

PROGRESS.

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WHERE IS IT?

Chief Clarke's Report Lost Sight Of.

A GOOD WINTER'S READING

For the Different Members of
the Police Committee.

THE CHIEF CALLS ON MRS. COVAY BEFORE THE INVESTIGATION.

The Evening Orations Discontinued—The
Seized Liquor that was Not Destroyed
Changes Its Location—Rawlings and
Covay Still on Duty.

The evidence taken before Chief Clarke in the Covay investigation is still in the hands of the police committee. It is a bigger elephant than sitting Magistrate Jones had on his hands when the youngsters appeared before him last week. The committee do not know what to do with it. The evidence is very good reading, and the members of the committee have been lending it to each other—like the small boys do with dime novels—to pass away their long winter evenings.

If Ald. Lockhart has not called upon Ald. McKelvey within the last few days, the alderman for Prince ward, has it in his possession. He had "after" Chairman Tufts, and Ald. Lockhart bespoke it "after" him. They say it is a very interesting story, although the chapters are rather short, and that there is a sameness about it not found in ordinary police or detective stories. It contains more testimonials as to the good character of Sgt. Covay than *Ayer's Almanac* does about *Ayer's pills* and *Hair Vigor* combined. There are one or two things in it that are not very complimentary to Sgt. Covay, but he is probably like Dr. McQuade of Shamrock oil fame: he "couldn't please everybody, and did not give a snap for a man who tried to." Dr. McQuade offered this as evidence of the remarkable qualities of his oil. Perhaps Capt. Rawlings allowed these bits of evidence to "go," for the same purpose.

The police committee has had quite a time of it since the charges were made. On the Saturday morning PROGRESS published the interview with Mrs. Woodburn, Chairman Tufts and other members of the committee, including Ald. Kelly, chairman of the board of public safety and ex-officio member of the committee, went to the police station. When Chief Clarke saw them he was very indignant. He protested that they had nothing to do with him, and he could dispose of the charges himself. The police committee had no authority over him. He cooled down, however, and heard the statements of Mrs. Woodburn, which she told the Chief and the committee that she was prepared to swear to. But it was not necessary.

Ald. Tufts says that he left the police station with the understanding that the matter would be left with the Chief, but that would be notified to be in attendance on the day that the investigation was to be held, and that in case he was unable to be present, some other member of the committee would be notified.

But Ald. Tufts received no notice! Nor did any other member of the committee. They did not know anything about the investigation until it appeared in the papers. The committee stood in the background and said nothing. They had "nothing to do with the case." Chief Clarke found that Capt. Rawlings could give him all the advice and assistance necessary, and he had no use for the committee while the investigation lasted.

But he had when it was finished. The chief was evidently at a loss to know what to do with all the evidence he had taken. He thought of the board of public safety. He knew that this body would hand it to the police committee. He also knew the police committee could not act in the matter. He told them so before he began the investigation.

Chief Clarke knew that he was the only man who had power to deal with the matter. It may be that the conference held on Sunday night, a week ago, decided to give the police committee some winter reading, but they should have had the evidence printed and furnished enough copies to go round.

The committee feel that they have been placed in a pretty bad position. It has been given out to the public that the matter has been left for them to deal with, whereas they are utterly powerless.

If the committee can not act, and Chief Clarke will not act, the only course left open seems to be that the matter be handed over to the provincial government.

This is the view the police committee takes of it at present. Meanwhile the people must wait until the council meets. It is quite probable that at the next meeting a long resolution will be presented, showing the alarming condition of the police force, and setting forth the fact that the government having seen fit to appoint W. Walker Clarke to the office of chief of police, and having made him all powerful in dealing with the conduct of the men on the force, and "whereas" the council has power to do nothing except pay his salary; "therefore be it resolved" that the government be memorialized to take some action toward restoring order on the force, which is generally conceded to be a discredit to the city.

Chief Clarke has conducted the investigation in a manner that must give Sgt. Covay entire satisfaction. He has been successful in throwing it upon a body of men who can do nothing but read the evidence. He may be of the opinion that they will get tired of pondering over their helplessness, and let the matter drop in disgust.

If the chief had not had private conferences with Ald. Kelly, he might have been able to claim all the credit for this skillful piece of engineering.

However, he has managed so far to do all he led Mrs. Covay to believe he would, on the day when the charges against the sergeant first appeared in PROGRESS.

He called upon Mrs. Covay at her home as early as he possibly could after the charges appeared, and assured her that there was no need of her worrying herself. He believed the charges to be entirely false, and would hold a "thorough investigation."

He assured her that he thought more of the sergeant than any other man on the force, and that she need not be a bit alarmed. He also told her that PROGRESS was a scandalous paper, and not fit to be in any respectable house.

A copy of PROGRESS can be found at Chief Clarke's residence, Lancaster Heights, every Saturday.

It is not on record whether Chief Clarke visited the families of the other men on the force when charges were made against them. As he claims to be a model of fairness, it is to be supposed he did. If he assured their wives that everything would be all right and they need not be alarmed, he has failed to keep his promises. Several men have been suspended or dismissed since he commenced to wear a Seymour coat, with an abundance of braid, and a gold band on his hat.

THE LECTURES DISCONTINUED.

Their Effect Lost upon the Police Audience and the Public.

The lectures at the police station have been discontinued for the present. A press of other matters has, probably, made it impossible for the Chief to give the time to their preparation, that the importance of the subjects to be treated deserve. As a lecturer Chief Clarke has been a tremendous success. His efforts were too good to keep, and those who heard them could not help imparting the fund of information they received to their friends.

The chief complains that his orations are printed almost as soon as they are delivered. This shows how modest he is. Some lecturers, and even clergymen, have been known to take their efforts to the newspaper offices, all condensed and rewritten, and ready for publication. PROGRESS can assure the chief that his efforts are worth reading, or they would not be printed in this paper.

There may be other reasons for depriving the men of these literary treats. Perhaps he is beginning to find out that the subjects of them—Capt. Rawlings and Sgt. Covay—are not so very much nobler and more exemplary characters than the other men on the force. Then again, his efforts on "Fairness, or how all men should be dealt with alike," may not have been swallowed by his hearers to his entire satisfaction.

If Chief Clarke wants to uphold his reputation as a lecturer on these subjects, and tell his subordinates how they should act if they would be true men, he should take his texts from some different source than from the writings of Capt. Rawlings and Sergeant Covay.

NO SUSPENSIONS IN THIS CASE.

The Captain has been doing very Active Duty, and Manly Acts.

It has been customary on the police force for officers who had charges made against them to be suspended until an investigation was held. This was the case when men were reported for such trivial offences as leaving their beats for ten or fifteen minutes. Charges that were far from trivial—indeed more serious ones could hardly have been imagined—have been made against Sgt. Covay and Capt. Rawlings, yet they were not suspended for a day, and have been active doing police duty ever since.

Capt. Rawlings has been doing very active duty. He succeeded in arresting McKinnon, Thursday, despite the fact that

he got badly used and beaten. But McKinnon had a small black mark under his eye when he was being transferred to the central police station. He claims that this was not done in the struggle when he was arrested. According to his story, he was warm and thirsty after the excitement he had come through, and asked Capt. Rawlings to hand him a drink of water. He was in a cell in the Water street lockup at the time, and the water had to be handed to him through a small opening in the door. McKinnon claims that as he stood up to receive the water, the gallant Captain's arm shot through the hole in the door and hit him in the face.

Wasn't that a manly act?

HE BUYS "PROGRESS."

Capt. Rawlings Wanted Back Numbers to Complete His File.

Last Saturday was a field day with PROGRESS. Chief Clarke's remark, that it was business to sell as many papers as possible, had considerable truth in it, but even he could not imagine the demand there was for the last issue. Hundreds of extras were printed in anticipation of a good sale, and every copy was sold early in the day. In the later part of the morning the newsboys supply ran out, and the dealers had not enough to supply even the afternoon demand. There are a good many people who keep a file of PROGRESS, and some of them came near missing their copy of last week. Capt. Rawlings was one of these evidently, for he walked into the office quite early in the forenoon and bought a paper, more than this he paid his three cents for it. In this respect he is an improvement upon some other policemen.

He wanted copies of several weeks past, and especially of the week previous, but he could not get them. The file of the paper had to be kept intact, and the burly captain could not be obliged. He looked pleasant, but carried his two-foot-nine cane in very unutilitarian fashion when he retired. The writer did not observe, however, that he was in uniform. No doubt being under a serious charge he had been relieved from his duties for a time. It is this was not the fact it should have been.

ANOTHER OPINION.

A very painful impression has been created in the city by the charges affecting an official and members of the police force. This impression has gone abroad to distant cities and involves to some extent a reflection upon the fair fame of the city. That the guardians of the city's peace and order should be themselves lawbreaking and orderly is a first requisite to an efficient force. It is almost equally important that there should be mutual respect between the officers and members of the police body. Without this discipline cannot be maintained or efficient service rendered. Unfortunately some of these important requisites are wanting. The trouble is not altogether of recent growth, but it only adds to the seriousness of existing complications that the causes have been for months and years in operation. We shall not now pronounce upon the merits of the charges and counter charges, some of which other tribunals are yet to decide upon. But whatever the results there be, it is obvious that official action must be taken with a firm hand to remove disturbing and incongruous elements, and to restore harmony to the force.—*Editorial in Monday's Telegraph.*

Why was the Police Liquor Store Changed?

There is an uncomfortable story going the round of the force, to the effect that all the seized liquor has been transferred to the charge of the chief. It is known, of course, that when informations are made some liquor is usually seized. A good many informations have been made this year and much liquor has been confiscated. It was kept, up to a short time ago, in Inspector Rawlings' room. For some reason or other—the police officers have made a pretty shrewd guess at the correct one—the liquor was carried below, and what remains of it now is kept under double lock by the chief.

An Uncomfortable Ten Minutes.

Chief Clarke should note the fact that in the Rawlings perjury case this week, two of the witnesses gave sworn testimony which throws some light on Covay's case. It would seem that since he refused to conduct a proper investigation that circumstances were forcing the truth upon him.

Again only a few minutes later when Mrs. Woodburn passed down and out of the building she saw the Chief in his office and offered then and there to return and swear to all the statements she had made about Covay. She was not satisfied with this but repeated many of them in detail. It was an uncomfortable ten minutes for the Chief.

The Gallery is Noisy.

It has been a question whether the shows that have appeared at the Institute during the last few months have been given for the benefit of the gallery or all parts of the hall alike. The gallery seems to have the best of it. If a few policemen were placed there and some kind of order kept, it might add to the attendance in other parts of the house.

A MONUMENT DESIGN.

Suggested by Mr. Kaye, for the late Fred Young.

A design for the proposed monument to the late Fred Young, has been submitted to PROGRESS, Mr. by J. H. Kaye, the artistic merit of which must be apparent even to the most careless eye. The monument itself is a simple shaft tapering towards the top, where it broadens again in vase shape to support a figure of the lad as he stands just before springing into the water. So perfectly natural and easy is the pose of the figure that it might be an instantaneous photograph, taken when the boy was walking rapidly, you almost expect to see him step from the shaft. In his left hand he carries a life preserver, the muscles of the arm drawn to fullest tension by the firmness of his hold, the right hand grasps a coil of rope. The head is uplifted with an indescribable alertness and eagerness, and the eyes gaze anxiously forward with the same eager brightness. No detail of costume is neglected; the figure is represented in flannel shirt and trousers, the sleeves of the shirt rolled up, and the neat little scarf tie, fluttering in the breeze. At the base of the shaft stand two Fusiliers with heads bowed, and hands clasped over their reversed and grounded muskets, their overcoats supplying the folds of drapery needed to make their severe costume picturesque.

The whole design is full of poetry, and tells its story at the first glance. Such a monument placed in one of the squares could not fail to attract the eyes of visitors to the city, and would fittingly commemorate a deed, which has already made that city famous.

PROGRESS will publish an engraving of the design next week.

AMHERST IS A LIVE TOWN.

A Prayer Meeting, Card Party and Poker Dies, in One Night.

Of all the bright little towns the writer ever came across, Amherst takes the palm for its size. If one chances to be "one of the boys," he can have more fun to the square inch in that small vestibule to Nova Scotia, than in lots of towns fourtimes its size.

He can enjoy any kind of dissipation the particular bent of his mind inclines him to, from the mild excitement of a prayer meeting, to the delirious joy of draw poker with a five dollar ante. A friend of the writer went down to Amherst this week on a little matter of business, and this was what he had to say about it when he came back.

"I got through with my business, after tea and as I had to wait till three o'clock in the morning for my train I thought I might as well do what I could to kill time, so I went to an entertainment that was given by the Y. M. C. A., and enjoyed myself very much. They had social, instrumental music and recitations, and after it was over I went to see a relative who lived in town, and completed the evening. We played a game called 'Nations' and had great fun. 'Nations' is played, as everyone knows, with cards which are lavishly decorated with pictures of the most instructive character, representing the noble savage in all the glory of war paint and feathers, his meek and lowly squaw, and his skiptul papoose. There are also pictures of maps, four in each pack of cards, and the rest are embellished with steeples, houses, mud huts, and camps; showing the different dwelling of the different nations, according to their degree of civilization and culture. You know the game, of course, so I need not describe it to you, but the great beauty of those cards is their adaptability; you can take those same innocent looking pieces of pasteboard, and play as straight a game of poker with them cards as if they were genuine poker dice. The Indian represents the king, the squaw answers for the queen, the papoose or small boy stands for the knave, and the map is the ace, the steeples houses, mud huts, and camps represent the spot cards, and having mastered these little details, it is comparatively easy 'to see and go you one better.'"

"After the game was over, I returned to my hotel and as I still had a couple of hours to spare before train time, I strolled down to the coffee room, and watched a few choice spirits playing poker. They were playing with poker dice, and there was \$25 in the pot. I saw one man win \$200 while I was looking on. Oh, yes! Amherst is a lively town, I can assure you, and you can find lots of ways of spending a pleasant evening there. Come along next time I go down, and we'll have some fun!"

The First Time in 23 Years.

Treasurer John White was absent from his post at the annual meeting of the St. Andrews Society, Thursday evening, for the first time in 23 years, and on Friday morning his friends and brother members joined in congratulations upon a happy event in his family circle.

TIMOTHY CUSICK TALKS.

ON PAVING STONES AND BALLAST VERSUS THE DUMP.

Some Facts About the Main Street Paving—About \$20,000 Expended already—No Plans to Work by—Useless and Expensive Excavation.

It was nearly 11 o'clock and the drowsy writer was thanking more of a good night's sleep than any civic rascality when, *Ting a ling ling*, the door bell sounded and a minute later a zealous taxpayer was pouring a tale into his ears. He evidently was one of the few men who think that their yearly contribution to the Chamberlain's coffers give them a personal interest in the affairs of the corporation. They consequently watch proceedings closely.

Some hundreds of tons of ballast which had come from Main Street, now being excavated for the pavement, had aroused the callers' suspicions that the excavator, Mr. T. Cusick, who always knows a good thing when he sees it, was making a fat thing out of the transfer. He stated that these stones cost the city so much per ton. Mr. Cusick got them for nothing and sold them for ten cents less per ton than the city paid for them.

Timothy is always at home after six, and the writer called upon him. There is no guile about the burly contractor. He talks so straight and with such force that he must convince his random acquaintances that he knows a good many facts, and can express them.

Mr. Cusick was weary and had thrown himself on a settee for a preliminary nap, when PROGRESS roused him. He was not over a minute getting at the fact that he was talking to a newspaper man who was after some information—what he did not know.

He soon cleared up the mystery, however, by stating that he was the contractor for Mr. Fisher, and that he put the stone where he was told. The paving stone went on the street, and the larger rocks that were of no use to any person, the city gave to him (Mr. Cusick). He had sold some for ballast, but if he had not done that, they would have gone over the dump. Contractor Cusick smiled grimly when he said it was better to sell them for ballast than put them over the dump.

"How are you getting along with the excavation, Mr. Cusick," asked PROGRESS? "Goin' it blind," laughed Timothy. "Did you ever play bluff? Well, this is the biggest game of bluff I ever played. I've got a dollar and gone it blind, but this knocks me."

"To tell you the facts," resumed Mr. Cusick, after a short pause, "we hardly know what we are doing. When Mr. Fisher asked me for a figure on excavation, I gave him twenty cents a square yard, and he made his estimate upon that. Of course that was figuring upon a ten inch excavation. I have been digging into three feet of rock a good many days since then."

"No arrangement has been made for this extra work," Mr. Fisher is depending upon the city to treat him right, and I am looking to Mr. Fisher, who is square enough for anyone. Before we had got to the head of Dock street the grade began to get deeper, and it was two feet and over in a very short time. Then it got to be three feet, and I am cutting about three feet now."

"We are supposed to have an engineer in charge," said Mr. Cusick, "but I have not seen a plan or a line for a guide. We are working in the dark entirely. I can't tell for the life of me why it was necessary to go to all this extra expense of so much cutting."

Mr. Cusick speaks nothing but the truth, when he talks in this strain. People are coming to the conclusion that the paving of Main street will be the most expensive feature of the union of the cities. The house and shop owners along the street are indignant that the street is being lowered so much. The sidewalk must follow of course—another expense to the city—and then the houses must come down to the level of the sidewalk. One gentleman said that it cost him \$600 to lower his house, which was now on solid rock, and he asked if they were going to make him come down still more. "Ask Director Smith," said a bystander. "He knows all about it." Mr. Smith referred him to Engineer Peters, the responsible man.

That appears to be the trouble. There is no boss. Engineer Peters is taking his head for the business, and is doing it in a queer way.

Some 15,000 square yards have been done already, which under the contract price, would mean between \$16,000 and \$17,000 for Mr. Fisher. But the extra excavation will cost a great deal, besides other extra charges. Then the contractor who supplies the blocks has his little bill, and the inspection, etc., all add to the charges, to say nothing of the invaluable services of Director Smith, Superintendent Martin, and Engineer Peters.

Add to this cost the figure for lowering the sidewalks, and the pavement bill will paralyze the town.

A UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

Maritime Canadians in Boston to Meet November 26th.

One of the most original and unique entertainments ever given in the United States, or anywhere else, is that which will take place on the 26th, at Tremont Temple, Boston. The primal object seems to be a reunion of the natives of the maritime provinces, who will be drawn together by a common bond, that of patriotism. The entertainment is itself a novel one consisting of music by the best artists, addresses by prominent Canadians, and a series of pictures not only of the most famous Canadian scenery, but also of Canadian cities, Canadian industries, and Canadian engineering feats. There will be represented King's College, Windsor, the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, Prince of Wales College, Truro, Normal School, Chignecto Ship Railway, St. John Cantilever bridge, Halifax dry dock, and Northumberland Straits tunnel.

Views of the fisheries at Bay Chaleur, Lockport, Arichat, and Souris. The latter part of the evening will be devoted to a social reunion.

The object of this entertainment seems to be to keep alive the flame of patriotism in the breasts of Canadians who are absent from their native land, and to foster that love of country, which is or ought to be inherent in every heart, more especially in every heart that can claim as its birthplace, the Land of the Maple.

In A Halifax Theatre.

A St. John man, who returned from Halifax this week, saw some things in the Academy of Music there that surprised him. It was pay day with the navy, and sailors were in every part of the hall, many of whom took an active part in the performance. When one of the actors be-moaned his fate in not having anyone to love him, one of the sailors said he would love him, in a tone of voice that a boat-swain would have reason to be proud of. There were several repetitions of this as the play went on. They changed the old order of things and instead of going "out between the acts," produced bottles and tipped them back in full view of the audience. One of the company finally came before the curtain, and asked that the company be allowed to conduct the show.

Mr. Slipp Will Pay His Racing Entries.

Secretary Magee called upon PROGRESS this week in reference to A. L. Slipp, of Truro, and his entrance fees. PROGRESS stated that Mr. Slipp went away without paying them which was quite true, but Mr. Magee tempers this fact by another, that Mr. Slipp offered him the money during the exhibition to pay for his entrance fees. Mr. Magee was not prepared to take it just then, and wishes to correct the impression that Mr. Slipp was unwilling to pay. PROGRESS will be glad to get an explanation from Mr. Slipp of his exhibition entries, and why he did not pay them before he left, and refused the draft for them later.

How It is Worked on City Road.

There is a place on the City Road where liquor is sold without a license, and the police know it; but cannot find any when they make a "raid." On their last visit every part of the house was searched, even the beds being turned inside out. No liquor was found. The officers did not know enough to go into the adjoining house and have a look around them. When a customer wants something to drink, the woman taps at a window looking out into a narrow alleyway, and then lifts it. A pitcher is passed in from the next house, and the customer gets all the liquor he can drink.

They Saw Millie and Went Home.

The professional men who went to the Institute Monday evening were very ill at ease before Miss Millie Christine made her appearance. They went there for the purpose of attending the reception, and did not bargain for the rankest end of a variety show. Hence the restlessness of a number of guests, and inquiries as to the object of putting the medical profession, clergy and press on exhibition. But when Miss Christine appeared and spoke to them with both heads, and danced with four feet, and gave sufficient evidence to the least modest of the medical men that she was all that was claimed for her, they were satisfied, and a number left the hall.

A Big Night at the Depot.

When the depot is crowded there is always some fun. It was crowded Wednesday evening. A large proportion of the travellers were bound for the lumber woods, and they were feeling as good as the syrup to be had in the vicinity of the depot could make them. But when they began to dance in the halls and waiting rooms the officers made themselves very prominent, and the thought of staying over in a small square room put an end to the merriment. The western train carried an extraordinary load of passengers, there being 141 second-class passengers, and 40 first-class, besides the local travel.

LOOKING FOR A SEAT.

A LADY DESCRIBES SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF CAR HOGS.

The Breed is Common and Disagreeable—Small People who Take two Seats—One Thing Where Reform is Necessary—Conductors Should Take a Hand.

If there is anything in this weary world that needs general reconstruction, ripping in all the seams, sponging with ammonia, and putting together again in a new and improved form, it is the railway etiquette, the travelling manners of the average upper class Canadian. I have, no doubt, upon the fox terrier's banner and he continued his journey in undisturbed possession of his plush covered seat, while the heartless person who would have deprived him of it, glared at him from an obscure corner.

Now surely it is the duty of the conductor to see that the seats in the car are not unfairly taken up, and some people forced to stand, so that others may take possession of two, or even four seats. If this is not his duty, what a conductor is for, is a complete puzzle to,

ASTRA.

THE CENTURIES EXHIBITION.

Some Idea of What the Entertainment is and its Object.

It has been decided that the tournament of the provincial lawn tennis clubs will be held in St. John next year, and in anticipation of that event an entertainment is contemplated under the direction of Mr. A. O. Skinner, who so successfully conducted the exhibition of nations some time ago.

As yet nothing very definite has been determined upon, but the hearty co-operation of the ladies who took part in the latter entertainment has been secured, new recruits have promised to join the ranks, and a meeting will shortly be held to settle all the preliminaries. Of course the main object of the entertainment will be to raise funds for the pursuits of the club. If any surplus is captured, it is proposed to build a pavilion on the grounds of the Cricket club large enough to serve for all purposes of entertainment for visiting clubs. It is well known that the club has never possessed adequate accommodations for the proper reception of visitors, the distance of the ground from the city making it most inconvenient, especially for ladies, since the loss of the regular tennis ground, and the members feel naturally anxious to be able to reciprocate the hospitality shown them by their brethren in the sister provinces during past years.

The object now is to provide a place where ladies can not only be received, but where they can remain for the whole day during the tournament, without being under the necessity of returning to the city for dinner or to change their ordinary costume for their tennis dress.

The proposed pavilion will contain not only ladies' dressing rooms, but will be provided with kitchen and dining room, so that ladies cannot only have dinner, but five o'clock tea, or any refreshment they wish, during the day.

With this excellent object in view, the promoters of the enterprise will be sure to meet with most enthusiastic support on all sides. It is expected that, at least, 200 will be required to take part in the proposed entertainment, which will be called "The Centuries," and which will illustrate the different phases of life in the past centuries, and the progress made by civilization, and in the arts and sciences during the five centuries represented.

The entertainment will be held in the St. Andrew's rink in which there will be ten booths, two devoted to each century, beginning at the fourteenth. One booth will represent peasant, and the other court, life. The nineteenth century booths will be under the direct supervision of Mr. Skinner himself, and will represent the marvels of the century; the wonders of steam and electricity; the various methods of conducting business; the strides made in manufacturing, and the practical application of steam and electricity to the every day business of life; the costumes worn during this century and the general mode of life amongst the various grades of society in this most enlightened age.

The entertainment will take place during Easter week, so there will be ample time for preparation, and a busy winter before all those who are taking part in what would be for any city but St. John, a very large undertaking.

Pigeons Nesting Above the Altar.

Two pigeons are engaged in making a nest for the winter above the altar of the Immaculate Conception church, Division and Mosher streets. Last Sunday the pastor, the Rev. P. McHale, preached for the first time since he returned from his visit to Rome, Paris, and other European cities, and gave the Papal benediction to the congregation. During the service the fluttering of the pigeons attracted the attention of the entire congregation, and in the parish it has become a subject of conversation ever since. One of the pigeons is white, with black spots, and the other is of a grayish color. It is supposed they found their way into the church through the choir windows, which, unlike the other windows, are not provided with screens. The pigeons thus far have not made themselves annoying to the priests or congregation.—Baltimore Sun.

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her was occupied by a fat and aggressive fox terrier.

In the fulness of time, more people crowded into the car, and one determined looking woman, took a stand opposite the fox terrier and his mistress, and insisted upon his abdicating in her favor; she had paid for her seat, she said, and she was not going to give it up to any dog in the world.

If his mistress was so anxious for the brute's society, she could take him on her lap. Fierce raged the battle. The lady was calm and serene, and her adversary hot and excited, and very much inclined to be abusive, but in the end victory perched upon the fox terrier's banner and he continued his journey in undisturbed possession of his plush covered seat, while the heartless person who would have deprived him of it, glared at him from an obscure corner.

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"NO CHEWING ALLOWED."

A Companion Sign to be Hung with "No Smoking Here."

There is no more common sight now-a-days in railway stations, street cars, and places of public entertainment than the notice "No smoking allowed," posted up in a conspicuous place as a warning to all possible offenders. This is as it should be, of course, but one of the crying needs of the present day is a master mind to rise up in the synagogue and suggest a companion piece to the above mentioned work of art, which shall read thus: "No chewing allowed. Anyone found violating this rule will be summarily ejected."

Then, and only then, can respectable people have any comfort in going to a public entertainment or travelling in a street car. It is a mystery to me, why the comparatively inoffensive smoker should be placed under a public interdiction, while the far more serious offender is allowed to exercise his filthy habit unmolested.

Who has not suffered from tobacco juice at some time or other during their earthly pilgrimage? It may have been in their own person, or it may have been that some lady friend who was with them was the sufferer; only the other night I took a short trip in the street cars accompanied by a lady; we obtained a seat with some difficulty, to find out, too late, that we were opposite a confirmed tobacco chewer.

The way that youth's salivary glands worked, was the most marvellous study in physiology I ever witnessed, their powers of secretion were beyond anything I ever saw. Closer, and closer did my unfortunate companion draw her light dress around her feet, and more vigorous and rapid grew the flow of tobacco juice in an ever-increasing range till I began to think we should soon be floated out of the cars. The more my companion endeavored to shrink away, the more the victim of the tobacco habit seemed to enjoy the situation, and, I think, he must have wept bitter tears of disappointment when we got up and left the car.

And so, thinking the matter over this morning, in the seclusion of my sanctum, I thought that in default of the master mind referred to above, I would rise up myself and enter a plea for some sort of legislation anent one of the greatest nuisances of the nineteenth century.

GEOFF.

So Easily Done.

Yes, it is drudgery and no mistake, even if we let a wash woman do the washing it is a sort of worry. It's so easy to have your washing all thrown into a bag or basket and have Ungar call, take it away, wash it, and return it rough dried to your own door. It's surprising to see the number of people who are doing this. Let Ungar try it for you—A

A more delicious and strengthening drink cannot be taken than half teaspoonful of LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF BEEF dissolved in a cup of boiling water seasoned to taste with pepper and salt. It is carefully prepared and highly recommended by physicians everywhere. For sale by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte street.

SACHET POWDERS

The Best Makes and the Choicest Kinds.

Jockey Club, White Rose, Heliotrope, Jacqueminot Rose, Martha Washington, Musk, Cashmere Bouquet, &c., &c.

—FOR SALE BY—

F. E. CRAIBE & CO.,

Druggists and Apothecaries, 35 KING STREET.

—SABATH HOURS—9.30 to 10.45 a. m.; 2 to 4, and 7 to 9 p. m.

SINCE LAST SEPTEMBER

I have not spent one day without intense suffering, until I obtained a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. I have used part of my second bottle, and consider it the Greatest Cure for Rheumatism ever discovered. I would recommend anyone to try it who suffers as I did. I was unable to work, or even walk, and now enjoy better health than I have for years. Yours truly,

June 1, '90. E. B. GREEN.

Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50. For sale by all Druggists.

Prepared in Canada only by

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,

King Street (West), St. John, N. B.

Wholesale by T. B. BARKER & SONS, and S. McDIARMID.

W. J. FRASER,

OVERGROWN Boys are hard to fit. We know it, they know it, you know it. We find it difficult sometimes. It becomes necessary to carry an endless variety of sizes, not speaking of the different styles of cloth and make-up, to suit everybody. But we can do it, and do it. Some tell us its our low prices that make them buy from us; some that we keep better styles; some that our clothes wear longer than other people's. We think that instead of being any one of these reasons, it is all in combination that make men, women, and children come to the

ROYAL CLOTHING STORE,

Only One Door above Royal Hotel.

TWO STRONG POINTS WHEN COMBINED! VIZ: EXCELLENCE IN QUALITY, AND LOW PRICE.

We think we have them both in the Goods we are offering for this Fall's trade, and solicit a careful inspection from those who require any goods in our various lines, whether a Cooking or Heating Stove, a Mantel Piece and Grate, or something in the line of Tinware and Household Hardware, of which we have an immense stock, in great variety. A careful inspection of our stock will pay all buyers who are interested in securing the Best Goods at the Lowest Possible Prices.

EMERSON & FISHER,

75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

CUTLERY IS A COUNTER SPECIALTY WITH US.

We have an immense assortment of PORT-KET CUTLERY well classed so that selection is easy. JACK KNIVES, HUNTING KNIVES, PEN KNIVES, CORN KNIVES; with handles of pearl, ivory, buckhorn, tortoiseshell, bone and Coc wood. Also, SCISSORS,

singly, in sets, and in "Ladies' Companion" form. All goods of leading English makes, and at very low prices. We are pleased to show the above; also our leaders in TABLEWARE.

T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

JUST RECEIVED

—A FURTHER SUPPLY OF—

READY-MADE SUITS and SUMMER OVERCOATS,

—IN—

Men's, Youths', and Boys' Sizes, in new and fashionable designs.

Which will be sold at our usual low prices.

1000 Pairs of Pants, at cost; Great Reduction in Gent's fine Summer Underwear.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN TRUNKS and VALISES.

Clothing made to order in our usual first-class style.

CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL, : : : 51 Charlotte Street.

T. YOUNGCLAUS, Proprietor.

GO TO KERR'S COOL

THE KING.

They rode right out of the morning sun;
A glittering, glittering cavalcade
Of knights and ladies, and every one
In princely dress arrayed.

ONE PAIR OF GLOVES.

Thirty-three years ago this autumn,
A little boat was dropping slowly down
The Medway, below the old stone bridge
Of Maidstone.

It was not an evening when love needed
To plead; he could let his presence blend
With all other sweet influences, and trust
To the effect, Bessie felt the charm of the

When they parted, he said:
"Bessie, this has been a great night for me;
Give me this glove, that I may know
Tomorrow it was not all a dream."

"Take it, Ralph," she said, "it is my
Glove that I will give you promise."

Ralph put the delicate little pledge away
And went up to London. He had something
To work for and hope, now, and he soon
Made these influences tell.

But he was no better able to bear
Sudden riches than most men are. He immediately
Launched into unusual expenses—
Furnished the Hall, and rebuilt his kennels.

The next year's crop was another success,
And the squire began to build fine
Oast-houses on his land, for he was now
Determined to have everything necessary

Both air and water abound in microbes, or germs
Of disease, ready to infect the debilitated system.
To impart that strength and vigor necessary to resist
The effect of these pernicious zyma no tonic blood-

Every Druggist and General Dealer in Canada
Should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demanded
From all directions, and it is not to be obtained
Except from the original and only makers.

It is a very good one, and he was
Not indifferent to the fact. He loved
Money just enough to be anxious to make it;
And as his practice lay very much among
The native princes and beggars, his professional
Rewards were frequently very magnificent—
Twenty years ago these dignitaries did not
Calculate quite so closely as they do now—
Good investments were plentiful, and Ralph
Was known in Calcutta as a man who always
Had a few thousand rupees for a profitable scheme.

He grew attached to his Indian life.
One relay of officers after another was
Exchanged, or sent home on long furloughs,
But Ralph never thought of any change
Save a few weeks every summer to the cool
Heights of the Neighgherry. Probably he
Would have died a very contented exile, if
He had not received a letter in the eighteenth
Year of his Indian life, telling him that he

had become the lawful heir to the barony
Of Erroll and Hastings.

Then he went back to England. But
After the first excitement and pleasure of
His return and his new position were over,
He began to feel a sense of ennui and dis-

appointment. His profession was dear to
His heart, and it was impossible at once to
Find the calm, easy duties of a country
Gentleman equivalent for the exciting inci-

He had come up to London with this
Idea in embryo, resolving to make in-
quiries and preparations there. Bessie had
No place in this movement. He knew,
Indeed, that she was living in Hampshire;
He had no thought or hope of meeting her,
And would have avoided such a possibility
Soon to Jack Dawson of 'Ours,' and it is
Her betrothal party.

"I never meddle in such affairs, Major.
I will come another night and see Miss
Belle."

Special Value in Jacket and Ulster Cloths.

Manchester, Robertson, and Allison.

dress and watering-places. The squire,
With all his influx of ready money, was
Always in a tight place.

In the second winter of her engagement,
Bessie was to stay with a new acquaint-
ance in London. As far as Ralph was
Concerned, it was a very unhappy visit.
He loved Bessie with all his heart. Bessie
Had begun to love many other things
Besides Ralph. The charms of London
Society, in all their splendid novelty, cap-

Bessie thought she loved Ralph yet, but
She did not know her own heart until, one
Day, Ralph took her to see a little cottage
At Richmond, and told her how much his
Income was, asking her honestly to redeem
Her pledge to him at once. She was
Struck with dismay at the apparent narrow-

Indeed, the possibility of breaking it off
Had now entered her mind, and being once
Admitted, it made rapid progress, and love
Died. Ralph felt the change, but found it
Always blind where it does not want to see;
And one morning, when he read her en-
gagement in the Morning Chronicle to a
Wealthy magnate of the East India Board,
He felt as if his life had been suddenly
Smitten with blindness.

When a man is constant, there is no con-
stancy like it. Ralph refused to blame
Bessie; everything and everybody were
Wrong but she; and he treasured the little
Glove, that had been such a faithless gage,
Beyond all his possessions. Day after day
He watched the post with a feverish hope
That incanted him for every other en-
ployment. He wrote and wrote to Bessie,
And was quite sure that sooner or later she
Would find means to answer him. The
Only answer that ever came was a descrip-
tion of her marriage festivities down at the
Old Hall at Farleigh.

Then he knew his love was dead to him,
And he tried to bury it in some sweet-scented
Casket of his heart; but just as he thought
He was succeeding, he one day came sud-
denly face to face with Bessie in Oxford
Street. He suffered so keenly after it that
He determined on putting himself out of the
Way of such encounters. So he advertised
For some medi- cal position, and had three
Answers. One wrote to take him to Canada,
Another to Ireland, and the other to India.
He determined to let the decision rest on
Whichever offered him the highest salary.

The Indian appointment won, and within
A few weeks he was on the road to Cal-
cutta. He had destroyed every memento
Of his engagement except one; but on that
Last night in England, when he had sadly
Burnt Bessie's letters, and her little gits,
And even her picture, he had not been able
To commit to destruction that dainty little
Glove that had so long comforted him. It
Seemed almost part of Bessie, and though
He several times dropped it toward the
Flame, he finally put it away with a sad
And half-reproachful tenderness.

It found its home in no very romantic
Place—a secret drawer in his medicine
Chest—and there through eighteen long
Years it remained untouched and unlooked
At. In this retreat it went with Ralph to
Calcutta, and after a few months, he had
No temptation to disturb it. He had be-
come an enthusiast in his profession, and a
Devoted botanist, and in the two pursuits
Found ample interest for life.

His salary was a very good one, and he
Was not indifferent to the fact. He loved
Money just enough to be anxious to make it;
And as his practice lay very much among
The native princes and beggars, his professional
Rewards were frequently very magnificent—
Twenty years ago these dignitaries did not
Calculate quite so closely as they do now—
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Shorthand

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When you go to a school bear
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S. KERR, Principal.
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We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all, of
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We invite you to call and see our stock. 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

DID YOU SEE THAT

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GORBELL ART STORE, : : 207 Union Street.

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DO YOUR CLOTHES FIT YOU? IF NOT, JAS. KELLY can make you a suit that will. Try him, while here.

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The Sun.

FOR 1891.

Some people agree with THE SUN'S opin-
ions about men and things, and some people
don't; but everybody likes to get hold of
the newspaper which is never dull and never
afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years
THE SUN has fought in the front line for
Democratic principles, never wavering or
weakening in its loyalty to the true interests
of the party it serves with fearless intelli-
gence and disinterested vigor. At times
opinions have differed as to the best means
of accomplishing the common purpose; it
is not THE SUN'S fault if it has seen further
into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will
be a great year in American politics, and
everybody should read THE SUN.

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That has ever appeared in St. John was seen at the
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This was the verdict by all who saw these skillfully
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AT VERY LOW RATES.

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ALL PERSONS assessed for Water Rates for
the current year are hereby notified that unless
the said rates are paid immediately into Cham-
berlain's Office, City Hall, Prince William Street,

EXECUTIONS.

Distrain or Sequestration Warrants will be issued
to recover the same, according to Acts of Assembly.

FRED. SANDALL,
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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 unsolicited or our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 8. CIRCULATION, 8,500.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

AWAY WITH SUCH NONSENSE.

Alderman and Boss JOHN KELLY made the bold, broad, and false statement at a recent session of the police committee that Sergeant COVAY was being persecuted because he is a Catholic.

Such an assertion as that could only come from such a source. We want JOHN KELLY, and all others like him, who are prone to seek for motives, to understand that it makes no difference to this paper whether a police officer is a Catholic or a Protestant, or an Atheist. His religion need not interfere with his duty.

Why should JOHN KELLY suppose that because a man is a Catholic he will not get a fair show? Why have not RAWLINGS' friends the same right to stand up and say: "this man is a Protestant and an Orangeman, and is being persecuted on those grounds."

With such balderdash. Let us have less of such talk. When a man seeks employment he is asked what his faith is or if he has any? Why then, when a public official is charged with neglect of duty, should his religion be dragged into the discussion?

JOHN KELLY should have more respect for his religion than to pollute it by the insinuation, that because any man belongs to it, he has not as fair a chance for a living and for justice as any Protestant.

God forbid that our religious opinions should clash with our social or political life! If it was not for such men as KELLY, who look upon their religion as so much capital, and trade upon it, who contrive to make it enter into their daily life, who control political gifts and influences through their unscrupulous use of their creed, such collisions would not be thought of.

Out upon such men. They are greater foes to their religion than any others.

THE INTELLIGENT MECHANIC.

Efforts are being made in New York to establish "night law schools," where ambitious young men, who cannot afford to give time to study during the day, can fit themselves for a professional career. In Chicago these schools have been open for a number of years.

The idea seems to be a good one, but it is hardly in keeping with the age. The professions are already overcrowded, and the fostering of a non-productive class, such as lawyers, is not a move in the interests of humanity. Large numbers of those who would take advantage of the schools would be young mechanics, and sons of mechanics. In the study of law they would lose all interests in their trades, and were they successful in their studies, the results of recruiting the ranks of a non-productive class, from those of the producers, is strikingly apparent.

What we want is a better class of workmen, and more of them. Any movement to reduce the number of intelligent mechanics—and only the better class would think of entering the professions—should not be encouraged. There is as much opportunity for the exercise of brain power in the trades as there is in the professions, and the day is not far distant when the intelligent tradesman will take his place beside those in the professions. When a farmer or mechanic enters the legal profession, instead of being a benefit to his fellow man, he is increasing the already heavy burden that the workingman has to bear. He may be successful, and acquire fame and money, but the chances are one in a hundred. Again, he may be worse off than ever. In either case, the class of people from which he came will have to support him. Lawyers, as well as those in many other professions, produce nothing. They may work hard, and get well paid for it, but the working man has to work two days to the lawyer's one, in order to produce enough to pay his fees.

What is most needed, are night schools where young men can get good everyday educations. There are hundreds of these open during the winter months in all parts of the country, but there is room for more. In these, the young should be encouraged in an industrial career, and given instruction that will help them in their daily work. By this means workingmen can be learned to think and act. As it is now we find tradesmen with very little education performing work,—difficult work to those

not acquainted with it—like mere machines, not knowing why a certain thing is done such a way, nor indeed thinking anything about it; whereas by a little thought and study the task might be made lighter or more easily accomplished. They do their work as they were shown how to do it, and never stop to think whether it could be done any other way. To select the intelligent ones from this class would be disastrous, and "great movements," such as the "law night school" is said to be, sometimes assume vast proportions.

Reverse the idea and give the young men in the professions a chance to learn something about industrial pursuits.

CURL PAPERS AND GIRLS.

One of the great advantages of the deposition of the bang and the severely intellectual style of coiffure now in vogue is the utter rout of the curl paper nuisance, which has held the female world in its ruthless grasp for years. No head was complete, however fair it might be, without a nimbus of curl papers in the morning, and the hardihood displayed by the dear ladies in this respect was something wonderful. Surely female vanity is not what it is supposed to be, or no woman would be content to make such a guy of herself, to achieve so trifling a result.

If she could only know what a man thinks of her when he first sees her in curl papers she would abjure them forever. Nothing could be more untidy, nothing could be more unbecoming, or more un ladylike, but yet it is said some girls make a constant practice of coming down to breakfast every morning, literally bristling with curl papers, newspaper ones at that!

How does the happy bridegroom stand the shock of his first encounter with curl papers? It is pretty safe to assume that he never saw his adored decorated with them in the courting days, else his admiration would surely have cooled, and so when he first beheld his angel in her real halo, and not the one with which his glowing fancy crowned her. His regard must have been true and deep indeed to have stood the test.

Curls are lovely; a fringe of softly curling hair softens and improves every face, and if nature has not curled the girl's hair we thoroughly approve of their resorting to artificial means. We agree with the bright girl who answered the strict old deacon so cleverly, when he remonstrated with her on the folly and vanity of curling her hair. "Eliza," said the pious old disciplinarian, "If God had intended your locks to be curled, He would have curled them for you." "When I was a child," replied the witty damsel, "He did so, but now He thinks I am old enough to do it myself," and the deacon retired routed.

Curl your hair, girls, curl it all the time if you want to, but if ever the fancy returns in full force, do, we implore you, in the name of fair VENUS, Goddess of Beauty, of the three graces, the nine muses, and all the other nice, pretty girls of mythology, and any other ology—use the curling tongs.

If somebody had not let go the rope; if there had been a lifeboat in that vicinity; if DORCY could have reached him; if there had been power enough to throw a rope to the drowning boy; if the fire department had been called! What then? FRED YOUNG is dead. He died as few men die—in a brave attempt to save a fellowman. Not rashly, not foolhardily; but with a wild leap into raging waters without thinking of the consequences; but with confidence in himself as a swimmer, but with a realization of the danger the rescue involved. When he died, a city mourned. His was a funeral such as few of us may expect to see again. No pomp, no display, no music, none of the quiet boisterousness so noticeable in monster processions, even when they follow the dead—every man was a mourner. Even those who watched the funeral as it passed did so with reverence; talked in whispers, and of him. But they were few. Men who went to see the procession were not satisfied; they became a part of it, until the thousands of spectators emerged into one long procession that followed the dead with awful solemnity. There were no bands. Nothing to break the quiet that had come o'er the city, save the tolling of the bells and the chimes. Seldom have death bells tolled as they seemed to toll that day; never before did the cathedral chimes awake such feelings in the hearts of listeners. But it was not the bells. They were the same. The change was in the hearts of the people.

When Rev. Mr. MACNEILL denounced political bribery and other corruption from his pulpit last Sunday he trod on the corns of a good many citizens who have been or tried to be prominent in the public eye. It was a genuine treat to listen to such hearty condemnation of the election methods of the present day from a gentleman who, though a preacher, is not ashamed of his political convictions. Unfortunately for his peace of mind his own party received the greater scorching. One of his most attentive listeners was an ex-cabinet minister of the present government while in the congregation are not slow in pulling the wires when occasion demands it. Still, this is the kind of preaching we want more frequently. We respect Mr. MACNEILL for his courage, and wish there

were more like him. If the subsidized and subservient party press would support such doctrine and aid in exposing corruption, open bribery would soon be a thing of the past.

We commend to Rev. Mr. MACNEILL'S attention the following straight away talk, from the outspoken Philadelphia Press, on the morning of the recent election:

To Intending Soundreals. At whatever poll tonight's returns shall give evidence of accomplished fraud, the election officers of that poll will be arrested tomorrow.

A reward has been set upon the head of every convicted Repealer or Persecutor, and of every election officer who shall, in violation of his oath, connive at fraud.

Supervisors will arrest every man attempting to vote on a false registration. Supervisors can arrest without a warrant.

Probably there has never been an election held in Philadelphia in anticipation of which more careful arrangements were made to swell the Republican vote by fraud.

Probably there never was an election in this city when the friends of honest administration were more determined to prevent fraud. No agency of discovery has been neglected.

And so, we say, Messrs. Soundreals, Persecutors, Repealers, Perjurers, et cetera, come on! The jails ache for you; the friends of fair play are ready for you.

Had there been such a newspaper in York!

Is it not time the water was turned off from the fountain in King square, or are we to have it playing all winter? Nothing can be more delightful than the plashing of a fountain in July or August.

A noise like a hidden brook, In the leafy month of June, That to the sleeping woods all night, Singeth a quiet tune,

is lovely in summer, but in November it has a very different effect. What can be more depressing than the sound of ceaselessly falling water on a cold, damp day in November? It seems to drip upon one's soul, as the water dripped upon the head of the victim in the famous drop of water torture of the inquisition. Turn off the water city fathers, and see how the social barometer will rise!

Is all earnestness we advise the chief of police to get rid of Inspector RAWLINGS and any others who follow his footsteps. It would be most unsatisfactory to all parties to feel that daily convictions depend upon the sworn evidence of any man who has been on trial for perjury; who has been found guilty, when on duty, of provoking a breach of the peace and fined for the offence. If we must have loafers and bullies or spies on the force, let them at least be good natured and truthful. Otherwise the police will always be in a peck of trouble.

PEN AND PRESS.

Notices of the Christmas editions are going the rounds even at this early date, and among the first received by PROGRESS is one of the Halifax Chronicle. According to it the Chronicle has been making extensive preparation for a nice publication, and it is satisfactory to know that "there is every reason to believe that the results will be satisfactory to the general public as well as prove a credit to Halifax." PROGRESS wishes its contemporary every success in its laudable enterprise.

FOR PROGRESS.] A FORGOTTEN HERO.

Dr. James P. Collins, Who Died July 2nd, 1847, Aged 33 Years. Greater love than this, no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—St. John, ch. xv., v. 13.

For more than forty years, aye forty years and three, The summer sun and winter snows have drifted o'er thee!

People, and times, and places too, have changed, are changing still, Since loving hands laid thee to rest, upon St. Peter's hill!

A simple stone, with name and date, a prayer for "Rest and Peace."

A deathless memory in thy widow's heart—thy "monument" are these!

O, "Noble Army of Martyrs," that dwell in the Heavens high, You know his name, you sing his fame, who saw our Hero die!

You chant his triumph evermore; O, goodly company!

O, "fifteen hundred" martyrs, would your dry bones might stir And quicken awhile, to tell of that awful massacre! Victims of vile misrule and wrong! Fever and pain making slain!

When the wrongs of the world are righted, we shall hear of you again!

For you indeed are the "Witness," handful (of millions more), Who shall arise in strength one day from that fateful island shore!

To tell of the Christian hero (of Sainted Damien's faith) Who bid farewell to his fair young wife to enter those Gates of Death!

For well he knew, in his inmost soul, ere he crossed that foaming track, That for him, to his love, and his happy home, there was no "coming back!"

So he bid farewell to his fondest hopes, and all that made life sweet, And laid them down on the Altar-stone—at his blessed Master's feet!

Then sailed across the harbor fair, death's gloomy heights to climb, His brave heart strong for sacrifice—heroic and sublime!

He fought with patient skill—and lost!—in the all unequal strife, He gave a brother's love and care—and then—his noble life!

O mournful bell, by billows rocked, as long as the Seas shall roll For the martyred dead on those lovely shores, thy ceaseless Requiem toll!

For him,—no earthly recompense, or monument was given; His "Great Reward"—unspeakable,—is builded up in Heaven! Our Hero needs no tolling bell—"no" monument" of stone; Save the simple slab on St. Peter's hill,—forgotten and alone!

JUAN E. U. NEALIS. Sunset Slope, Nov. 3, 1890.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

In Memoriam—J. Fred Young. The raging tempest shook and mighty wave, Distant not the loving heart and purpose high, He sees the struggling boy, and hastes to save, But 'mid his noble effort, death is nigh.

His noble effort failed, but yet above All praise, there stands the good and generous part, That gained the willing tear, the grateful heart.

No bar of creed, of country, worldly state, Withhold the heartfelt praise, for deed so brave, But all will mourn his sad, unhappy fate, And honors heap, upon his early grave.

Within the loving arms of Jesus Christ, Who yielded up for all, His gentle life, The manly youth, has found a happy rest, Safe from an angry sea, a world of strife.

A Plea for the Miacam. More than one hundred fleeting years have passed, And 'mid Time's cast of Yesterdays are classed, Since first the pale-face sought this pleasant shore, In quest of spices in the "Red" land here; Great Ojauogundy's torrent forced his way To kiss the fabled tide of Fandy's Bay.

The lofty spruce trees reared their heads on high; Their spreading boughs eclipsed the vaulted sky; The fertile soil unborn by plow or spade, Nor silvery streamers in the passing hours; And gaily tinted clusters of wild flowers, Sweet perfume sent among the forest bowers.

The whole scene glistened verdantly sublime, Just as 'twas fashioned at the dawn of time.

The royal eagle poised aloft on wing; In Heaven's dome, a veritable king; The dread mosquito whet his trenchant blade, And joined in column, line, or in brigade, To find a foeman worthy of his steel,

And vampire like enjoy a crimson meal; The feathered choir melodious music sent; To greet their day god in the firmament, The brilliant June-bug lit his signal lamp, And scintillated o'er each brake and swamp.

The fierce racoon, and frisky squirrel strayed; In quest of nutmeats, cunning foxes leaped, Unlearned in Gentile vice, or Jewish sin, Or unpolluted yet by Christian gin;

His wigwam nestled in some shady nook, Or sheltered dell, near rivulet, or brook, The furry costume which—when dressed—he wore, Served to him when he juster winked before, He loved his trout, and trained his boy puppote To spear a squaw, or stalk the stately moose, To trap, and fish, and in the chase engage, And pave him tasks to learn from nature's page;

The red man's store was small, his wants were few, And nature taught him all the arts he knew.

As yet the rich contractor left no trace, Or his ingenious methods round the place, No public structures crowned with massive towers; No stately chimneys to tell the passing hours; No temples furnished with uproarious choirs, Whose melody was marred by jealous fires, Whose churches wherein sinners dozed, or prayed, And dukes and dames their sneery display;

No toney club house patronized by swells, No stately mansions where the gentry held, No almshouse, hospital, or public mart, Free libraries, nor galleries of art, No big hotels—whose bills were bigger still—Dispensed fire-water, guaranteed to kill;

No custom house, nor bucket-shop, nor jail, Nor court of law where justice went to prevail; No pyramidal palaces for schools; Where learned dolls flung wisdom at young fools;

No grand monuments by which one could trace The ancient prestige of the red-skin race.

No annexationist had yet come here To whisper treason, in the savage ear, Nor patriot consumed by loyal fire Fed by the "pap" most patriots desire.

No acrobatic statesman jumped the fence, And hooled sought in every mood and tense, There was no tariff like the great N. P. Nor suffragists who voted for a fee, Nor cotton king, combine, or syndicate Was subsidized, or fostered by the state,

No trade promoters who were wont to saze Those dime and dollar which were not their own, No "three card monte fakir," cad, or prig, Versed in that little game called "dimble rig";

Nor Scot Act witness who was novice loath To swamp a "gin-mill" by a perjured oath, No operators who a mine would "saw," Or water stocks, or clean out a bank vault.

No Board of Trade whose meetings did evoke Great orators who spoke, and SPOKE and SPOKE, No quacks were there prepared to cure, or kill, With patent pills, ointment, salve, or pill; Nor plums fraud the scriptures to expound Nor fanatic, nor bigot could be found,

No fools were there whose shapers love to fleece, And so, there were no lawyers, or police, No turnstile was there to indicate How many persons passed the ferry gate, The water used was taken from the rill, And so, there was no "plumber's little bill,"

No civic crook was there to cart away The pickets which enclosed his father's clay, And nothing was, as most things are to day, Yet many changes have come o'er the scene, The place is not, what erstwhile it has been, The Miacam brave was forced to shift his camp, And to hunt hunting grounds compelled to tramp His noble race is fading fast away, He's but a relic of a by-gone day, Foredoomed by fate to dwindle and decay.

Suppose the edict was ordained by fate, Which robbed the native of his vast estate, Should he—whose sire by the Great Spirit sent— Should he I ask, be grateful for his fate? No, no, ten thousand times I answer, No, Mete tardy justice to poor Brother Lo.

St. John, N. B., 31st October, 1890.

Acrostic. (In reply to Enigma of "G. M.") Saratoga is welcome to fashion and health, Thy daughters need not travel thither for health, Just as balmy thy air, and refreshing the breeze On thy beautiful river, which mirrors the trees Hanging low o'er its edges, saluting their shades, Never Hygien bower like thine own Syrian glades.

St. John, N. B. M. J. W.

Making his Show Popular. Manager McCann, of the Lyceum Theatre, added a great deal to the popularity of his new venture when he devoted the proceeds of a night's performance to the Young Memorial Fund. He has done this before the entertainments have perhaps commenced to show any wonderful returns financially. The Lyceum has already become popular, and large numbers are spending the evenings there,

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IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

I attended the Church of England Institute service in Trinity, last week, and heard Bishop Courtenay. The musical portion of the service was not very striking. I think it is a pity to attempt an intoned and choral service unless thoroughly familiar with it. Of course, the Mission choir are accustomed to that sort of thing, but it is only attempted on real festive days in Trinity, and unless they learn to do it better, they had better abandon it altogether. I remember two or three years ago, at a harvest festival, when the mixed choir reigned supreme in Trinity, Tallis's responses were sung for the first time, I think, and the rest of the service intoned. The Anthem, Magnificat, and Dinnis were finely rendered, but the whole service was spoiled by the awkward way in which the responses were chanted and the prayers intoned. No! if you can't have that description of service every Sunday, don't have it at all.

Thursday evening some of the responses were very much mixed up, and most of the "Amen's" were not in tune, and really it seemed as if no one knew exactly what was to be done next. The special psalms were awkwardly given out; such a long way between each one. I rather liked the "Amen" during the offertory; it's bright, and it went well. Mr. Strand did his best to keep his choir together, and I enjoyed his postlude very much indeed.

Trinity choir was assisted by members from the Mission and St. Paul's choirs.

Miss Hest took the service in Centenary church for the first time last Sunday. Mr. George Coster, of Carleton, has been filling the late organist's place until Miss Hest should be at liberty to enter upon her new duties. St. Andrew's Kirk is still advertising for an organist. Master Fred Blair played for the services on Sunday last, to the satisfaction of everyone.

This is what the Church Guardian thinks of vested choirs: "The choir in Ascension Church, St. Paul, Minn., consists of a number of girls and young women vested in Cassocks and Cottas, with a gracefully black cap with veil covering the head. The effect is pleasing and conducive to reverence. How much better this simple and seemly vestment than the display of divers colors and fashions often seen in the church choir." And I don't think the Guardian is far wrong.

It is within the bounds of possibility that we may have another visit from the Ariel Quartette this winter. I heard some gentlemen discussing the advisability of bringing them on, and I think, if properly advertised, they would be sure of having good houses. The quartette is really very good, and it is a great pity they were not patronized while in St. John.

There seems to have been a diversity of opinion among the audience at the Exhibition concert, as to whether they should stand during the Hallelujah Chorus or not. One man, who is not remarkable for his musical taste, said to a friend of mine, "I didn't have a programme, but when they commenced one piece, I noticed a lot of church folks stood up—Dye know what the tune would be?" My friend suggested that it might have been "God Save the Queen," but was met with an indignant stare and remark, "I don't pretend to be a musician but I know that when I hear it, and also Yankee Doodle."

I heard a report on Monday evening to the effect that the St. Andrew's church organ had been offered to Master Fred Blair, but at the time I am writing, have not heard whether the information is correct. I regret to announce that Mr. Morley, who has been suffering from a bad cold for some weeks, has been detained in Halifax through an attack of congestion of the lungs. By last reports, he was recovering, and expected to resume his post at the Mission church tomorrow. His illness would have been a very serious thing for the Oratorio society had it not had some one as capable as Mr. Ford to conduct the practices in Mr. Morley's absence.

The rehearsal last Monday, at which the Philharmonic society was present, was the most largely attended for some months. Another practice was held last night. Those for next week will be Monday, in the practice room, and Tuesday and Wednesday in the Mechanics' Institute. I am requested to state that only persons producing honorary members' tickets will be admitted to hear the rehearsals at the Mechanics' Institute, and that Mrs. Allen and Mr. Parker will be at the rehearsal Wednesday. I am asked which night's performance will be the better, Samson on Thursday or that on Friday. The best advice is, go to both; but if you cannot manage this, and have heard Samson, you will find a splendid programme on Friday in the selections from Jeptha and the modern cantata, The Daughter of Jairo. The solos in these two works are very fine, and I hear that, by Mr. Parker's special request, the beautiful recitative and air, "Desper and deeper still," and "With her angels," will be included in the Jeptha selection. In the tenor song, "My hope is in the everlasting" (Jairo), members of the Centenary church will recognize a lovely solo sung there by the late Miss Clawson. I am also looking forward to hearing Mrs. Allen and Mr. Parker sing the beautiful duet, "Love Divine," from the same work. A new departure will be made on the programmes, as they will contain all the words to be sung. This will be a great, though somewhat expensive, improvement. I am also told that the rehearsal has decided not to sell more than 750 tickets for each night's performance. This is 270 less than for Samson last year, and then many could not obtain admission.

The Philharmonic are also working hard, having had practices Monday and Wednesday nights and Tuesday evening with the Oratorio society again; and in speaking of her five months' visit in Paris, said that it had been beneficial both to her voice and general health.

There seems to be some little difficulty in deciding whether to sing Jeptha or Jairo first on the programme for Friday evening. I should say decidedly, Jeptha first, for put it the other way, you would have something like a Turkish (or is it Chinese?) dinner, sweets first and solids afterwards. With all due respect to the composer of Jairo, I hardly think you can sing Stainer after Handel.

And so were we to have a "Musical Union," under the leadership of Mr. Thos. Hall. I scarcely think St. John is large enough, or musical enough, to support two choral societies, and why join another, while we have our own Oratorio society with a fine leader and a reputation already made. No doubt it is comforting to know that there are "nearly all denominations" in the "Musical Union," although I never before knew that one's religious principles had anything to do with one's voice. But surely if that is any inducement, the Oratorio is not made up of one sect alone.

No doubt there will be a large audience at the concert in the Mechanics' Institute, on Monday evening, in aid of the "Young Memorial Fund." The object is good, and I dare say the concert will be enjoyable.

It was commenced on Saint Sava's Noel, Thursday evening, by the St. John's church choir. And as the Thanksgiving service, Thursday evening, the anthem "O Lord, how Manifold," by Barby, was sung.

By the New York Herald I see there is a proposition uniting all the New York church choirs for union services. This seems a splendid idea if it can only be carried out.

Oh, Where did they get them? A smile went round among the crowd on Thursday, when the Citizens' band struck up, "Where did you get that Hat." The new band wears nicely ironed silk ones, and look well in them, too.

THE COMMERCIAL SITUATION.

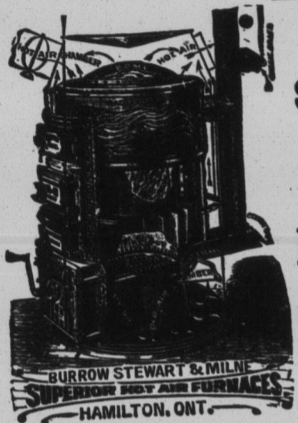
Matthew Richey Knight says that Canada has not, and must not be discouraged. Whether the framers of the McKinley bill is likely to see very soon the attainment of the objects he had in view, it is difficult for us to determine with much confidence until we have a clearer apprehension of what his objects were. We suppose, however, that the bill was intended to benefit in some way the industries of the United States. If correct in our supposition, we must wait for time to assure us that it will produce such a result. It is not necessary for us to take it for granted that the bill is aimed against Canada. The helping or hindering of Canada may never have entered into the major's consideration at any time. That a country so populous, so powerful, so full of resources, as the United States, should go out of its way to give an unmeaning and unprovoked slap to a sister nation of one tenth its population, is a conception that the reasoning mind utterly fails to grasp. Major McKinley and his assistants at the incubation of this wonderful measure have probably very much juster imaginings than we can expect to have of the particular way in which the bill is going to develop the industries and build up the trade of the great republic. With their plans and expectations, with their wisdom or unwisdom, with the accuracy of their prophetic vision, we in Canada are not in the least concerned; nor do we think it worthy of a moment's thought whether our fair Dominion provoked in the major and his friends, either before or after the birth of the bill, friendly or hostile interest or no interest at all.

What concerns us and should interest us is how we are to reap the greatest possible amount of good for our country out of the situation. There are certain things which the situation thunders in our ears. It is no time for lamentation and scolding, or even for clever theorising. It is the time for action, the more so because there are some things that all must agree it is necessary for us to do. It is but childish folly to be looking about for somebody to blame. No one is to blame yet; but some will be very much to blame, if they weaken the spirit and resolution of our



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ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., General Agents, ST. JOHN, N. B. 1890.

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At T, after work, after the day's labor you look for it. Where to get good tea is the question. The SOOCHOW TEA Co. seems to have caught the people in this line. Step in and order a pound of our very best. 179 CHARLOTTE STREET.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

And the Happenings in Social Circles of Fredericton, Moncton, Woodstock, DeLoraine, St. Stephen, Sussex, Amherst, Colville, Etc. Mr. F. H. Tippet, who has spent the summer in St. John, returned to Montreal the first of the week. Miss Eva Drury left for the South last week. She accompanied Miss Gunn, of Kingston, Ont., who has gone there for the benefit of her health. Miss Gunn is fortunately in having such a valuable nurse and companion, as Miss Drury, who will be much missed from her post in the St. John Hospital. Miss Louise Symonds, who has spent the summer at Bathurst, has returned home. Mrs. Wm. MacIsaac, sr., left by C. P. R. on Monday night for Montreal, where she will reside permanently with her daughter, Mrs. A. J. Glazebrook. Miss Maggie McIvrea, who has spent the last few months at Chatham, returned home this week. Rev. Mr. Reid leaves next week, for Toronto, to enter upon his new field of labor in that city. Rev. Mr. Estabrook, of Pettaudic, spent this week in the city, and did duty at Trinity church last Sunday. The Misses Nicholson have returned from their trip to Halifax. Mr. Robert P. Hazen left this week for Boston and New York on a holiday trip. Rev. J. W. Davenport is expected home to-day. He will be accompanied by his brother, who, with his wife and family will make him a visit. Mrs. J. W. Daniel received her guests this week at her residence, Princess Street. Mrs. Daniel's reception dress was of rich Peacock blue merveilles silk trimming of brocade to match.

I hear that a young St. John man, who is visiting the Hospital at Edinburgh, has fallen a victim to the charms of a Barone's daughter. Last Friday was the quietest Halloween I have ever known in St. John. I think Halloween parties must have gone out of fashion, except among the juveniles. The choir of Trinity church were entertained that evening by Dr. and Mrs. Holden. They enjoyed the usual games, tricks, etc., and finished up with a supper. Miss Katie Bayard is improving slowly from her late severe illness, though still confined to her room. On Wednesday last, a very enjoyable dance was given by Mrs. George Schofield, at her residence, Wright street, at which over 50 of the young friends of Miss Gerie Schofield were present. An immense deal of trouble was taken to make this a pleasant affair. Carpets were lifted and the floors waxed for dancing, while the supper table was loaded with all the delicacies of the season. It was not until an early hour on Thursday morning that the party broke up. A number of young ladies and gentlemen spent last Thursday (Thanksgiving day) picnicking at Robbsey. Although the day was lovely it was rather late in the season to have tea in the open air, so through the kindness of Mr. Harry Fairweather, his father's residence was opened and bright fires lighted to receive the party, after spending the day playing baseball, rowing, etc. Miss Belle Albro, of Halifax, is in St. John. She will spend the winter with Mrs. T. S. Adams, Germania street. Mrs. Samuel Girvan, who has been an invalid for some months, leaves next week for the South, where she will spend the winter months. She will be accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Richards, of Fredericton. Mr. Charles Campbell was summoned to St. Andrews this week, in consequence of the severe illness of his father. Mrs. C. A. Robertson, with her son, Mr. Mortimer Robertson, went to Hillsborough on Wednesday last, having been summoned there in consequence of the illness of her mother, Mrs. J. Wallace of that place. The marriage of Mr. Murray, of the dry goods firm of Barnes & Murray, with Miss Rennie, is fixed for next Tuesday evening. This promises to be a very brilliant affair. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Troop, and Miss Nellie Troop, are visiting New York. Mrs. John Kinsear, of Annapolis, N. S., is the guest of Mrs. Charles Kinsear, Carleton street. Mrs. Thomas S. Adams went to New York, this week, to meet her father, Mr. James I. Fellows, who arrived there from England a day or two ago. Mr. Fellows will not visit St. John this autumn. The Misses Blair, Orange St., gave a very pleasant winter party last Tuesday evening. About fifty of their friends received invitations, among them were Miss Katie Smith, Miss King, Miss Waters, Miss Katie Murray, the Misses Troop, Miss Dunn, Miss Jones, of England, the Misses Cruikshank, Miss Whitney, Miss Gregory, of Fredericton, Messrs. Troop, Sayre, Tilley, Starr, Seely, Fraser, Godard, Cruikshank, and others. Sir Leonard and Lady Tilly and party will attend the second concert of the Oratorio society, Friday evening. Mr. and Mrs. S. T. King left town on Wednesday, for a very extended trip in the United States. Their first destination will be Boston, where they will journey to Hot Springs, Arkansas, Florida, Washington, and other American cities, returning to St. John in May. Their friends join in wishing them a pleasant journey. Mr. J. Miller, of the Bank of B. N. A., left for Truro on Wednesday last. He will be absent on a three weeks' holiday. Mr. Arthur Boyd, of the Bank of Montreal, Moncton, spent Thanksgiving day in the city. Mr. Herbert Schofield, of the Merchants Bank, Fredericton, spent Thanksgiving day in the city. TRANSCIBED.

St. John—West End. Mrs. Thomas Allan is visiting her niece, Mrs. Valpey, at Detroit. Mrs. Arthur Clark has returned from Yarmouth, N. S., where she has been visiting relatives for some weeks. Miss Annie Scammell, who has been visiting on Lancaster Heights, the guest of Mrs. E. G. Dunn, at Riverside cottage, has returned to her home at the East End. Rev. Mr. Ford, pastor of the West End Baptist church, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist church at St. Martin, N. B. During Mr. Ford's three year's residence at the West End, he has made many friends who will regret very much his removal from their midst. Miss Mary Knight, who has been confined to her home, on King street, through illness, is able to be out again. Mr. Edward J. Scammell, accompanied by Mrs. Scammell, left on Tuesday, on a business trip to New York. Mr. Harry McDuffee is confined to his home through illness. Mr. and Mrs. Drake have moved to the East End, where they will make their home with their son, on Waterloo street. Mr. Frank Steison, with his little son, has returned from New York. Mrs. Steison, owing to the illness of her mother, Mrs. Neighbor, will not return until later. Mr. and Mrs. Rudman Allan are this week receiving the congratulations of their friends on the arrival of a little daughter. It is with the deepest regret that the congregation of St. George's church accept the resignation of Master Fred Blair as their organist. Master Blair has accepted the position of organist in St. Andrew's church, while the vacancy caused by his departure will be supplied by Miss Edgdon. PETERS MORS.

St. John—North End. Mrs. Geo. S. Miller, of Elmira, N. Y., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. E. March. Miss Blanche Wiseman, expected home from Backville tomorrow, to spend Thanksgiving week. Friends will be pleased to learn that Mr. A. L. Bunnell, who has been seriously ill for a few months past, is rapidly improving in health. His family have moved to High street. Dr. Smith is spending a few weeks in New York. On Friday evening last, the Misses Shaw gave a large party to a number of their friends. Dancing was the chief feature of the evening. Towards evening a sumptuous repast was partaken of. There were many handsome dresses among the ladies.

Mrs. Shaw received in an elegant black corded all. The Misses Shaw wore white embroideries. Mrs. George Robertson, black satin and silk gown. Mrs. Wm. Shaw, pale pink satin and fish net over dress. Miss G. Holly, handsome white satin. Mrs. Hatcher, scarlet satin and black silk lace, posy trimmings. Miss Alice Ruddock, black net and yellow trimmings. Miss Tapley, exquisite green silk, combined with pink feathers. Miss Armstrong, exquisite blue green silk, pink and silver brocade. Miss Wm. Tapley, black lace, jet bodice, scarlet feathers. Miss Peter, pale blue silk, white lace. Miss C. Tapley, buttercup silk. Miss Robertson, pale green silk, black lace. Miss Beverly, white silk, white lace and ribbons. Miss Thompson, pale pink silk. Miss J. Peters, rose colored china silk, velvet trimmings. Miss Tapley, white grograin silk, with gold trimmings. Miss Scobaria, white embroidery, with green and pink ribbons. Miss Smith, pale gray, with blue and silver brocade. Miss McDuffee, delicate blue and white striped pineapple silk. Miss Fraser, black lace, white feather trimmings. Miss Goddard, elegant heliotrope poplin; fine white lace trimmings. Miss Wm. Robertson, black and white. The gentleman invited were Messrs. Robertson, Ellis, McLeod, Dr. Ady, Messrs. McLellan, Armstrong, Knight, Smith, Tapley, Drury, Dr. Miller, Messrs. Peters, Athol, Dr. West, McNeill, McLean, McVie, Drake, McFarlane, Sullivan, Magee, Farmer, Steacie, Tilley, Logan, Howan, Russell, Fraser, Bennett, Jones, and others. PEANUTS.

FREDERICTON.

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

Nov. 5.—Mrs. Montgomery Campbell's commensurate residence was the scene of a very brilliant party on Monday evening. Mrs. Campbell's parties are always very enjoyable affairs, and this one was no exception. The guests numbered about 100. The dancing was kept up with unabated zeal until 2:30 o'clock in the morning, excellent music being furnished by Hanson's Orchestra. Ices and refreshing drinks were served throughout the entire evening, and at midnight a charming supper was served. Mrs. Campbell was ably assisted in her duties as hostess by her daughter, Miss Campbell. There were a number of handsome dresses and charming young ladies. Mrs. Campbell received her guests in handsome black velvet and satin. Miss Campbell wore yellow silk with tulle over dress, the corsage trimmed with pearl beads. Miss Hooper, who is the guest of Miss Campbell, wore heliotrope cashmere. Mrs. T. G. Allen looked well in black velvet, long train, bodice trimmed with jet. Mrs. Leigh, elegant navy blue silk velvet, ca. trousseau. Mrs. H. Beckwith, black and yellow silk combined, jet trimmings. Mrs. Godkin, handsome black satin with lace trimmings. Miss May Robinson, black velvet dress with medical collar, topaz necklaces and buckles set with topaz. Miss Winslow, pink silk, pearl trimmings. Miss Madeline Fisher, pink stripe silk, cream lace trimmings. Miss Becks Botsford, white stripe silk, with white ribbons and natural flowers. Miss Letia Botsford, white dress, trimmed with rare old lace. Miss Mira Randolph, apricot flowered silk, trimmed with velvet same shade. Miss Maggie Allen, white silk, pink roses. Miss Agnes Wilcox, pale blue silk. Mrs. Cunningham, black and white. Mrs. Douglas Hazen, red china silk, en traine. Mrs. Frank Tibbitts, pale blue silk; natural flowers. Mrs. George Maunsell, black lace over black satin. Miss Nellie Blair, light grey cashmere, trimmed with pink silk. Miss Edith Gregory, black velvet; natural flowers. Miss Mabel Gregory, white silk and lace. Miss Taylor, handsome black lace; natural flowers. Mrs. Will Allen looked lovely in black velvet. Mrs. Albert Gregory, wore a lovely dress of red silk, trimmed with red beaded fringe and gauze buttons. Miss M. K. Tibbitts, white silk with lace trimmings. Mrs. Street, black lace over yellow silk. Fredericton has now had its feast of gaiety and for the rest of the season we may expect a festive time. Mrs. Blair has gone to St. John with her husband for a few days.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

FOR EVENING WEAR! We are now exhibiting our EXTRAORDINARY COLLECTION of this Season's Importations, in CHENILLE EMBROIDERED GRECIAN NETS, PLAIN COLORS AND BROCHIE SILK BENTINSEL AND CHENILLE SPOT RUSSIAN NETS. CHINA AND PONGEE SILKS. PRINTED CHINA SILKS. EGYPTIAN LACE FLOUNCINGS AND ALLOVER NETS, IN WHITE, CREAM, AND BEIGE. BLACK LACE FLOUNCINGS AND ALLOVER NETS. BLACK AND EVENING SHADES IN SILK GLOVES, 24 AND 27 IN. LONG, BLACK AND LIGHT COLORS IN LISLE AND SILK HOSE. Samples of any of the above Goods, by Mail, on application.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. 61 and 63 KING STREET.

Best qualities of KID GLOVES are the most satisfactory to the Buyer on account of superior Fit, Wear, and Appearance. ROUILLON, 1st CHOICE, and dark shades. JOUVIN, 1st CHOICE, with and without stitched back, has no equal for the price.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL. Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts.

RUBBER CLOTHING FOR Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, and Children. LARGEST STOCK EVER SHOWN. LOWEST PRICES. CALL AND EXAMINE. AMERICAN RUBBER STORE. Only exclusive Rubber Store east of Boston. 65 CHARLOTTE STREET. - OPP. KING SQUARE.

PIANOS. GREAT CLEARANCE SALE. Preparatory to the arrival of our usual large stock of Fancy Goods for the Holiday Season. 20 First-class Grand, Square, and Upright Pianos, BY THE BEST MAKERS; ALSO, 40 ORGANS, 40. SUITABLE FOR PARLOR, CHURCH, AND PUBLIC HALLS. This is a great chance to get a first-class Piano or Organ at a bargain, as all must be sold by November 1st. ORDERS BY MAIL GIVEN OUR BEST ATTENTION. C. FLOOD & SONS.

TURNER & FINLAY, 12 KING STREET. Ask to See the GREY FLANNELS. ALL-WOOL BLANKETS. DRESS MATERIALS, 25c. to 30c. ALL-WOOL Fancy: Plaids, At only 30c. STRIPED SHAKERS, 7c. to 10c. yd. - MEN'S - Underclothing (ALL WOOL), 50c., 75c., 95c., \$1.15. Blk and Colored Velveteens.

COMING, cold weather. We must look out and have things comfortable. Must put in a new cook stove and a new hall stove. We'll take the old one down to COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, Charlotte street, and be allowed something for them, and we'll get a GURNEY STANDARD RANGE, such as our neighbours use. For the hall the handsome Art Countess heats splendidly, and is a ornament to any house. A subscription to PROGRESS goes with each stove, another advantage of buying from COLES, PARSONS & SHARP. RIGHT in your way we are. We want to be in the road—everybody's road. Our location at 33 Charlotte Street, makes it handy for all. What our aim is in this business is to please everybody. We know it can be done, and that we can do it. First we please with our goods, then with our prices. We will like the people here, and we know they will like our dry goods. However, it will take some time for all to get thoroughly acquainted with us, but we hope for your sake that you will not put it off too long. Find us out at once, H. C. CHARTERS, NEW DRY GOODS STORE, 33 Charlotte Street.

SEASONABLE GOODS



WINTER Blankets, Quilts, Comfortables.

ENGLISH, GERMAN, AND CANADIAN

Flannels.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

WINTER UNDERWEAR

Hosiery.

Ulster and Mantle Cloths,

FANCY AND STAPLE GOODS,

GOSSAMERS and UMBRELLAS.

Our Prices are most reasonable.

97 King Street.

EVERY LADY

who desires to have a GOOD COMPLEXION... Use Estey's Fragrant Philoderma.

CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 9c. E. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

ORATORIO SOCIETY. GRAND PERFORMANCES

SAMSON! THURSDAY, NOV. 13. DAUGHTER OF JAIUS!

JEPHTHA! FRIDAY, NOV. 14.

MRS. E. HUMPHREY ALLEN and MR. GEO. J. PARKER, of Boston, Soprano and Tenor.

A SUCCESS! McCANN'S LYCEUM

THEATRE!

EVERY NIGHT! COME AND SEE US!

Admission, 10cts.; Reserved Seats, 20cts. Matinees, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

HUGHES & FARRON, Sketch Team and Dancers.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.) ST. STEPHEN.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of C. H. Smith & Co., and G. S. Wall and H. M. Webber.] Nov. 5.—The drive whist club met at the residence of Mrs. T. J. Smith last evening. There was a larger attendance than last week, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

SACKVILLE. [Progress is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's bookstore.]

Nov. 4.—Permit me to correct a typographical error in last week's Progress in describing a young lady's evening dress, it read cream sash, when it was cream and sash. A refined and appreciative audience greeted the performers at Lady's Hall on Friday evening. The music was all that was to be expected.

SHELIAC. [Progress is for sale in Sackville at A. Stone's store.]

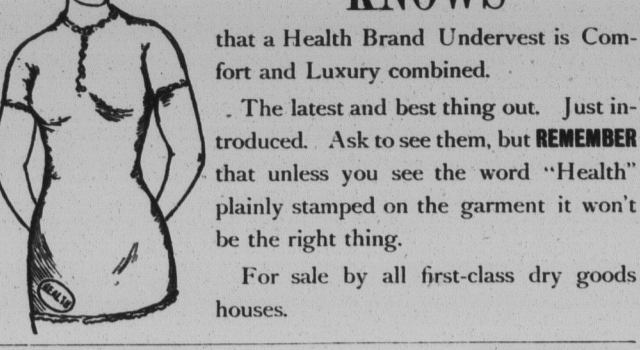
Nov. 6.—How are the mighty fallen! Considering the wet state of the weather, it is said that there is a decided dryness apparent around town, caused by the fact that the rain clouds, which have been hovering over the city, have, or think they have, our dried up certain "springs" and "infiltrating fountains" situated in different localities in our town.

WELDFORD STATION. [Progress is for sale at Mrs. S. J. Livingston's grocery store, Weldford Station.]

Nov. 12.—On Friday last Mrs. D. C. Allan gave a pleasant afternoon "At Home" at her charming residence, Crescent Avenue, to a large number of her lady friends.

NEWCASTLE. Nov. 5.—Miss Katherine Benson delighted her many friends by appearing amongst them last Friday. She spent a few days at the Masse.

THIS PRETTY GIRL KNOWS



that a Health Brand Undervest is Comfort and Luxury combined. The latest and best thing out. Just introduced. Ask to see them, but REMEMBER that unless you see the word "Health" plainly stamped on the garment it won't be the right thing.

ESTABLISHED 1864. FIRE BRANCH. CITIZENS' INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA. Head Office, MONTREAL. FUNDS AVAILABLE for PROTECTION OF POLICY HOLDERS Exceed \$1,187,157.

The Glasgow and London Insurance Co. having reinsured its entire Canadian business in the Citizens, all policy holders are hereby notified that their policies will be exchanged without cost on application to us, and we will settle all claims accruing under policies now in force in the Glasgow and London.

MACDONALD & KNOWLTON, General Agents. 130 BAYARD'S BUILDINGS, Prince Wm. Street.

MARYVILLE. Nov. 4.—The Sandwich Club held its first meeting a week ago. Monday evening at Mrs. John T. Gibson's. Miss Ida Miles was elected president, and it was decided to hold a meeting every Monday at the homes of the members.

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

TRURO, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fulton's.]

Nov. 3.—Mr. Ed. Fulton, who has been prosecuting his law studies in Halifax, is home for a few days. The clergymen who attended the Episcopal Deacons' convention here last week, the members of St. John's choir, and a select number of guests, were entertained at the residence of the vicarage by the vicar and his wife.

AMHERST. [Progress is for sale in Amherst on the streets by George Douglas.]

Nov. 12.—On Friday last Mrs. D. C. Allan gave a pleasant afternoon "At Home" at her charming residence, Crescent Avenue, to a large number of her lady friends.

RICHIBUCTO. Nov. 5.—Messrs. L. A. Miles and Geo. A. Noble, of St. John, were in town last week.

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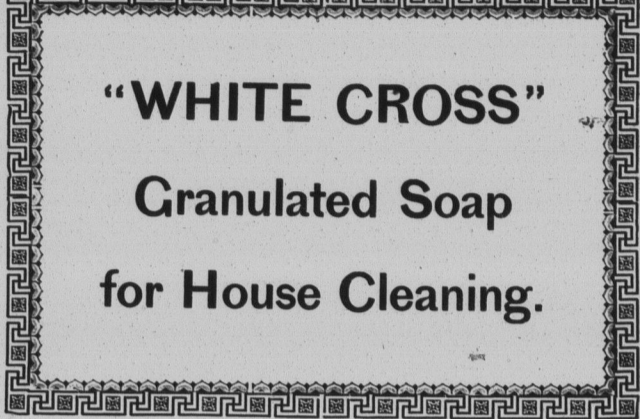
Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

Just opened, a large lot of—

SMYRNA RUGS,

A fine Rug for \$3.00, former price \$4.00. A large Rug, only \$4.00, " " \$5.00.

A. O. SKINNER.



"WHITE CROSS" Granulated Soap for House Cleaning.

Golden Eagle Flour.

Novelles Francaises. Il y a maintenant a St. Jean une petite reunion Francaise qui s'occupe de la langue et de la litterature Francaise et il me semble que pareille reunion devrait etre remarquee.

FOOLING THE CAMERA. Skillfully Painted Faces May Deceive the Lenses of the Photographers.

Some of our girls are learning how to be photographed beautifully and tricky. "Have you observed and wondered," said one of the most celebrated of the camera men, "how well the actresses manage to look when the eye of the camera is focused on them?"

Well, I can tell you how to do as well as they do. First, choose an artistic photographer. No matter how much you know about what you want and what to wear, there are matters of view, and light and shade, for which you must depend absolutely upon him.

Now in painting, with a photograph the eyes can safely be made up a great deal. Put black under the eye, only don't let it be just one heavy black line. Shadow it out softly.

Blacken the lashes as much as they will stand, only don't let them be lumpy. Increase the apparent length and sweep of the upper lid, by which the size of the eye is judged, with a line continuing the line of the lashes, and a parallel one continuing the line of the crease that shows just above when the eye is open.

Draw these only as long as can be done without their showing as lines. An actress obtained a clever picture, in which the effect of very long lashes is given by lines, presumably shadows thrown by said lashes, painted above the eye, just under the eyebrows. Use red very carefully. Your lips probably need painting into an improvement upon their own shape.

Do it softly, and with very faint red. Red takes black, look carefully and you will trace a hard line about the lips of many actresses' photographs. Sometimes you don't need to look carefully. If you want a dimple to show specially, you can heighten its light and shade a little; but unless your photographer poses you so that the device does not betray itself the effect will be a failure.

Having thus accentuated your face, don't disturb the arrangement by a smile, or smirk, or any other grimace of expression when the lens is opened on you. Otherwise, art and nature will make a hopeless mess of your features. But if you have planned an expression in harmony with the make-up, save it till the last moment. The operator is bound to grip the back of your neck with his monkey wrench, and if you hang on to your joyful smile all through that ordeal you will get something demonic and wild to send to your friends.—N. Y. Sun.

Didn't Care for Fish. "Well," said Jonah, as he stood on the shore and watched the whale swim away, "for once I'm glad I'm 'not in it.'" Brooklyn Life.

WILLARD'S HOTEL. WASHINGTON, D. C. The most famous and well-known Hotel in the City. Special rates by the month. The cuisine equaled by none. Home-like and convenient to all public buildings.

Send two stamps for guide to— O. G. STAPLES, Proprietor. THIS PAPER IS PRINTED ON A PATENT IMPROVED CHAMBERLAIN BOOK AND NEWS PRESS.

Types of the Typewriter Girl. Oh, here's to one type of the typewriter girl, Who comes to the office ten, Whose bleached Psyche twist terminates in a curl, Whose thoughts are of marriage and men. She sits by the desk in a soft easy chair, And prays that no business may come, And reads Frenchy novels of love and despair, The while her hair masticates gum.

And here's to her sister, whose dresses are plain, Who is practical, earnest and bright; Who honors her work, and would never disdain To labor from morning till night. The former fair dresser is out of her sphere, And is rapidly fading away; While more of the latter are needed each year, For they are in business to stay.—E. C.

A Fancy Enamel Letter Job. If any person has thought of window lettering and wants to see what an elaborate job looks like he should go to Prince William Street and glance at Macdonald & Knowlton's window which has been decorated with enamel letters in great style by D. M. Ring who claims that he can do such jobs cheaper and better than his competitors.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 349 Union Street.

VOL III NOT CO The Polic Diss THEY WANT

A Warm Me of Pub WHEN THE WH FERRED TO The Gist of the Rawlings on his pended though Charged With Pe The compliment "Mr. Chief" and So there is liable on oath after all That is what Pr for, the truth, the but the truth. There is a chan may read some wa matter; there is a vestigation is ca fashion the eviden some degree to the ation and not inclu conduct of all of the been on the force.

When Progress the one man who his duty was Boss the impression that posed of the matt duty as usual. O the same opinion a them to learn how quietly hushed up, for an immediate in meeting of the board Wednesday. Alld situation and called committee just ha safety board met with a report that a tip.

Clarke showed that report. He committee do not c tigation amounted are of opinion—al that there should be If he is acute he no actual authority representing the t salary, they resent report "as a matter

Progress came the attention of the session, and one al another with givng His reply was that could have been ob Ald. Kelly want and part of the par struck out of the couldn't see why it The meeting bro session, and the ha the council.

In the meantime on bail, committed charge, and enjoyng, pense of the city. His vacation begg ing, and bright a Progress office for his file. He got it, for it, "I see that's paying for my paper "Do you know wh papers for—so that about their father's up."

Another caller w came later, and stay having told Mrs. was a scandalous p not deny having cal Progress public charges. Throughout the Clarke has shown a ertion. Before he the charges in reg falsity, he hastens to accused and assure that there was nothing handing the charges trate, he volunteer would take more t "that woman" to ta Surely this was un recalled for. Even so-called investigati stated before, his have been to faste

Prof. Seymour, Ch and Ingress, Xale street, St. John, G. Ground.