-dollar hats is no good. You don't seem to have had the divine afflatus.

Jim Hannay—Naturally not, sir. You gave me only \$1, and the divine afflatus, like the hats, cannot be felt for such money.—Munsey's Weekly.

For cramps, cholera, diarrhea, summer complaint, use Kendrick's Mixture. Kendrick's Mixture, a positive cure in nearly every case. Sold by dealers. 25 cents.—Advt.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE



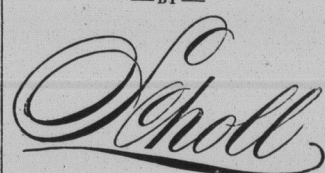
Unsurpassed for Richness and Beauty of Coloring. They are the ONLY DYES that WILL NOT WASH OUT! WILL NOT FADE OUT! There is nothing like them for Strength, Coloring or Fastness.

THE Package EQUALS TWO of any other Dye in the market. If you doubt it, try it! Your money will be refunded if you are not convinced after a trial. FIFTY-four colors are made in Turkish Dyes, embracing all new shades, and others are added as soon as they become fashionable. They are warranted to dye more goods and to last longer than any other Dyes. Same Price as Inferior Dyes, 10 CENTS. Canada Branch: 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal. Send postal for Sample Card and Book of Instructions. Sold in St. John by S. McDAIRMID, and E. MAHONEY, Indiantown.

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

PORTRAITS

FROM— Cabinet to Life Size in Photography India Ink, Crayon and Paste, BY—



23 CARLETON STREET Near Mechanics' Institute. SAINT JOHN

Academy of Art.

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

The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in

DRAWING AND PAINTING. Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year.

PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A. ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES. Send for circular.

GOOD READING.

THE SPLENDID SPUR, edited in modern English by Q. . . . Price, 35c. HUNTER QUATERMAIN'S STORY. By H. Rider Haggard. . . . Price, 25c. THE PHOENIX. By Milton Noble. . . . Price, 20c. — Also another supply of — THE MYSTERY OF A HANSON CAB. By F. W. Home. . . . Price, 25c. LOOKING BACKWARD. By Edward Bellamy. . . . Price, 25c. For sale by J. & A. McMILLAN, 98 and 100 Prince William street, St. John, N. B.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK, BUSINESS MEN, CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS

Are the Best AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY. The best the market affords always on hand P. A. CRUIKSHANK, 49 Germain Street. Opposite Market Building.

DR. J. D. MAHER, DENTAL ROOMS,

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

J. M. LEMONT, PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

GERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, Etc.,

3 Pugley's Building, - - St. John, N. B.

WRINGERS Best American Make.

WARRANTED SOLID HARD WHITE RUBBER ROLLS. For sale on Easy Weekly Payments. F. A. JONES, 34 Dock street.



A RUSSIAN BEAUTY.

Shorthand

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

Perfumery!

FROM WEST END TO LILLY OF THE VALLEY.

JUST OPENED—A choice assortment of the leading odors in plain, fancy and cut glass bottles (original), suitable for New Year Gifts. LUBIN'S, LUNDBORG, GELLE FRERES, RICKSECKER, COLGATE.

Also: All the principal Perfumes in Sachet Powder. To which I invite the attention of purchasers. Prices moderate to insure sales.

Remember: MEDICAL HALL, R. D. McARTHUR, No. 59 Charlotte St. - Opp. King Square.

After Shaving

—USE— PADDOCK'S BOUQUET COLOGNE.

Heals and softens the skin, diffusing a delightful and refreshing fragrance. SAMPLE BOTTLES 25 cents.

New DRY GOODS STORE,

EAST END CITY, WATERLOO, NEAR UNION.

Great Reduction of Prices During Dec., in all the leading departments.

SPECIAL DRESS MATERIALS; ULSTERINGS, TWEEDS, COATINGS; Wool Goods, Cloth Jackets, Waterproofs, etc.

T. PATTON & CO.

DR. SCOTT'S Electric Hair Curler.

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

MOORE'S Almond and Cucumber Cream,

—FOR— SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.

It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips. It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise. It removes Tan, Pimples, Scaly Eruptions and Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and brilliant. An excellent application after shaving. PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Sample bottles, 10 cents.

Prepared by G. A. MOORE, DRUGGIST, 190 Brussels St. cor. Richmond.

NEW YEAR'S GOODS.

A FULL LINE OF Plush and Leather Goods

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

Plush Goods

IN LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S TOILET CASES, ODOR CASES, Manicure Sets, etc.

—ALSO— CUT GLASS TOILET BOTTLES, Choice Perfumery, Etc.

Intending purchasers will do well to examine our stock of the above goods before purchasing elsewhere. PARKER BROS., - Market Sq.

ART.

OM FURNITURE, first floor; Brussels, Wilton and Axminster, 2nd floor from main building; Carpets, Mattings, and Hemp Carpets, Mattings, 2nd floor back main building; Carpets, Rugs and Door Mats, 2nd floor new building in rear. THIS and LINOLEUMS, in patterns shown in rear of first building. Curtains, Curtain Trappers, second floor of new Carriage Suits, second floor, new Carriage Furniture, Baby Carriages, Tables, etc., first floor, new

ing Street.

SELL.

and Clothier, SQUARE, GOODS, end in view he has marked thing, Reefers, Overcoats, hatching at present.

ust Opened ash only, at OS STORE, STREET 179.

S; MERRICKS; RICKS; SIMMERE HOSIERY; also, POL HOSE; COLORED MITTS, etc. etc. need when opened.

S.

osphate, phosphate, one Meal.

ES THIS SEASON: the use of \$100 in Gold. m an acre \$25 in Gold.

l Fertilizer Company.

Y STORE, MET. E,

Sets. FINEST assortment in this City.

MASTERS.

L & COWAN, and Retail Dealers in

Groceries

D FRUITS.

Sugars a specialty.

ST. JOHN, N. B. EXTRA LIME.

AGENCY FOR THE

New Brunswick of Union Assurance Co.

OF LONDON, Insurance Co., of Brooklyn, CHAS. J. TOMNEY, General Agent. Sub-Agent, ALDING, ST. JOHN, N. B.

S, HORSE NAILS,

THER, BELLS, DRIVING WHIPS.

HEAP AT Indiantown.

IN PROGRESS



Mr. F. S. West, is slowly recovering from an aggravated attack of grippe.

Mr. J. M. Mather, has returned to town, after a prolonged sojourn in the United States.

The news of Mr. A. Cowie's sad death, was heard with great regret here, both Mr. and Mrs. Cowie having many friends in the city.

Mrs. Blayter, gave a five o'clock tea, on Friday last, about forty guests attended.

AMHERST, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Amherst at G. G. Bird's Bookstore.]

Feb. 12.—The news of the death of Rev. Thomas Tallack, A. M., was received here with much sorrow. He had charge of the Presbyterian church in this town for three or four years, but at the time of his death had a charge in Dresden, Ont. His first wife was a sister of Mrs. Macdonald, wife of the Chief Justice, and his second a Miss West of this town, who survives him with one child.

Miss Campbell, of London, who has been spending some months with her brother here, left last week for Winnipeg to visit a brother there. She will be missed in musical circles very much.

Mrs. F. B. Robb has returned from Halifax.

Rev. M. B. Gouge, of Windsor, was in town last week.

Mr. W. D. Main gave a large and exceedingly plain party on Friday evening.

Mr. Barry Baker, editor of the Sentinel, was quietly married at Halifax on the 4th, to Miss Minnie Hillier, of Parrsboro. The couple have turned their faces southward and will go as far as Florida, to be absent two months.

Mr. Hubert Page, who went to British Columbia last summer, is at present in town, having returned for his family. He is quite enthusiastic over the country.

Senator and Mrs. Macfarlane, of Wallace, spent a day in town last week with Mrs. Macfarlane's sister, Mrs. Mitchell, before leaving for Ottawa.

The ladies seem to be enjoying themselves over five o'clock teas, quite as well as ever. There have been a number of these social afternoon gatherings of late. I may mention a five o'clock tea given by Mrs. Fullerton, on Thursday of last week, and one on Tuesday.

Mrs. Dickey, of Grove cottage, entertained a number of ladies at a five o'clock tea on Monday. Invitations were out for a ball on Friday evening next, to be held at the railway dining saloon. One of the ladies looking at the names of the gentlemen composing the committee felt assured that it will be a success.

Mr. Esterson, C. E., has leave of absence for three months, and expects to leave for England, Society will miss him very much.

Mrs. J. Inglis Best, gave a most pleasant little party on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Boggess, were in town this week.

OSCAR.

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

Feb. 11.—Miss Grace Horton entertained a number of her friends Thursday evening. They had a very delightful time. Among those who were present were: Mrs. George Horton (Halifax), Miss Rose Brown, Miss Savva Kilham, Miss Bettie Moody, Miss Sarah Phillips, Miss Blanche Horton, Miss Minnie Brown, Miss Mary Kelly, Miss Mary Crosby, and Messrs. S. D. Moses, F. C. Byerson, C. F. Hubert, A. J. Stoenes, N. J. Gibson, J. L. Crosby, Irvin Lovitt, Collyer Kelly, N. V. Crosby, L. Lovitt, and William Wetmore.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clements and Miss Alice Clements leave for Boston next Wednesday. Miss Alice is to be bridesmaid for a cousin residing there. She will no doubt look very pretty in green silk.

A concert given in aid of the Athletic club takes place this evening. Judging by the programme it should imagine it would be very interesting, especially the refreshment part.

Mr. Irvin Hall, Boston, has been in town the last week. Several whist parties have been given in his honor.

Mr. Patton, of Truro, and Mr. James Warren, of Montreal, spent Sunday in town.

Miss Lida Killam, has returned home from St. John, where she has been making a long visit. The deepest sympathy is felt for the young lady, who received the sad news on Saturday of the death of her fiancé.

The Dicker's club met at Mrs. J. V. B. Bingham's, last evening.

The half hour reading club, met at Mrs. L. C. Baker's, Friday afternoon.

The Young Ladies Quadrille club met at the Lorne last Monday evening. Dancing, contrary to the rules, was kept up until late, or rather an early hour. This week it met at Mrs. L. C. Baker's, and could it be pleasant with such a charming hostess, and such a perfect home for dancing?

Mr. Westwater, vice-principal of the Milton Academy, met with a very serious accident at the Athletic club room on Saturday. In jumping the horizontal bar he broke his leg—the members being men of course, lost their heads, and began pulling at the bar. No doubt they thought they were pulling it in place, being so flurried that they did not know what they were doing. It is thought it will soon be healed, but will be out again. This will be a great drawback, as it is so desirable for an examination which takes place next month.

Mr. S. D. Moses, of the firm of Moses and Ross, leaves for London on Wednesday. He takes the steamer *Urania* from New York, and will be gone until the first of April. Being a bachelor and a favorite, he will be greatly missed.

PETITCODIAC.

Feb. 13.—Mrs. Hiram Humphrey is ill with the prevailing disease, influenza.

Miss Bessie Blackey, who has been suffering from an attack of inflammation of the lungs, is able to be among us again.

Misses Annie and Lulu Ryan, of Sussex, are visiting their sister, Mrs. Beverly A. Trites.

Charles Willis, son of Rev. Mr. Willis, left by the C. P. R. last Wednesday, for Lindsay, Ont., to fill a position in the Bank of Montreal there.

Mr. Moore, who is to take the place vacated by Mr. C. Willis in the Bank of Halifax in this city, arrived Saturday evening.

Miss Ella Smith, of Salisbury, is visiting Mrs. D. L. Trites.

Dr. and Mrs. McDonald, entertained a number of their friends at supper Friday evening.

The much talked of open air carnival is causing considerable excitement among the lovers of skating.

Mr. J. Gillis Jones, manager of the Elgin, Petitcodiac and Havelock railway, is staying at the Mansard House.

Miss Gussie Price, has returned from her visit to her sister, Mrs. Jasper Dale, of Moncton.

Miss Maggie Blakey, teacher at Moncton, was here Saturday visiting her parents.

Miss Connelly, graduate of Sackville, is at home now, and intends taking a class in music.

TRURO, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Falton's.]

Feb. 12.—Mr. Frank Smith, of D. H. Smith & Co. has returned from New York.

The many friends of Dr. De Mancheater, veterinary surgeon here, are sorry to know that he leaves soon for New Brunswick, where he has accepted a position under the government.

Twelve members of the quadrille club, who met at "Brunswick Place" last Thursday evening, enjoyed a very pleasant dance.

Mr. C. E. Beatty is at business again, after an attack of grippe.

Miss Hyde's guest, Miss Annie Cooke, left for her home in Moncton on Monday last. Miss Cooke made many friends during her stay, and her early departure is generally regretted.

NEWCASTLE.

Feb. 12.—The party spoken about last week was held in the Temperance hall on Monday evening. Credit is due to Messrs. Harley, Carl, Fisher and Gellivray for its success. The hall was prettily decorated with flags, the floor in fine condition, and the music good. All spent a very pleasant evening, the "McGinty" being the chief feature, and enjoyed by everyone. The young ladies all looked well though not in excess. Mrs. James Youngman, as chaperon was charming as usual. Miss Fish, Miss Annie Harley, Miss Minnie Blair (Charlton) and Miss Sargeant were very pretty dresses. It was three o'clock before the lengthy programme was finished.

Miss Maithy has gone to Montreal for a few weeks.

Dr. Ferguson, who has been to Richibucto, has returned.

ST. GEORGE.

Feb. 13.—Capt. Charles Johnson, of the Bay of Fundy Granite Co., left this place yesterday for a trip of two or three weeks.

Capt. Young arrived with his bride from Nova Scotia yesterday. Flags were flying in honor of the occasion.

The "Willing Workers" of St. Mark's church intend holding a literary and musical entertainment, on Shrove Tuesday. The "bivalves" and light refreshments will be on a scale.

La Grippe claimed as a victim Mrs. Robert Gray, the mother of a large and young family, a few days ago.

Rev. Mr. Flaco, Baptist, is absent on a five or six weeks' visit to Nova Scotia.

Dr. Dick is still confined to his home, and Dr. Taylor is overworked, owing to there being so much illness in this place at present. GRANT.

COTTONS.

Perhaps it is an over confidence on our part that bids us refrain from praise for our Embroideries.

The reason for such over confidence may probably be found in the fact that they are so much superior in every way to anything it has ever been our pleasure to show heretofore.

This is the only comparison which is not odious: the only one permissible—certainly the only one which it is within anybody's province to speak with authority. We may go one step farther and say that our belief that the stock compares not unfavorably with other stocks is strengthened by the fact of being able to satisfy our customers.

That of course is our highest aim.

The clearing sale of Dress Goods and Ulster cloths are now in progress. We have not more than this parting notice for them not being anxious, simply not anxious, about their sale, and certainly the way in which they are selling now does not give much cause for anxiety in that connection.

HUNTER, HAMILTON & McKAY

DON'T YOU KNOW?

That PHILADERMA is an Eminent Toilet article for the cure of Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, or any roughness of the skin; that its sales are enormous, and when once used it never be without it. If not, buy a bottle from your druggist and

YOU WILL KNOW!

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

months ago from the office of Hamilton, Teed & Benson, of Dorchester, and Moncton. Mr. Charters has been practicing in Dorchester, since his admission to the bar, but has shown his wisdom in choosing the remotest of the winter friends join in wishing him all possible success, and "Good-bye" with great pleasure in unhesitatingly promising Mr. Charters, all his business for the future.

Mr. F. M. Lyons, of the passenger department of the I. C. R., left town on Monday, for Chicago, to be present at the meeting of general passenger agents, to be held in that city on the 15th.

Miss Bliss, of Westmorland, is in town visiting her sister, Mrs. John McEwen. The hosts of Miss Bliss has won for herself, during her visits to Moncton, will be glad to hear that she intends spending the remainder of the winter here. Would that we might keep her with us always.

Great interest is being manifested in the Y. M. C. A. building. The boys branch of the association, of which I spoke some time ago, intends holding a concert in the W. C. T. U. hall next Friday evening. The proceeds to go towards the building fund. The boys are doing their utmost to secure an attractive programme, and they are deserving of all possible encouragement. Mr. J. H. Wetmore is assisting the boys.

I see that "our special" is having a tilt with the Brother Army. More power upon your elbow brother! Things were getting dull in town! Variety is the spice of life, you know, and there was not a prospect to be got for love or money in town last Saturday night, your "special" took so well. Write some more, and we'll stand by you and pat you on the back. CECIL GWYNNE.

HALIFAX.

FEBRUARY, 13.—It seems that carnivals in Halifax have not yet had their day. The one given in the Exhibition rink last week, was largely attended by spectators, the participants in the two hundred and fifty altogether, making very small show on that large sheet of ice. Taken altogether the costumes were bright if not novel or striking. The children are looking forward to their carnival which takes place on St. Valentine's day.

Prizes are offered for the most original costumes. Lt.-Col. Humphrey, and the officers of the 68th Princess Louise Fusiliers, have sent out invitations to their gentlemen friends to an At Home, at words response in one corner of the card, and Saturday night you'll find one man in his own house.

Mrs. Wm. Lawson, is very seriously ill.

Our Bishop is about to desert us during the Lenten season, much to our sorrow and regret. He is inflicting penance broadcast, for he will be missed everywhere, and where exists such sorrow as in slitting for the unattainable? The Bishop will spend most of the time in New York. Mrs. Courtney and Master Basil purpose going to the Southern States, and Saturday last we had one of the most tremendous storms of the season, rain and wind, hurricane and tempest. Alas that such was the day fixed upon for only twenty were there courageous enough to venture out and the hundred stayed peacefully at home.

Mrs. Albro is very ill indeed, and is not expected to recover.

Mrs. William Black has lost a sweet little baby son, Samuel Gordon. He died last week after a very short illness.

Lots of good things are promised us for the ensuing week, an Orpheus concert, an entertainment at the Academy given by the officers of the *Minia* and their friends; an original play is to be put on that evening, then the Dramatic company follow close on their heels with "The Two Roses" to be given by popular amateur.

Mrs. J. Morrow, has lately lost her father, Senator Macdonald, of Toronto.

MAKE HENS LAY

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

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

is absolutely pure and slightly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. Strictly a medicine, to be given in the food, once daily, in small doses. Prevents and cures all diseases of hens. Worth its weight in gold when hens are molting, and to keep them healthy. Testimonials sent free by mail. Ask your druggist, grocer, general store, or feed dealer for it. If you can't get it, send us a postal note. Take no other kind. We will send you a copy of our "POULTRY FEEDING GUIDE" (price 25 cents; tells how to make money with a few hens, and two small packages of Powder for 50 cents; or, one large 2 1/2 pound can and Guide, \$1.20. Sample packages of Powder for 50 cents; or, one large 2 1/2 pound can and Guide, \$1.20. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., 22 CANTON HOUSE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

**\$100 AWARD WITH 5 Cent "WHITE CROSS" GRANULATED SOAP.**

To the person sending us the most certificates	\$50.00
To the person sending us second highest number	25.00
To the person sending us third highest number	10.00
To the person sending us fourth highest number	5.00
To the next ten persons, \$1.00 each	10.00

There is one certificate in each 5 cent package. Send in your certificate to St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. B. There will be awarded Sept. 1, 1900. Send certificate to us on note that date.

A pure, dry Soap in fine powder with remarkable cleansing powers. All grocers are authorized to refund purchase money if not entirely satisfactory.

Buy Golden Eagle, and have good Bread.

[Progress is for sale in Shediac at A. Magriddle's store.]

Feb. 12th.—Among the arrivals in town last week, I noticed Rev. Mr. Watson, of Scotch settlement, and Mr. Mattison, of Kerry Watson & Co., Montreal, who I hear, intends rusticating with his family at Shediac next summer. While strolling down town one evening, I also noticed the arrival of Mr. Fred White, of Montreal.

Last Tuesday a party of young folks with a sprinkling of the elders, drove up to Shediac Cape, and surprised Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Sewell. As the driving was good, the night beautiful, and the party congenial, a very pleasant evening was spent.

On Wednesday evening Miss Theal gave a large whist party, at which the youth, beauty and talent of the town were all represented. Although it was ostensibly a whist party the young people formed in little knots, and from the animated conversation, of which I caught snatches, I think they were enjoying themselves. Several of the ladies and gentlemen present favored the company with some college songs. After partaking of the "good things" provided by the popular hostess, the party separated, all vowing the evening's enjoyment perfect.

Prof. Warrant, of Moncton, has opened a Berlitz class for the study of French. Twelve ladies and gentlemen have embraced this opportunity of studying.

On Friday evening a number of young people accepted invitations from Mrs. Shaeffer to a tobogganing party at Point du Chene. The slide was in grand condition and judging from the shouts and laughter all were enjoying themselves.

After sliding for some time the party adjourned to the house, where they indulged in music and dancing for an hour or so. The drive home in the bright moonlight was most enjoyable.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Heald, of Sussex, who have been visiting his sister, Miss Kate Theal, returned home this week. They will be missed by all. Skating is the order of the day. On Tuesday last the trustees granted the pupils of the central school a half holiday for skating, and pupils and teachers seemed to enjoy the sport.

I hear rumors of two large parties to be given in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Gibson entertained a few friends Thursday evening.

Mr. T. McE. Read, of Minneapolis is in town visiting his brother Walter. He is looking remarkably well.

Rev. Dr. Sprague has quite recovered from influenza.

Mrs. C. H. Hall and Mrs. A. G. Robinson are suffering from a grippé.

Mr. James Murray, Sr., is also ill with the prevailing epidemic.

Messrs. George and John Kirkpatrick, of St. John are in town.

Miss Louise McCallion is visiting Mrs. J. R. McConnell.

Mr. Fred Waterston, of St. Stephen, was in town last week.

Mr. J. R. McConnell, who is lumbering in New Brunswick, made a flying visit home last week.

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SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOUSES. SPRING, 1890.

New designs in best BRUSSELS CARPETS, with 5-8 Borders to match.

A choice lot of new Designs, Brussels Patterns, in LINOLEUMS, cut to any size.

Balance of Spring Stock arriving by every Steamer.

YOUR INSPECTION IS INVITED.

A. O. SKINNER.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES!



A COAT OF PAINT WILL COVER A MULTITUDE OF FAULTS.

HOUSE OWNERS will get results sooner for it. Housewives will be happier for living in harmony of color. And when you decide to have the exterior and interior of your home neat and handsome, get estimates of cost from A. G. STAPLES, Main and Decorative Painter, 115 Charlotte street. He will do the work as well and as reasonable as any other.

Ladies who read this should remember that a room has to be made ready with the painter's skill and brush before it is fit for elegant furniture. Have one beautiful room, at least, in your house. Give it interior decoration. Call on him and get his ideas.

RACES! Victoria Rink, FRIDAY, 21ST FEB.

THE VICTORIA SKATING CLUB will hold a Series of Races, as given below, on Friday evening, 21st inst.

PROGRAMME OF RACES.

- 1—Boys' Race, one mile, open to boys under 16 years of age.
- 2—Amateur Race, one mile.
- 3—Amateur Backward Race, 1/2 mile.
- 4—Boys' Race, two miles, open to boys between 16 and 21 years.
- 5—Professional Race, three miles.
- 6—Amateur Race, three miles.

Entries for the above Races will be received at the Secretary's office, Ritchie's Building, up to 5 p. m. THURSDAY, 20th inst.

A Silver Medal will be awarded to the winner of each of the Amateur Races, and \$10 to the winner of the Professional Race.

TICKETS for sale at ALFRED MORRISEY'S BOOKSTORE and at the door.

R. R. RITCHIE, Sec'y.

THEY SING IT.

Something More About a Song of the Salvation Army at Moncton.

The Moncton Times has been trying to find out to what extent the Salvation Army at that place, has been singing the blasphemous song mentioned by PROGRESS last week. There seems a difference of opinion among the Army. Some are understood to deny the authorized use of these lines; others say that they have been used," is the report. A letter from Grace Hutch tries to give the impression that the song was not sung there, and abuses PROGRESS in a somewhat unchristian way for saying what it did.

We prefer to believe our Moncton correspondent, especially as the St. John salvationists claim that there is such a song, though they do not use it. It is, they assert, sung by the adherents of Major Moore, who constitute another branch of the Army.

There is no doubt that it has been sung in Moncton as asserted. Whether it was "authorized" or whether Grace Hutch heard it is something with which PROGRESS has no concern. The Army has used it. It should never do so again.

Grandmother's Valentine.

Bessie Day was up in the attic of her grandmother's house in the country. Mrs. Day was looking among some boxes for bits of velvet for the sofa-cushion that Bessie was making, and her bright-eyed little granddaughter was busy with her in the search. Presently Bessie opened a box that stood in the corner of the attic.

"O grandmama," she exclaimed, "this one is full of pictures!"

"Let me see," said the old lady. She came and looked into the box; then she sighed a little, though her smile was sweet as she said:

"They are pictures your grandpa gave me when we were children together. I think his first valentine to me is there. You may look if you like."

Bessie sat down on the floor beside the box, and took out the pictures one by one till she came to the very last.

"There it is," said Grandmama Day, with a lovely pink tinge in her cheeks.

It was a faded, childish drawing of a little boy and girl. The boy was offering the little girl a four-leaved clover, and she was standing, shyly looking down at her clasped hands.

"Isn't it funny?" laughed Bessie. "Does it seem so to you, my dear?" said her grandmama, taking the picture and looking at it with much tenderness.

Bessie's laugh died away, and her own eyes filled as she saw the tears shining in the old lady's eyes. Her granddaddy had died long before she was born, and this was her first realization of the love and grief that were still alive in his wife's heart. She jumped up and threw her arms around her grandmama's neck, and kissed her.

"It's so sweet," she said, "to think that dear little boy is grandpapa, and that little girl is you!"

Grandmama Day wiped her eyes. "It's the first thing he ever gave me, and it's his own drawing," she said. "I think I'll take my valentine down to my own room. It's sixty years, Bessie. Come now, dearie, we'll find your velvet scraps."

—Youth's Companion.

Quite A Difference. An Irish undertaker and an employee got into a dispute about wages.

Lawyer (to undertaker)—Now, sir, didn't you promise to pay this young man so much a week?

Undertaker.—No, sir, it was so much a week.

Lawyer.—No, sir, it was so much a week.

Undertaker.—No, sir, it was so much a week.

If You Have Advertisements This paper is read

VOL. II.

BEGINNING

SOME OF THE

RE ALBANY

Nothing Very Definite are Plenty More to Best Course for Rest Have the Best Men

The advice of Proot way in which candid council should be cho has been very favora quarters. It is admitt in which the best men the only way in which or inefficient, place-s from the mismanagement

The office should se man the office.

The individual who ward unasked, and is people are indifferent not seek the place, r representative. He has to get into the council is to advance the inter his friends he is the should be left at home greater object than personal vanity, he is man to serve the peopl too easily influenced b axes to grind at the ex

That men have con selves in the past have sentatives is due rader bad system which has enlarged city it should They ratepayers of each the men they want, not man or that who puts l case he wants the pos

Several suggestions h to the best methods of c One is that a few of the payers of each ward iss a convention, guarding otherwise against the me by persons having no b less machinery there is the better. All that is pression of opinion from heart the best interests secure such an expressio required than that some the lead. There will be to carry this idea to a fin

A ticket thus brought pretty certain to succeed victuals who nominate the candidates of one or

As it is now, the wa friends represent the only exists. It is sometimes carry his men, who are into the council against but apathetic citizens.

The proper time for orp to be mentioned are the them be endorsed. If no be chosen.

The ward bosses are al plans. It is time that something to say.