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pet Warerooms. NG, 1889.

ERE and HOUSEKEEPERS will want to and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

for the coming season, I will be able to ATTEST NOVELTIES in

PESTRY CARPETS, with Borders to match; PATTINGS, ART SQUARES,

EST VALUES ever QUOTED in this city.

HOTELS and PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

R, - - 58 KING STREET, JOHN. N. B.

Millinery Department.

OPENING TO-DAY: 80 CASES

AMERICAN STRAW GOODS.

SMITH BROS.

WHOLESALE

DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY.

Granville and Duke Streets,

HALIFAX.

SYDNEY WARD.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., Feb. 12, 1889.

W. E. Lewis, Esq., of said Ward, would nominate WM. LEWIS, Esq., of said Ward, to represent us in the Common Council as Alderman, and pledge ourselves to do all in our power to secure his election.

Signed by 85 electors.

To the Electors of Sydney Ward.

GENTLEMEN: In compliance with your requisition, asking me to allow myself to be put in nomination as a candidate for ALDERMAN at the approaching election, I beg to say that, although the matter is not of my seeking, I am entirely in your hands, and will accept with pleasure your flattering nomination. A glance at the names on your requisition convinces me that you intend to carry the election, and I am content to leave the result in your hands, assuring you that I elected my best efforts in the future, as in the past, will always be put forward in the interest of this city, and Sydney Ward in particular. I have the honor to be, Yours, etc., WILLIAM LEWIS.

By Order of the Common Council of the City of Saint John.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill will be presented for enactment at the present session of the Provincial Legislature to provide for the extension of wharves on the "Pettingill" property.

The object of this Bill is to authorize the Common Council to issue Debentures to an amount not exceeding Twenty Thousand Dollars, payable in twenty years, bearing interest not exceeding four per cent, for the erection of wharves and building up the slips on the Pettingill property, the annual interest and a sinking fund to provide for the payment of the Debentures to be charged on the revenues derived from the wharfage.

4th March, 1889.

St. John, N. B., March 9, 1889.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

GENTLEMEN:—

Believing in the principle that no Mayor in this City should hold office for more than two years, and having been solicited by numerous electors to allow myself to be placed in nomination for the Mayoralty, I beg to announce that I will be a Candidate on the second TUESDAY in April next.

Hoping to receive your support and votes. I am your obedient servant,

GEORGE A. BARKER.

To the Electors of Wellington Ward.

GENTLEMEN:—

We shall again be candidates for your suffrages at the coming election for

ALDERMEN

of Wellington Ward, on the first Tuesday in April next. And we promise to serve you (if elected) in the future as in the past.

Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM SHAW, THOS. W. PETERS.

To the Electors of Wellington Ward.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

At the request of a number of the Electors, I have decided to offer for the

ALDERMANSHIP

at this ward, and would respectfully solicit your support.

WILLIAM B. CARVILL.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

VOL. I., NO. 47.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

AND THE RING MUST GO.

THE PEOPLE OF PORTLAND HAVE SAID THE WORD.

They Voted for Union to Get Rid of the Chesley Clique—How the Spoilsmen Riddled Against Mr. Ald. Murphy's Votes—One Item in the Current Account.

Tuesday was a great day for Portland. The people voted for union by a recorded majority of 141, and signed the death warrant of the ring. The actual majority was probably over 200, but as a good many opponents of the union voted two or three times, the figures show a good deal below what they should be.

Ald. Murphy, for instance, voted twice—once as his own disreputable self and once as a respectable John Murphy who was out of the country. This is the man who thought he was slandered, because Progress mildly insinuated that he was the tool of the Chesleys. Another man, one of the Chesley supporters and a fireman who has kept away from fires, is said to have voted several times. He was one of the heelers who hunted the polls and rushed in supposed dead and absent men to vote. One of the first names voted that day was that of Capt. Peter Riley, who lives in the Western states.

Ward 5 surprised the people by opposing union, when it, of all places was likely to be benefitted by a change. The explanation is that somebody stuffed the ballot box.

Altogether the ring did its best—and was beaten.

It will be beaten again in a week or so. The signs of the times are unmistakable. The ring must go.

Why shouldn't it go? It has cost the city, directly and indirectly a vast sum of money. In the matter of the liquor question, alone, and it is only one item, the figures are enough to appal the citizens.

The Scott Act was carried in Portland, three years ago, by a good majority. The people wanted the rum shops done away with, and they supposed of course the law would be enforced. It was not, nor has it been to this day. Every attempt to carry it out was opposed by the Chesleys and their followers. The friends of the act found that they had not only to fight the liquor dealers but the city council as well. They abandoned the task in disgust.

Before the Scott Act came nominally into force, the city derived a revenue of about \$4,000 a year from liquor licenses. The supporters of the act argued that if the law were enforced, much of this would be made up by fines levied on illegal sellers. They made a great mistake. For the last three years the city has not received a dollar from such a source, more liquor has been sold than at any time in the history of Portland, and there are about 80 new grog shops which have sprung into life and flourished under the stimulus of absolute free trade. Liquor selling is the leading industry of the city, and the stuff dealt out is second only in vileness to the vitriolic alcohol sold in Bangor and Moncton.

Extract from the ledger of the recording angel:

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes 'Amount of deficiency by non-granting of licenses and failure to enforce law, 3 years, at \$4,000 per annum' for \$12,000.

By 30 new grog shops, at \$5 each, (cost of fittings and stock) \$150,000. Bal due city \$11,850.

The vote for union is the signing of the death-warrant of the ring. Had the city had decent government it is most improbable that the result would have been as it was. The people, fearing a continuance of the regime of misrule and extravagance, decided rather to fly to evils that they knew not of, than to endure the ills they had. As one citizen puts it: "We took an expensive way to get rid of the Chesleys. It was like burning a barn to get rid of the rats." This man is, of course, a pessimist, who will probably have different views in a year or two.

Right here, PROGRESS asks leave to crow a little. It has been the only paper in St. John which has had the pluck to tell the truth about Portland and its factions. It alone has aroused the people to a sense of their duty, and it may claim without arrogance that it has turned the scale in favor of union. Even the enemies of Progress know that it has told the truth about Portland from first to last. The only objection has been that "it is too personal."

Gentlemen, when you undertake to kill a hog, it is not advisable to wear kid gloves.

This aphorism is not intended to apply to any individual of the ring, but to the ring itself as a concrete and abominable whole.

It is not often that PROGRESS has a good word for Lon. Chesley, but it gives him credit for one sensible act. It is said that at the last meeting of the fire committee Ald. McGoldrick and others wanted steps taken to remove Chief Engineer Johnston, on the ground that he had been supplying

PROGRESS with information about the mismanagement of that department. To the credit of the Boss, he refused to lend himself to the scheme.

He was right. Chief Johnston is not the informant of PROGRESS in these matters, and it is but simple justice to him that this should be understood.

Now that the vote on union has been taken, tickets will be found in the various wards. The names mentioned last week are still discussed, but several of the aspirants in Ward 1 are likely to retire when a regular people's ticket is formed.

Mr. Robertson has not yet been announced as positively in the field, but there is scarcely a doubt that he will be.

New Books, Papers and Magazines, always on sale, at McArthur's.

BRANDY BECOMES ALCOHOL.

An Interesting Chemical Transformation Effected by the Customs Department.

"When is a jar not a jar?" asks the amiable Lord Dundreary, and the answer is, as everybody knows, "When it is a door." In a similar humorous vein is a conundrum which the customs department at Ottawa has just answered, to its own satisfaction and the amusement of the public. It is this: "When is brandy not brandy?" And the answer is, "When it is over proof."

Like many another good joke, however, this requires an explanation and a diagram in order to be fully understood. This done, it is very funny.

In order to guard against fraud and negligence, copies of all entries at St. John and other ports are sent to Ottawa, where they are supposed to be carefully checked and examined by the relations of politicians, who condescend to draw non-assessable salaries as gentlemen of the civil service. This is why every importer is bothered by having to make out no less than five papers for each entry.

For the last four years, however, these busy-minded gentlemen have been so busy that brandy has been entered by its proof gallon instead of the running gallon. This was fully explained by PROGRESS last week, and it was then stated that by importing brandy over proof the liquor dealer would gain and the department would lose. It was simply a question of water.

It now appears that the department in its infinite wisdom had foreseen this opportunity of the importer, as will appear by the following order sent to collectors:

MEMORANDUM. CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. Ottawa, 4th March, 1889. Collector of Customs, Port of St. John.

BRANDY. You are reminded that brandy is dutiable per item No. 422 of the tariff at \$2 per imperial gal., irrespective of strength. Several collectors have been accepting entry and duty on the gallon of the strength of proof and thus caused serious loss to the revenue.

You will also bear in mind that spirits imported of an unusual strength are liable to duty as alcohol, and you are enjoined to guard against frauds in that direction.

The wisdom of this order is shown more clearly when it is remembered that the duty on brandy imported under proof—without "fraud"—is \$2 a gallon, while if it is over proof, and therefore in the nature of "fraud," the wicked importer is punished by having to enter it as alcohol.

But as the duty on alcohol is only \$1.75 a gallon the wicked and fraudulent importer saves money by the operation. Contrary to all principles of law, he takes advantage of his own wrong.

For instance, A, who is an honest man and wants to see the national policy build up the country, imports brandy at proof, or say four degrees under, and pays his \$2 per gallon like a good citizen. B, who is a greedy Grit, imports his brandy at four degrees over proof, and the brandy being classed as alcohol he pays just \$1.82 a gallon. This is the way he is punished. And it has taken the officials at Ottawa four years to learn the true inwardness of "item No. 422 of the tariff."

Umbrellas Repaired, 243 Union Street.

It is Very Handy, Too.

Housewives who have used Edwards' dicated soup will have no other. Taylor & Dockrill are the sole agents for the province. Mr. Dockrill says the article is having a ready and increasing sale.

This preparation consists of beet and vegetables in a similar form to Edwards' Preserved Potato, which has been so long used in the army and navy, and for domestic use in all parts of the world. Each pound makes, in a few minutes, 6 quarts of rich soup or gravy, representing the essence of 7-lbs. of beef and 5-lbs. of potatoes and other vegetables.

The Latest "Qualification."

"Doe?" Nixon was speaking of Bob Wilkins as a Ward 4 candidate, when he was asked, "Is he qualified?"

"Qualified he is blanked!" said Nixon; "Didn't he take boxing lessons from Tom Bate for two years and can't he handle his dukes with any man in town?"

Last chance to buy Room Paper at auction, at the Portland News Depot, Tuesday next.

PARTNERS FOR LIFE.



Mr. PORTLAND.—May I put down my name for all the dances on your card, Miss St. John?

Miss ST. JOHN.—You may keep the card, if you want it, Mr. Portland, in exchange for that slate of yours I smashed last Tuesday.

THE RING'S LAST KICKS.

HOW THE ELECTION WAS CONDUCTED IN PORTLAND.

How Ald. Murphy and Barber "Hughie" Distinguished Themselves in Their Wards—Personation and Other Trickery, but All to No End.

"Hughie" Campbell was at Ward 5 where city clerk Godard presided, Tuesday. If there is one thing more than another that "Hughie" glories in it is in "doubling up" on election day. Robert White of Millidgeville was warm in his indignation at the proceedings. There was a "pair of Jacks" at the poll, and they ran things as they pleased. It is a wonder every name on the list wasn't voted. But Mr. White saw Campbell vote two names and another man named Philips got in some fine work of the same nature. Of course their votes were "No."

There's a clergyman in Portland who will be surprised to learn that he voted. At least his friends—or enemies—voted in his name. He wasn't near the polls.

"Danny" O'Neill was at Ward 3 handing out "No" ballots to the voters. "Danny" was returning officer, but what difference did that make? None at all. It was hard to find a "Yes" ballot where he was.

One voter, advanced in years, whose sight was dim, asked for a "Yes" ballot. A negative slip was shoved toward him. "I don't want that," he said; "I want a ballot with three letters on it." None was forthcoming, and scratching out the "No" with his pencil, he wrote "Yes."

"Come off, now," said Mr. O'Neill. "Shure an' you spilled a ballot." "I don't care," said the voter, "give me one with a 'Yes' on it." And after considerable hunting he got a "Yes" and watched "Danny" till it slid into the ballot box.

"Shure an' you're votin' a rope 'round your neck, Mister McCready!" said a bystander.

"I'm voting it off my neck, you mean," retorted Mr. McCready; "I've worn it for 40 years!"

There was a lively scene when John Murphy voted the second time. He was very sorry he did it, and it is understood that legal proceedings have been threatened—the act was so barefaced.

Boss Chesley looked very black, Tuesday. He was in No. 2, mounted on the hard edge of the table, most of the time and so decidedly absorbed in the proceedings that he forgot his dinner. A soda biscuit satisfied him until the vote was counted; after that it was hard to please him.

"Boss" Kelly was active in Ward 3. He stood near the returning officer and made himself so prominent that people who weren't familiar with the scene might have thought him an official. He chiefly signalled himself, however, by the cheap and nasty trick he played on a well-known manufacturer who proposed to vote "Yes." The Boss and the manufacturer were acquaintances, and when the latter asked the former for a ballot the boss slapped him on the shoulder as he handed over a "Yes" vote, and said, "Ah, you're one of us!" Then, in an instant he added, "Write your name on it."

"I haven't a pencil," said the manufacturer, unobsequiously.

"I'll lend you one," said the Boss.

He did so. The voter, not stopping to think that this would nullify his vote, wrote his name on the ballot and gave it into the hands of "Danny" O'Neill and his partner in crime, who had seen and heard all without any protest. After he left the ward-room, it dawned upon him that he had made a mistake. So had Boss Kelly. He had changed a friend into an enemy—and done it for nothing, after all.

WORKING FOR THE SEAT.

WILL MAYOR THORNE OR GEORGE A. BARKER GET IT.

A Hot Three-Cornered Contest in Wellington—Mr. Jordan Out Again in Sydney—Mr. Forbes in Dukes, and Queens is Heard from in the Person of Mr. Turner.

Can anybody hazard a guess at the result? Not yet. Mayor Thorne's return from Ottawa, Sunday morning, was all that was needed to awaken his supporters to a full sense of their responsibility and duty, and Monday's papers sounded his bugle call for the first gathering. It was held Monday night in the Bank of Montreal building. Talking didn't occupy much time. The candidate was present greeting everybody in his usual smiling, cheery way, and before a crowd went to work he addressed them in a conversational fashion.

Whatever Mr. Thorne's supporters may think about the result of the contest, they have made up their minds that it will be a good race from start to finish, with no opportunities to sleep by the wayside. So there will be plenty of work.

But while there was commotion at the foot of King street, there was a quiet but determined 200 in Berryman's hall scanning lists from every ward. Every once in a while the enthusiasm of some canvasser would break loose while he made his report and stir the others up a little. The merry buzz of voices and the fumes of fairly good cigars filled the air. Everybody was smiling and content with the complexion of affairs. George Blake is sure of victory, and his assistants are not less confident.

"A Chipman Smith. For or against?" sang out a committeeman.

There was a dead silence all along the table. No person had apparently intervened Mr. Smith. There seemed, however, to be a general opinion that the gentleman who had served three years once as chief magistrate was rather in favor of perpetuating the custom.

Another gentleman who is not taking any active part in the mayor's election is Alderman T. W. Peters. There's a feeling among Mr. Carvill's friends in Wellington ward that the present eloquent and capable representative will need to see all the voters he can on his own behalf before the aldermanic contest.

In no city ward will there be such a determined fight as in Wellington. Carvill has strong backing. The claims, it is said, the members of the Athletic club almost to a man, but one prominent member, who is as old as the club almost, talks openly of working all election day for Peters. In dominion politics, Wellington is Conservative, and if the contest waxes as fierce as some think it will, this may tell in Alderman Peters' favor, for his opponent is a pronounced Liberal. But Mr. Carvill has a strong following who pay little attention to questions. He is tolerably sure of their vote. PROGRESS can only repeat that Alderman Peters is one of the best, if not the best representative at the aldermanic board. He has a stronger grip on important civic questions than any other alderman, and always knows how to present his case. His election and re-election to the wardenship of the county was the best evidence of the confidence reposed in him by his colleagues at the council board.

James Gordon Forbes is out in Dukes. Well, Dukes can stand a new representative and she might get a worse one than Mr. Forbes. Mr. Blizzard, though, has a semi-life lease of the representation for what he did for Queen square, and Alderman Tufts has a great grip on the temperance folk. But Mr. Forbes is out on a new line, and Mr. Tufts will have to "take a bolt." May the best man fall on top.

Mr. J. D. Turner is anxious to write "Ald." before his name. He thinks Mr. Woodburn has done so long enough, and he proposes to change places. Mr. Woodburn doesn't see the point and will remain where he is, thank you.

So far there are no rumbles of any earthquakes in Kings or Prince. A squatter who remains undisturbed on a piece of land for a certain number of years cannot be given the "grand bounce." What kind of squatters are the present aldermen for Kings?

Contrary to a line or two in PROGRESS last Saturday, Ald. Jordan proposes to cast in his fortunes in Sydney ward again, and Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Lewis will be there to see him. Alderman McCarthy needn't leave his work. He will legislate over a bigger city this year. And PROGRESS thinks his colleague will be Mr. Lewis. What do you think, Mr. Jordan?

Note Paper and Envelopes, from Five cents a quire, at McArthur's.

A Great and Growing Success.

The Berlitz school of languages which was established in this city last summer has proved a great and growing success. Since that time the study of languages has become the correct thing, especially among the young ladies, and the Berlitz teachers can be congratulated upon the success of their efforts in the community.

FREDERICKSON'S BAD BOY.

His Ma and Pa Join the Geology Club and Bring a Supple Too.

Maybe I didn't tell you before about the new club they got up in this town, which pa and ma belongs to and goes to the night before they goes to prare-meetin'. They calls it the Geology club, and I gess it must be better'n prare-meetin', and more fun in it, cos when ma and pa comes home each of 'em hax to rub the rest of 'em with anecdote lymment durin' the rest of the week. Sister said she didn't know whether they called it the Geology club, coz mudin' but fossils was allowed to b'long to it, or cos there was so many old barnycles from the government offices in it. I gess if fossils is bald-headed pa and ma must be the head fossils in the collekshun. Coz ma hangs her hair up on the bed-post at night, 'cept wot she sprinkles in the gravy 'fer flavin', and as fer pa the only way he kin part his hare is to git it run out every year with a surveyer's 'ampus. W'en his hare was thick it was 'n' trouble to see the blazes, but since it got levelled off he hax to spot out the stumps, allowin' for variation of the poll. My teacher told me, w'en I axed him wot fossils was, that they wuz to be found under the crust of the erth, but sister sez these fossils what Pa and ma belongs to was in the upper-crust, 'cep'in' a few of 'em, which was hardshell fossils. He sed most of the fossils he node was deposited in the flood w'en Noah was runnin' the Southampton packet twixt New Jerusalem and Arrowroot landin', but I gess they couldn't drown the hardshell fossils and they managed to paddle 'round till they tetch'd bottom on Currie's Mountain. But enny-way Perfussor Baley nose all about fossils, and he sez he never saw such a collekshun as this before. The common kind of fossils, he sez, don't know anything to speak of but wot the geology fossils don't know, he sez, aint worth knowin'. They kin talk, they kin walk around, and as fer eatin, why he sez a busiel of donuts wouldn't last 'em as long as it lasts the Wimmen's Union to pay for Gregory in the pleece court. Why, he sez they will akcually walk right out on the flore and start to dancin' 'acordin' to wud, specially if there's a party widder playin' the pianer. The widder is the only young fossil in the lot—she is too new to be a reglar orlained fossil by rits—but she noze more about dancin' than the rest, sister sez, coz w'ot the other fossils was deposited all the dances that was knowed in them old times was the cotylinn, the quodreel and Sir Cudger de Revelly. So now the reglar baldheaded fossils wot hax no moss on 'em is tryin' to learn how to waltz, and I tell you it makes Pa tireder than him and uncle Dick was the nite of the party.

The other day pa and ma had a rehearsal at our place. Sister hollers out 'one, two, three!' and starts the pianer, and with that pa and ma springs fer bolts and such a high ole time as their two ole fossils had fer about a minute aint been seen since the battel of the Nile. My land it was a coshin the way they went around that room. First pa went to the laborin' tack over tor'ds the dresser while ma clapped on all sale for the sowin' machine. Then ma instead of haulin' in sheets jibed again the dresser carryin away all the stanchins and most capsize'd, while pa he wears around fer the saloot and crosses her bows cosehauled fer the pantry. Then he labored for the dresser agin but just then ma gits the tiller ropes tangled in the sovin' machine somehow and runs agin pa just abaf the bread-room and down they both goes on their beam ends on the flore. My land you orter seen ma as she went down with them new socks of hers flyin' a signal of distress! Pa had his nose stove in and several stern streaks shifted and as fer ma all of her top hamper wot she hangs on the bed post went by the bord and I gess she must be badly listed judgin' from the way she's been limp'in' round and the lymment she's been plasterin' on her the past two days.

But aint we keepin' our end up I'd like to know? Wots the odds about lymment as long as pa is swingin' his game leg around in the leadin' stratters of the town? Will you be good enaf to tell us in wot respect our end aint up as it orter be? Aint we practisun' up so's we kin ningle among the reglar bloo hlap fossils of the town? Aint we high-church Methodists already and gettin' to be looked up to as individuals wot hax a pedigree on 'em ony its been mislaid somewehrs?

Sister sez the fossils must all be clams coz they kept this thing so quiet. So as a clam proceeds a storm I gess I'll stop for fear I gots my feelin' hurt.

The funnest bird is the oyster. The funnest fish is the clown. But the funnest fun of all is the fun Of the speal from Fossilstown.

Frederickson, March 20. JIMMY SMITH.

Blank Books, of all kinds, for sale at McArthur's, 80 King street.

Chairs Caned and Repaired, 243 Union Street.

MINISTERIAL HYGEINE.

RATIONAL SCIENCE OF THIS ORDER AND ITS PRINCIPLES.

Five Commandments that "Pastor Felix" Can Warrant to Be Good, If Kept, and True, Whether Kept or Not—A Code That Clergymen Should Study.

My brother: You have been kind enough to quiz me a little on the subject stated above. Why you have chosen me for an oracle I cannot imagine; for I am, it is understood, inclined to make free with the laws of the human constitution. But as, some seem to think, we have not to be good in order to suggest the plain path for others; and as you insist upon the matter, I will for you lay down the commandments. But first listen to my preamble:

Fortunately, and also unfortunately, the ears of the present age are being deafened by hygienic and physiological doctrines. With the zeal of specialists, and the overheated animation of discussion, we fancy that points are occasionally overstated, and that too great emphasis is placed upon a first-rate body in first-rate condition, and its relation to mental and spiritual manifestations. They say one might as well be dead, as not to be an A. No. 1 animal. Be one! but I advise you there is a great deal of gas talked and written on the subject, and I can get an army of racked and suffering geniuses to rise in the judgment and tell you so. History abounds in instances of "mighty souls" that "o'er inform their tenements of clay"—of admirable minds in contemptible bodies, from Saul of Tarsus down; albeit their bodies had grit and endurance, serving their owners long, and held somehow together, if they did not do so well and pleasantly. The fact is, after all, the needs of the body are first in time and place; but not the first in perpetual importance. Youth ought to have a chance to build itself up; for the chief concern of life's earliest period, mayhap, is to confer a good frame, and build it up in healthful solidity, if possible: and at that point of being, if ever, the basis of a good constitution is to be established, and good health habits may best be formed.

After this, the region of concern with most men, infallibly with all earnest working men, will be where we may have something to do, and to do it mightily;—will be in the soul's realm—the realm of will and endeavor, where there is little time or inclination to study morbid conditions; where, in the stress of work, a man will strain his nerves and sometimes overstrain—will break his body to advance his cause. Do you not know that with all our hygienic science—and it is considerable—we are an immensely nerve-stretched-and-broken, morbid, miserably self-conscious people? And do not every miss and young master study physiology till they might dispute on anatomy? Why, it is a thought of awe that a lean man cannot go abroad but the innocent on the street can tell all his bones, and see 'em too, maybe. Frosooth! let us turn to something serious and healthy. Give me some of the ignorance of the past! Let me not take too good care of myself; somebody may want my place. If, on the one hand, the Voice cries—"Do thyself no harm"; on the other hand, as deep a Voice may be sounding within him who would live to any purpose: "He who [over]-loveth his life [and will at all hazards save] shall lose it"; he who would never be off the body's base—would make his health an over-weening concern, shall reduce his real, his higher life to nil, or so near it, that there remains little to save. A good medicine is a grand opportunity nobly observed.

Would you believe me, that just today we are over-doctored? The sensible are beginning to say, "Keep clear." The world never so abundant, I think, in specialists and theorists, in visionaries and the makers of extravagances, who deal with these subjects in opposing and contradictory ways; so that it is difficult, in some cases, to see where science ceases and quackery begins. So I say to you, my brother, clear your mind of cant on health subjects. Instead of Sancho Panza's court physician, whose prudence left the burly governor with nothing but a roaring appetite, since this dish and that was not wholesome, and must be removed; we have now a multitude to prescribe or to taboo everything, till we are driven despairingly back upon the modicum of sense we have, in order to make our own decision. One would take pork away from our regimen; another would withdraw all flesh; another proclaims all vegetable substances most difficult of digestion, until the impression of how fearfully and wonderfully we are made, when nothing indeed suits our frame, deepens upon us, and life becomes a doubt and bewilderment. Wool! Wool! Cobwebs! Brush them from your eyes. Give us the perfect hygienic standard, that we err not therefrom.

But don't I believe in taking care of one's body? And don't I believe in hygienic and physiological science and its pursuit? Oh! I do, indeed. I think that to take such care is one of our duties, and that we ought to keep the tone of our bodies up, in order not only to greater comfort, but to greater working efficiency. There is a rational science of this order, with well-established truths and principles; and if it has helped to intensify the agnostic tendency of the time, and a morbid self-consciousness, it has also conduced to the abolishment of abuses, and the establish-

ment of safeguards to health non-existent before. It has called for a revision of Wesley's famous maxim, and rendered it—"Be ye clean, who would be healthy." The region of infinitesimal life it has explored, and found that much of disease is animate; and 'tis dispossessing the serpents and tigers of malaria, and promising to slay many an insidious power that toward clearing the sewers and sinks, applying disinfectant agents, and generally revolutionizing sanitary conditions, where death, through former ignorance, was rife and reigned.

So, now, for my few brief commandments. I can warrant them to be good, if kept; and true, whether kept or not. As a clergyman, you have the same need, as a nerve and 'brain worker, to attend to this code that any professional man has:

1. Don't keep the mind on one thing too long. This habit is belittling and killing tens of thousands. Vary your occupation. The operative works at the head of a pin till his head becomes like the head of a pin, or something small; far off and dazed. Inveterate and intense specialism narrows the brain and ruins the nerves. The preacher who doesn't turn from theology, sometimes, to poetry and history, and various things, will not only become a dry-aust or a fanatic, but he will surely injure his health. Stick to your task till it is accomplished, and then vary your occupation.

2. Eat. How can I help it? Rather ask—How in these steam-magnetic-dynamo days can I help guzzling? Take time to do it; and learn the pleasures and acquire the virtues of a taster. You may not become a Helioabalus, and yet it may be a real merit in you to get a wholesome sensation from what you introduce to your palate, while you chew, chew like the patient, ruminant creature in the meadow, where—

Forty are feeding like one. Again, don't eat. When you have occasion to pastorally or socially sit at that sister's table who puts on twelve kinds of cake, and coolly informs you that had she been aware of your coming she would have been prepared with a larger variety—pray abstain.

3. Take exercise. If you are a particle like your adviser, this particular rule you are bound to neglect through much forgetfulness. Josh Billings recommends it; but would have us avoid sawing wood, unless it be clearly necessary. I will reverse his judgment, in part, and assure you that I saw a little from choice. I convert the bucksaw into a harp, by turning it upside down; while leaning over it affectionately, as did the hoar minstrel of old time, I play a brief anthem of labor. Instead of scraping the saw over the wood, I sometimes vary the operation by scraping the wood over the saw. Hygienically, it secures the same result. Walk a little; I do—but not enough. If the brain is like an edged tool requiring more or less of sharpening, legs and arms are also implements that need stretching; for they, too, come under the honest law of exercise—of health and growth by motion. Walk, then, on the highway, and off it; among fields, and under branching woods, and upon dry pasture-knolls, and over crisp winter snows. Before you know it, you and the veritable goddess Hygeia will stand face to face.

4. Don't worry. As a minister you ought to trust in Providence; and if you do, you won't worry—much. But not even a dog can have health if given to worry.

5. Sleep. You will want to burn more or less of oil past midnight, if you are a student with the book-hunger on you, and are like the shaggy fellow in "Rab" (who could never get enough of "fechtin," he took life so "sairiously"), in that you can never get enough of reading; but you are liable to converse with immortality at the expense of your mortal body. You should have a precious task when lit to it by a wick that is a nerve, and oil that is your heart's blood. You may share with me the sentiment of Southey's impressive lines:

My days amid the dead are passed; Around me I behold, Where e'er these casual eyes are cast The mighty minds of old; My never-falling friends are they, With whom I converse night and day. And yet some less sentimental author may take you down with a verse like this:

He pays too high a price For knowledge and for fame Who gives his sinews to be wise, His teeth and bones to buy a name, And crawls through life a paralytic, To earn the praise of hard or critic.

THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

THE FOLIAGE AND BIRDS OF SUNSHINY FLORIDA.

G. E. F. Describes the Beauties of Spring in the South—Interesting to Lovers of Flowers and Birds—Descriptions of a Beautiful Country.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., March 14.—I had the pleasure of attending an evening "At Home" in one of Florida's fine mansions, and there met what we call at the North some of the elite of Tallahassee society, consisting of ex-governors and judges and high officials, such as reside at the capital of the state—the counterpart of our provincial capital—also medical and other professional gentlemen, besides a captain of H. M. Royal Engineers, here for the present. There was also an autocrat of stately presence, a daughter of ex-Governor Call, deceased, who held office during the Jackson presidential term, when Florida was yet a territory. From this lady I obtained considerable information upon the early history of this country and also a copy of her work, known as Florida Breezes, by Ellen Call Long—the composition of which displays considerable literary ability and research, while the book is especially edifying to a stranger and sojourner like myself in quest of information upon the early history and Indian struggles of Florida and interesting incidents connected therewith, somewhat blended with romance, but presented in a highly picturesque and artistic manner. It is altogether a work not only of great interest and value, but well worthy of preservation in the university library of this place, which is a most creditable and useful institution.

We returned to our homes at an early hour, and shall not soon forget the hospitalities of our host and hostess. Of course, if it were in New Brunswick, Progress would not hesitate to parade all our names before its readers. I am afraid were I to do this "on the present occasion," it might cause a mild shock to the tender susceptibilities of our Florida friends, whose attentions during our short stay here have been very kind and unexpected.

"For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone—the flowers appear on the earth—the time of the singing of birds has come."

We have just entered March, and are surrounded by all the Palestine loveliness of nature so beautifully described by the sweet singer of Israel. According to my reading of the map, Jerusalem is situated in the same parallel of latitude as Tallahassee, between 30° and 31° north. I doubt if there can be much if any difference in the temperature of the two places, whatever way the isothermal line trends, if one may take the above quotation as an evidence of the spring's advancement in the respective hemispheres—for here, truly, as at Jerusalem, the time of the singing of birds has come, and the flowers in these early days of March appearing "on the earth" are really a delight to behold. Not only are they in the gardens, but even in the neighboring woods, which are umbrageous with trailing vines, bedecked with blossoms of every hue and shape, such as we see in picture books, while the atmosphere around is impregnated with the "balm of a thousand flowers," the real thing itself, in its pristine state, not diluted like that we obtain from our druggists bottled up, and used at home to bedew ourselves on gala occasions.

In a former letter I stated that in January and February the gardens were alive with flowers, such as the camellia japonica, jessamine, roses, etc., etc. This was the winter bloom; we are now in the spring bloom—(thermometer rising into the 70's, with scarcely any change)—such as the yellow jessamine, growing wild in the woods, perfumè delicious, but like deceitful folks, poisonous at the heart or stamen, and dangerous at close quarters, pretty much like the northern "monk's hood," a blue flower in our gardens, which is death to children who put it in their mouths.

Then there are the fruit-tree blossoms, nearly all out—the Conde pear, the peach, the crab-apple, the pomegranate, and such like—it is a sight to behold the pink, brown and white bloom in the orchards and gardens, just now. The roses continue to develop, increasing in size and beauty with the advancing season. The Cherokee rose, a small white floral beauty, is bursting its buds and taking possession of everything that stands in its way; not being very particular as to the character of its trellis, it twines its branches among the trees, runs up the spouts, takes possession of veranda supports, invades the roofs of the houses—and spreads its mantle of white, like snow upon our northern house tops.

The May-thorn is also out, which stands, I think, for the English hawthorn; the banana is lifting its head from its winter quarters—the use of this word winter in this climate seems to me like a solecism—and when in full leaf will look majestic, running up ten or twelve feet, with long, glossy leaves. The shrub, or small tree, called here the "red-bud," or Judas tree, is all aglow with its cups of bright red, the leaves not having yet arrived, which is a freak of nature applicable to other plants or trees, the peach for example. But the beauty of this red bloom is indescribable. The dogwood is also out, as it determined

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not to be behind hand in presenting its charms for the admiration of your correspondent. The yerbena is in full feather in our little garden, the white pink daisy is creeping all about the borders, and the hydrangea—a large bush here—is getting ready to burst into bloom. The tulip tree, with its bell-like flowers, very like the brogmanche lily—our friend Bebbington will understand me—divides the palm with the other floral beauties visible on all sides. The azalia, so symmetrically trained in the north, stands in the open garden here, a blooming sugar cask (excuse the roughness of the comparison—size is intended), and not a bit less sweet in whatever sense we view it.

Then there is the fig tree. We also read in the good book, "Whenever the fig tree puts forth its leaves, then we know that summer is nigh"—I may not have it altogether correct, but such is the substance. How true our climatic idea holds good likewise in this respect, for, as in Jerusalem in the early spring, this indication of summer holds good, so here in the same latitude. The fig trees in all directions are putting out their early leaves; and so with the grapes, also of scriptural reference. "The vines with the tender grape give a good smell, . . . take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes." How true, for what flower of the field is more fragrant than the grape blossom? The vineyards are in bloom in the neighborhood—as in France upon a commercial scale, for here wine of the various brands is made, and equal to the trans-Atlantic quality, so I am informed, such as (sub rosa) port, claret, hock, etc. But the grape appears to grow wild, in the gardens and along the by-ways and hedges countrywards, taking precedence, as it were, of every other fruit, in its season, for its luciousness and different varieties. But I cannot more than begin to enumerate the manifold treasures of nature which this month of March is unfolding to the view in tree, shrub, flower and fruit—for the strawberry, the dewberry and blackberry will presently be in the market plentifully and inexpensively. Don't you wish you could look in upon us in about ten days?

But "the time of the singing of the birds has come." Although we have had bird-song going on all winter it has been in a half-hearted sort of way. But since real spring has set in, the woods and gardens have become vocal from new visitors, such as the wren, the thrush, the blue bird, the sabbler, the lark, and above all the mocking bird, which appears to be the king of all the Florida feathery choristers, and if I could only discount his notes in print I think that every amateur ornithologist in St. John would agree with me that this bird could not be beaten—for he is a whole show in himself, as his refrain is the echo and imitation of all the other birds of air. The notes of the poor robin go but a short distance in the presence of his mocking neighbor, who appears to be the soloist of the feathery choir. But there are many birds flitting about here and singing there, of rare plumage, of whose names and habits I have no knowledge.

Again, "the rain is over and gone." This sentence contains a great deal, for when it rains in Florida, at all events here it is very watery, but not quite so bad as a Scotch mist, the kind I experienced on a cruise through Loch Lomond in Scotland, once upon a time, a mist which saturates one to the skin, pervious to mackintosh or umbrella, for no human contrivance can resist it. It does not only go to the skin, but through it, and enters every nerve, fibre and tissue of the body. If this may not appear to our Scotch friends like an exaggeration, it will at all events convey my ideas of a Scotch mist, however erroneous. But here the rain comes down so hard and in such big drops that it makes no more impression upon one than it would upon a water fowl. It has no time to stop on its way, but rushes down the sides of the steep hills, or streets, with the wildest impetuosity, ploughing up the earth and leaving gullies or furrows in some places ten feet deep, carrying with it all the debris and street sweepings, thus acting as scavenger and purifier at the same time, rendering the sanitary arrangements, through these natural downpours and outlets, all but perfect. It rains until, if gets tired, it one may so speak, and leaves off as it begun, without hesitation, and makes room suddenly for the sun to shine. Not so with us at home. I have known the clouds to frown and sulk for a whole week in "wet weather" in summer time, and then we are not sure of sunshine until the St. John fog has taken its departure round Red Head, driven by its enemy which is a stiff westerly breeze. (I hope that this remark will not disturb the serenity of any body.) But now "the rain is over and gone"—in other words the winter is past, and we are basking in sunshine beneath cloudless skies, inhaling the fragrance of a "thousand flowers."

But, Progress, you must not suppose that these southern charms I have been at-tempting feebly to describe make me dis-satisfied with or forgetful of our own country, many parts of which at this writing are enshrouded in snow and encased in deep layers of ice. While the laws of compensation and equivalents hold good in climatic as in other respects, we have nothing to complain of on the score of being kept out in the cold in New Brunswick considerably beyond the month of March. If our win-terers are long, our houses are warm and we enjoy the best summers in the world when they come about, with a soil as fertile and productive as any (ceteris paribus) under the sun. If a person's purse were long enough to enable him to copy after the wild geese and spend six months North and six South, migrate November 1, and remigrate May 1, summer, or the next thing to it, might be enjoyed all the year through; and in such case we should all be the wiser and healthier for the change. However, as my own purse is now getting shorter than it was when I left home, I shall soon be to right-about-face, and then, perhaps, feel like Mrs. Malapropos who, on returning from Nice, declared that the pleasantest thing in life was to leave home, except to return to it.

G. E. F.

NEW SPRING CLOTHS!

M. R. & A. have received their First Importation of Novelties in JACKET, ULSTER and CLOAK CLOTHS, including

Fancy Mixed Cheviots; Fancy Stripe Cheviots; Oriental Stripe Cheviots; Line Stripe Alice Cloth; Self-colored Box Cloths.

Plain solid colors in both Alice and Box Cloths, include Bottle Green, Olive, Cardinal, Grenat; Slate Fawns in several shades, Browns, Navy and Myrtle.

Our "Making-up Order" department will re-open on Monday, 4th inst., when we will be able to make all kinds and styles of OUTSIDE GARMENTS to order at short notice.

PRICES REASONABLE consistent with good work and style.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

We are now Ready FOR SPRING TRADE,

AND WITH ENLARGED PREMISES and a larger and better assorted stock of

STOVES, RANGES, TINWARE, and HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE,

Than we have ever before held, we are prepared to serve our customers to better purpose than ever.

AS TO PRICES, we solicit a careful and critical comparison from all those who desire to secure the Best Value for their Money, knowing that the values we offer cannot be equalled by any in the trade.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 and 79 Prince Wm. Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., March 15, 1889.

HARRY COMEQUICK.

My Dear Friend: In answer to yours of last week, I would say that you can buy Clothing at OAK HALL CLOTHING STORE, 5 Market Square, cheaper and better than any other place I know of. Their Clothing is first-class. They invite all to call and inspect their fine large stock. They have Clothing for Men, Youths, Boys and Children; also, a beautiful stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Valises, etc. Just what you want. You will remember the place: SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., No. 5 Market Square.

Your friend, T. H. E. TRUTH. P. S.—At Night Look for the Red Light.

FOR GOOD VALUE

Union and All-Wool Grey Flannels; Ladies' and Children's Wove Hosiery; Ladies' Vests; Black and Colored Cashmeres; Gloves; Jerseys and Jersey Coats, Embroidered Cloth Table Covers; Gent's Ribbed Shirts and Pants, etc., etc., —GO TO—

PITTS' General Dry Goods Store,

179 UNION STREET. 179

Always Ready, CHEAP,

And Quality Unsurpassed, EDWARDS' DESSICATED SOUP.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, AGENTS.

Havana and Domestic CIGARS.

I have a complete assortment now in stock, in boxes and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and DOMESTICS.

THOS. L. BOURKE, 11 and 12 Water Street.

S. B. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF STEEL and IRON-CUT NAILS,

And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc. ST. JOHN, N. B.

W. WATSON ALLEN, CLARENCE H. FERGUSON, ALLEN & FERGUSON, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Etc.

Pugsley's Building, Rooms 14, 15 and 16 Cor. Prince William and Princess streets.

A. & J. HAY, 76 King Street.

Spectacles, Watches, Clocks and Jewellery. JEWELRY made to order and repaired. WEDDING RINGS guaranteed 18 K. fine.

ST. JOHN ACADEMY OF ART.

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

THE SCHOOL-ROOMS are now open to Pupils from 10 until 5 every day in the week, except Saturday afternoon.

The aim of the School is to give Pupils a good training in DRAWING AND PAINTING.

The course taught consists in— Drawing from Models and objects; The Antique; Life; Still Life.

Painting from Life. Lectures on PERSPECTIVE, including Parallel, Angular and Oblique Perspective; casting Shadows by gas light and sun light; Reflections in the mirror and water.

A specialty is made of Portraiture in this School. Pupils are taught to draw them in Charcoal and Crayon, and to Paint them in Pastel and Oil.

Principal—JOHN C. MILES, A. R. C. A. Assistant—FRED H. C. MILES. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

A NICE LOT OF PERFUMES,

In Bulk, JUST RECEIVED AT T. A. CROCKETTS, 162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. HORSES and Carriages on hire. Fine FIT-outs at short notice.

PROGRESS.

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

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

Advertisements, (contract) \$15 an inch a year. The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day.

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

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Office: No. 37 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 23.

CIRCULATION, 5,500.

WE ARE BIGGER TODAY.

There is a very general feeling of satisfaction about us. The unexpected gave us an agreeable surprise, Tuesday, and Civic Union was carried by an overwhelming majority.

Both cities can be congratulated on the result. Of the two, Portland should be happier, for instead of being governed and controlled by an unscrupulous grab ring, she will be a part of one of the best conducted cities in Canada.

It was a great day for Portland, and a very cold one for the hoodlers. Despite all their trickery, despite all their arguments, despite all their threats, the people faced them at the polls, and by a handsome majority accepted the views of PROGRESS and "turned the rascals out."

Let every voter, every resident of greater St. John, welcome civic union, and so far as he can strive to make the city really greater, not only in our own eyes, but in the eyes of the world.

Who doesn't feel bigger than he did last Saturday?

PAY UP AND LOOK SMILING.

Tenders are asked for the new opera house and several first class contractors are figuring on the job. So there is a very good prospect that the long talked of venture will come to something.

The directors can be congratulated upon their victory against the worst kind of opposition. The stockholders expect the building to go up as fast as the bricks can be placed one upon another.

There are many reasons why the new opera house should be ready for this summer's amusements. The signs of the times indicate that St. John will be a great centre this year with at least two great public demonstrations—the summer carnival and the exhibition. We want an opera house on these occasions, with first class companies in them.

Pay your calls, gentlemen.

THERE IS A BETTER WAY.

A city dry goods firm asks PROGRESS' readers in and out of town to compete for a \$20 prize, the winner of which will by May 1 have sent to their address the greatest number of their advertisements cut from the papers which they patronize.

This offer will without doubt result in a corner in old papers. We do not think the firm has hit the right plan to gain advertising knowledge. We also beg to differ from their assertion that the newspaper with the largest circulation is the best advertising medium.

Mr. Allan Forman, editor of The Journalist, is the subject of a biographical sketch in the New York Graphic, which compliments that successful literarian very highly but not at all deservedly. The St. Andrews Bay Pilot has given place to the St. Andrews Beacon. "Bob" Armstrong of the Globe has such an abiding faith in the future of the coming summer resort that he has cast in his lot with the new venture. If Mr. Armstrong can command plenty of hard work, ability and energy, the Beacon should succeed.

Mr. Edmund E. Sheppard, writing in the Toronto Saturday Night, makes feeling allusion to the position of the Mail, with respect to the Jesuits' libel suits. "If they are to be sued in Montreal," he says, "they may find the lawsuit almost as difficult as if they had slandered the devil and were to be tried in hell." Mr. Sheppard has been there himself.

HORRIBLE EXAMPLES.

The contributors to the Telegraph and Star are permitted to indulge in some extraordinary English, these days. Here, for example are two sentences that the brilliant Campbellton correspondent of the former esteemed contemporary used in his graphic and picturesque account of the I. C. R. accident: "The woman of the special was trying to escape through the window of the cab when the train struck"

but, alas, his efforts were in vain, for the train met and telescoped, and he was ushered hurriedly before his Maker and his mangled remains found on the track. Driver WHITNEY was killed instantly—it is thought by a blow on the back of the head. His remains are minus a leg, and his nose is slightly disfigured, otherwise he looks natural.

And it has been but a few days since our equally esteemed contemporary which is Conservative in its politics but not always in its choice of language, contained this remarkable paragraph, which we reprint with apologies to Rev. GEORGE BRUCE: "The gospel temperance meeting, yesterday afternoon, in Good Templar hall was intensely listened to by a fair audience. A good choir opened the meeting with the hymn, O where are the reapers, after which the chairman, JOHN LAW, read a portion of the 9th chapter of Isaiah. The speaker, Rev. GEORGE BRUCE, delivered a telling scriptural temperance address, descriptive from personal experience of the vice of intemperance. The chairman tendered the speaker a vote of thanks on behalf of Peerless district lodge for his able address, and in responding he complimented the singing and the management of the meeting as tending to do good."

In view of these and other similar felonious assaults upon our mother tongue, we feel warranted in saying that it is high time for certain editors to begin to edit.

The present system of public printing, that of distributing the work among the newspapers that demand a sop, is both wasteful and inefficient. Certain establishments, notably that of the Telegraph, which are amply provided and well managed, give the government a handsome job, but in the very nature of things the ordinary country office must fall far short of either beauty or correctness. In Commissioner Ryan's report, for instance, which bears the imprint of the Bathurst Courier, three kinds of paper are used, hardly a page is legibly printed and typographical errors bespeak every paragraph. The Courier doubtless did the best it could with the facilities at command, but the result in this and other cases convinces us that for the credit of the province there should be a change in the system.

Two graduates of Mount Allison, ALFRED AUGUSTUS STOCKTON, M. A., D. C. L., Ph. D., LL. D., M. P. P., and S. DUNN SCOTT, B. A., have put in their little protest against \$1,000 of the provincial funds going to the Collegiate school, Fredericton, as a feeder for the University. It ever the Sackvillian graduates get sufficient influence in the local house the New Brunswick University will have to share with Mount Allison. But with Mr. Speaker PUGSLEY, Mr. MITCHELL and Mr. WILSON in their places, the provincial university is safe. Mount Allison appears to be doing very well, too.

Our Florida correspondent, G. E. F., remarks in a casual fashion in his interesting letter that many parts of this province are "enshrined in snow and encased in deep layers of ice." That would have been true last year, but times have changed. We said "good bye" to winter, March 1. Spring was on time this year, and all the snow and ice you can find in southern New Brunswick at the present time wouldn't make a toboggan slide in anybody's back yard.

Certain interesting conditions attach to the bequest of the late Hon. J. S. PIKE, who left several thousand dollars to establish a free public library in Calais, Maine. One of them provides that no work of fiction less than ten years old shall be purchased with his endowment. Mr. PIKE had a large and level head.

"Nuts," of Newcastle sends us some political chestnuts to crack. Thanks for the trouble, but our teeth are tender: therefore excuse us. But no doubt the newspapers which make a business of cracking political chestnuts daily will undertake the job. Try them.

PEN AND PRESS.

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The Letter Came via New York. "That correspondent was a little off his base, Saturday," said a post office clerk, Wednesday. "The English mail that brought his letter arrived Monday, via New York, the letter was stamped Monday evening and restamped by the carrier the next morning and delivered. I don't see how it could be done much quicker."

Something For Their Customers.

Manks & Co. have issued an attractive card for their customers with information for their use in selecting hats.

Advertisement for Ideal Soap featuring an illustration of a woman washing clothes. Text: "Ideal Soap. I tell you, ma'am, washing can't be done well unless the soap is right. I've been washing these 30 years and tried all kinds, and there's none like Logan's Ideal Soap for taking dirt and stains out of the clothes without rotting them, and it don't make the hands rough and sore as many soaps do. It's made by Wm. Logan St. John, and all grocers sell it."

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 King Street, (OPPOSITE ROYAL HOTEL), Open about March 20.

SPORTS OF THE SEASON. Rogers is a good man to keep small company, and I understand he wants to come to St. John. Get him by all means. If you can, gentlemen of the committee. We won't find fault with any such move as that.

Our local celebrities in the battery line, Robinson and Whiteneck, will probably sign the contract early this year, or not at all. So far as I can gather, the club is down on a repetition of any such back-siding-and-filling-in as was held last spring.

So Moncton is beginning to throw dirt. Don't try it on boys. Waag is good enough for you—some say too good—and don't you be alarmed about our nine. St. John can get one, and you can make up your mind that it will be a good one.

What pleased me as much as anything is the hall talk I heard from a Frederictonian, a few days ago. He speaks with authority and says much. All I could gather pointed to the conclusion that, just as soon as an arrangement could be made with the track association, a club would be formed. There is talk of an imported battery. All I can say is: do not do it. A new club wants all the practice they can get, and then they won't have enough to compete with older organizations.

The Shamrocks say that before they can get the right grounds within the city they must cover the same with gold dollars. One man who paid \$200 for a lot of marsh land, wants a ten year lease signed with security for \$3,000 rental in that time, with no renewal clause and no rebate for improvements. How's that for a hog?

In my hurried dots last Saturday, I omitted to congratulate President Skinner upon his reelection. Beyond the fact that Skinner has done enough for the club to be its life president, I know of no gentleman who can fill the position so well. He has plenty of back bone—a very necessary possession—and is always for the club.

Frank White arrived home from the west Wednesday, looking and feeling well. His friends have every reason to be satisfied with the showing he made in New York and New Haven. Under the circumstances, no provincialist could have done better. He had never touched the New York track before he went on it to run, and on the New Haven course, which was almost as new to him, he forced the winner close up to the record.

Frank's friends will be glad to know that while away he was cured of the throat trouble that has annoyed him for some time past. That in itself was worth the time and the expense of the trip.

The daily papers have made some allusion to the new sporting club that is now in process of organization, but the paragraphs have necessarily been somewhat indefinite. I may add that it will be known as the National club, and will have rooms over Bob Wilkins' popular resort. Its statement of purposes will be rather elastic, since the desire is to add every kind of sport, taking special care to push its own members to the front in all athletic events, and at the same time to keep up the good work that the Polyorphians inaugurated, in helping out any civic festival. What the membership fee will be is not certain as yet, but everybody seems willing to put down at least \$10 to start the show, and about 60 members have already been secured.

The committee on constitution and estimates will report to the meeting at the National, Monday night, when organization will be effected. Every man who has been invited to join is requested to be on hand at that time and place, and help start right. Gentlemen who stay away and who afterwards kick because the club-made rules they don't like, will be mildly but firmly set upon.

Judging from the list of members, the new club will be composed of whole-souled fellows who can always be counted on to back up sport and who will succeed in anything they undertake, or try trying. If they make a wise choice of officers and don't start on too extravagant a scale, in the matter of headquarters, they will live and grow and be a credit to the town. I think they will try to do the right thing, and I wish them luck.

Horsemen who want to keep posted will be glad to learn that their best paper has engaged "Jimmy" Power, the secretary of the Maritime Trotting circuit, as a turf correspondent. I expect Power's weekly bullet will be a great feature this year, for when he talks horse he knows what he says every time. You will find his letter elsewhere.

A funny little strike is on at the Y. M. C. A. rooms. The boys' class having been restricted to two evenings a week in the use of the gymnasium, the boys got their backs up and decided they wouldn't work it at all. They say that the restriction was made "because the big fellows are afraid they'll laugh at 'em."

Jack McCoy says that DeBarry never started out of his class or under an assumed name, and cannot properly be called a "chief." Well, I guess you're right, Mr. McCoy. "Chief" wasn't the proper word. The main trouble with DeBarry was that we hadn't a match for him.

McCoy, I understand, has added some fine stock to his stable. He has just reached home with some California horses, one stallion and two mares: 1st dam by Belmont; 2nd dam by Pilot Jr. He tells me he will give the horse's service free if he can't show a mile in 2:25, and if he can he will charge \$100. Forty dollars sure and \$25 will be the regular charges, but the above offer is open to anyone who chooses to accept it. One of his fillies is by Sir Wilkes and the other is by Le Grant first dam by Arthurton the sire of Arab, 2:13. McCoy will be in St. John shortly and will be ready and willing to give information.

HALIFAX, March 20.—Horsemen in this section of the country are delighted with the arrangements for the fall circuit, and already they are making preparations for a tour of the tracks. The meeting has awakened an interest in trotting which has never been observed before among some people in this city, and with the extensive advertising the circuit will receive, the opening races will doubtless be the means of making many persons, who have heretofore admired the "bang-tailed" animals, transfer their affections to the preferred driving horse.

The classes provided for the circuit ought to produce large fields and interesting contests. There are a large number of green horses in the three provinces, which will compete in the 3-minute class, while the 2:45 classes ought to be the best of the meetings. Lucy Derrick, 2:44; Lady McCoy, 2:45; Messenger Clay, 2:45; Maud March, 2:45; Maggie T., 2:46; Gladstone, 2:46; Wildflower, 2:48; Gen. Sherman, Jr., 2:47; Frank Nelson, 2:47; Harry Morgan, 2:48; Long John, 2:49; Mistake, 2:50; Jennie C., 2:51; Kate Sheridan, 2:54; Paul Lambert, 2:55; Plug, 2:55, and other, are eligible to score up for the word in this race, not to mention several speedy ones from the 3-minute class. School-marm, 2:49, and Speculation, 2:48½, being four-year-olds, are not included in this list, but if their owners should decide to start them against aged horses, there are many who would expect to see them win a piece of the money, even in such a field.

But what great races the faster classes will likely prove! Ranpart 2:36½, Blackbird 2:36½, Rattler 2:37, Melbourne King 2:37½, Highland Chief 2:37½, Henardo 2:37½, Ironclad 2:38, Albert D. 2:38½, Maud C. 2:39½, Kitty 2:39½, Lord Dufferin 2:39½, Tol Hooker 2:39½, Maud R. 2:39½, Phil Logan 2:40, George Allright 2:41, Troublesome 2:41½, Lady Max 2:42, Gypsy 2:43, with others are among the provincial trotters which can answer the bell for this race, while the majority of these horses will enter for the 2:35 class, and Black Pilot 2:30½, Helena 2:34, Charlie Morris 2:34, Sir Garnet 2:34, Peabody 2:32, Col. Lang 2:31½, Island Chief 2:34½, and Bronze Chief 2:36 are among the other horses which will be able to join them in this contest. It has been stated that Mr. Todd intends to have two of the Emeline mares, Alice Blackwood, 2:29½, and Daisy Hart 2:24½, this season, and if it is hoped he will at least sell one of the mares through the circuit, as people in each town will be anxious to see one of the famous Emeline family, as well as one of the many fine horses owned by such an enterprising gentleman as Mr. Todd.

For the success of the circuit a number of horses from northern and western New Brunswick should compete at Halifax and Truro, and again since a few years later when he appeared on the Provincial tracks with the bay mare Princess. He afterwards went to England, and has since done a good trade in shipping horses across the Atlantic for parties on the other side, though remaining in Halifax several months at a time, and also imported the stallion Gene, now owned in Kings. Last year, Mr. Frazier purchased Col. Wood, 2:29½, and shipped him to England with Glop John and other provincial horses.

I hope to give you some interesting horse notes next week. FOWLER.

Spring Showers.

BARNES & MURRAY'S PRICE LIST.

Table with columns for Ladies' Umbrellas (45c and 50c, 60c, 85c, \$1.00, \$1.10, 1.35, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00) and Waterproof Circulars (\$1.00 and \$1.25, 1.75, 2.25, 2.75, 3.20, 4.75). Includes note: 'All Sizes in Children's Reversible Capes.'

17 CHARLOTTE STREET. N. B.—We Pay the Car Fare.

The New Crockery store, 94 KING STREET.

DAILY RECEIVING—NEW GOODS. Now showing a fine display of CUT-GLASS DECANTERS, CELERIES, CLARETS and WINES; also, DECORATED TOILETTE SETS, and OLD BLUE WILLOW CHINA BREAKFAST and TEA SETS, and CUPS, SAUCERS and PLATES.

C. MASTERS. MANSON'S, 16 KING STREET.

Dress Goods & Millinery.

DROP INTO OUR STORE and see the Dress Goods we are showing for Spring. Fashions, both in style of make-up and color, change so often now-a-days that a great many people don't care to put Big Money in Dresses for Street Wear. Therefore we place before you stuffs in all the new Shades, and of a nice, soft texture, that, when made up in a stylish manner, look just as well as goods costing three times the price. The Prices for single width Goods, 10c., 12c., 15c., 18c., 20c., 25c., 30c. The Prices for double width, 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c., 55c., 60c. Braids and Gimp Trimmings to match.

MILLINERY.

In our Millinery Department we are showing the latest creations of the Paris, London and New York Designers. Straw Hats, Bonnets and Toques, including the new Swiss and Italian Lace Braids and Neapolitan effects. Low Crowns are showing in all the Dress Shapes, and a great many Directoire Shapes are introduced. Brims are short at the back, and very deep in front. Artificial Flowers will lead the Millinery garniture for Spring. Natural effects predominate. Ribbons will be used profusely. A peep at our Show Window will give you an idea of what we are showing.

M. MANSON, - 16 King Street.

Only provincial horses have been named in the probable starters given above, and no calculations have been made in regard to the numbers of American horses likely to compete. John Whielden, of Bangor, has a great hankering for the provinces, and it would not be a surprise to see him down here with Elmo, 2:27½, and others. Wallington or Gibbs, of Boston will doubtless be on the circuit, and George Hill, of Brockton, had an idea some time ago of corresponding with the secretaries of the various tracks to ascertain if they would offer a special purse to drive a pair of runners hitched to a wagon, or to drive a pair pacer against time. This circuit has been considerably talked about in the Boston states this winter, and there were some reports that Frank, 2:19½, would trot on the circuit, but the substitution of the 2:28 class for the free for all has him out, and all other horses which are much faster than the trotters now owned in the Province.

It is a pleasure to note that the Halifax, St. John, Fredericton and St. Stephen tracks are members of the National Trotting association, and before the circuit opens it is expected Truro will be enrolled under its banner, and if Charlottetown joins the circuit, they will also be under the association. This means that evil-doers will have slim chances on the tracks this year, as if, for instance, a driver conspired himself dishonestly at Halifax, and is suspended, his occupation is gone, as the other tracks being members of the association, he will be unable to take part in any of their races. A note of warning might be given right here to a few, if any, who have any inclination to do wrong. The managers of the various tracks are anxious to gain the confidence of the public, and are bound to enforce the rules of their association, so that any offender may be expected to be treated with the utmost severity. But it is not likely there will be any need of inflicting many penalties, as there are very few drivers who will not strive to win, and owners are so anxious to boom their stallions that efforts will be made to give the latter or their produce the best records possible.

That was a splendid idea of Dr. Walker's in regard to having the railways issue coupon excursion tickets at first-class fare, entitling the holder to his railway passage and admission to the track, and issuing excursion tickets only to those who purchase coupon tickets. The manager of the Windsor & Annapolis railway has always objected to issuing excursion tickets because many persons waited for the reduced fares and never visited the races. This new scheme will obviate this difficulty, and there is no doubt it will be accepted by the railway managers, not only in regard to the circuit, but is likely to be adopted in regard to all excursions in the future.

The dates of the meetings have been so arranged that the horses after trotting at Moncton will have their choice of two ways to reach Fredericton. They can either go by the Intercolonial and New Brunswick roads, or via the Intercolonial to Chatham Junction, and thence by the Northern & Western road. This will make competition and ought to mean cheap freights.

DeBarry will not trouble the circuit, not because he is barred from the 28 class, but because he has been sold to C. G. Frazier to go to Germany. Mr. Frazier, or Prof. Frazier, as he is perhaps better known, visited this country about 10 years ago or more, when Prof. Pratt was giving exhibitions, and again since a few years later when he appeared on the Provincial tracks with the bay mare Princess. He afterwards went to England, and has since done a good trade in shipping horses across the Atlantic for parties on the other side, though remaining in Halifax several months at a time, and also imported the stallion Gene, now owned in Kings. Last year, Mr. Frazier purchased Col. Wood, 2:29½, and shipped him to England with Glop John and other provincial horses.

I hope to give you some interesting horse notes next week. FOWLER.

The official report of the meeting of maritime province horsemen, on the 12th, is printed rather late, but will be interesting. The meeting organized, on the motion of C. H. Clarke, of St. Stephen, by the choice of Sheriff Sterling as chairman and James W. Power as secretary. There were present: St. John—Dr. Thomas Walker, J. M. Johnson; Fredericton—Sheriff Sterling, J. M. Wiley; St. Stephen—C. H. Clarke, E. Keys; Halifax—James W. Power; Truro—J. C. Mahon. The secretary of the meeting, Mr. Power, read from Moncton that they were willing to give a one day's meeting and would offer \$400 in purses. Letters from Houlton and Woodstock stating they would not continue the circuit were read, and also a communication from Charlottetown stating they would like a place in the circuit. Dr. Walker proposed that the circuit should become members of the National Trotting association before the start of the season, and that each track should have a representative on the association, though it was not stipulated. St. Stephen, Halifax, St. John and Fredericton are already members of the association.

Mr. Wiley moved, seconded by Mr. Mahon, that during the past year the circuit be organized, and St. John join the circuit, and Mr. Clarke moved in addition that Charlottetown, or any other maritime track, be allowed to join the circuit, provided they would come in at either end, the president and the chairman should be chosen by the members of the association. Mr. Walker seconded Mr. Mahon's motion, and Mr. Johnson moved that the association be known as the Maritime Trotting circuit—and it was voted so.

Mr. Walker nominated Mr. W. F. Todd, of St. Stephen for president, and in doing so highly eulogized that gentleman for the great interest he had displayed in securing so many valuable trotters for the province. Sheriff Sterling endorsed his sentiments and the motion passed unanimously. Mr. Power spoke of the need of a vice-president and nominated Sheriff Sterling. Dr. Walker seconded the motion, which passed.

Mr. Power was elected secretary. The subject of coupon tickets, which the St. John delegates being desirous of having their race about the time of the exhibition, but they were not positive what work to do, and the delegates agreed to trot at Halifax, Aug. 28 and 29; Truro, Sept. 3 and 4; Moncton, Sept. 6 or 7; Fredericton, Sept. 11 and 12; St. Stephen, Sept. 15 and 16; St. John, Sept. 24 and 25; with the understanding that should Moncton be obliged to postpone races owing to wet weather, they are to take place Sept. 28, the Saturday following the St. John meeting.

The question of the 2:30 class was considered. The circuit in the same class was considered. Messrs. Power and Mahon did not think this rule was of great advantage, but the others were of the opinion the scheme worked satisfactorily, and as it did not affect the Nova Scotia tracks, they being the first to start, they withdrew their objections. The entries will close as follows: Halifax, Aug. 21; Truro, Aug. 27; Moncton, Sept. 2; Fredericton, Sept. 5; St. Stephen, Sept. 10; St. John, Sept. 17.

It was decided to make the entrance fee 10 per cent of the purse. 10 per cent to accompany nominations, and 5 per cent the night before the race; purses to be divided into 60, 30 and 10 per cent. A horse distaining the field to be entitled to only one premium and the National rules to govern. The classes brought on a discussion. All agreed to the 3-minute class, and it was decided to have a 2:45 class instead of the usual 2:50, as the latter would bar out a large number of horses. There was a discussion in regard to the third race to be faced. Some suggested 2:35, others 2:38, others 2:37, and others 2:36. The 2:37 class was finally decided upon. In regard to the free-for-all, it was felt that some time limit should be set so as to bar out one or two horses with fast records liable to come from the states, and make the races uninteresting. Messrs. Mahon and Johnson moved to 2:28 class, as Messrs. Clarke and Keys a 2:26 class. The 2:28 motion passed.

Dr. Walker and Mr. Clarke moved that the purses be \$100 for 3-minute class, \$150 for 2:45 class, \$200 for 2:35 class, \$250 for 2:38 class, and \$100 reserved for spectators. Messrs. Wiley, Mahon and Johnson were appointed a committee to confer with the railroad as to regard to freight, excursion rates, etc., and they were also urged to endeavor to arrange to have the railways issue coupon tickets, charging the price of entrance to track, and no return tickets will be given to others than those purchasing these ticket. Messrs. Johnson and Power were appointed an advertising committee, and the thanks of the meeting were tendered to Mr. McCormick for the use of the room. The meeting adjourned to meet at St. John the second Tuesday in March, 1890. The meeting was most harmonious, there being a desire on the part of each of the delegates to arrange matters as amicably as possible. JACK AND JILL.

SOCIETY.

And the Frederick... -St. Pa... "And so from us..." "I am sorry St. Paul's (V... house by Miss Laura... teacher, Mr. J... Mr. W. L. Mont... Mr. C. G. M... Mr. R. S. De... Miss Katie... New York... A young son... the past few... Mr. L. Mill... has returned... Mr. L. Mill... died to Miss... of the late Dr... the event, w... speaking of... are currently... spring. Both... members of th... was told th... in the hat an... you know? I... 'bonnet', 'pat... Admiral Fren... squeezed into... in the slightl... ticularly usefu... Mr. S. T. Kil... Wednesday las... Sir William... court of Canada... John. It is rumo... ed on and aj... Trinity church... Major Likely... some weeks ag... St. John on th... as far as Winn... surgeons of the... for that space... Mr. R. J. Gill... during the pas... his trip to the... Mr. E. C. J... fax, was in tow... Mr. J. Benne... I am glad to... is improving... A young daug... street east, is... Mr. Frank Sc... Carleton, left on... lington, where... news.

HALIFAX.

The corres... Stephen repre... tice, this week... street more th...

MARCH 20.—E...

ices during the... at last to fully... the parties have... the dinner in... ing the season... Judge and Mr... Tuesday evening... Mr. and Mrs. H... their series of w... between the hou... The eldest and... of a very sever... Mrs. John Rich... door, resultin... of her left arm... ber. The command... with his permane... government hou... Mr. and Mrs. h... housekeeping an... son's boarding-ho...

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Notes and Announcements. Grant Allen, whose health, never robust, has been by no means good of late, has been spending the winter in Italy.

A page of Robert Louis Stevenson's manuscript, in his autograph, is to be reproduced in fac-simile in the April Book Buyer.

Eugene Field's tribute to the striking personal presence of Maud Howe is that she looked like the daughter of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

James Anthony Froude's forthcoming novel will be published in America by the Scribners. Mr. Froude believes the story to be one of the best pieces of work he has ever done.

A correspondent of the Writer asks why a pound of manuscript passing between author and publisher should need more postage than a pound of calico? The answer is simple. It is a wise duty imposed by the government for the protection of the most defenceless mortals on the face of the earth—editors—America.

Frank R. Stockton's story, "Ardis Claverden," has been begun in Once A Week. Forthcoming stories are: "Enchantment and Disenchantment" by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen; "A Ghost at his Fireside" by Louise Chardier Moulton.

There may be foundation of fact for the alleged reminiscences given under the title of "Poe's Mary," in Harper's Magazine for March, but we fancy that people who have made a study of the career of that unhappy genius will hardly be persuaded that Mr. Augustus Van Cleef has not perpetrated a most deliberate and shameless "fake."

Miss Winifred Howells, who died a little over a week ago, was the eldest daughter of William Dean Howells, the novelist. She was born in Venice during her father's United States consulate there. She had been an invalid for several years. Mr. Howells' surviving daughter is an art student, and his only son is a student at Harvard.

A new story by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett will shortly be brought out by the Scribners. It is a tale of Spanish love and romance, with a beautiful country girl and one of Spain's most popular bull-fighters as the two principal characters. The story will have for its title The Pretty Sister of Jose, and is said to be unlike anything Mrs. Burnett has previously written. The first edition of the book will run far up into the thousands.

The failure to secure an international copyright is doing a good deal to strengthen the tendencies of different publishing houses. Some houses, as those of Randolph and Armstrong, are going deeper into religious publications, Henry Holt & Co. into school books, Appleton into scientific works, George H. Putnam into works on political economy, historical biography—as the new editions of Washington's life and Franklin's works and Washington Irving—in history, as in its series of the states; Charles Scribner in the closer lines drawn toward literature proper, science and biography. The disposition is to exclude as far as possible works of fiction. Some houses have relinquished fiction entirely. Others publish only enough to preserve their relations with the novel reading public. All in all, the lines of the American novelist are not now cast in pleasant places.—New York Sun.

Mr. Andrew Lang is a frequent contributor of leading articles on social and literary topics to the London Daily News, and some of his admirers think that not a little of his most characteristic writing is to be found in these "leaders," as the English call them. One of these admirers, with the author's permission, has gathered some 30 of these essays in a volume, which Longmans, Green & Co., will publish shortly, under the apt title of Lost Leaders. Among the subjects treated are "Thackeray's Drawings," "The Art of Dining," "Phiz," "Amateur Authors" and "The Lending of Books."

It will be a surprise to many of the devout people to whom The Imitation of Christ, by Thomas Kempis, has been the closest companion of a lifetime, to discover that the form in which it has hitherto been published is misleading and incorrect. It now appears through the studies of Dr. Hrocho, of Hamburg, and from a manuscript of the Imitation which was written at Brussels soon after Thomas Kempis's death, that the author's intention was rhetorical, and not prosaic. Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. will soon publish an edition of this famous book in which it will be "for the first time faithfully rendered in rhythm, after the manner in which it was written by Thomas Kempis." We are also informed that the use of the a, as it has been hitherto seen, is incorrect, the proper name of the writer being simply Thomas Kempis.

In a recent conversation William Black returns to the defence of his beloved Highlands against the Pennells, whom, it is evident, he never means to forgive. He has had the steward of the vessel on which they travelled send him a detailed account of the number of minutes these wanton, irreverent travellers spent in each of the places they stopped at with him, and where they sometimes spent as much as 30 minutes. In the course of his remarks Mr. Black delivered himself of much that is interesting. Landscape, he says, he approaches with the eye of an artist, and not as a scientific man, thinking of Darwin and ready to bend facts to some theory. Concerning his characters, but one is actually drawn from life, and that is Queen Titania, who is his sister-in-law. Mary Anderson, who is a great friend of the family, he confesses to have had in his mind in several instances, as readers of McLeod of Dare have discovered. Madcap Viold he acknowledges as his favorite novel. Mr. Black is now at work on a novel of literary and theatrical life in London, but which is to admit also some deer stalking and salmon fishing in the Highlands.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

A five-act comedy drama, by Robert Buchanan, will have its first production on this continent at the Boston Museum, Monday night. It is called Joseph's Suedeheart, and is founded on Fielding's novel, Joseph Andrews. There are 31 characters in the piece, and though its title and origin are curiously suggestive of one Mrs. Potiphar, she is not conspicuously present.

The idea of Sims' poem, "Ostler Joe," has been elaborated by somebody into a four-act play, and one Miss Loring proposes to bring it out next season.

In a St. Louis interview, the other day, Clara Morris berated the society actresses and scored their managers as commercial adventurers. That may account for Mrs. Langtry's attack of nervous prostration.

En passant, it would be interesting to know whether the Lily has changed her name or not. That's one of the things no fellow can find out—from her.

Henry Irving's son, Henry B., has adopted the stage as his profession. The name will help him, but he'll never be able to rival the old gentleman in The Bells, where he tears open his shirt-front and bawls, "Tak the rup fram ma neck!" That always brings down the house.

America notes that "Manager Rosenquest has had a large church bell placed on the roof of the Bijou Opera House, New York. It is rung for five minutes before 8 o'clock every night to summon the people to see Charles H. Hoyt's new comedy, A Midnight Bell. Without commenting upon the delicate taste of this step toward the union of the church and stage, it may be suggested that the chestnut bell, now too little in use, would be vastly more appropriate."

Everybody will be sorry to hear that bright, genial, whole-souled Dan Maginnis is dead. No man in America excelled him in Shakespearian comedy and in eccentric roles his talents covered a very wide range. Add to this that he was a man who would sooner do a generous action than eat his dinner, and you have a nutshell biography of one whom thousands will mourn and miss.

THE WISE MEN OF LAGOS.

An Old Story That the Mexicans Tell from Time Immemorial. Once, upon a great festival, the Town Council of Lagos went to the parish church to hear the mass. And all the members of the council were dressed in stately black coat; and tight black trousers and flowing cloaks, and each wore a wide-brimmed hat of black felt, over which a feather gallantly curled. For their comfort a leather-covered bench was placed before the chancel rail. And when they came to sit, each man, in the order of his dignity, sat down upon the bench and placed beside him his hat. But when six of the twelve councillors thus were seated, the bench was full. Then a whispered conference was held, and it was decided that the bench must be stretched. So six of them took hold of one end, and the other six took hold of the other end, and they pulled hard. Then they came to sit again. And now the first councillor put his hat beneath the bench; and the second did likewise, and so did they all. And they all in concert sat down—by which they knew that they had sufficiently stretched the bench.

Being thus seated, the first councillor crossed his right leg over his left leg; and so did the second councillor, and so did they all. But when came the time in the mass when all must rise, not one of the councillors could tell certainly which two of the 24 legs were his; for all were clad in tight black trousers and all were crossed. And each man looked at the many legs among which were his own, and sorrowfully wondered if he ever should know his own legs among so many and so be able to arise and walk. And while they thus pondered it fell out that the first councillor was bitten by a flea fiercely in his rearward parts. And the first councillor slapped at the flea, and that he might slap the better uncrossed his legs. Then the second councillor knew which were his legs; and so did the third, and so did they all. And so they all uncrossed their legs, and with great thankfulness arose.—Scribner's Magazine.

PROPOSED UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Renewed Evidence That the Course of True Love Never Does Run Smooth. The voice of the young man had a tremulous, vibrant quality, and a glow like that of a June sunset spread over his face as he took the vacant seat by the side of the young woman and greeted her joyfully. "This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Beane," he said. "I did not know you were on the train. I am not presuming too much, I hope, in rejoicing in the anticipation of a delightful trip instead of the long, tiresome journey of half a day that I had resigned myself to suffer when I came aboard."

"Certainly not, Mr. Winterbottom," she replied, and the observant young man noted an increasing quickness in the fluttering movements of the feathers and flummies of the travelling hat of his fair companion, not due altogether to the jar of the train. "Her heart is beating faster," he said to himself, but even in the rapture that thrilled his frame and tingled to the ends of his fingers at this discovery he felt that he had taken a sneaking advantage of her and learned something he had no right as yet to know. For months Cyrus Winterbottom had carried in his heart the image of the lovely girl who now sat by his side. For months he had hoped that the time and the opportunity might come when he—but let us not anticipate.

The train thundered along over rocky gorges, around the base of precipitous cliffs and down into spacious valleys upon which the promise of a glorious spring was showing itself in a landscape that glowed and smiled beneath the ardent rays of the sun; but the young man heeded not the panorama of surpassing loveliness that was unfolding itself on either hand. He had something better to look at.

"Miss Vanilla," he said, with a beating heart, as he braced himself with a superhuman effort, "this may seem an inopportune moment for the confession I am about to make, but I am impelled by a feeling I can no longer resist. My heart hungers for—"

"Tickets!" It was the conductor who spoke. A shade of annoyance crossed the brow of the young man at the interruption. He produced his ticket, handed it to the official, and in a few moments resumed:

"I was about to say that I have carried in my breast a burden I can bear no longer. It is for you to say whether I must suffer a still heavier one, or whether life shall have a new meaning for me henceforth. Vanilla Beane, I love—"

"Caramels, peanuts, figs, gum?" inquired the train boy.

"No," said Cyrus, shortly. "Have you ever felt that the time must come, sooner or later, Vanilla, when—"

"Life of Jesse James?" suggested the train boy, returning to the attack; "magazines, latest railway guide, 'Robert Els—'"

"I tell you I don't want anything!" exclaimed the exasperated young man. "May I tell you what is in my heart, Vanilla?—No, sir; I don't know what the next station is, and I don't care!—I have looked forward to the time, my own Vanilla, when I could summon the courage to tell you how impressively dear to me you are, and to ask you if you will be my wife. Will—"

There was a sudden crash. A broken rail had thrown the train from the track. The car rolled down the embankment. At the first wild lunge of the coach Vanilla Beane had seized the young man about the neck with a convulsive clasp, and though the passengers were cavorting and plunging from floor to ceiling and ceiling to floor in careless, unstudied freedom of motion and absence of all economy that may always be observed in an affair of this kind, she did not lose her self-possession.

"Cyrus Winterbottom," she shrieked into his ear, with the resolute, fearless, let-no-guilty-man-escape voice of a young woman attending strictly to business, "I—"

"Bang!" "Wh!" "Thud!" "Be your—"

"Crash!" "Little—"

"Crunch!" "Wife!"

"Rattle! Bang!" "There, Cyrus, darling! We've got down to the bottom at last. Straighten out my hat, love."—Chicago Tribune.

Explaining A Miracle. Rabbi Haas, of St. Paul, comes to Minneapolis quite often, and of late has been a regular attendant at the meetings of the liberal preachers. The Rabbi is a typical Old Testament student, but with a practical man of affairs, and possessed of a most genial nature, especially toward young men who are interested in a scholarly study of the Bible. He makes a specialty of miracles. While over here on Monday last the rabbi explained one miracle very satisfactorily to a small but intelligent audience. He quoted the twentieth verse of the fourteenth chapter of Exodus, which gives an account of the children of Israel crossing the Red sea on dry land and the Egyptians getting drowned while following them.

"It is true," said the rabbi, "that a strong east wind will pass right through the middle of that lake, parting the waters on either side like a knife, and leaving a perfectly dry, sandy bottom. The wind blowing all night in this case gave plenty of time for such an action to occur. The Egyptians coming after were drowned because the wind shifted."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Wanted to Know the Particulars. Mr. Findout—Sad about Mrs. S.—died this morning while trying on a new dress. Mrs. Findout—"No, you don't say so; what was it trimmed with?"—Munsey's Weekly.

When Machbeth ironically asked, "Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" he little knew that mankind would one day be blessed with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In purifying the blood, this powerful alternative gives tone and strength to every function and faculty of the system.—Advt.

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For Beauty of Design, Neatness and Durability of Construction, and Excellence of Workmanship, they are unsurpassed.

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We paid more DUTY than all Cigar factories east Quebec city during 1888.

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And still we do not ADVERTISE to give a CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR for 5c.

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HUGH P. KERR, - - King and Dock Sts. - ALSO -

Try KERR'S COUGH TABLETS and BUTTER SCOTCH, in 5c. Packages.

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THE POCKET GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD, A DICTIONARY

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COUNCIL AS WELL THE CHARACTER OF DR. AL OPPPOSITION STRAIGHT FEDERICT perhaps you of the orators Atkinson ma house," and th Wayback mi home or asylu but there are legislative cou Here is Hon There is no d originate ge ship of the ho It was he who his cabinet to in their sleep always exerci the house, a po as a leader and mentary usage him to hold. A ready comma with ease and in Hon. Mr. Hi oratory. Pe such as to arou sopic repose w we might be e estimate. But has speaking p order. His lan his thoughts nat logical order an sasive because fairness, and wh he says no mor information, and give expression the subject. Perhaps the m member than Ho extended knowle ral, is quick to "wildcat bill," a Hon. Mr. Har talkative member tents say he is "stickler" for us speeches have the teneness, and ar and pity. Hon. Mr. Thor with a wide com his relative, Pre of the high-press addresses, as a r ared, there are t much force and e originality of exp Another of the Mr. Richard, pe speaking too selde well, I am told, Certainly, in Engle debater, inclined a and equitable vi discussion, and gi with a subject's enthusiasm, h eloquence and fire amous. There are other who, perhaps, are word of tribute. He, not so promi the chamber as so while, at the sam capable of taking a Returning now fr matters more m Atkinson contine nature of the hou serves, he is "bou Hon. Mr. Thor's attorney-general ly no member e merciless castigatio nds. Marcus did ore, and replied as his closing refe an: Although the attorney have been guilty of the erroneous letters, I wou regard authority on th did that he who criticiz does a service to th great guilty of this he vice, which I neither d mind that I have s that man whom a more recent orator, a more I never been given to I refer to the Hon. Jo and same will be able by his grateful co and fame of the d reved with the dust and remembered only with ex py. What a finale to the And Marcus meant I wonder if there is that Brother He a big oration to be of the session. Thomas was heard the moon the other n was his house vo was his peroration The government hou to dumb asylum—shades that a close, Mr. Speake ever! What a finale to the to the petty and elec witnessed within thy, should truly rave amo the common herd shou classic corridors, and 'the wild, untamed air of the winds of out among the winds of public the winds of construction hav

COUNCILLORS CAN TALK

AS WELL AS THE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

The Characteristics of the Principal Orators—Dr. Atkinson on the Warpath—How Opposition Might be Organized—Some Straight Tips and the Latest Gospel.

FREDERICTON, March 20.—And now perhaps you would like to know something of the orators of the upper house. Dr. Atkinson may call it a "political dead house," and the gay young member from Wayback may term it an "old ladies' home or asylum for played-out politicians," but there are some good live men in the legislative council, I want you to know.

Here is Hon. Robert Young, for instance. There is no denying the shrewdness, the origination genius, the faculty for leadership of the hon. member from Caraquet. It was he who caused Premier Blair and his cabinet to have some very bad dreams in their sleep a few years ago. He has always exercised a powerful influence in the house, a position which his astuteness as a leader and his knowledge of parliamentary usage and tactics justify entitle him to hold. He is not an orator, but has a ready command of language, and speaks with ease and impressiveness.

Hon. Mr. Hill evidently lays no claim to oratory. Perhaps if the subject were such as to arouse him from the air of philosophic repose which becomes him so well, we might be compelled to retract that estimate. But at any rate the president has speaking powers of a very superior order. His language is almost faultless, his thoughts naturally form themselves into logical order and consistency, he is persuasive because we are impressed with his fairness, and when he has no more to say, he says no more. He is a man of wide information, and can be relied upon not to give expression to an unreasonable view of the subject.

Perhaps the house has no more useful member than Hon. Mr. Jones. He has an extended knowledge of legislation in general, is quick to detect what he calls a "wildcat bill," and is a forcible debater. Hon. Mr. Harrison is one of the least talkative members of the house. His opponents say he is rather too much of a "stickler" for usage and precedent, but his speeches have the merit of clearness and terseness, and are not infrequently pointed and pithy.

Hon. Mr. Thompson is a ready speaker, with a wide command of language. Like his relative, Premier Blair, his oratory is of the high-pressure order. While his addresses, as a rule, are not carefully prepared, there are times when he speaks with much force and eloquence, and not a little originality of expression.

Another of the younger members, Hon. Mr. Richard, perhaps has the fault of speaking too seldom. He speaks equally well in French or English. Certainly, in English, he is an admirable debater, inclined at all times to take a just and equitable view of the case under discussion, and gives one the impression that, with a subject adapted to bring out his enthusiasm, he can speak with the force and fire for which his race is famous.

There are other members of the house who, perhaps, are equally entitled to a word of tribute. They are, however, as a rule, not so prominent in the debates of the chamber as those whom I have named, while, at the same time, they are all capable of taking a hand in, if need be. Returning now from these high latitudes to matters more mundane, I note that Dr. Atkinson continues to be quite a prominent figure of the house. As Jimmy Smith observes, he is "bound to keep his end up." His constant inquiries rather annoyed the attorney-general the other day, and probably no member ever received such a merciless castigation as did Marcus at his hands. Marcus did not fail to realize its force, and replied with spirit. And this was his closing reference to that gentleman:

Although the attorney-general has intimated that he has been guilty of the unpardonable crime, writing impudently letters, I would remind him that a distinguished authority on the British constitution has said that he who criticizes the actions of a government does a service to the state. And if I have done a service to the state, this unpardonable crime, which I neither dispute nor affirm, I would remind him that I have a distinguished exemplar, a man whom a more powerful writer, a more eloquent orator, a more distinguished statesman, has never given to parliamentary life in Canada. I refer to the Hon. Joseph Howe—a man whose name will be eternized in bronze and marble by his grateful countrymen long after the name and fame of the hon. attorney-general is buried with the dust and ashes of forgetfulness, or And Marcus meant it, too.

I wonder if there is any truth in the statement that Brother Hetherington is getting a big oration to be delivered before the end of the session. They tell me that the orator was heard apostrophizing the moon the other night and one of the boys of the house vouches for the fact that it was his peroration: "The government house to be turned into a deaf dumb asylum—shades of the mighty fallen! What a finale to the scenes of revelry and dissipation to the pride and circumstance of regal splendor! Within thy walls! Oh, that the vulgar should freely rove among their stately shades, the common herd should smile freely through the classic corridors, and 'neath thy leafy roof, and in the wild, untutored airs of heaven should find their wings of public opinion have blown, the winds of condemnation have come and beat upon thee and thou hast fallen, for thou wert built upon the shifting sands of vanity, and not upon the rock of the people's affections."

MAKING ASSURANCE DOUBLY SURE.



JACK SPOONER (who has managed to blunder through it).—Edith, dear, I—I hardly know just what to say—I am so happy and so agitated. It may seem foolish to you—but I put my sentiments in writing before I came—half intending to leave a letter!

Miss KORTON (with admirable foresight).—Well, John, dear, we understand each other now; but please do let me have the letter, too. I would so love to keep it as a memento of this happy evening.—Puck.

do not possess a creditable degree of speaking talent. The special commissioner of the Sun did some able work for his paper on the occasion of his visit to Fredericton last week. He discovered that sword-bearer Perks and messenger Biggs of the Legislative council were American citizens, and said there would be an investigation. The facts are that Mr. Perks visited a relative in Houlton for a few weeks this winter, and that Mr. Biggs, who has a widowed mother to support, found and accepted a chance to work for a couple of months near Boston. And then the "special" must have a slap at Mr. Palmer of Queens. He represents him "in his ignorance" as accepting, while chairman of the committee of the whole, a petition which Mr. Murray solemnly presented, and which, of course, could only be offered when the speaker was in his place. No such petition was really presented at all. This comprised the entire labors of the "special" while in this city.

Strange to say, the house is almost entirely free from the lady lobbyists who did so much to make life agreeable to the members in former years. Mrs. Jones has departed this life, and Madam Pickett is in Fairville. But we have still Mrs. Murphy with us, the size of whose claim against the province bids fair shortly to exceed the national debt.

HERE AND THERE. Readers of PROGRESS will not be sorry to know that they have heard about the last of the stampee question. The delegation went home delighted, and the North Shore members of the house have again wheeled into line. I hope Dr. Alfred will wear his prospective honors meekly. He is to be the attorney-general when Marcus forms his cabinet, I am told. Mr. Gregory and Marcus are in daily consultation now, they say. The former makes the balls, and Marcus fires them. Now that's a heavy business for you to be into, George, isn't it?

The Globe correspondent rather made a mess of it, the other day. In response to a telegram from that paper, the attorney-general gave that pensive young man a synopsis of the franchise bill. Whereupon the p. y. m. gave the Gleaner an order on the telegraph company for the copy. Pretty cool business, wasn't it? The premier blocked the little game promptly; whereupon the Gleaner had to go to the expense of getting it telegraphed back from St. John, after the Globe was issued. But that was nothing for Jim. Jim used to telegraph all his editorials from Ottawa when he has there lately, you know.

Mr. Hanington is still thundering away at the Kent circuit, and hasn't been heard in the debates lately. Just raise your voice a little, Daniel, and we'll have no trouble in hearing you. Next time Daniel speaks in the house, Mr. Kidson intends to place a delicate boilerplate transmitter in the building, I am told, for the benefit of the Deaf and Dumb institution. There is no prospect of any appointments being made to the legislative council at present. This is the straight tip for PROGRESS. Abolition is the word. FLOTSAM. No Person Will Complain. There's some fun for a man with a gun on Orange street, and anybody who has a Winchester repeater and wants the everlasting gratitude of the residents, may just wander in that direction any night about the midnight hour, and see what kind of a shot he is. He will find targets in the shapes of dogs—all kinds of dogs, who bark and howl and wrangle over the question of undisturbed possession to such an extent that rents are not what they used to be.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

A sister of Mrs. P. S. Emma, of this town, who has our deepest sympathy in her affliction.

Mr. J. W. Hickman, of Dorchester, and Mr. J. J. Dickey, of Amherst, were registered at the Brunswick, last week.

Dr. A. W. Chandler, of Dorchester, is in town today.

Mr. H. R. Emmerson, M. P. P., passed through Dorchester last night on his return from Fredericton.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Whitney were terribly shocked last evening to hear that they had lost their son, Horace, in the lamentable railway accident which took place yesterday morning near Blincocks.

Mr. H. R. Emmerson, M. P. P., passed through Dorchester last night on his return from Fredericton. Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Archibald and daughter, of Truro, were in town on Monday.

DORCHESTER.

MARCH 20.—There has been a vacant office at the penitentiary ever since the sudden death of Deputy Warden Keefe, and now there is another. Mr. Thomas Short, who has since the opening of the penitentiary, occupied the position of school teacher and librarian, has sent in his resignation.

The dramatic entertainment at St. Joseph's college, which took place on Friday last, was attended by a large number from Dorchester, all of whom expressed themselves delighted with the entertainment.

Miss Nellie Palmer gave another small party, Saturday evening, in honor of her friend, Miss

Lowerison. A considerable number of young people were present, and so well did Miss Palmer entertain them, the arrival of Sunday morning seemed quite a hardship to all.

Mr. Joseph C. Lamb, barrister, of Sussex, has been spending several days in Dorchester.

Mr. D. L. Hasington returned on Sunday from Kent county, where he has been engaged in court.

Mr. William J. Gilbert returned this week from a week's visit to Truro, N. S.

Mr. E. L. Ford, of Sackville, was in town on Monday.

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F. R. BUTCHER, Skinner's Carpet Warerooms. SPRING, 1889.

SPRING WILL SOON BE HERE and HOUSEKEEPERS will want to KNOW where to buy their CARPETS and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS. Having made SPECIAL preparations for the coming season, I will be able to show all the LATEST NOVELTIES in WILTON, BRUSSELS and TAPESTRY CARPETS, with borders to match; LINOLEUMS, OILCLOTHS, MATTINGS, ART SQUARES, RUGS, MATS and CURTAINS.



The people of Shediac are sorry to lose Mr. Clark, but they hope his successor may prove able to fill his place. One of the most interesting events of the week was a wedding which took place on Tuesday evening.

WOODSTOCK. MARCH 20.—Mr. George A. Barker, of St. John, was in town this week.

Mr. T. E. Adney, who has been here for some months giving instruction in sketching from nature, left yesterday for his home in New York.

Mr. H. Hoyt, with three of her family, left Monday for Seattle, Washington.

Miss Violet Beveridge, of Andover, is visiting friends here.

Mr. D. M. Vince went to Ottawa last week.

Rev. Mr. Ross and family arrived here on Tuesday.

Mr. Bert Bent has accepted a position in Dr. Smith's drug store.

Mr. Aubrey White left for Seattle on Saturday.

A New Manufacturing Industry to be Started in St. John. Progress is glad to record the fact that St. John is to have another industry.

Realizing this, Mr. DeB. Carritte, representing Messrs. Paterson & Downing of New York, has organized a company to be known as the Provincial Chemical Fertilizer company.

The superintendent will be here next week. He is from one of the largest manufacturing in the states and understands his business.

Mr. Carritte says the fertilizers will be of the highest grades and will compete with any sold in the market.

It is no secret that the farmers of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia buy heavily from fertilizer agents.

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Millinery Department.

Those who have read and enjoyed Donnan, that powerful and interesting story by Edna Lyall, should not fail to get We Two by the same author. We Two is called the better novel. The characters of Donnan are found again, and the reader renews their acquaintance with great willingness.

Back and Hard at Work. Mr. W. K. Mollison of the London House and Mr. E. L. Rising of Waterbury & Rising have returned from the old country.

Ask Him the Time. Mr. John Hay carries the same chronometer today as he did Tuesday, his friends can have some sport asking him the time.

THIS WEEK WE ARE SELLING A Job Lot LADIES' GOSSAMERS HALF PRICE.

DOWLING BROS., 49 Charlotte Street, City Market Building.

Commercial Buildings. OPENED THIS DAY: A NICE STOCK OF BLACK AND COLORED SILKS; PLUSHES in all colors; VELVETS in all shades; TRIMMING SILKS and SATINS; BONNETS and HATS; FEATHERS—ALL NEW!

Also: A Fine Lot of LACE CURTAINS. 9 KING STREET. J. W. MONTGOMERY

To the Electors of the City of St. John. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor to solicit your votes for the responsible position of

MAYOR. During the past I have endeavored to perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability; and if selected again by you I will continue the same course.

Respectfully yours, HENRY J. THORNE.

ST. JOHN OPERA HOUSE! TENDERS FOR BUILDING.

TENDERS will be received at the office of A. O. SKINNER, King street, up to SATURDAY, APRIL 6th, at noon, for the erection of the main building of THE ST. JOHN OPERA HOUSE, according to plans and specifications to be seen at A. O. SKINNER'S on and after the 21st inst.

To the Electors of Wellington Ward. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—At the request of a number of the Electors, I have decided to offer for the

ALDERMANSHIP. of Wellington Ward, on the first Tuesday in April next. And we promise to serve you (if elected) in the future as in the past.

Respectfully yours, WILLIAM SHAW, THOS. W. PETERS.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY UP NORTH.

BATHURST, March 20.—How did you enjoy yourselves down south on the feast of Ireland's patron saint,—he of "snakey" and "toady" fame? Let me tell you, a merry time it was had in this part of the world.

The way of it all was thus: The curlers from the North came to "spin the shindy stone" with their brethren in this town.

But so much song is hard on the throat and the east wind is lowering to the palate.

Mr. Robert Pugley has returned from his annual business trip to England.

Mr. Frederick Fowler has returned from Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Robb have gone on a trip to Europe.

The engagement of Mr. Andrew Taylor and Miss Helen Reid is announced.

Mr. Carrie Welsh, accompanied by her father, left on Friday for Boston, where she will be married to Mr. S. Nicholson.

There were two match games played in the Curling rink this week, both won by the Bathurst boys.

The old Curling rink will not be used after this year. The club are making arrangements for the building of a new rink during the summer.

MARCH 20.—The party given by Mr. and Mrs. Hillman on Wednesday evening, was a very pleasant one indeed.

There was great excitement here last Saturday in regard to the horse race which took place in the afternoon.

Mr. O. M. Melanson has returned from New York.

Mr. J. V. Bourque, of Amherst, was in town a few days this week, and Mr. Philip Boudreau was here on Monday.

Mr. A. Y. Clark, who has started a business of his own in Moncton, was in town Friday and Saturday, canvassing, and spent Sunday with his old friends.

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AMHERST, N. S.

MARCH 20.—A close observer of the ladies of Amherst must of necessity heartily endorse the statement of one of our new arrivals, who says: "By Jove, you know, they're not half bad,"—and really, by Jove, these would be my sentiments, also.

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\$20.00 IN GOLD FOR YOU.

This is the season that we make our advertising contracts for coming year. We have just so much money to spend in advertising. We would like to know where to spend it to the best advantage.

We think we can get at it in this way: To the party sending us the largest collection of our advertisements, cut from following sources, and sorted as below, before 1st of May, we will give above prize.

- Number of Ads. Progress. Telegraph. Sun. Globe. Gazette. The Style. Papers may be of any date.

HUNTER, HAMILTON & MCKAY.

VO... WA... TH... The C... Quart... the I... Mon... War... electric... illumina... ten day... stories... in price... Mercha... again, y... they bu... So far... tom of... can be... gas com... one of t... city, an... stock t... bought... some t... tion with... commerc... Portland... seemed... down to... stores an... of the g... dary to... board to... tract p... zens may... \$1,000 a... a publi... But it... dent Blai... They are... have per... cent. I... hear a m... lamp com... street, an... decided... only huma... nity de... sold at t... years, an... customer... were, and... ing your... This is w... people. M... interest... corner of... paid for... Calkin fou... William S... company li... Isaacs was... pany's ligh... asked, Mr... did so, an... stock fell... came cheap... gas compan... patrons of t... them the li... of 35. The... same figur... to make con... big word w... is afraid of... Some feat... Progress le... that the g... has descen... mildly, to... in the city... and found... tion. The p... changing un... unless the g... place of the... central promi... be dispense... of the direc... much and t... out and the... merchant cou... temptible is... to apply to... Just here l... and suffici... "invariable... for electric... gas company... may be only... and register... burned, yet... all the same... out and he... looks in vain... night upon... pay the same... as the elect... ate. This is... a bear illustrat... A short time... store went... and the proprie... He spared a few... the secretary of... him of the fa... upon his bill... after the bill... and no credit... lator, deducting... the bill receipt... the collector ret...