

PROGRESS.

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PRICE THREE CENTS.

EDWARD TO THE FRONT.

THE BOSS WARE POLITICIAN OF KINGS AS FERRY CHAIRMAN.

Mr. Lantulum Doesn't Wait for Orders to Fill the Ferry Coal Sheds—He Fills Them, and the City is in for the Hills—A Profitable Transaction.

Mr. Edward Lantulum, the senior alderman for Kings ward, is commanding the respect and admiration and exciting the envy of all his brethren at the board.

Mr. Lantulum is no fool. In fact he is the liveliest kind of a hustler in whatever he goes at, except—and exceptions prove the rule—raising sunken harbor wrecks.

Mr. Lantulum makes it a rule never to get left, and to his credit be it said, the weather is very frigid when anything of that nature occurs.

He is not very particular what turns up for him so long as the dollars in it are honest and numerous. In fact this policy has paid Mr. Lantulum so well that at the present time there are few city fathers whose check is worth more than the boss ward politician of Kings.

Mr. Lantulum is an alderman. There's not much money in the position itself, but then it don't take much of his time. There is a very prevalent idea, however, that he makes the position pay him fairly well.

He has, after a career of several years at the board, been appointed to the honorable position of chairman of the ferry committee. This in itself is not much but it placed Mr. Lantulum in a position where that and that could be utilized and a handsome thing made out of the transaction.

For example, early in the summer of the chairman's feet—for Mr. Lantulum is a shipper as well—arrived at a neighboring coal port in ballast.

Now, ballast is a very useful commodity but there is no money in it. It would be much more profitable, thought Mr. Lantulum, should the *Maggie M.* bring 500 or 600 tons of coal to this port. Consequently as chairman of the ferry committee he concluded that sometime before Christmas, that very useful and expensive arm of the city service, the ferry, would want fuel. The *Maggie M.* might just as well bring it as not. The *Maggie M.* did bring a large cargo which was duly emptied in the ferry coal bin.

This same ferry coal bin is quite large, but not being empty when such a large accession to the fuel supply arrived it was very full when the discharge was completed.

It was quite a bold action to fill the ferry bin so full, especially when the ferry cash-chest was so empty. Mr. Lantulum didn't mind this, for though the bill for that cargo has not been rendered yet his freight amounting to some \$970 was paid at once.

One would have thought that one act of this nature was sufficient. Many of the aldermen thought so, and did not hesitate to express their opinion, though not at the board. The affair blew over with the merest ripple.

But now the dormant dignity of the body of the ferry committee is aroused. A second cargo of coal is coming in the *Maggie M.* for the ferry bin. Somebody must have ordered it. The ferry committees minutes make no mention of such an order having passed, and the only assumption is that Chairman Lantulum has ordered it again on his own responsibility.

Good for you, Edward. The *Maggie M.* is staunch and tight, and all their ravings won't sink her. If there's any boodle in the chairmanship of the ferry committee, Mr. Lantulum may be trusted to find out that fact. And yet Edward is Liberal.

No Luck in Guessing.

The readers of PROGRESS had some fun guessing for the league winners in the correct order. Not one of them hit the correct combination. Boston was their darling, while New York wasn't thought of in the same hour. The *Advertiser*, of Portland, Me., speaking of these guesses, says that out of 8,778 people who sent in guesses for the \$100 prize offered by the Philadelphia Press for the person naming the order of the League Base Ball clubs at the finish only 814 named New York for first place, and not a single one named the list correctly. In 8,203 guesses on the Association clubs for a similar prize one person got the clubs right and won the prize. This was Miss Florence A. Ford of Philadelphia. It is an odd fact that this young lady never saw an Association ball game in her life, and only filled out the guess, as she put it, "for a joke." The "joke" brought her in \$100 in cash. A number of Portland people guessed for these prizes. A number of guesses were also made by people in this city for prizes of \$50 each, to be given by the New York Press to the person naming correctly the first ten batsmen in the League and Association; also the nine leading fielders, in the respective positions, in the League and Association. The winners of the last named prizes have not yet been announced.

Children's Hop, on great variety at McArthur's.

THE MAN WHO MADE TROUBLE.

Some Description of the Baltimore Capitalist, Mr. W. H. Harrison.

Considerable interest centres in Mr. Walter H. Harrison, who claims association with Messrs. Collier and Cruikshank in the negotiation of the N. & W. railway bonds.

Mr. Harrison's portly figure is becoming well known on the streets of St. John. He is registered at the Royal and spends a few hours each day and evening smoking huge and fragrant Havanas, in the comfortable office of that hostelry.

He is a large man standing fully six feet in height, and tipping the scales at not less than 225 pounds. He wears a full black beard, slightly gray in places.

Mr. Harrison carries himself like a gentleman of wealth and leisure. There isn't much reason to doubt that he possesses both. Though a keen speculator he has provided against fortune's chances by permanent investments which yield him between \$10,000 and \$15,000 every year.

He is a typical American. Virginia owes him birth and his education is English. General Ben. Harrison, the republican candidate for President of the United States is a cousin of his, or it might be more proper to say that he is a cousin of the General's.

This might be some distinction if the candidate had any chance to become the ruler of 60,000,000 rusers, but he hasn't.

An interesting rumor to the effect that a compromise of \$60,000 would be offered Mr. Harrison, was about this week, and there are many reasons to think there is some truth in it, but Mr. Harrison doesn't look like the kind who recede much from a position, especially when the retreat means giving up the chances of getting another \$60,000.

They Have Captured the Town.

The Wizard Oil Concert Company has captured Carleton. Crowded houses greet every concert. There's a fascination about the company which doesn't allow any one who attends once to stay away very long.

As PROGRESS said last week, every member of the company is an artist. The people have found it out, and are enjoying the treat. Each evening's entertainment is different and all are equally entertaining.

One evening in Fredericton, Dr. Ellis, the manager, astonished his audience by announcing that children would be charged double the admission fee for adults. He reversed the usual order, and the result paid him. The adults obtained seats and the children remained at home.

The company is registered at the Victoria. It opens in the Mechanics Institute, Wednesday evening, November 7th, and will remain as long as the people patronize them. They remained thirteen weeks in Ottawa, giving new songs every night, and then left crowded houses behind them. Yarmouth solicited them a second time and thronged the hall.

Of course the elegant gifts are another attraction and a great one. A splendid gold watch was given away in Carleton, Thursday evening. The owner possesses a valuable ticker and is happy.

Mr. Fisher and His Pavement.

If the story Mr. John W. Fisher tells PROGRESS has no other side, he has had considerable fun, much difficulty and little credit in the part he played in the construction of the Union and Charlotte streets pavement.

Mr. Fisher's story is long, too long for one edition, but it is quite interesting, especially to the interested parties. During the progress of the work, which was begun July 3rd, the contractor came in contact with a good many people in an official capacity and judging from his caustic remarks his affection for them is not of a deep and lasting nature.

Mr. Fisher may be eccentric. He probably is. Notwithstanding this trait he has put down that pavement at a figure nearly \$2,000 less than the tender which was favored at first.

He Sought Health and Found a Wife.

Mr. Chas. K. Short dropped into town this week and greeted his friends for a day or two in his usual cheery fashion. Charley is married and appears to be enjoying a pretty good time. This piece of news somewhat astonished his friends who thought the Jeffreys' Hill druggist was seeking health rather than a life companion. The lucky lady is from New Jersey. Charley says he is in for a fortune; another piece of news which he explained by the statement that there was a very rich mine in his Dispepticure.

Calais and St. Stephen With Us.

About 125 St. Stephen and Calais people called upon St. John, Thursday. There was a fine day for them, and silk hats and fair maidens took in the towns for the day. Calais Yankees are thorough Maine Yankees. They look like them, act like them and talk like them. And the fact that they are rubbers stands right out. The lady members of the party enjoyed themselves immensely, and all hands returned, yesterday.

New Novels at McArthur's, 80 King St.

SCARLET FEVER'S WORK.

CHILDREN DYING FROM IT IN THE POORER DISTRICTS.

Three in a Brussels Street House Succumb—Eria Street and Lower Cove Contribute Their Victims—Its Effect on Two Boys—Spreading in the Schools.

Scarlet fever is carrying death to the little ones of Brussels, Erin and St. Andrew's streets. In one home last Sunday three fever-stricken children lay dead. A day or two later two bright little boys were buried from an Erin street home, and about the same time a similar occurrence was reported in Lower Cove.

The disease has been prevalent all summer, but of late it has broken out afresh and appears to be of a more malignant nature. Many people say that its spread is due to the opening of the schools, and this is no doubt a fact.

In conversation with Dr. Inches a day or two ago PROGRESS learned that the disease has been more prevalent and of a severer type than for several years.

Scarlet fever is one of the very infectious diseases and is caught easily. Many of the deaths are from secondary causes. Several cases have been instanced where young children who have apparently recovered from the fever have been sent to school, taken cold and died in less than a week from the effects.

Two handsome boys, sons of English parents who arrived in this city a short time ago, were attending the Leinster street school. They caught the fever from some of their school mates and were ill at home for some time. Both recovered, sufficiently their parents thought, to attend school again. They did so. Both caught cold. One died two days later and the other will be deaf the remainder of his days.

Another sad case, which is referred to elsewhere, is that in the Murphy family. Young Murphy was a PROGRESS newsboy and carrier. He was around, agile and well Saturday before last. Last Saturday he was in his coffin and in a few hours two others of the family were dead. Scarlet fever is not supposed to be affected much by surroundings—not so much as other types of fever, but it is a significant fact that the worst and fatal cases have been in such localities as Brussels, St. Andrews, and Erin streets. These spots are rich plots for the growth of any disease. They need looking after.

It is said that the cases have been reported to the Board of Health and yet nothing has been done to carry out the law and isolate the locality as far as possible. What is the Board of Health for, if not to look after such cases? It does not encourage physicians to report infectious diseases, when no attention is paid to their reports.

There is a very general impression that some measures should be taken to isolate the disease. In every school in the city, the fever has made its appearance. The school authorities are of course doing their best to prevent children who have had the fever lately, or are in contact with it, from attending school, but their efforts are unsuccessful.

It is through the schools that the disease is spreading, notwithstanding these efforts. If parents whose children have or have had the fever would pursue a proper course there would be no necessity for alarm. Let them keep their children at home until they are entirely free from the disease and unable to spread it.

Idle attempts have been made to scare the 900 children out of the Victoria school by spreading the report that the janitor's family was ill with the fever. There is no truth in the rumor. The board of trustees had disinfectants scattered through the basement, and this led to the groundless story.

A Parting Presentation.

Chatham lodge, No. 45, I. O. O. F., presented their chaplain, Rev. E. W. Waits, with a chaplain's jewel and the following address, on his departure for Owen Sound, to assume the pastorate of Knox church, of that place:

Dear Brother Waits: We present you with this chaplain jewel, as a parting token of regard we feel at the departure of a brother we esteem so highly. You have given us your precious time, cheerfully placed your talents as preacher and lecturer as our service, shared in our lodge work and adorned our demonstrations. You have been foremost in every good work in this community, not only willing, but eager to labor day and night for the promotion of every good cause. You have done all you could to foster fraternal feeling, to promote charity of thought and deed to lift men's minds from the material creeds to the one Christ.

You have left the impress of your broad-minded Christianity not only on your own congregation, but on the whole community, and we are sure that all our citizens share in the sorrow we feel at your departure.

If we may never meet again in a lodge-room, may we meet where your white badge of office shall have become shining raiment, and this silver badge a golden crown. Signed on behalf of Chatham lodge, No. 45, I. O. O. F.

J. I. STEWART, P. G. M., Committee.
A. D. SMITH, E. G.
C. W. McCULLY, F. G.

After the address and the presentation, Mr. Waits replied in a very feeling manner.

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MR. DIGGS MADE A MISTAKE.

In the Heat of Debate He Used the Wrong End of His Little Hatchet.

Mr. Diggs was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary on Thursday, and all because he made a mistake. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he was clumsy. He was charged with assaulting a colored brother, named Bree, with a hatchet. The blade of the weapon gashed the flesh of Mr. Bree's head, but as he had a remarkably thick skull, no bones were broken. Mr. Diggs was convicted of assault with intent to do grievous bodily harm. Before being sentenced, he pleaded in mitigation, that he had only intended to hammer his friend's head with the back of the hatchet, and that his using the blade was an inadvertence due to the heat of the argument.

The pounding of Bree's head with a blunt iron would have been a harmless diversion, as Mr. Diggs views matters. Mr. Bree would not have minded it. Looked at in this light, it seems unfortunate that a slight change of position of the wrist should have deprived the community of the services of citizen Diggs for the next five years.

Too much care cannot be exercised in playing with dangerous weapons. Mr. Diggs will be more careful the next time.

Labor Unions Waking Up.

The Carpenters and Joiners' union has not been in existence a year, yet it is one of the healthiest of the local labor unions. Its members include some active spirits who have more interest in labor matters than St. John people are accustomed to manifest. The union was formed by Mr. John Armstrong, one of the Labor Commission, last winter and has now 74 members in good standing. A lively interest is taken in its welfare, and at its meetings schemes are suggested and talked over for the improvement and benefit of the working class.

The union proposes holding a grand public labor meeting in a few weeks, at which addresses on labor questions will be delivered by members of the carpenters' and typographical unions and the sail-makers society. Members of other labor organizations in the city will also speak. The arrangements for the meeting are being made with an efficient and interested committee. It will probably awaken a lively interest in labor affairs.

They Will Welcome Their Friends.

The ladies of the sewing circle of St. Andrews church have been very busy of late. Next Thursday their friends will find out what they have been about. On that day a sale of fancy articles will begin in the afternoon and a high tea will be given from 6 to 8. In the evening there will be music and a good time generally. Among the attractive features will be an art gallery of real merit. The ladies in charge of the affair are Mrs. W. W. McLaughlin, president; Mrs. L. G. McNeil, vice-president, and Miss Elsie Nisbet, secretary.

Auction of Books.

Attention is directed to an important sale of books by Mr. Hanington, commencing this afternoon and evening at 2.30 and 7.30. The collection is one of the best ever sold in St. John, and includes the finest etchings and works of art, including Hogarth and Gilray's great work, original editions, plates engraved by artists themselves, and cost £50 each.—Addt.

Fourteen Wet Saturdays.

"You made an error last Saturday, PROGRESS," said a merchant yesterday. "Instead of nine wet Saturdays there have been fourteen, and there's my cash book to show it. Out of sixteen Saturdays, fourteen have been rainy. A rainy Saturday makes a difference in the sales, and that's why I kept the tally."

Enjoying Life in Denver.

Mr. Thomas McMillan is in Denver Col. Recent letters from him state that the weather is beautiful—regular California atmosphere. Mr. McMillan takes a lively interest in things about him and from his letters evidently finds plenty to occupy his time in the lively Western town.

A Queer Notion.

"Change, man! Why, I've a ton of it. Now, if I wanted change you wouldn't have a five cent piece or a copper. But where does all the silver come from lately?" And then the speaker propounded the query whether plenty of change did not indicate bad times.

Go and Look at Them.

Mr. A. O. Skinner is announcing late importations of curtains which he says cannot be surpassed. His stock is large and the variety of his patterns immense. Every lady who has eyes for the tasteful and beautiful should call and inspect the stock.

The Field is Large Enough.

"I like PROGRESS," writes a New York gentleman who had sent for a sample copy. "It is bright and cheerful, pointed and pithy. I wish you had a wider field. Please add my name to your subscription list."

SIR LEONARD TILLEY.

THE DRUGGIST BOY WHO ROSE TO BE THE GOVERNOR.

A Glimpse of Him as He is Seen by Impartial Eyes—Some Reason why He Succeeded and Why His Name is Honored and Will be Honored Hereafter.

The story of Sir Leonard Tilley's life is a long chapter in the political history of New Brunswick. For more than a third of a century he was identified with all the vital measures of a stirring period. In most of them he was the leading spirit and central figure. In none of them was he a passive actor.

It is three years since Sir Leonard wrote a reluctant farewell to active political life. His heart was as young and his brain as clear as in the past, but he had reached an age when he needed, rather than desired rest. He welcomed the less exacting duties which would devolve on him as governor of his native province. He had before, in 1878, accepted the same position, but no one imagined that at that time



his retirement was permanent. Now, however, his increasing years demand for him well earned rest. Hale and vigorous as he is today, it is but just that he should conserve that vigor and live apart from the bitterness of political strife.

He has had all that is worth having in politics. His successive years since 1850 have been crowned with victory after victory. He has seen his most cherished measures bear abundant fruit, and he has the assurance that his name will live when he has ceased to live—that his memory will be honored by the generations yet to come.

Not that he has always been right, or a true prophet. Not that he has always been consistent in his course. Only a bigot can claim that much for him. Sir Leonard has made his mistakes, as have equally able men in all parties. For the sake of party he has done what he might not have done as an unbiased individual. So have others done, and so will the best of politicians do to the end of time.

But there is this to be said: That in all the years of his career he has been honest as a man, earnest as a politician and true as a friend. He has respected himself and held the respect of others. He has not been a trickster, nor has his course been marked by scandals. He has been open in his dealings and true in his faith with those who have supported him.

No man has had more sincere friends. His name has been and is a tower of strength. There is a magnetism about the man which enlists enthusiasm, and those who have rallied under his standard have fought him as a labor of love.

Those who remember the old provincial elections can recall the popular enthusiasm when Sir Leonard was before the people. It was a sight worthy of remembrance to see him on the court house steps, while a vast multitude listened to his far ringing tones. Clear cut and keen his sentences fell like quick blows, as without a pause or a falter he sent argument after argument into the ranks of his opponents. No one ever wearied of hearing him. He held his hearers from first to last converting men against their will and impressing even his most determined foes. It was no wonder that at the close men threw their hats in the air and carried away their champion amid wild hurrahs. No man since those days has evoked such enthusiasm. Judging by the men who are available in the party at present, no man is likely to do so.

Sir Leonard laid the foundations of his own greatness and laid them well. He had no advantages of family, fortune or education. There were probably many others among his friends in the old debating society who had as much natural ability as he had, if not more. He had a determination, a fixity of purpose, an ambition to succeed. And he succeeded.

The highest honors which Sir Leonard years ago those which he won for himself. They are written in the annals of his country. The titles bestowed upon him have added not one whit to his stature, nor one jot to his fame. As many old-time Liberals view things, he would have done a graceful

act by declining an order of knighthood. There was more in the name of S. L. Tilley to stir the pulse of the people than there ever was or ever can be in the name of Sir Leonard. The Windsor uniform is a poor exchange for the familiar frock coat flung open in the heat of debate.

There are some able men in both parties who may need all the titles they can get to make them more respected by the people. This is not the case with Governor Tilley. He has honesty, as well as ability. Apart from the prejudice of faction, he is a man who can be honored for his worth. He is a good citizen. His life may be quoted as an example to the young. The ladder by which he has climbed to success is one which may be pointed to as a safe one for others.

No man was ever more worthy to be governor than Sir Leonard. There is no one who would be more acceptable to the people. Whether the bond with Canada be looked upon as fortunate or unfortunate for New Brunswick, there is much in Sir Leonard's life which entitles him to honor now and remembrance hereafter. The long path from the Market square drug store to the government house abounds with memorials of solid worth.

Why He Didn't Show Up.

"Do you want a carrier boy?" asked an active little, pale-faced fellow of PROGRESS about two months ago.

A carrier boy was wanted, and little Johnnie Murphy started out the next Saturday morning with his bundle of papers for delivery. It was his first work, and almost before daylight Saturday he was on hand, enthusiastic and ready.

So many people stopped him on his round wanting to buy papers from him, that Murphy soon got a fine list of customers, and no fewer than 100 papers found buyers from him.

Last Saturday he didn't show up. His papers waited for him until 9 o'clock, and the subscribers waited. Murphy didn't come. Another boy took his place and the papers.

About the same hour, in a little house on Brussels street, the carrier boy was dying, and while his customers waited for him he died.

An Infant Pickpocket.

"What are you doing there, Sisie?" She was a toddling mite, not more than five years old, bright and intelligent, and fearless enough to venture in the dense crowd around the auctioneer on Market square. Taking advantage of the fixed attention of the crowd, she had approached a lady and was stealthily opening her hand-satchel when startled by the voice of constable Hayes. Starting away, she stopped a few steps distant and looked upon the venerable appearing official with a look of distrust and something of disappointment. Hayes asked her a few questions, but the infant—for she was nothing else—could just lip her christian name, and no more.

Why Not at Its Place?

What an absurd idea prevails throughout the city regarding American silver. St. John merchants take American paper at the face and are glad to get it, but when a United States coin is laid on their counter they demand a discount of 20 per cent! In Fredericton, in St. Stephen, in Woodstock, a Yankee coin is as good as a Canadian bit, but in St. John, unless it is at the hotels or the Canada News Company or D. McArthur's, and a few other places, American silver does not go at its face. It occurs to PROGRESS that the merchant who takes American silver at its face deserves an advantage and there can be no doubt that he secures it.

Go Right Along, Gentlemen.

The last Royal Gazette contained the notice of the proposed incorporation of the St. John Opera House company. It is time. No hours have been lost in putting the excavation contractor at work. Mr. D. Connell, who has the contract, began operations Thursday and proposes to go right along with the job. In the meantime the first call is being paid promptly and more stock subscribed daily. The indications are that the masonry will be complete this fall and ready for the brick work in early spring.

A Good Place to Live.

Kingston, the old shiretown of Kings Co., is a remarkably healthy village, if the number of golden weddings celebrated there recently is any indication. Four of the late date can be recalled—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Flewelling, Mr. and Mrs. J. Edward Morse and Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Whelpley. The anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Whelpley was on the 17th inst. A number of their friends were present, among whom were Mrs. W. P. Flewelling and Mrs. E. S. Wetmore, sisters of Mrs. Whelpley, who were present at her marriage. Whelpley counted a fine gold-headed cane among his gifts. It was a remembrance of his daughter now residing in Boston.

British American for sale at McArthur's.

ART FOR THE ASKING.

THE GREAT CASH COLLECTION SACRIFICED AT AUCTION.

Some of the reasons why the work of purely Canadian artists failed to meet with recognition in St. John—Points of Interest About the Paintings.

Mr. Lockhart's art sale on Wednesday was disappointing in its results. Perhaps it was not sufficiently advertised and perhaps local jealousies had something to do with the failure.

Have the citizens of St. John no taste for art, or do they prefer the colorless steel engraving to the vivid oil painting surrounded with a richly gilt frame big enough for the hatch-combing of a frigate?

It would seem so? They had a rare opportunity and refused to embrace it. Some of them who are continually prating about art, and who pretend that they would give \$300 for a 12 by 18 inch painting by C. C. Ward, if they could afford it, did not go near the sale.

The people missed something. Instead of having to pay a dollar a square inch they could have had their choice for less than a dollar a foot. The frames, which were worth as much as the paintings, were in reality given away.

Where was the purchasing committee of the Owen Art Gallery?

Nobody seemed to know. It was remarked with some asperity that while the committee was very ready to secure jobs for Boston it utterly ignored an art sale of purely Canadian pieces in St. John.

Admission was not by ticket, as is the custom at high art sales in New York, nor were any catalogues distributed.

The latter was a very vital omission, especially as very few of the pictures had the name of the subject painted on them. The village mill had a label, but even that would probably have been omitted had it been supposed that anybody could recognize the structure as a mill.

Nor, in our own land of Canada, has John Bull, junior, withheld the enthusiastic "God speed" from Canadian soldiers, the bravest and best, when they were about to leave their nearest and dearest to quell rebellion, or to protect our frontier from the attack of the marauder.

When the now too hastily called "army of loafers"—the Infantry School corps—formed in this province the nucleus of an efficient battalion as could be found in Canada, and was on the point of departure for the Northwest at the time of the rebellion, was there a man in the community sufficiently forgetful of self-respect ready to cast a stone, the unwilling stone, at it?

How, instead, do the words of cheer at that time from such men as the Metropolitan Bishop at Fredericton, or Dr. Macrae, Honorable Justice Tuck and Senator Boyd at St. John ring in the ears of the members of that fine battalion.

After all Mr. Krank had one word of cheer for the "army of loafers," a body of men, he states, "individually, no doubt of some merit." It is thus only, I may add, by individual merit that collective efficiency can be obtained: and if in his eager search for this efficiency the individual soldier also seeks "the development of lawn tennis to the music of a band"—a crime inadvertently omitted in the latest edition of the Army Act—surely it is needless to hang over his head the sword of the crank or the "notice to the public." "Don't shoot the poor beggar at the net, he is doing his best."

Mr. Lockhart should see that these important details are attended to the next time he has an art sale.

It is a difficult task to thoroughly criticize a collection of the magnitude of that exhibited by Mr. Cash. The artists appear to have studied in the same school, and their touch is marked by a boldness which is most startling in its effect. They have dared to distribute their colors with impartial hand, and without regard to carping critics. If their judgment felt that a sky should be green, they made it green. True, too, they observe the canon that true art tells more than it seems to tell. In this way the water behind the Highland cattle is not seen to be water until the situation is thoughtfully studied.

As for richness of color, nothing approaching these pictures has been seen since the panorama of the St. John fire was exhibited by the gifted orator George H. Clark. The red blue and green of the landscapes is bright and cheering. Nothing in the range of our best native artists is anything like it.

For all this, the sale was not a success. Mr. Cash says that he took first and second prizes at the Toronto exhibition, but a choice landscape from his own hand, measuring two by three feet, and magnificently framed, brought only about \$5. One picture of the Highland cattle brought about the same figure. There are two others of the same kind, and all are originals. Mr. Cash will not sell them, frame included, at less than \$40. So he says.

The visitors to the gallery during the auction might have included many more lovers of art than it did. Rev. W. W. Brewer was there, but did not buy anything. Neither did George E. Snider, Barney Brannan, J. William Roop, William Farren, of the customs, or anyone except Fred Thompson.

Mr. Thompson was wide-awake to the advantages offered. He bought five big pictures and got the lot for only \$24.

Perhaps he was there as the representative of the Owens' Art Gallery. Perhaps he intends to start an opposition gallery of his own.

True Enterprise. "John, show this gentleman the door," said the lady of the house.

"Thanks, John," said the book agent cordially; "but you needn't trouble yourself. I saw the door as I came in. Now this work, madame, is—"

The lady bought the book.—Harper's Bazaar.

TOTHER SIDE.

Reply to "Krank" on the Infantry School.

It is refreshing in these days of progress, when everybody is supposed to mind his own business, to find one remaining of that fine old class—the Ephraim John Bull—eager to show his teeth on occasion, with a good honest growl ever ready, to be right, or to be wrong.

Mr. Krank (I hope he may not be termed a crank) in Progress of the 20th inst. has, in a letter bristling with inverted commas, (harmless projectiles) seized weapons from amongst the shafts of that typical Knight Errant, the gallant editor of the Capital, and given your readers an interesting if not instructive history of the so called "standing army of loafers."

Has this gentleman taken time to consider that there is, as I infer from your heading, another view of the matter? Does he belong to the class of employers who would count the mouthfuls of food he gives to his honest employes, and does he continue to growl "starve them"? Does he count the cost too closely on the coat of paint which protects his house from wind and weather? Or does he omit to pay for insurance of house or barn? Does he kick the solitary policeman (always to be found when wanted?), who saves his shop windows from many a stone cast by mischievous boys? No! He prefers to heave half a brick at the servant of our good Queen, and would count the cost to the taxpayer of "every button" on her uniform.

Nor has John Bull, with all his faults, growled at the British soldier on the eve of his departure for active service, when he gives the best proofs of his readiness to shed his blood in defence of Queen and country, in whatever quarter of the globe. No! He prefers to growl in the piping times of peace, when the soldier must, if ever, "prepare for war."

Surely he has not growled before the departure of the British soldier for the Crimean war? Nor when starting on many a long march over the hills of Afghanistan, or on the sands of Africa?

Nor, in our own land of Canada, has John Bull, junior, withheld the enthusiastic "God speed" from Canadian soldiers, the bravest and best, when they were about to leave their nearest and dearest to quell rebellion, or to protect our frontier from the attack of the marauder.

When the now too hastily called "army of loafers"—the Infantry School corps—formed in this province the nucleus of an efficient battalion as could be found in Canada, and was on the point of departure for the Northwest at the time of the rebellion, was there a man in the community sufficiently forgetful of self-respect ready to cast a stone, the unwilling stone, at it?

How, instead, do the words of cheer at that time from such men as the Metropolitan Bishop at Fredericton, or Dr. Macrae, Honorable Justice Tuck and Senator Boyd at St. John ring in the ears of the members of that fine battalion.

After all Mr. Krank had one word of cheer for the "army of loafers," a body of men, he states, "individually, no doubt of some merit." It is thus only, I may add, by individual merit that collective efficiency can be obtained: and if in his eager search for this efficiency the individual soldier also seeks "the development of lawn tennis to the music of a band"—a crime inadvertently omitted in the latest edition of the Army Act—surely it is needless to hang over his head the sword of the crank or the "notice to the public." "Don't shoot the poor beggar at the net, he is doing his best."

Fredericton, Oct. 24, 1888.

A Departure in Advertising.

The St. Croix Soap Manufacturing company is not slow. There are many ways of advertising outside of the legitimate method—the newspaper—but they always prove the most expensive in the end. For 25 wrappers of either of their soaps, "Surprise" or "Sea Foam," they engage to send either one of two engravings, *Thoroughbred* or *Come Back Soon*. Both pictures are worth having, being above the average. Messrs. Ganong still depend in some measure upon the newspapers for the announcement of their enterprising departure.

He Lost His Groceries.

A dealer in what is generally known as "Straight shore coal," lost a whole week's groceries last Saturday night. He made his purchases at a Portland grocer's, and placed his goods, which were supposed to do him a week, in his cart. He then went to another store to buy oats for his horse. Having finished all business he started for home, and had nearly reached his destination when he chanced to look back into the cart. His groceries were not there. Somebody had stolen them, either when he was buying the oats or as he drove along the street.

Reduced to a System.

Two vagrants called on a kind lady in the suburbs of New York.

"To which of you two shall I give this nickel?" she asked.

First Tramp—Give it to him, madame. He has purchased the route from me, and I am just taking him around to introduce him to the customers.—Texas Siftings.

ORIGIN OF THE BOODLER

COMPARED WITH THE FREE-BOOTER OF ANCIENT TIMES!

The Boodler Has Degenerated—His Methods are Not to be Ranked With Those of His Courageous Ancestor, but He Gets There Just the Same.

Imnumerable books have been published—and, no doubt, a very much larger number have been written, and never published—as to the evolution of the human race, a subject having a certain fascination for one class of investigators, perhaps; but the majority, content with the knowledge that we are here, are more concerned with the question as to what we shall do in our present state, and our destination hereafter. Orthodox teaching upon the latter point being to the effect that much depends upon our conduct during our earthly sojourn, one would look for more or less circumspection during the life that now is, as a safe preparation for that which is to come—especially from those whose professions, at least, are in accord with the Biblical exposition of the commandments.

These remarks are suggested by the contemplation of an evolution of a much more simple nature, presenting fewer obstacles to research, perhaps, and therefore more within the purview of the general reader, the successive, and always progressive, steps of which are more readily traced and understood, and in the study of which we encounter no "missing link" in the chain of evidence.

Just when the generic term "boodler" was applied, and who is justly entitled to its first application, are matters upon which history is silent; but gentlemen who got away with "the shekels" are mentioned in holy writ, and the Bible student will find ample proofs in his study of the scriptures, that the science was as well understood, though not quite so fully developed, as in this highly civilized and cultured age.

The art lost nothing at the hands of the earlier Persian, Grecian and Roman practitioners; but there is this to say in regard to them, at least, that while they "got there, just the same," they did their little boodling in a manner that involved considerable danger; the resulting laxity of morals being offset by the development of a high personal courage, and the victim of the despoiler, if he lived to mourn his wrongs, had frequent opportunities—and generally could count upon some assistance and incentive—to avenge them.

The "boodlers" of all ranks in those "brave days of old" had another merit—they called the business by its proper name—and they were not backward in avowing their connection with it, particularly if the "haul" was a big one, an example deemed worthy of imitation by the "free lances" of a later era, and the knightly and royal gentry who employed them; and in direct descent we can trace not a few kingly successors up to the time of that prince of boodlers, brave William the Norman. He brought the art to a marvellous state of perfection; and his Scotch and Irish neighbors added to his ample curriculum, and furnished his rather rough and ready code with many excellent points of *finesse*. Even then, however, they had the courage of their convictions; and generally when they had yielded to reprisals at the hands of a larger or more adroit force, they handed over the "swag" without the semblance of a whine, in the sure and certain hope that chance or a fortunate "plant" would soon recoup them for all reverses.

Many of the stately homes of Britain are built on foundations laid out with the proceeds of a "divvy" among the boodlers of that time, and as I scan the historic scroll, every page of which is marked by a black deed of spoliation, the personal courage displayed alike by despoiler and despoiled, seems to blunt the edge of my rising wrath, and it merges into a gloomy admiration of the men who were willing to risk their chances of life here, and hopes hereafter, on the bare hazard of a die.

As the sword and the spear gradually merged into the scythe and the reaping hook so the brave old "boodlers" by degrees changed his coat of mail, and sought the acquisition of wealth in safer—if more ignoble methods. When good swordsmanship and a stout heart were no longer the passport to steady employment, the restless spirits who were to proud to work must perforce either starve or steal, and the latter has always been the favorite alternative. To the bunglers at the business, failure was a matter of ritual consequence. Then justice was more summary, if less discerning; and mistakes in the application of old time methods were expiated on "Tyburn tree."

Exceptions there were, of course; but the exceptions were in exchange for the lion's share of the boodle—a practice, if report speaks truly, that has lost nothing in its transmission to our own times. There was a distinction between a broken head and a dislocated vertebra, which led to the culture of more adroitness, and by a gradual process of evolution, the boodler soon secured a foothold from which the law, however honestly framed, seemed powerless to dislodge him, and from this "coign of vantage" he views numberless fields for occupation, to the conquest of which he walks hand in hand with "law," and churchman and layman alike bow down to the successful adept in the science of "boodling."

The freebooter of lawless times looked upon the church as fair game, and "shaking down" a monastery, if successful, was

a remunerative undertaking. Having something of outward intrinsic value to lose, the church eyed the boodler askance, if not with extreme disfavour; and when in due course (if not sooner induced by a harder knock than usual) the debt of nature had to be paid, the astute churchman generally made the restitution of church spoils a *sine qua non* in the office of absolute. The business was rudimentary then, perhaps—exceedingly so, gauged by the standard of the freebooter's modern prototype; for the boodler of our day and generation seems to find his most congenial atmosphere within the walls of the sanctuary, in the deaconate, in the elder's seat—not to speak of the hosts of lesser lights who are content to shield themselves in the minor duties of the sacred edifice.

The church has her mission. She has, it is but just to say, her faithful missionaries. In every office and function she has now a sure safeguard under the aegis of stable government, which in earlier years was more of a snare than a protection; but even in her darkest days, the hand of brotherhood was only given to the boodler under protest, and many a boodling of accomplishment only through the power of her ban. It becomes a question whether that church, now bewailing the spread of unbelief, has not helped to fructify the seeds of scepticism largely through the treatment of the modern "boodlers," for whom is reserved the front seats in the building—if she is not indebted to them for the edifice; whose names appear at the head of her different charities; whose attitude, under existing conditions, has done, is doing, and will do—unless summarily disciplined—irreparable damage to her position and her influence. C. L.

ANENT THE GENTLE WILLIAM.

Some Untold Anecdotes of the Popular Humorist.

Inasmuch as Mr. Edgar William Nye is at the present time calmly dangling his heels from the loftiest pinnacle of humorous fame, an anecdote or two relating to him may not be amiss.

At the age of seventeen, William wandered into a circus one day, his tall, gaunt form and ill fitting garments making him somewhat conspicuous. A genial fakir had set up a kindergarten state lottery in the grounds. This paid for some time, inasmuch as the majority of the investors had drawn block-tin jewelry, while the valuable prizes had remained unclaimed. The owner of the game had several cappers scattered through the crowd to encourage the lagging zeal of the throng. One of these gentlemen approached the sad-looking William, drew him to one side, and said: "Sonny, you're an honest looking boy, and I think I can trust you. Now, the proprietor of that lottery knows me and won't let me draw because I'm always so blamed lucky, don't you see. You take this dollar and go over and try it and bring the prize over here to me."

This manoeuvre had, of course, been seen by the proprietor; so that, when the obliging Nye handed in the dollar, he was given in return a \$20 gold piece and a genuine silver cup. As the crowd gathered around the lucky William, that youth calmly dove down into his pocket and brought up another dollar. "I will now," said he, "take a chance for a friend of mine, back there," whereupon he drew a tin locket. This he handed to the astonished capper, with the remark that indications pointed to a rather backward spring, and walked away. Presently he returned, and placing his hand upon the shoulder of the genial capper said, "Friend, why will you waste the precious hours of youth in this precarious business. It pains me to see you, so full of the ardor and strength of your young manhood, throwing away your hard-earned dollars for hardware jewelry. Oh, break yourself from the hellish thrall, and lead a better life. I should like to share my \$20 with you, but I wish to instil in your mind a lesson that will be of far more value to you than earthly dross." William then wrung his new found friend by the hand and went home.

Mr. Nye, last season, made arrangements to lecture in a certain New England town, but did not mention his subject. A telegram was sent from asking him what he would talk about. He immediately replied, "About an hour."

While Will L. Visscher, the well-known western journalist, was editor of the *Tribune* at Denver, he was paid a visit by Bill Nye, for whom he had a strong attachment that was fully reciprocated. He it known Visscher possesses a full countenance, that has not, up to date, ever been confounded with that of Mrs. Lilly Langtry.

One evening the Visscher household was gathered around the cheerful, blazing grate, and all was peace and joy. The host was romping with his little four-year-old daughter, who suddenly chirruped, "Pretty papa—pretty papa!"

A look of extreme anguish overspread Nye's features as he reached and took Visscher by the hand. "Vissch," he said, "Vissch, if I were you I would kill that girl of yours!"

"Wh-why, what in thunder do you mean?" cried the dumfounded parent.

"I am afraid," responded Bill, sadly, "I am afraid she will grow up a humorist!"

Some one wrote to Nye lately for his autograph, and received in reply the following: "Dear sir—in the absence of my amanuensis, will you kindly excuse me if I write my autograph myself? Yours, Bill Nye."

In a recent lecture, Nye responded to an encore as follows, "I hear there are some—Chicago journalists—here—concealed in—the audience. They have come down here—to suffer with—you. I did not know—they were here. They disguised themselves—by paying—their way in."

In a dissertation on cyclones, he said that a South Carolina gentleman had given him some very valuable rules as to how to act during a tornado, Nye summed the rules up as follows, "First ascertain where the storm-centre is—ascertain where the storm centre is—" a long pause—"and then—get—away from it." CASEY TAP.

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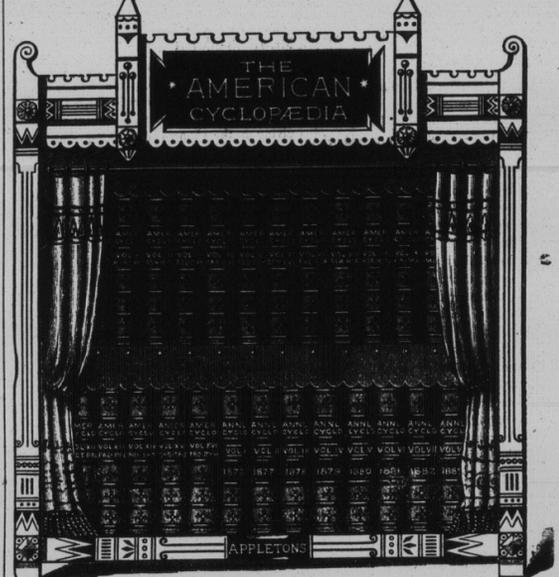
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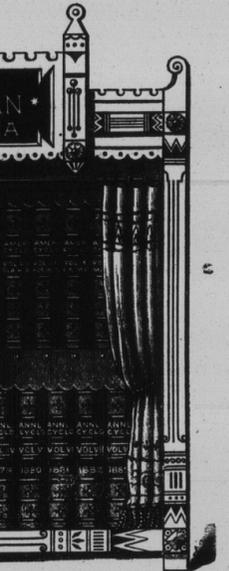
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WAITING.
 Waiting in pain, and yet 'tis best to wait,
 For waiting leads us on to all we wish,
 And brings attainment with a fullness in—
 Like wine of grapes that ope to ripeness late,
 We chafe as unskillful and chafe the vase
 Whose shuttles seem to swarm our hopes to spin
 The tissues of defeat. Then we begin
 To gauge the good we advent to mislead—how great.
 Not half divide the first faint glimpse of land
 To which we have sailed with chafed wish,
 And learn which have not prayed against despair.
 Wild storms and baffling calms make dear the
 strand
 Of Doubt's dark sea, and, landing, first we catch
 The infinite joy of safe possessions there!
 —William C. Richards.

LITTLE MART DODSON.

Among the Red Knobs of the Tennessee Valley, the people are mostly of the poorer class of small farmers. Along the railroad a "Red Knob" is known by the purple hue of his boots, which are stained by the hematitic dust of his patrimonial agricultural lands, the rocky fastnesses behind them were long the congenial sphere of the Moonshiner's hidden toil and trouble.

Little Mart Dodson had peddled "wild-cat whiskey" from the time he became able to take a three-gallon keg along the country road after dark. He had been arrested, bound over before commissioners, tried, released or condemned so many times that the varied phases of Federal justice or leniency had long lost the spice of novelty, under a monotonous conviction of their tyranny and general futility as related to moonshining in general and Little Mart in particular.

But one summer there came a lady and her daughter from Chattanooga to board at Hawk Cliff, a ragged spot of the Chilhowee, where a mineral spring, or two bubbled out from beneath the precipices. Mrs. Baird needed some pure whiskey for medicinal purposes. Following the instructions of the "Widder Green," with whom they board, Agnes, the daughter of the former, left a bottle and some money one night in a cleft of a large rock, called the "Devil's Anvil." On going back the next morning, she found the money gone and the bottle filled with "mountain dew."

"Little Mart air, always up ter time," said the Widow Green. "He gits to that rock every Chuesday night, ez regular as clock-work."

There was no society in a social sense at Hawk Cliff, and Agnes, a lively girl not yet out of her teens, was not reading or writing, when her mother, found herself at some loss to pass the time. There was no one to dress for or flirt with, and the country folk, ever suspicious of social superiority, were shy and evasive. She sought solace in long rambles over the mountains, and though warned against the danger of getting lost, ventured further and further with feminine perversity, until one day she found herself in that unvariable predicament.

A thunder-cloud had veiled the sun, the blue sky was vanishing, and the very depths of the mountain seemed to moan softly, as though the earth was feverish and in dread. Agnes stood at the juncture of several winding ravines, all equally wild and misleading, with great forest trees frowning over her, and without a definite idea as to her proper course.

"Wal, miss, air ye sure 'nuff lost, or what air the matter?"

The sound of any human voice was welcome in that solitude. Turning, she saw before her a short, stout, freckle-faced young man, having a sack swung over his shoulder with a keg in each end of it. In a few hurried words she explained who she was, and that she was lost.

"Ye're a good three mile from the Widder Green's," he said, "I 'I was a goin' the yuther way."

Agnes instantly suggested a pecuniary inducement as the reason for guiding her home, but the young fellow looked at the clouds and said, hurriedly:

"You jest wait byr a minute."

Then he disappeared round a huge bowlder before Agnes could remonstrate. In two minutes he reappeared, minus his sack and kegs, with the remark:

"Now, miss, we mus' hurry ter git ter the Hangin' Rock afore that shower wets us."

They plunged into a wild gorge—the very one Agnes would not have taken if left to herself—and soon came upon a trail that wound here and there among the rocks, over rocks, through shadowy laurel brakes, and across several small brooks.

The rain approached, and the guide kept increasing his speed until Agnes, panting and stumbling, was about to ask him to go slower. But at this juncture a sudden turn round a beetling crag brought them out on a rocky platform, fronting the valley lying along the foot of the mountain.

Overhead the cliffs projected, so that they were sheltered from the drops already falling. The young man brought her a drink from a spring near by, and she sat down to survey in security the solid wall of gray rain now sweeping over the distant knobs and up the intervening valley.

"I don't believe I know your name," she remarked, as she stood awkwardly gazing at her as upon a new revelation in the line of feminine loveliness.

ly assumed a new and astounding phase in the light of her sweet presence and kindly remonstrances.
 The rain at length ceased, and they soon arrived at the Widow Green's. Agnes, at the doorstep, offered him a silver dollar, saying she knew she had put him to a good deal of trouble. Silver dollars were tempting, but he declined taking it, saying:
 "I reck' 'I kin erlobege people of I am a moonshiner."

"Never mind," she said, with a reassuring smile, "you must take it just to please me. Perhaps it will help you a little in getting better employment."

The next day Little Mart returned for his sack and kegs, reflecting deeply. After getting them he went to the Hanging Rock, and there kindled a fire with chestnut bark on the very spot where Agnes had sat and talked to him. Then he placed the sack and empty kegs thereon and grimly watched them turn to ash. As at last he turned away he muttered:

"Me 'n' mother hev got to git our livin' some yuther way after this."

That night his mother's little cabin in the Red Knobs was surrounded by four deputy marshals, and Little Mart marched off, a prisoner of the United States, to Athens.

Two months later, after his release from jail, he came home, only to learn that Mrs. Baird and her daughter had returned to Chattanooga.

Little Mart felt disappointed. Though he realized the nature of the social gulf between them too well to hope to mingle much with people like the Bairds, yet he wished to see Agnes once more, and tell how her kind words and sweet smile had made another man of him.

He secured work in the log camps in the mountains, and a few weeks thereafter went down to Chattanooga on a large raft of logs. Having then an idle day on his hands, he thought he would venture to call on the Bairds.

He dressed himself in his best suit of homespun jeans, and soon found the house from the directions given him by the Widow Green. The imposing brick front and the aristocratic neatness of the surroundings rather daunted him, but he resolutely knocked on the door regardless of the polished bell handle and boldly asked of the trim colored housemaid, who at length came, if he might see Miss Agnes, explaining also that "She 'n' her mother knowed me in the mountains."

The servant surveyed him wonderingly, yet after a moment's hesitation bade him follow her, and at once ushered him into the parlor where Agnes and another young lady, with two or three fashionably-dressed young men, sat talking and laughing together.

Agnes was risen as the door opened. The contrast between her graceful, stylishly-garbed figure and Little Mart's awkward pose, ill-fitting clothes, and rusty brogans, as he stood clumsily holding his broad-brimmed wool hat, was, as one of the young men whispered to the other young lady, "Too utterly paralyzing."

Agnes recognized him instantly, and colored with the remembrance of pleasurable sensations, as she said, carelessly:

"Oh yes, you wish to see my father. He never transacts business at the house; you will find him at the office. Margaret," to the servant, "show this gentleman to the door."

Then she coolly turned away, and before Little Mart fairly knew what he was about he was walking down the street with his thoughts in a whirl and a dull pain at his heart. At the corner a gentleman stopped him.

"Why, you are Mart Dodson, are you not? This is fortunate, as you happen to be the very man I was wishing to see."

The speaker was the father of Agnes Baird, whom Mart had seen once or twice when Mrs. Baird and her daughter were at Hawk Cliff. Mr. Baird was largely interested in the new iron industries then developing throughout East Tennessee; and after dragging out his half-reluctant hero into an office nearly as luxurious in its appointments as the parlor from which he had been so unceremoniously dismissed, the former said to him:

"Young man, you are in luck. Our mining experts have been investigating some of the iron deposits of the Red Knobs, particularly near Hawk Cliff, and they report some veins of unusual richness. The new road now projected from Cleveland to Tellico will render some land there valuable. You and your mother have 80 acres. I am prepared to buy you out for a lump sum, or give you \$5,000 for a half interest."

Little Mart gazed at Mr. Baird, half stupefied with wonder. Yet amid the turmoil of his emotions came the thought that, if this were so, he would at last have the time and means to make a gentleman of himself, so that people would not want to turn him out of doors for looking like the clod he felt himself to be at present.

There was some further talk, when Little Mart took his leave, promising to go immediately home to let his mother look around a little and let Mr. Baird know. His native shrewdness did not altogether forsake him. If there was a fortune in their poor, worn-out farm, Little Mart determined that the Dodsons should have their share of it. He could then go off, get an education, see and mingle with the world, and if he ever returned show Agnes that he was really worthy of her first friendly interest in him, and when she ignored him at her own home she had done her better self, as well as him, an injustice.

The new manager of the great Tellico company was in his private office. A lady entered, and he looked up from his morning paper, then inquired briefly:

"Well, ma'am, what can I do for you?"

The lady pushed aside her veil. The manager looked at her closely, then rose and offered her a chair. He was short and stout, with a heavy red moustache, close clipped hair, and keen gray eyes.

"You have advertised for a type-writer," she said; "I would like to apply for the position."

The manager still gazed at her curiously, but he only asked:

"How long have you worked at type-writing?"

"I have only just learned it at the commercial school," she replied, hesitatingly.

some good advice as to his turning from the error of his moonshining ways?"

The lady's amazement brought a good-natured smile to the manager's face, as he said, smilingly: "I might have done it for you, but you have not forgotten, and he still retains his red hair and freckles."

"She now colored vividly under another remembrance, as she said naively, yet with some embarrassment:

"I also remember, being, I fear, very rude to that same young man on another occasion, but I was young and—foolish then."

"And he was quite a bucolic scarecrow, and should have had better sense than to intrude where he did uninvited. I don't blame you, Miss Baird. I might have done the same thing myself under similar circumstances. Let that rest. You did me far more good than evil. The effect of your kind words and the memory of your encouraging smile outlasted the influence of your after indifference. The desire to be some one, to make something of myself, implanted unconsciously by you, never left me. It was the turning point of my life. See: I have even kept the dollar you gave me for good luck."

He exhibited it with a smile, whereas she again blushed slightly. Then continuing, he said:

"Your father also made me the first money offer for my mother's little farm, that has proved a veritable bonanza for me in more ways than one. I then resolved to try to make a man of myself, so that if I ever met you again you would not feel so ashamed of me."

"You have your revenge?" she said, sadly. "Papa failed, and gradually worried himself into the grave. Mamma and I are quite poor now, but I am glad to have met you again who would not feel so ashamed of me."

"Don't explain," interrupted Little Mart kindly. "I really feel that I owe to you far more than the giving of this position will ever repay. Your influence, unknown to yourself, sent me off to study, sharpened my wit, caused me to drive shrewd bargains, keep my hands clean, and persist until—well, until here I am."

It was difficult for Agnes Baird to realize that this alert, polite, well-dressed man—a partner and manager of a great iron industry, requiring large capital and hundreds of workmen—was the awkward youth she had carelessly despised, and who, but only a few years ago, such was the case, however, and it only remains to say that she obtained the position and that Little Mart—now Mr. Dodson to every one—remained such a good friend to her under these circumstances that I would not be surprised to hear of another partnership being entered into by and by. A partnership, too, of the most endearing earthly nature, involving some change of name and other agreeable future possibilities. —Balou's Monthly Magazine.

"NOT AT HOME."

Denounced as a Trickster and Cheat, but Declines Suppression.

Very few of the phrases current in society life have been made the subject of so much pulpit and church parlor eloquence as the expression which heads this paragraph, says the Toronto Saturday Night.

The latter, however, holds its own bravely, and in the language of the ring comes up smiling at the end of every round.

"Not at Home" has been denounced as a liar, a trickster and a cheat, but "Not at Home" declines to be suppressed, and holds up its much abused head as high as ever.

Its uncompromising opponents denounce it unceasingly at our street corners, in our meeting places, and occasionally flirt with it at home. Another portion of the community charitably alludes to it as a necessary evil. Then, again, there are others, and their number is legion, who stoutly contend that there is no objection in the matter. "Not at Home" is not used in its material sense, nor is it accepted as such by him or her to whom it is addressed.

The expression is intended to convey the fact that the one called upon is not receiving at that particular moment. Whether in absence, or being otherwise engaged, or from personal disinclination to receive, the caller, does not enter into consideration, and this being the case, supporters of the phrase contend that the element of offence being withdrawn, the phrase is perfectly permissible. They further claim, and with much show of reason, that the literal truth in many cases would be too positively brutal to be endured, and of the two evils, if "Not at Home" is to be considered an evil, they decidedly prefer to choose the lesser.

The question has always been a disputed one, although it must be admitted that its supporters have generally the better of the argument. But be this as it may, there are few of us, endurers of it or otherwise, but have had occasion at one time or another in our lives to be thankful to the forgotten, but frequently honored, inventor of "Not at Home."

Cruelly to Father.

One of Jones' peculiarities is never to admit that he is feeling well. No matter what species of suffering you are undergoing, he forms his sympathy invariably takes in this:

"The other day he came home sick—too sick to go down to his supper. So it was sent up to his room by Mrs. Jones, who had prepared it herself. Among other delicacies were six new laid eggs, boiled to suit him. One of the children stayed with him and watched the egg-eating with interest. As Jones took up the sixth and last egg, the little fellow reached out his hand.

"Let me have it, papa."

Jones glared at the child, then he said humbly:

"Take it, eat it, unnatural child, and let your poor sick father starve!"

Presence of Mind.

Jones had been spending the evening with a friend at the house of one of the latter's lady acquaintances.

"What did you think of our hostess?" asked his friend, as they were coming away.

"I had never seen her before," replied Jones, who never allowed himself to be taken at a disadvantage; "but she must have changed greatly."

No Doubt of It.

"Is that a man or a woman out there in the water?" asked Merritt.



"A BIG OFFER."

HE KNEW THE SIGNS.

The Old Gentleman Had them Interpreted—What He Heard.

A man walking up Broadway, below John street, Wednesday afternoon, on the east side, stopped suddenly on the lower side of John street and looked toward the top of the tall Western Union building diagonally across the street.

Several other persons seeing him looking upward, stopped also. Soon a crowd had gathered on the corner. The crowd saw a man standing in an open window in the operating room leaning far out and gesticulating with both hands.

"The man's crazy," said one in the crowd. "The man's going to jump out!" said another. "I'll bet a dollar that there's a murder and he's trying to call the police!" said a third.

"It's fire," said a little excited man; "why don't some one send out an alarm?"

Meanwhile the man in the window moved his arms up and down rhythmically, not noticing the attention he had attracted. The most observing man in the crowd below noticed that the man in the window looked down toward the sidewalk opposite the Western Union building, and following the motions of the man in the window, to the motions of the man in the crowd below.

"What's the matter with the men!" ejaculated a bank official who had stopped and studied the situation for a minute.

"If you understand telegraphy," said a young man in a slouch hat who had quietly watched the proceeding, "you wouldn't task these fellows for a brief space of time, and that chap in the window is telegraphing to his friend in the street. If you watch him closely you will see that he holds his right hand over his left hand, and that he occasionally touches his left with his right hand. Sometimes he keeps his left hand on his right hand for a brief space of time, and sometimes he barely brings his hands together. When his hands merely touch a dot is produced according to the Morse system, and when he permits them to remain together for a period it is a dash."

"What is he saying to his friend?" inquired the interested official.

"The conversation began in this way," said the telegrapher: "W-h-e-n w-i-l-l-y-o-u-g-e-t-o-v-e-r-t-h-a-t-s-p-r-e-e-a-n-d-c-o-m-e-t-o-w-o-r-k?"

"Is that so?" said the old gentleman, "and what did the man say in reply?"

"W-h-e-n I g-e-t g-o-o-d a-n-d r-e-a-d-y."

"Dear me!" said the good old man, apparently much distressed. "And what is the man in the window saying now?"

"C-h-e-e-s-e-i-t! T-h-e-o-l-d-d-u-f-f-e-r-w-i-t-h-g-r-a-y-h-a-i-r-w-a-s-i-s-o-n-t-o-u-s!"

As the old gentleman raised his eyes to the top of the Western Union building the man disappeared, and the window was slammed down.—Sun.

The Porter Gave Her Away.

One of this year's October crop of brides was just starting forth upon her bridal journey. Every precaution had been taken to conceal the fact that she was a bride. She wore a plain, black dress and a black hat. Neither her gloves nor her boots were glaringly new and unworn.

Much pains had been taken with the groom. The new silk hat on which his affections were set was sent away from him and he was forced to start in his last year's Derby and carry his things in and old and battered valise.

"I don't think, Augustus," said the bride complacently as they drove to the station, "that we could possibly attract the least remark. Nobody would notice me, and you positively look quite shabby."

Augustus did not seem so elated at this assurance as he was expected to be, but the bride went on cheerfully:

"Now when we get in the train you must make the valise very prominent, it looks so dingy. Put it where it's right in the way of my feet, and don't seem to notice. And be sure not to help me off with my jacket, but let me manage the best I can by myself. And oh! you'd better get right out and buy a newspaper and read it attentively. Don't forget now!"

Augustus promised to remember all these instructions, but as they waited in the spirit of their ostentatiously absent and indifferent manner, every one gave them a second look. The bride observed this and was much annoyed, for she could not see why they should attract attention. But the mystery was solved when the attentive porter, who showed them to their seats whispered to Augustus:

"Shall I brush the lady off, sah? Dere's rice on her coat!"—Evening Sun.

He Was Conscientious.

Editor—You say you wish this poem to appear in my paper anonymously?

Would be contributor—Yes; I don't want any name to it.

STAND UP!

You people who WORK HARD FOR YOUR MONEY, and tell us if you can, where lives the man or woman who is not anxious to get the most in QUALITY and VALUE for every dollar they spend? Such people do not exist in this community. Therefore, we don't beg your patronage BUT DESERVE it, by offering you one of the most remarkable things in money value ever shown over a Dry Goods counter, namely—OUR

64c. TANT-MIEUX 4-BUTTON FRENCH KID GLOVE,
 Every Pair Equal to Josephine.

Don't allow your (reasonable) prejudice against cheap Gloves to prevent your discovering for yourself that our Glove is all we represent.

The secret is in the fact that the Glove comes direct from the TABLES of the MAKERS to our counters, and is sold upon a SIMPLE COMMISSION PROFIT.

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60 DAYS' SALE

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CASH ONLY.
A Golden Opportunity to Buy CLOTHING

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From which to Select.

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 For Fall and Winter,
 Surcingle, Halters, Etc.,
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 Has all the requisites of a
PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN.
 A FREE FLOW OF INK. ALWAYS READY TO WRITE.
 A trial of this pen will convince that it is a
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The Cigar
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TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,
 84---King Street --- 84
AN ADDITION.

MR. JOSEPH A. MURDOCH,
 Confectioner, 87 Charlotte Street,
 BEGS TO INFORM THE PUBLIC THAT
 he will serve the
Best Oysters in all Styles
 in the PARLORS connected with his present
 The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

87 CHARLOTTE STREET.
Beef, Mutton,
Spring Lamb, Veal,
 Lettuce, Radishes, Celery and Squash.
SUGAR CURED HAMS.
Bacon, Lard.
THOS. DEAN,
 13 and 14 City Market.

COME TO BELL'S,
 47-25 KING STREET.
 BELL wants to see you at 25 King Street, and show you the great bargains he is offering in
Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines.
 Sole Agent for HEINTZMAN & CO.'s Pianos;
 STEELING and WM. DOHERTY & CO.'s Organs;
 NEW WILLIAMS and WHEELER & WILSON
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 It will pay you to see BELL, at
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CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS
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 The best market affords always on hand
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OF YOUR FACE AND HEAD
McINTYRE,
 AT THE
ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SALOON,
 KEEPS THE BEST
Face and Hair Washes
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 Sample bottles upon application.
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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

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

Advertisements, \$10 an inch a year, net. 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. Advertisers will forward their own interests by sending their copy as much earlier than this as possible.

Every article appearing in this paper is written specially for it, unless otherwise credited. News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

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

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 27.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

The demand for files of "Progress" has so far reduced our supply of certain issues that we can no longer allow subscriptions to begin with No. 1. A few files complete to Sept. 13, (Nos. 1 to 20, inclusive) may be obtained at this office for \$1 each.

MR. LANTALUM'S PLUM.

The agent of the Caledonia coal mine in this city says that the vessel Maggie M., owned by E. LANTALUM & SONS, is bound for this port laden with coal for the ferry service.

A few months ago this paper called attention to the fact that a cargo of coal had been emptied in the ferry coal sheds without an order from the ferry committee or from the common council. That coal was brought from the Caledonia mines in a vessel owned by Chairman LANTALUM of the ferry committee.

The same vessel is bound for the ferry sheds again, with another cargo of the same coal.

Neither cargo was ordered by the ferry committee, or by the common council.

Neither cargo has been paid for, nor indeed have the bills been rendered.

The interest of Chairman LANTALUM in these little transactions will be quite apparent, when it is stated that the freight upon the coal is almost if not quite equal to the value of the cargo.

It may be that the ferry can get coal in Chairman LANTALUM'S vessels, and from the Caledonia mines, as cheaply as it can in anybody's vessel, and from any other mine. That may or may not be the fact, but it does not alter the case.

No chairman of any department has a right to give orders without consulting his colleagues upon the committee. And especially is such a course to be deprecated when such orders are given in his own interests.

If the principle of contract by tender prevails in the conduct of the city affairs, why should it not apply to one department as well as another? Why should the school board, the first department, and the city buildings ask for tenders for their fuel and the ferry department be conducted on the old system.

Is there a cause for this? Are there any plums in the ferry? Is this one of the reasons the department is so poor? How long has this been going on, and how long will it continue? Are Chairman LANTALUM'S colleagues so overawed by him that they dare not open their mouths and give the public an explanation of these proceedings?

Mr. LANTALUM'S influence may be all powerful in certain portions of the city, and he may control some votes in the council, but we doubt very much if the board will give its sanction to his transacting the city's business in his own interest.

There are other coal dealers in the city, and plenty of vessels. Give everybody a chance.

THE CHURCH BAZAAR.

It makes people lose their self-respect, it encourages meanness, and it takes the bread from working women.

These are serious charges. They sound as though they were directed against something which was pretty bad. They might be made against a bucket shop, or, with less truth, against a bar-room. They are levelled against neither of these.

No. They are made on the authority of men who know whereof they speak, and they are applied to the ordinary church fair.

They say that the church fair, even deprived of its deceptive stew made of a solitary oyster, and of its illegal and fraudulent lottery, is still a deception and a sham. Why?

It is gotten up, usually, by ladies who aspire to be leaders in the congregation, as well as in their circle of society. Some of these are wealthy. All of them are able to pay for what they get. They furnish their homes with elegance and adorn their persons with taste. And they pay out their money with pleasure. They would, perhaps, even scorn to look for bargains.

But once appointed on the committee of a church fair, these honorable and high-minded ladies become creatures of another kind. They forget their pride, and, it may

be, their principles. They become staid and important beggars.

Not for themselves. Oh, no. It is for the church—for "the good cause," as they term it. Armed with this cause, they become female crusaders, and carrying conviction before them, they sweep proudly to victory. They do not want money. All they ask is the gift of whatever the storekeeper can spare. Remnants, woolens, cottons, yarns, laces, beads, odds and ends of every class and kind. That is all they ask, and they are willing to do the rest of the work themselves. They are ready to give their own precious time without fee or reward.

They get what they seek. A common beggar can be turned away, but a poked beggar, who has money in her pocket, must be treated with more respect. The merchant, who is seldom a cheerful giver, is glad when the agony is over.

Then comes the fair, or bazaar, or whatever the arrangement may be called. There is a fearful and wonderful array of fancy work. Some of it is sold, but most of it is generally disposed of at auction.

Most of those who have bought have done so with the idea of benefitting themselves or pleasing some fair friend. The mean man attends the auction. If he can get an article at much less than his value he is pleased. He has helped the cause and not hurt his pocket. In the end, everyone who wants fancy work is supplied. The mean man has all that he wants, while the man who is not mean has more than enough to last him for a year or two. The market is overstocked.

And when it is overstocked a deep and lasting injury is done to a most deserving class. There are in this city ladies of rare skill, to whom fortune of late years has not been kind. In ordinary times they are able to dispose of their handiwork at prices which enable them to supply themselves with the comforts of life. The demand is not large, but it is sufficient for their moderate needs.

They cannot compete with the greedy church fair. Such a slaughter market means to them a deprivation of comforts which they would otherwise enjoy. Their work may be artistic, while the bazaar work is barbarous, but what does that matter? The purchasers have bought what they want, and good or bad, they will buy no more. They have done it "for a good cause."

And these are all facts—crucial facts. Is the indictment a true bill or not?

SOME FLIES ON THE LAW.

What is the matter with the law against lotteries? There is such a law and it applies to gift enterprises, whether they are "grand" or otherwise.

Prosecutions against those in violating such a law must be brought before the police magistrate, in the city of St. John. In case of his absence or disability his place is taken by a sitting magistrate.

There are several of these sitting magistrates. Those who most frequently sit are T. NISBET ROBERTSON and A. CHIPMAN SMITH.

Mr. ROBERTSON is one of the publishers of the Globe. He looks after the advertising.

The Globe contains, once a week, the glaring advertisement of a grand gift enterprise.

Sitting Police Magistrate SMITH states in the advertisement that he is one of those who "will personally control the drawing."

THOMAS WILLIAM PETERS, the warden of the municipality and an alderman of the city, signs his name to the same effect. So do Alderman EDWARD LANTALUM and Alderman JOHN F. MORRISON.

These gentlemen are all very good citizens and very nice men. The flies do not find a resting place on them, as a rule.

But there appear to be some flies on the lottery law at the present time. And they ought to be brushed off.

A DEATH AND ITS LESSON.

The wild and wicked whiskey of Musquash has got in its work on another man. THOMAS MCHARG died last Sunday, and his death was the result of violence.

He had come out of the woods, to all appearance as well as he ever had been. He went to the notorious resort kept by one STEVENS. While there he drank some alleged spirits.

The spirits found anywhere on the highway between St. John and St. George have an invincible tendency to make men ugly and quarrelsome. MCHARG and the others had eight rounds of drinks, it is said. Then there was a scuffle between MCHARG and a man named ANDREWS. Twenty minutes later MCHARG was attacked with violent pains and was put to bed. He died in less than 48 hours.

Before he died, he told the doctor that a handspike had fallen on him in the woods. After his death it was found that one of his eyes was discolored. The intelligent jury returned a verdict that he died from natural causes.

They might as well have said that he died from the visitation of God. No one appears to have heard anything about the injury by the handspike until MCHARG told the doctor about it. He was not then in apprehension of death, and it may fairly be questioned if there had been any such injury. He was apparently well when he entered the house, and there is every reason to suppose that he was either injured by

Andrews, or having been hurt by a handspike, fatal inflammation resulted from a drink of STEVENS'S whiskey.

The jury, composed of Musquash men, may consider this a natural cause. The road houses from the Charlotte county line to Fairville have always had an immunity from prosecution. In the days before the Scott Act they sold openly without license, and since the passage of the act they sell more freely than ever. The authorities are fully aware of this fact.

The stuff dealt out at these houses is of the vilest kind. Its effect is to produce temporary insanity, and it is purely a matter of chance that some appalling murder has not of late been laid at its doors.

The city of Portland seems to be beyond all hope as regards the enforcement of the law. If the act is of any use at all, however, it ought to be enforced in the parishes of Lancaster and Musquash.

If it cannot be, it ought to be repealed. The sooner the better.

LET FAIRNESS PREVAIL.

It occurs to us, Mr. LOUIS GREEN, Mr. ALFRED ISAACS and Mr. WHITEBONE, that you have been undisturbed long enough in the enjoyment of the Sunday tobacco trade and its profits.

It is not our intention to discuss your right, or that of any other man, to sell his goods Sundays. Public opinion has never failed to express itself quite strongly upon that question.

What we wish to impress upon you is this. You have no right to sell your goods seven days of each week, while your neighbor is forced, both by law and opinion, to confine himself to six days.

The possession of a cigar or a cigarette is not indispensable to the enjoyment of the Sabbath, and no great harm could possibly result, if you followed the example of your Christian brethren of the trade and enjoyed the quiet and rest of the Christian Sabbath. Or, failing that, why do you not observe your own Sabbath by closing your place of business, and thus bring yourself upon an equal trade basis.

We speak without prejudice, and in the interest of fairness. No man who is in competition with his neighbor has any right to take such an advantage. Above and beyond all this, this is a Christian community, and if the law of the land is not as stringent as it might be upon the question, the law of public opinion demands that places of business shall be closed on the Christian Sabbath.

Think of it, Children of Israel!

There appears to be a good deal of justice in the complaint of the cab drivers regarding the latest regulation at the I.C.R. depot. Mr. SCHREIBER orders that they shall stay out of doors, where there is absolutely no protection from the weather, and they shall not enter the building, even to take the baggage of their passengers. Cabmen are apt to be a nuisance around railway stations, but it would seem to most people that the line of exclusion might be drawn less severely.

The I. C. R. authorities have found it necessary to have a policeman at Amherst station, says a Moncton paper. It will strike the ordinary traveller that the authorities have taken about 15 years to learn of this necessity. Amherst station has been the paradise of toughs and outlaws. Even Sussex, which does pretty well in that respect, has had to take a back seat.

Why is it that editor Stewart does not give us some religious editorials in the Chatham World? His remarks at the last session of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows were of a profoundly religious cast, and the address to a departing clergyman, prepared by Mr. Stewart, and in part published elsewhere, is a beautiful and touching confession of Christian faith. Why not follow this line in the World?

The death of Mr. ARTHUR W. MASTERS, Sr. removes another of the well known citizens of St. John. Mr. MASTERS was a man of singularly kind and amiable nature, and those who knew him in business circles, not less than those who enjoyed his friendship in social life, will regret his death. He was a good citizen, a good neighbor, and a sincere friend.

Mr. CHARLES E. KNAPP of Dorchester is a queer one. He is labelled "crank" in every newspaper office in New Brunswick. If editing Mr. KNAPP'S copy was a nightly assignment there isn't a desk editor in New Brunswick who wouldn't resign at once. And yet his nonsensical letters of abuse find their way into every daily paper in the province!

The escape of a patient from the Lunatic Asylum has not been attended with any serious results this time. The inmate who got away was a young woman and she spent two nights in the woods before she was found. Wait till the cold weather comes and see what the result will be.

The Rev. Canon BRISTOCCK preached against Robert Emmet last Sunday, and several of the bookstores wired their orders at once for more copies of the book. Considered in the light of an advertising medium the rector of Trinity is quite a success.

PROGRESS is six months old today. We are feeling quite well, thank you.

ILLUSTRATING ST. JOHN.

THE HANDSOME STREETS AND BUILDINGS OF THE CITY

To be Portrayed in "Progress" in December—A Holiday Edition That Will Benefit the Place and Show a Substantial City As It Is.

The illustrated boom edition of Frederickton, which PROGRESS published a few weeks ago, was such a success and proved so popular with the public as to set at rest at once and forever the question, "Will it take?"

Since that edition the question has frequently been asked, "Why not boom St. John in the same way?"

It will occur at once to the average reader that a similar boom of St. John must necessarily be a much heavier undertaking than that of the capital. It was easier for PROGRESS at that stage to give the lesser boom first, and then, having gained some experience from its publication, proceed to illustrate larger cities in the same way.

PROGRESS will publish an illustrated edition of St. John the first or second Saturday in December. It will be made as complete as possible, and will be intended to give the people, and especially those who have an interest in the business prosperity of the city, a good idea of the business streets and establishments of St. John.

There are hundreds—yes thousands of merchants in the large cities of the world who must have a very material interest in the business and business houses of St. John from the fact that many of our merchants get a large portion of their stock from them.

There can be no doubt but that the buildings in the business portion of this city compare favorably with any in Canada. Those in Halifax cannot rank with them, and it is very doubtful if there any buildings as imposing and handsome in any Canadian city of the same size.

It is PROGRESS'S idea to make this known, and it proposes to do it by publishing a 16 or 24 page edition, and ornamenting each page with large illustrations of business streets and houses.

The opinion of some business firms has been asked: Whether the publication of an edition would be of any benefit to the city. Every reply has been in the affirmative, and the promises of assistance in issuing such a boom have been liberal.

Some idea of the proposed illustrations and the character of the issue may be gleaned from the following descriptions of a few of the scenes decided upon.

A splendid view of the west side of Prince William street, including the bank of New Brunswick, the post-office, Chubb's building and the handsome structures between that and the corner of the street and Market square, will be accompanied by an equally good portrait of the eastern portion of this business thoroughfare, showing each house distinctly from W. H. Thorne & Co's to the City building.

Another view from the south corner of Germain and King gives a first rate idea of the large wholesale and retail establishments on the north side of King street.

Again, from King square a particularly fine view is had of the handsome establishments on both sides of the Broadway of St. John. The only blot upon this picture is the W. C. T. U. memorial fountain and the electric light pole at the head of the square.

The north side of Market square and the opening of Dock street, with Chipman's hill, are well brought out in another portrait.

The photographer must have had a fine position when he secured the excellent picture of the North and South wharves. Both sides of the Market slip are well brought out and almost every business house can be distinguished. This portrait also shows the opening of Water street and the south corner of Market square.

From Nelson's, to the corner of North Market and Charlotte streets, is included in another view. The buildings and a portion of King square are admirably brought out and make a handsome picture.

A complete view of the harbor from the breakwater to the Portland water front was obtained from the top of the Custom house. The photographer's triumph is here, for though the whole picture is made of two views, when joined they are complete.

Other views of the city; of public buildings and views of other streets are being prepared for the edition and will be announced as soon as possible. In the meantime the above will give the business public some idea of PROGRESS'S undertaking.

WRITTEN ON A BIRTHDAY CARD.

May thy life be happy, gentle heart, and true, Thro' the coming twelve months, all twelve months through. Take this birthday greeting, all I have to give; Be not quite forgetful of the days gone by; Of this birthday greeting, blest with our good-bye. Keep this card—you'll read it yet, perhaps, some day, When the hand that writes it long has turned to clay, And you'll say, "Poor fellow! say they what they will, If he sinned, I suffered, and he loved me still! Loved you? Love you, dear one, if the soul's life last, And the soul's strange future can recall its past. —Eecil Guyenne.

Dominoes, Checkers, Card Games, &c., at McArthur's.

Special in Dress Goods.

BARNES & MURRAY.

We have placed on our Dress Counter:

- 6 PIECES HEATHER DRESS STUFFS, at 8 cts. yard to clear;
- 14 " PLAIN GOODS, in Black Navy Seal, Myrtle and Garnet, at 11 cts.
- 10 " ALL-WOOL CHECKS and STRIPES, at 25 cts. yard. Good value for 40 cts.
- 11 " 46 in. CHEVIOT SUITINGS, in Stripes and Checks. The most correct styles for Ladies' wear. Our price will be 65c. and 75c. per yard.

These Goods are regular values at \$1.10 and \$1.20.

17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

New CROCKERY Store.

C. MASTERS WILL OPEN THE STORE

No. 94 King Street, IN A FEW DAYS with a Full Line of China, Crockery, Glass, Lamps and Lamp Goods.

HUGH P. KERR, MANUFACTURER OF

Jams and Jellies,

The quality of which might BE EQUALLED but NOT SURPASSED. Those who tried them say that they are better even than the home-made Jams and Jellies. Over 5,000 tumbler have already been sold, and the demand increases daily. Don't fail to give them a trial.

28 DOCK STREET. Branch Retail and Confectionery Store—KING STREET.

Money Made by Buying your DRY GOODS —AT—

KEDEY & CO'S., 77 King Street.

BARGAINS NEXT WEEK IN DRESS GOODS, CLOTH SUITINGS, ULSTER CLOTHS and TWEEDS; a full line in Men's and Boys' SHIRTS and DRAWERS, CARDIGAN JACKETS; LADIES' VESTS, FLANNELS, BLANKETS and WOOL GOODS.

At prices that will make you buy. Call and see.



LARGE STOCK OF PARLOR AND LIBRARY LAMPS AT VERY LOW PRICES.

THE TYPE-WRITER SUPERSEDED, WHERE QUANTITIES ARE REQUIRED.

The type with which this advertisement is printed is an exact fac-simile of the Elington Standard Type-Writer, and is introduced to fill a want long felt by persons who require a number of Circulars, or other forms and find the Type-Writer too slow a process.

Circulars, etc., printed to order from this type, with any colored ink, and guaranteed to be a perfect imitation of the Type-Writer in every respect.

GEO. A. KNODELL, Printer, #8 & 10 Church Street.

SOCIAL

And a Summer where in New Moncton Soc...

Sir Leonard Mrs. Simon J. Miss King, at the St. John's...

to Bathurst for Miss Wheeler and Mrs. H. G. Wednesday...

and many ne greatly miss th of this ever s behind her m exceedingly be...

The travelli girl called fro comments from gentlemen con pot a few even plain tailor-m military trimm with merely a r round the cro mosquitoire gl...

judging from th it must have be ive get-up...

Mrs. and M visiting Mrs. F. Smith, will t tou next week...

Mr. E. I. Sin European trip now at the Duff...

The Misses v day thoroughly the states...

Miss Murray will remain a street, during t...

Rev. Allen has been visiti Thursday even Crapaud, P. E...

Mr. and Mr daughter will Mount Allison Mrs. John Bur...

So I have ve We shall hav in the festivi weddings are p the enviable p night editor, so...

Carlton's ge prettiest and mo of the season w ing, in Mr. W leaux were all illustrations of and Miss MacD given by Misses...

Mrs. F. W. I mother, Mrs. R nects soon to a They then inten Miss Minnie i...

ing for a time in is at present i Mrs. Scammell. Miss Morrisso glad to learn th...

Miss Alley wh E. Scammell, h her grand moth street...

ing some time v has returned to Miss Lidie M her grand moth street...

Miss Mary Th spending a short Miss Ada Charl Mrs. Leonard, I...

CELE

FREDERICTON George Hodge Monday afterno to New York an ing a few days own house is b Hodge will rec at her own resid...

I heard of an take place abou not at liberty to tracting parties...

Mr. Wm. McI apartment at O Friday last from few days with yesterday for B the rest of his h...

Mr. J. Frasee been passing a f was the guest of Gregory...

Mrs. Hazen, and Miss Fran taking lessons in now considered best in Frederic President Har entertaining the at his residence t...

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gregory's for the winter, an will board in t rooms at Mrs. residence of Mrs last evening. A enjoyed...

Mrs. William I been spending a wra the guest of street...

Hon. Benjamin city this week. Barker house...

Mr. W. T. H into his new resid next week...

The friends of were very pleas open last Frid time since she ha place of amusem...

Mr. Patch, Tr Stephen, and his day. They regist...

Mr. Gibson has and, valuable liba Miss Maggie

ess Goods. MURRAY.

ar Dress Counter: OFFS, at 8 cts. yard to clear; Black Navy Seal, Myrtle and and STRIPES, at 25 cts. yard. INGS, in Stripes and Checks. s for Ladies' wear. Our price or yard. at \$1.10 and \$1.20. E STREET.

ERY Store.

TERS E STORE

ng Street, th a Full Line of mps and Lamp Goods.

KERR,

ER OF

Jellies,

but NOT SURPASSED. Those who han the home-made Jams and Jellies, and the demand increases daily. Don't

STREET.

Store—KING STREET.

g your DRY GOODS

AWERS, CARDIGAN JACKETS; LANKETS and WOOL GOODS.

& CO'S.,

Street.

T WEEK IN

STER CLOTHS and TWEEDS; a ful AWERS, CARDIGAN JACKETS; LANKETS and WOOL GOODS.

ADAR'S

SSWARE.

Y STORE

SILL

OCK OF

S AT VERY LOW PRICES.

DED, WHERE QUANTITIES

PIRED.

this advertisement is -similie of theR em- witer, and is intro- long felt by persons Circulars, or other

Type-Writer too slow

rinted to order from

ored ink, and guaran- titation of the Type-

KNODELL, Printer, B & 10 Church Street.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN CITY SOCIETY CIRCLES

And a Summary of the Happenings Elsewhere in New Brunswick—Celestial Talk—Moncton Society—Woodstock Whitepages—Richibucto and St. Stephen News.

Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Jones, Miss Jones, Mrs. and Miss King, and Miss Bayard are among the St. John people in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Gilbert have gone to Bathurst for a visit. Their rooms at Miss Wheeler's are now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. H. Gilbert.

Mrs. F. Hazen left for England last Wednesday. The charitable institutions and many needy families of our city will greatly miss the generous and helping hand of this ever sympathetic lady, who leaves behind her numerous friends who regret exceedingly her departure.

The travelling costume of a fair young girl called forth much admiration and many comments from a number of ladies and gentlemen congregated at the I. C. R. depot a few evenings ago. The dress was a plain tailor-made black cloth, with heavy military trimmings, a soft black felt hat with merely a thick white silk cord twisted round the crown, long undressed white mosquitoire gloves, and soft white necktie. It doesn't sound remarkably striking, but judging from the many favorable remarks, it must have been a very pretty and attractive get-up.

Mrs. and Miss Gordon, who have been visiting Mrs. Geo. McLeod and Mrs. G. F. Smith, will return to their home in Picton next week.

Mr. E. I. Simonds has returned from his European trip. He and Mrs. Simonds are now at the Dufferin.

The Misses Walker arrived home Tuesday thoroughly pleased with their visit to the states.

Miss Murray has returned to the city and will remain at Mrs. Wright's, Wright street, during the winter.

Rev. Allen and Mrs. Daniel, who have been visiting at Mr. T. W. Daniel's, left Thursday evening for their home, at Crapaud, P. E. I.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Harrison and their daughter will vacate their residence at Mount Allison and spend the winter at Mrs. John Burpee's.

So I have very few gaieties so chronicle. We shall have to make up this dull season in the festivities to come. Some brilliant weddings are promised shortly. Among the enviable rooms elect is a popular night editor, so I'm told.

Carleton's gossip tells that one of the prettiest and most enjoyable entertainments of the season was held last Thursday evening, in Mr. Wilmo's parlors. The tableaux were all very good, especially the illustrations of "Cinderella." Miss Ellis and Miss MacDuffee read, and songs were given by Misses Stuart, Slip and Connors.

Mrs. F. W. Daniel is staying with her mother, Mrs. R. R. Allan, where she expects soon to be joined by Mr. Daniel. They then intend taking a short trip south.

Miss Minnie Noble, who has been visiting for a time in Boston, has returned, and is at present in the city, with her sister, Mrs. Scammell.

Miss Morrison's many friends will be glad to learn that she is rather better this week.

Miss Alley who has been visiting Mrs. C. E. Scammell, has returned home.

Mrs. John Montgomery left town last week to visit her old home in Pughwash, Nova Scotia.

Mr. W. Morrison who has been spending some time with his friends in Carleton has returned to Toronto.

Miss Lidie Mayes of Moncton is visiting her grand mother, Mrs. Mayes on Winslow street.

Miss Mary Thompson of Fredericton is spending a short time at J. W. Brittain's.

Miss Ada Clarke is still with her aunt, Mrs. Leonard, Lancaster.

CELESTIAL TALK.

FREDERICTON, October 24th.—Mr. George Hodge and bride returned home Monday afternoon from their wedding tour to New York and Boston. They are staying a few days at the Queen while their own home is being put in order. Mrs. Hodge will receive her friends next week at her own residence, Charlotte street.

I heard of another wedding that is to take place about Christmas time, but am not at liberty to give the names of the contracting parties at present.

Mr. Wm. Minnis, of the geological department at Ottawa, arrived in this city Friday last from Madawaska. He spent a few days with his friends, and left yesterday for Boston, where he will spend the rest of his holidays.

Mr. J. Fraser Gregory, of St. John, has been passing a few days in this city. He was the guest of his father, Mr. George F. Gregory.

Mrs. Hazen, mother of Mayor Hazen, and Miss Frank Tibbits are in Boston taking lessons in painting. Mrs. Hazen is now considered a fine artist, one of the best in Fredericton.

President Harrison of the University is entertaining the students of the senior class at his residence this evening.

gone to Calais, Me., and St. John to visit friends.

Mrs. O'Grady, daughter of Co. Munnell, who has been spending the summer at the barracks, left yesterday, for her home in Ottawa. On Monday Mrs. O'Grady's baby was christened in the cathedral.

Miss Sophia Perley is in Hampton, visiting Mrs. Otty.

The university footballists play at St. John next Saturday, and expect a return match here Thanksgiving day.

Intelligence has been received announcing the death of Mr. McGinley of Picton, Nova Scotia, stepfather of Mrs. T. G. Loggie of this city.

Miss Mamie Coleman, daughter of Mr. Fred Coleman, U. S. Consul, will leave Fredericton on Friday for Florida in company with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Whiteside, with whom she will spend the winter. Miss Mamie has a farewell party to-night at the Barker House.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, of St. John, spent Sunday in Fredericton, the guests of Col. Robinson, George street.

Mrs. Leonard Johnstone and Miss Minnie are expected home from Boston on Friday next.

Mr. W. S. Berton, who has been visiting friends in this city, returned to her home in St. John yesterday.

Mr. Gilliebrand has returned from England and is now at the Barker House.

MONCTON SOCIETY.

MONCTON, October 24th.—Last Sunday was observed as Harvest festival in St. George's Church, but except for a small cross of red berries and grapes on the altar, the music was the only special feature of the occasion. Indeed so conspicuous was the absence of all decoration that it seemed almost symbolical of the dearth of harvest this year, and forced the mind into a melancholy contemplation of the almost certain discrepancy between supply and demand.

Rev. Mr. Talbot, however, preached an able sermon, setting forth the many blessings we had to be thankful for, as contrasted with the terrible sufferings of some of our neighbors, whose entire harvest had been destroyed by storms and floods.

The music had been prepared with much care, and showed a very attractive departure from the beaten track in the cornet accompaniment to the hymns, by Miss Greta Peters, who played with her usual taste and skill. Miss Peters is a pupil of Prof. White, of St. John, and though a very young artist, has already won some distinction as a cornet player.

Judge Botsford and Mrs. Byers returned last week from their trip to Quebec, having spent a very delightful holiday.

Miss Weldon has been in Amherst for the past week, visiting friends and the same time taking in the Amherst exhibition.

Miss Cameron of Halifax is in town visiting her brother, Mr. Owen Cameron of the I. C. R. freight department.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Butcher gave a small but most delightful dance at their residence on Alma street, last Thursday evening, and from all the fair maidens gathered together on that occasion—and they were many—"Isle of Ireland" bore away the golden apple.

I hear that the Moncton Dramatic club intend reorganizing at an early date, and beginning the winter campaign with renewed vigor. The club have covered themselves with glory in the past, and I trust it will not be long ere they give us another of their excellent entertainments.

Miss Creighton, of Halifax, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Proctor.

The Rev. J. M. Robinson, who was last week inducted pastor of St. John's Presbyterian church, preached his introductory sermon last Sunday morning, to a large congregation.

Mr. George Botsford, of St. John, spent last Sunday in town, the guest of Judge Botsford.

Mrs. P. S. Archibald returned, on Saturday, from a trip to Quebec, and departed again Monday morning for Antigonish.

Mrs. C. F. Hanington spent last Sunday in town, and I hear, on good authority, that we will soon have the pleasure of welcoming her among us as a permanent resident.

Mr. Charles Fawcett, of Sackville, paid a short visit to Moncton last Friday, en route to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harris and Miss Harris left last Thursday night, for Boston, where they will visit relatives.

Mrs. Chipman left town on Monday afternoon for a short visit to St. John.

Mrs. Cushing returned last week from a three months' visit to Boston.

Miss Lefurgy, of Charlottetown, is visiting her sister, Mrs. George McSweeney.

The congregation of St. George's church, are rejoicing in a very beautiful, new altar rail, which was brought out from England for them, by the Metropolitan. It is of twisted brass, and walnut, and is a great addition to the pretty little church, which has always had rather an unfinished look, until now—owing to the absence of an altar rail.

people would have, and that was—Progress.

Mr. R. B. Hogg, of Amherst, is spending some weeks in town.

DORCHESTER DOTS.

DORCHESTER, Oct. 23, 1888. The "Devil's Half-acre" is dull just now and society news correspondingly scarce. Mr. and Mrs. Fairweather entertained a number of their friends at a dance last Thursday evening, and entertained them well. Dancing began about 8.30 and was kept up until three o'clock, with but one interruption—the usual one. Mr. and Mrs. Fairweather are comparatively recent settlers in Dorchester, but they show a praiseworthy disposition to make their presence felt in a very aggressive way.

Oh Friday, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Wilbur gave a party of about the same dimensions as that of the preceding evening, and an equally enjoyable one. This is not the first time this season that people have enjoyed their hospitality, nor let me hope, the last.

It is said that Moncton ladies intend following Dorchester's lead by giving a return leap year ball before the winter sets in. Competition is the life of trade, and should Moncton carry out its idea, as I earnestly hope it will, Dorchester is prepared to im- even on its last effort.

I hear, too, that Amherst is preparing to give a large ball in the near future. If its invitation list is to include Dorchester, it will, no doubt, send a large delegation. The wretched weather prevented many from going over to Amherst's great fair last week but a few from Dorchester managed to spend a day there, notwithstanding.

Dorchester sent three candidates for attorneyship to Fredericton, last week—J.

Handsome Furs.

TURNER & FINLAY, 12 KING STREET,

HAVE NOW READY ONE OF THE CHOICEST STOCKS OF REAL FINE FURS EVER SHOWN IN CANADA, AND FROM THEIR SPECIAL FACILITIES ARE ENABLED TO OFFER EXTRA INDUCEMENTS TO PURCHASERS DESIRING THESE GARMENTS. THE GOODS, MADE TO ORDER BY BEST LONDON FIRMS, ARE IN THE LATEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, AND CONSIST OF ALL THE LEADING NOVELTIES FOR THE COMING SEASON IN

LADIES' FUR GARMENTS.

We have Ladies' Russian Circulars, FUR LINED, COVERED WITH NAVY, TERRA COTTA, GARNET, BROWN AND BLACK CLOTHS; ALSO, WITH BLACK SATIN, AND BROCADED STRIPED CLOTHS.

PRICES FROM \$27.50 @ \$50.

Ladies' Fur Lined Circulars,

BLACK SATIN COVERS, LINED ONLY WITH REAL FURS.

PRICES FROM \$25 @ \$50.

LADIES' CAVENDISH SHAPE,

COVERED WITH CLOTH, CASHMERE AND SATIN ALL REAL FUR LININGS.

PRICES FROM \$20 @ \$100.

WE SEND TO ALL PARTS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES, BY EXPRESS, THREE OR MORE GARMENTS TO SELECT FROM. IN ORDERING, STATE THE BEST MEASURE; LENGTH OF ARM AND ABOUT THE PRICE REQUIRED.

NOTE.—WE HAVE ONLY REAL FUR LININGS IN STOCK. WE ALLOW 5 PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH ON FUR GOODS.

OUR FUR LINED GARMENTS FOR LADIES ARE NOT EQUALLED IN QUALITY AND PRICES IN CANADA. WE ARE NOW IN A POSITION TO EXECUTE ALL ORDERS TRUSTED TO US WITH THE UTMOST PROMPTITUDE AND DESPATCH.

TURNER & FINLAY.

R. Campbell, A. N. Charters and George H. Turner—while C. E. A. Simonds and Arthur Robinson, though now in Moncton, are old Dorchester boys. All were successful at the examinations, and are looking are around now for an unoccupied chink somewhere. Mr. Turner, it is said, is going to settle in St. John, while Mr. Charters intends forming a co-partnership with A. W. Chapman, of this place.

Mr. Campbell is thinking of establishing in his old home, Yarmouth, N. S., where he has many friends. Why not all remain here? We need a few more lawyers.

Miss Holmes returned on Friday to her home, in Stellarton, N. S.

Miss Belle Forster returned on Thursday from Richibucto, where she has been for some time.

Peck and Furman's Uncle Tom's Cabin company played here last night to a crowded house. Owing to the smallness of the stage, they were unable to put on their best scenery; but, notwithstanding this drawback, the entertainment was the best of the kind seen here for some time. There would be money in a music hall here, if anyone could be found possessing sufficient means and public-spiritedness to build one. But it seems that those who

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Macaulay Brothers & Co.,

61 and 63 KING STREET.

ONE OF THE BEST SELECTED STOCKS

OF

DRESS FABRICS

Ever shown in Saint John.

Now complete and replete with the latest productions of the FRENCH AND ENGLISH MARKETS,

With new and Choice Trimming in the correct styles, and made to match new shades and Coburgs of Dress Material.

THE STYLES OF TRIMMINGS NOT TO BE HAD ELSEWHERE.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

English Cutlery. STOP

That Cough!

ENGLISHMAN'S COUGH MIXTURE

Is the most certain and speedy remedy FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE CHEST AND LUNGS, For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Influenza, Difficulty of Breathing, Spitting Blood, Loss of Voice, &c.

This Mixture gives almost instantaneous relief, and properly persevered in SCARCELY EVER FAILS to effect a cure. It has now been tried for many years; has an established reputation, and many thousands have been benefited by its use.

COUGHS AND COLDS should always have rational treatment, and never be neglected. Such trifling ailments are too often SOLEMN WARNINGS OF CONSUMPTION,

which may be cured or prevented by timely using Englishman's Cough Mixture. This popular remedy is infallible! It is highly praised by thousands of persons who have tried its wonderful efficacy, and strongly recommended as the best remedy ever known for speedily and permanently removing Coughs, Colds and all Pulmonary Diseases. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all Druggists and General Dealers. Every bottle bears our signature on the label.

T. B. BARKER & SONS, Sole Proprietors.

W. TREMAINE GARD,

Practical Jeweller, Optician and Goldsmith, No. 85 KING STREET, Under Victoria Hotel.

Importer and Manufacturer of FINE GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, JEWELRY, Solid Silver Goods and Reliable SPECTACLES.

Fine Diamonds and other Gems in Stock and Set to order in any style.

Electro Gilding, Silver Plating and Etruscan Coloring personally attended to.

Respectfully yours, W. TREMAINE GARD.

Ranges and Cooking Stoves.

A FULL LINE OF THE ABOVE INCLUDING THE CLIMAX,

the leading RANGE in the market. Every one warranted.

COOKING STOVES—Wood and Coal; HEATING STOVES—In great variety; FRANKLINS, TIDES, RED CLOUDS, MASCOTS, SILVER MOON, Etc.

We would specially bring to the notice of purchasers that we are Manufacturers and cannot only furnish REPAIRS, but are in a position to give extra value.

Repairs Promptly Attended To.

HENDERSON, BURNS & CO.

Lace, Nun's Veiling, SATEEN DRESSES

Cleaned Equal to New Without Being Taken Apart

AT UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY . . . 32 Waterloo Street.

YOU CAN GET IT NOW

JENNINGS' BOOK STORE, 171 UNION STREET.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any other, One Pill Does. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefits from the use of Parsons' Pills. One box sent post-paid for 25 cts., or five boxes for \$1 in stamps. 25 Pills in every box.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet (two cents) is valuable information. Send for it. Dr. J. S. Johnson & Co., 25 Union House, Street, Boston, Mass.

Make New Rich Blood!

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

ROBERT C. BOURKE & CO.

63 CHARLOTTE STREET, St. John, N. B.

EQUITY SALE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on TUESDAY, the Twentieth day of November next, at twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the direction of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the twenty-fourth day of July, A. D. 1888, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein James Walker is plaintiff, and Emma Small, Stephen S. DeForest and Robert B. Humphrey, Executors and Trustees of the last will and testament of Orlis Small, deceased, the said Emma Small, James B. Thornton and Clara Jane, his wife, the said Stephen S. DeForest and Mary E. his wife, Hiram G. Betts and Frances C. his wife, and Sarah Elizabeth Small are defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises described in the plaintiff's bill of complaint, and in the said decreeal order, as follows, that is to say:

ALL THAT LOT, piece and parcel of land situate, lying and being in King's Ward, in the City of Saint John, heretofore conveyed by Ward Chipman and others to the late Thomas Walker, by deed registered in the Registry of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book D, No. 3, pages 70 and 71, and bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Beginning on Wellington street, at the North Eastern corner of a lot heretofore sold by Ward Chipman to the late William H. Scovill, thence running northerly on Wellington street fifty feet; thence westerly on a line parallel to the north line of the said lot so sold to the said Scovill one hundred and seventy feet to the eastern line of Peel street; thence southerly on the line of Peel street fifty feet to the north-western corner of the said lot so sold to the said Scovill; thence easterly on the northern line of the said lot one hundred and seventy feet to the place of beginning. Together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon, and the rights and appurtenances to the said land and premises belonging, or anywise appurtenant, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof; and all the right, title, dower, right of dower, interest, property and demand whatsoever, both in law and in equity or otherwise, of them the said defendants or either of them, in, to, out of or upon the said lands and premises, and every or any part thereof.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor, or the undersigned Referee. Dated at St. John this fourteenth day of August, A. D. 1888.

E. G. KAYE, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

E. H. MALPINE, Referee in Equity.

W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.

THE LATEST

SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO

The New York Labor News Co., 25 EAST FOURTH STREET, New York City.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Behind Closed Doors. Any book by the author of The Leaves... worth Case is sure to find readers among those who delight in the stories of mystery...

Life in a Pioneer Town. Readers of Mr. Joseph Kirkland's bright novel, Zury, will be glad to have their attention called to The McVeyes...

Notes and Announcements. Charles Scribner's Sons announce an important work by Hugh McCalloch, secretary of the treasury in the administrations of presidents Lincoln, Johnson and Arthur...

The next volume of Ticknor's Paper Series (coming Nov. 30) will be Love and Theology, which has been aptly styled the American Robert Elsmere...

Col. Thomas W. Knox has a new volume announced, The Boy Travelers in Australia, that Harper & Bros. will publish.

A holiday edition of Keats' Endymion is to be published as a royal quarto by Estes & Lauriat, with tinted photo-gravures after designs by St. John Harper.

Routledge & Co. have bought the copyright of Grace Aguilar's works and will republish that series which includes Home Recompense, known and beloved by all well brought up schoolgirls.

collection of his works. There are to be five portraits, the first representing Mr. Whittier in the beginning of his career...

The Scribners have issued a new edition of their famous Thackeray letters, in smaller form, and have made of it one of the handsomest specimens of book-making of the year.

A handsome portrait of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the author of the famous novel Robert Elsmere, will appear in the November Book Buyer, together with an interesting sketch of the lady's life and literary career.

Dr. Henry M. Field has written a new book, which the Scribners will shortly publish under the title Gibraltar. Dr. Field has made his description of the famous town and fortress exceedingly picturesque...

The seventh edition of How to be Happy, though Married is on the press with the Scribners.

Arthur Rehan's Comedy company will be here next week. It is said to have some clever actors, and Harry Hottis a comedian who is likely to do good work.

Sol Smith Russel is out in Chicago, with a new play, A Poor Relation. It is likely to be a success.

The debut in America of Constant Coquelin, of the Theatre Francaise, has been one worthy of the great city of New York. It has been a pronounced success.

MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Mr. Hill played at Trinity church last Sunday for the first time, and acquitted himself fairly well, taking into consideration the fact he was playing on an instrument with which he was not very well acquainted...

The musical event of the week, of course, has been the performances of the Bennett-Moulton Opera company, at the Lansdowne rink. As I stated last week, the rink has been wonderfully transformed...

Of Miss Greenwood nothing too good can be said, having a pleasing, full soprano voice, highly cultivated; in fact, more so than generally found in comic opera.

Mr. Wolf is, of course, the comedian, and also has a good voice and made a great hit with Coburn's London success "Two Lovely Black Eyes." He also fills the arduous part of Hackenback in the Black Hussar admirably...

Mr. Arthur Wooley made a great hit with his capital singing of The Cooper's Song. Mr. Richard Oakley was a success both as Scaglia the barber and Piff kon a kind of Poo Bah.

Miss Helen A. Russel filled the parts of Peronella in Boccaccio and Barbara, a clean orphan, in The Black Hussar to the evident satisfaction of the audience.

The rest of the parts were well filled and I am sure anyone who goes to the matinee or to hear Robert Macaire this evening will be amply repaid.

Professor Williams the able leader of both the Artillery and City Cornet bands is to have a Grand complimentary benefit concert (which is I believe the correct way to call it) early next month...

lines amusing, with wit adapted to all readers, that it will not be a success on both sides of the Atlantic.

Ima di Murska, the Hungarian night-tingle, who startled the musical-world some years ago with the exquisite quality of her voice, is said to be living in a single, poorly furnished room on Washington Square...

During the sermon one of the quartette fell asleep. "Now's your chance," said the organist to the soprano.

"These dresses," exclaimed the prima donna, "are for my farewell tour in America." "Certainly, madam," said Mr. Worth, "these are exceptionally durable fabrics. I have them made especially for farewell tours, and I guarantee to make them over for at least three successive seasons so the Americans will never recognize them."

"What doth it profit a pianist if he gains the whole world (of technic) and lose his own soul (for music)?" This extract from the modern musical scriptures should be cut out and pasted in the hats of many of our young virtuosos.

A Gentleman Speaks His Mind upon Corner Loafers. PROGRESS has spoken its mind before upon the corner-loafing nuisance, but that blight of the street still exists...

"Can nothing be done," asked a gentleman last Saturday evening, "to compel this crowd of loafers to disperse." Even tonight, as wet and dismal as it is, there they are, a disgrace to themselves and their city.

"I do not blame any lady who refuses to be subject to the idle stare of half a hundred loafers, and perhaps hear coarse remarks upon the passers-by."

Stranger in Washington City—What place is this? Policeman—This is the United States Post Office Department Building. Stranger—Why are all these men standing about here? Policeman—They are awaiting appointment as pallbearers in the Dead Letter Office.

London House, RETAIL.

Repeat orders are now arriving in COLORED PLUSHES ALL-WOOL DRESS GOODS in the most dominant colors, with stripes and block checks; JERSEY JACKETS, in the latest and best styles; The New Jackets Cloths NEW ULSTER CLOTHS in many qualities. DRESS TRIMMINGS to match exactly or harmonize with all our Dress Goods.

LONDON HOUSE, RETAIL, Charlotte Street.

English Biscuits!

FROM THE CELEBRATED HOUSE OF PECK, FREEMAN & CO., LONDON.

250 TINS. 45 Varieties to Select From.

The Finest Assortment in the City. FOR SALE AT GEORGE ROBERTSON & CO'S. Up-Town Store, - - 50 KING STREET.

Anti-Tobacco!

We have received via I. C. R.: A CAR-LOAD TOBACCO, of the following favorite brands: TWIN GOLD BAR, LAUREL, BIRCH, NAPOLÉON, PILOT, INDIAN, CROWN, 12's, NONSUCH, 12's. Also 32 CADDIES MYRTLE NAVY.

GILBERT BENT & SONS, South Market Wharf.

Dispensing of Prescriptions. Special Attention is Given to this very important branch.

Medicines of Standardized Strength used. By this means reliable articles will be supplied, and in each case compounded by a competent person. Wm. B. McVEY, Dispensing Chemist, 185 Union Street.

TO TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN CHEAP TELEPHONES.

THE ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY are about opening a Telephone Exchange in this city, and are making arrangements, which will be completed in a very short time, for giving the public telephones at much less rates than have heretofore obtained in this city.

NASAL CREAM. A CURATIVE BALM FOR Cold in the Head, Catarrh, Catarrh Deafness and Headache.

Price, Only 25 Cents a Bottle. Prepared from original receipt by R. D. McARTHUR, MEDICAL HALL, No. 59 Charlotte street, opp. King Square.

For the School Children An Elegant Card Given Away WITH EVERY SCHOOL BOOK.

A CHROMO GIVEN AWAY With Every Dollar Worth Purchased.

Call while it is yet time at MORTON L. HARRISON'S, 99 King Street.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

Commencing October 29, 1888. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, at 16.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

Intercolonial Railway. 1888-Summer Arrangement-1888. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 4th, 1888, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Trains will arrive at St. John. Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 5.30 Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Accommodation..... 12.55 Day Express..... 18.00

UNION LINE. Daily Trips To and From Fredericton.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, the splendid Steamer DAVID WESTON and ACADIA, alternately, will leave St. John (Indiantown) for Fredericton, EVERY MORNING (Sundays excepted), at nine o'clock, local time, calling at intermediate stops.

VICTORIA HOTEL, (FORMERLY WAVERLY), 81 to 87 King Street ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK - - - Proprietor. ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor. Hotel Dufferin, St. John, N. B.

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

Wm. Conway - - Proprietor. Terms, \$1 Per Day. BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

PARK HOTEL, Having lately been REEFTED and FURNISHED, is now open to the public for permanent and transient boarders, where they will find a home with every attention paid to their comfort.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS - Proprietor.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 to 32 Germain Street, St. John, N. B. MODERN IMPROVEMENTS. Terms - - \$1.00 Per Day.

E. W. ELLIOTT - Proprietor.

TO THE

Have raised in me the world's map. Because, you know, I have often checked my feet for the sake of the world's map. That I have lain in bed for the sake of the world's map. That I have lain in bed for the sake of the world's map.

A TEN

"Pretty girl," "Well, she is no and Fayette turns buggie window. "Don't stare here etc." "No, that's so. to turning back at Partridge? No my We needn't tell her. "Well, you do. "Quite willingly. Whereupon Fayette horse's head and shade where a horse, perhaps was that moment she was towards the house of cousin an admiring young, apparently her habit fitted her sat her horse divining hair done in a brood head, and fair com forward.

"I beg pardon," "ing and deprecating direct me to the Col. Parthebe's place. She looked home as he spoke and m and very guilty. "Certainly," she even manner, which ing suspicion that a country town the first cross road one, and that leads takes you to Col. "Ah! thanks, obliged, I'm sure," But he liked her anxious to have a he asked her to rep "I think we may dissolve; then they drove away. "Now isn't she a who in spite of his "Jove! what eyes!" "You've said the Blissen. "Yes, I believe I then a good thing to say. "Oh, good! Car too practical." "Therefore perfer "Perfect! Say, he was charming, was he?" "All women are most chivalrous spi "Why won't you be pretty? You are "Oh, no, Fayette "Wonder how long tinned Fayette, still "China, doubles Fayette entirely rattled on. "She can't live th for us, you know, a for centuries. Here so who has come to Blissen very late of the Blazefield's just received in a m they found that a woman was spending the St. Miss Stacia Crawford "That's who it is. "Why, don't you rem last night that Stac who was a perfect looked at the moon evening, and an awa read deep books, c the heights of tow played tennis and pi less abandon. Com Let's have him take th "All right—anyth peace of this country. Fayette did not re completed, and Stev them to call in the said it was no go; t was only a stick con that they wouldn't l "We've been city "Perhaps we will trest her." "This wasn't comp he only said "may b Steve used bad nothing out of his town, and even if he that a well-educated ignorance, so they w Downing's coming o Miss Crawford wit self-possession that s fell to Blissen's l first, while Fayette w vivacious Miss Craw "You do not des begin Miss Downing "Oh? I asked Bl "For what you di answered, smiling. "For what we did ing repeated, outwa towards all quaking "Yes. Do not be this. You know the than I did, and I kne I shall not for you. Canning looked at her burst into a laug his greatest charma asked: "What did you do "It would not thi "That you were lady, and knowing y in the country, I for Stacia had told me at

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

Commencing October 22, 1888. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, AT 16.40 a.m. - Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, ...

A TENNIS STORY.

"Well, you do the asking." "Quite willingly, I assure you." Whereupon Fayette Parthee turned his horse's head and drove back to the gate and shade where a young lady sat upon a horse, perhaps waiting for some one. At that moment she was blowing a shrill whistle toward the house, and Fayette gave his cousin an admiring nod. The girl was young, apparently about 17 years of age; her habit fitted her to perfection, and she sat her horse divinely. She had light wavy hair done in a broad knot at the back of head, and fair complexion. Fayette leaned forward.

"I beg pardon," he said in most fascinating and deferential manner, "but could you direct me to the road leading to Parthee-Col. Parthee's place?" She looked honestly into Fayette's eyes as he spoke and made him feel very small and very guilty. "Certainly," she replied in a cool, calm, even manner, which shook the last remaining suspicion that she lived in the place—country town. "You turn to the right at the first cross road, to the left at the next one, and that leads into a private lane which takes you to Col. Parthee's."

"Ah! thank's awfully. Very much obliged, I'm sure," said Fayette. But he liked her voice so, seeming quite anxious to have a correct idea of the route, he asked her to repeat it. "I think we may get there safely," put in Blissen; then they lifted their hats and drove away. "Now isn't she a beauty?" cried Fayette, who in spite of his 24 years was like a boy. "Jove! what eyes!" "You've said that before," remarked Blissen.

"Yes, I believe I have said it before, but then a good thing never becomes stale." "Oh, josh, Canning! You're always too practical." "Therefore perfect," very calmly. "Perfect! Say, but, no trifling, now; she was charming, wasn't she?" "All women are," said Canning, in a most chivalrous spirit. "Why won't you admit that that girl is pretty? You are so hard-hearted." "Oh, no, Fayette! Say hard-hearted."

"Wonder where she came from?" continued Fayette, still harping. "China, doubtless." Fayette entirely disregarded this, and rattled on. "She can't live there. That's the Crawfords', you know, and they've lived there for centuries. Here, open the paper, and see who has come to visit them." Blissen very leisurely opened the pages of the Blaxfield Warbler, which they had just received in town, and after much search they found that a Miss Dorothea Downing was spending the summer with her cousin, Miss Stacia Crawford.

"That's who it is! Miss Dorry Downing. Why, don't you remember, Steve told us last night that Stacie had a cousin visiting who was a perfect bore? Set up and looked at the moon when he called in the evening, and was awfully athletic during the day; an anomalous creature that had read deep books, cultivated herself up to the heights of too-muchness, but who played tennis and pitched quoits with rock- less abandon. Come, what do you say, let's have him take us to call this evening, eh?" "All right—anything to ease the perfect peace of this country."

Fayette did not rest until his scheme was completed, and Steve had promised to take them to call in the evening. But Steve said it was no go; that the fine city cousin was only a stick compared to Stacia, and that they wouldn't look at her. "Well, we're city fellows," said Fayette. "Perhaps we will know better how to interest her." This wasn't complimentary to Steve, so he only said "may be," and departed. Steve used bad English, and knew nothing out of his own narrow-minded town, and even if he were rich, they knew that a well-educated girl could not endure ignorance, so they were hopeful of Miss Downing's coming out.

Miss Crawford received them cordially, Miss Downing with a quiet dignity and self-possession that suited them to a nicety. It fell to Blissen's lot to talk with her at first, while Fayette was engaged with the vivacious Miss Crawford. "You do not deserve to be admitted," began Miss Downing. "Oh?" asked Blissen. "For what we did this morning," she answered, smiling. "For what we did this morning?" Canning repeated, outwardly calm innocences, inwardly all quaking. "Yes. Do not be so wicked as to evade this. You knew the way to Parthee better than I did, and I knew that you knew it. I shall not forgive you soon."

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THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY ADVERTISES FACTS.

When we import 16 Bales of Tobacco we do not advertise "68 Bales." When we make a 5 CENT CIGAR we do not advertise it as "clear Havana"—but neither do we fill it with sweepings. A few weeks ago, we issued an invitation to the public to visit our factory and obtain proof of every statement we have ever made in print.

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Fredericton Agency: C. L. RICHARDS, Queen Street. GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

GODSOE BROS. - Proprietors.

Saint John Institute PENMANSHIP

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NEW STOVE STORE. GURNEY'S STANDARD STOVES.

We handle a full line of GURNEY'S Stoves and Ranges. These Ranges take less fuel to run than any Range in the market, and cannot be excelled for baking, quality, and are found in GURNEY'S well known style.

COLES & PARSONS, 90 Charlotte Street

GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS.

July 28th--Opening Today: 4 Cases Single and Double Guns, Flobert Rifles, Revolvers, Breech Loading Double Guns, Etc.

ALFRED ISAACS, 69 and 71 King Street.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Choice HAVANA and DOMESTIC CIGARS. You Will Save Money PUBLIC NOTICE.

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Sunburn, Tan, Freckles, and all Inflamed or Irritated conditions of the Skin. C. P. CLARKE, King Street.

MARTIN'S JEWELRY STORE, 167 Union Street.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

can will not, and those who have the inclination lack the de quo.

Mrs. B. A. Chapman, formerly of Dorchester, but now of Moncton, is making a short visit here.

Miss O'Brien returned on Monday to her home in Bridgeport, Conn.

Mr. D. H. Hamilton, Q. C., is home from Fredericton, where he has been for some time, attending court.

WOODSTOCK WHISPERS.

WOODSTOCK, October 24.—Mr. Harry Smith, who has been visiting the Southern states for a few weeks, returned home last week much improved in health.

Mr. P. Gillin will move into his handsome residence on Main street in a few days.

Mrs. W. E. Wade is receiving visitors this week.

Rev. W. B. Wiggins, B. A., is in town. Mr. W. F. Glidden returned home from Prince Edward Island on Saturday.

Canon DeVeber, who has been visiting his sons here, preached in St. Luke's church Sunday.

Miss Murchie, Petit Rocher, is the guest of Mrs. Geo. Holyoke.

D. McLeod Vince, Esq., has returned from a week's visit to Blissville.

Rev. G. W. McDonald, of Sussex, has accepted the pastorate of the Holiness church in this town; he preached last Sunday.

The Misses Beardsley who have been here for a few months, left on Friday for their home in Arkansas.

Mr. William Fisher, Fredericton, is in town, the guest of Mrs. Charles Connell.

Mr. Harry McKeown, St. John, made a short visit to Woodstock last week.

Rev. Horace Dibble, Mangerville, formerly of Woodstock, paid a short visit to his friends here recently.

Mr. G. A. Saunders, a student of theology, left for Windsor Friday to resume his studies.

THE SHIRE TOWN OF KENT.

RICHMOND, Oct. 25.—Mr. John Miller, one of the most popular mail clerks on the northern division of the I. C. R., returned home Saturday for a few days' rest.

Mr. William McLeod has gone to Charlottetown, P. E. I., on business in connection with the Kent Lumber company.

Mrs. J. F. Brine returned home from Port Hill, P. E. I., on Saturday.

His Honor Judge Botsford is here, holding court.

Rupino D. Alloqui, M. D., of Kingston, has been appointed by the Dominion government to look after the bodily ailments of the poor Indian.

Mrs. George Robertson is visiting friends at Newcastle.

Rev. Mr. Crisp, of Chatham, lectured in the Methodist church, on Tuesday evening. Subject: Habits, or how we educate ourselves.

Mr. Andrew Walker left on Monday for Oregon, where he will remain the winter.

Edward J. Smith, merchant, Shediac, W. A. Russel, barrister, and Mr. R. K. Atkinson are here attending court held by Commissioner Bliss.

Mr. William is here visiting friends.

L. Brine returned from Shediac on Saturday. Dr. Brine has decided to remain here.

Mr. Hugh Dysart, of Colabaig, is here attending the county court.

The social event of the week was a quadrille party given by Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Arthur O'Leary in the Masonic hall on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Joseph Perry, of Tignish, P. E. I. is in town.

LELLA.

BORDER JOTTINGS.

ST. STEPHEN, Oct. 25.—It's all over town, said a friend to me the other day, "What?" I exclaimed, "Mud" was the fiendish reply.

The excursion from Houlton and Woodstock on Tuesday last brought about seven hundred visitors to the Border, part of whom enjoyed a short sail down the noble St. Croix, while the remainder spent the hours shopping and sight-seeing.

The excursion today to St. John, will carry a large number of visitors, for a trip to the city.

Last evening saw a quiet wedding at the residence of the bride's parents whereby Miss Grace Olive became Mrs. Parker Grimmer. Only the relatives of the interested parties were present.

Miss Olive looked very pretty in a goblin blue costume. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Goucher. Mr. and Mrs. Grimmer were the recipients of many valuable and ornamental gifts.

Our young ladies have found at last, a pleasant time-killer for these dull autumn days, in the painting classes which are being so enthusiastically attended. It is said that some remarkable talent, hitherto unsuspected, has been brought to light through the untiring efforts of Mr. Smith.

On Thursday evening last United States Consul, Mr. Willis Y. Patch, led to Hyman's altar Miss Fannie Foster, one of the fair daughters of Calais.

One of the most brilliant social events of the season was the party given last evening in the new house in Hawthorne street by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Todd for the young friends of their daughter. The rooms were tastefully draped with bunting and hung with Japanese lanterns, evincing no little skill on the part of the fair young hostess who directed the work.

St. Stephen, Calais and Milltown each furnished its quota of fair ones. Where all were so attractive it would hardly be fair to single out any. Mrs. Todd wore a handsome costume of black satin, while Miss Margaret looked charming in pale-blue with white lace trimmings. The new parlor orchestra furnished an excellent programme for the lovers of Terpsichore, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all. It is hoped that this may only be the opening of a series of similar social events to be enjoyed the coming winter.

Rev. Mr. Goucher has returned from Nova Scotia, bringing his family to reside in St. Stephen.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Grimmer return today from a trip to Boston and New York.

Miss Maggie Fogarty of St. John is the guest of Mrs. Hugh Oullman.

Mrs. Belyea of Woodstock was in town on Tuesday.

Rev. R. Weddall is in St. John for a few days.

Mr. C. N. Vroom has returned from Woodstock. Rev. Mr. Mowatt of Fredericton will occupy the pulpit of the newly finished brick and conduct the services on Sunday next.

CHATHAM BREVETS.

CHATHAM, Oct. 25.—Miss Burns, of Bathurst, daughter of K. F. Burns, M. P., is visiting Miss Overton.

Mr. C. McLennan and Miss McLennan, of Summerside, P. E. I., who are visiting their sister, Mrs. W. A. Hickson, at Newcastle, paid Chatham a flying visit on Tuesday last.

I noticed Miss Jessie Fish, of Newcastle, in town Tuesday.

Mr. H. E. Bond, the popular traveller for Messrs. Lasky, Watson & Co., was spending a few days this week with his Chatham friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William Muirhead gave a very pleasant party to a number of their friends, young and old, on Saturday evening.

Miss Mabel Jack, of Fredericton, is visiting her sister, Mr. George B. Fraser.

The readers of Progress are increasing here rapidly, and there were a great many disappointed ones, last week, when they found that the supply was run out almost as soon as they arrived. I was lucky enough to get one early in the morning, and played the part of the "good Samaritan" by lending mine to no less than seven less fortunate friends. Let us have an extra supply after this.

Invitations are out for a grand social dance, in the Masonic hall, Newcastle, on Wednesday evening next (Hallowe'en night), under the auspices of the Masonic lodge of that place. This will no doubt be a very pleasant opening of the season of gaiety in the sister town, and I hope it will have the effect of waking up the "social lions" of Chatham.

Mr. Milton Mowatt left last week to seek his fortune in British Columbia.

Mr. W. G. Letson and Mr. R. H. Falconer have returned from their visit to Doaktown.

The Northumberland County Institute was held in Chatham last week, and the town was overflowed with teachers, the fair sex being decidedly in the majority.

I regret to learn that Mr. D. I. Johnston, our genial and popular "clerk of the weather," is shortly to move with his family to Charlottetown, P. E. I., as he has accepted a situation in that place. He takes with him the best wishes of everybody.

Dr. J. G. Sproul has returned from his trip to the Eastern States.

Rev. E. Wallace Waits is to preach his farewell sermon next Sunday, and leaves for Owen Sound on Monday next.

Mr. A. E. Holstead, of Moncton, was in town during the week, and was heartily welcomed by a host of old friends.

PERCY.

JOHN AT A WEDDING.

Some Things he Saw and What Bill Johnson Told Him.

Bill Johnson's sister got married last week. She married the tall fellow who looks like an angel with the indygestahun. So that settles that. Ma told the women at the sewing circle what she thought she'd marry the short blondy fellow, but I guess she didn't know what we threw water over the wind at him one night, and he thought it was Mrs. Johnson. So he didn't come back after Josephine any more. Ma always gets left.

Bill says it's another sorse of revenue gone, and I agree with Bill 'cause he wasn't greedy and youster let me have some of the spoils. We'd go in the parlor when Josephine and the tall fellow was there and we'd make out we was goin' to stay. Mr. Smith always give Bill a quarter to git candy. Bill he'd tell me to wait till he come back. Then Mr. Smith give me a quarter to buy candy too. One time he tried to beat us down to ten cents, so we went and bought peanuts and come back again and eat 'em in the parlor. He never tried to beat us fellars down again.

Bill invited me to the weddin'. I never saw sitch a gorgeous affair. Pa and ma were there with bran new suits on. I just imagine what pa said when ma asked fur that new dress. Bill's old uncle from the country was the principal feature, I think. He's got a bald head and a chin whisker like a goat, and always rests his feet on his toes when he's eatin'. Bill and me tied his feet to his chair when he was at supper, and when he got up he fell over on the table and upset all the tea and coffee and preserves and things onto the women's dresses and the men's black pants. Then he rolled under the table and said he's shot. Everybody would didn't get their clothes spoilt near did laughin'.

Bill says they wouldn't have invited the old rooster, only he had lots of money and 'twas worth while keepin' on the good side of him, 'cause Josephine was always his favorite, and Bill's mother didn't know what minute he'd drop off. Bill says he guesses he's spoiled all his prospects of gettin' any of the will.

The bride and groom was as red as lobsters and everybody supposed what Bill's sister Mag would be the next and make her blush. Tom Burns, her fellar, was there too. He's a daisy, and always fires up fellars out of the parlor when he's there. I like a fellar what's got too much gumption. I guess Tom got too much liquids in him when they's drinkin' every body's health, 'cause he begun singing He's going to Marry Yum Yum, in the hall and me and Bill took him up to Bill's room, and poured water on him, and sent him to sleep. We told Bill's mother what a messenger boy give Tom a dispatch and he was gone to answer it.

I guess Pa went to answer a dispatch too, 'cause he come home a good deal later than Ma, and couldn't find which was his room. He went to sleep under the kitchen table and Ma had a duce of a time tellin him where he was. JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

FOUR BOOKS, PAPERS, AND GOOD CASES OF McARTHUR'S.

PEN AND PRESS.

"Jack" Boden's friends hear from him once in a while through some native who has wandered through New York. Like all newspaper men Jack likes to write personal letters. He is doing well and has a first class position on the Press, the Republican organ of the city.

Mr. Hannay appears to be finding out that the path of the country editor is not strewn with roses. "Owing to some unknown cause the Leader did not make its appearance till Saturday," says the Parraboro correspondent of the Sackville Post.

The October number of the Argosy, the organ of Mount Allison university, begins Vol. XVIII. The Argosy has nine editors. With such a staff, it ought to be a brighter monthly. A very good portrait of President Inch is given in this issue, for the loan of which due credit is given to Progress. The Argosy looks well. Three of its pages are filled with engravings of the academical buildings—a good idea.

Mr. Thomas F. Anderson, a provincialist who has for some time been on the editorial staff of the Boston Traveller, has joined the force of the Globe, of that city.

The New York Evening Sun illustrates its leading editorials. There are no papers nearer home whose editorial utterances would be a good deal more intelligible if accompanied by a diagram.

The funny man of the New York Sun, who speaks of codfish as "acaly in the extreme," would do well to study ichthyology.

Royal M. Pulsifer, whose name was for so many years identified with the Boston Herald, is dead. He died so suddenly that some were of the impression that he committed suicide, but it is said that such is not the case. Col. Pulsifer was a very prominent citizen of Newton, and was very well known to the public. He was not so well known to his employees. There used to be men actively engaged on the Herald who did not even know Pulsifer by sight, and as for his knowing the rank and file of his establishment, it was not to be thought of for a moment. A man who had been a reporter on the Herald for more than a year, as day and night "local," actually interviewed Pulsifer on behalf of the New York World. Pulsifer treated his caller with great politeness and never dreamed that he was one of his own employees.

Improving Canterbury Street.

The Sun Publishing company has decided at last to give its crowded editorial, mechanical and business staffs a little more room. They need it. Another storey is being added to the building which, when it is completed, will compare more favorably with the substantial structures of the street. The latest improvement is an asphalt crossing—something never dreamed of by the cranks who frequent the locality. Canterbury street mud no longer invades the editorial sanctum.

The Blood-and-Fire Soldiers.

Fifteen soldiers were sworn into the Salvation army, last week. The army in this city has now about 150 members.

The famous band of the "Household troops," London, numbering 27 players, has begun a Canadian tour and will reach St. John sometime next month.

The new barracks project still hangs fire. The building fund is constantly growing, but owners of desirable sites "want the earth" and want it "battered on both sides"—with bank bills.

Fun at the Institute.

Arthur Rehan's company is coming to St. John next week. It opens in the Mechanics' institute Tuesday evening for a season of five nights and a matinee. Rehan has always drawn great houses on his provincial tours. The company hitherto has been first class and the plays very amusing. Remembrances of his former visit to St. John ought to insure large audiences.

Just What is Wanted.

Merchants quite frequently find themselves wanting circular letters printed in type writer style. In another column will be found Mr. Geo. A. Knodell's announcement printed in type-writer type. It speaks for itself, and merchants will, without doubt, be glad to avail themselves of the chance to get their work well done in this style.

Amen!

"Is there a meeting of the Opera House management to-night?" said a wife to her hubby one evening lately.

"Yes, dear," he replied.

"I do wish they would get that Opera House built," she pouted, "so that I could have you home with me in the evening once in a while."

Some People Want the Earth.

A lady complains to Progress that a prominent citizen who attends St. Paul's (Valley) church, makes himself conspicuous by standing in the aisle during the singing, thus shutting out the view of the chancel, etc. She wishes to know why he can't stay in his pew like other folks.

For an Idle Hour.

The Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder, the book said to have been written by James DeMille, and appropriated by Harper Brothers, is for sale, in the Canadian edition, at McMillan's. Price 30 cents.

The Eccentric Club.

The Eccentric Club, which has for some years been one of the pleasure resorts of the city is about to be closed. At its organization the members were all bachelors, but now a large number are married, and the others with one or two exceptions, it is rumored are about taking the "Leap for life." Several have left the city and are residing in the United States and Canada.

The property of the club will be sold at public auction, the particulars of which is announced elsewhere.

Those who have been on the Eccentric club's drives will regret that now they are pleasures of the past.

BOVININE

Is retained by the most irritable stomach. It is the only nutrient that will permanently cure Nervous Prostration and Debility.

Creates new blood faster than any other preparation. It is daily saving life in cases of CONSUMPTION, Typhoid and Relapsing Fever, Diphtheria, Bright's Disease, PNEUMONIA, And all Diseases of Children.

SAVED THEIR LIVES. WASHINGTON, Oct. 17, 1887.

I recall two cases in which wonderful results followed from the use of BOVININE.

One of extreme debility in a lady suffering from asthma; the other, an infant with tubercular meningitis, where a great waste of tissue had taken place. They rapidly improved and to-day are doing well. In typhoid fever, infantile diarrhoea and consumption, I have had splendid results.

L. B. SWARMSTEDT, M. D.

Price 60 Cents and \$1.00 Per Bottle.

LANSOWNE RINK

MICAWBER CLUB, LESSEES. GRAND OPENING. GEO. A. BAKER'S Bennett-Moulton Opera Company.

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, 22ND OCT.

37 PEOPLE 37 2 PRIMA DONNAS 2 2 COMEDIANS 2

Our own Orchestra. New and elegant costumes. IN A NEW MATINEE REPERTOIRE.

THE BLACK HUSSAR.

THIS EVENING ROBERT MACAIRE.

Popular Prices, Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Seats may be secured on and after Wednesday next at the Bookstore of Alfred Morrisey and Morton L. Harrison, King street.

Note.—The Rink will be suitably fitted up in every respect, with stage, electric lights, raised seats and complete scenery for the proper production of every Opera. MICAWBER CLUB.

Mechanics' Institute.

FIVE NIGHTS AND SATURDAY MATINEE. COMMENCING TUESDAY, October 30.

Return of Society's Favorites. ARTHUR REHAN'S CO. OF COMEDIANS

Playing the Comedy Successes from Daly's Theatre, N. Y.

TUESDAY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE, NANCY & CO. WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY EVENINGS, 7--20--8.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEE. LOVE IN HARNESS.

This will be the Comedy Event of the season. Admission 35 and 25c; Reserved seats 50c and 75c. Matinee prices 50c; Children 25c. Reserved seats and Matinee tickets at A. C. Smith & Co's.

Eccentric Club.

TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, ON Wednesday, October 31st, at 10.30 A. M., At the Parlors of the ECCENTRIC CLUB, all the Furniture, Carpets, Engravings, Curtains, Window Blinds, Gas Fittings, as follows:

Parlor Furniture, CONSISTING OF Sofa, Patent Rocker Arm Chairs, 2 Cloth-covered Chairs, 2 Flush Stools, Wicker top Table, 2 Five O'clock Tea Tables, 2 Marble Arm Chairs, 2 pairs of Curtains, 1 Four Light Gasolier with Patent Gas Fixtures; 18 Ash Chairs, Linoleum, 1 Two-Bracket and 1 Single Gasolier, 1 Linoleum, 1 Pin Pool Board with balls and pins complete.

Card Room Furniture, Four Leather and 1 felt covered tables; 5 pictures, 1 large Mirror, plate glass, 1 feet x 2 1/2; walnut shelf and brackets; 1 writing desk, 1 Berkeley Franklin Stove, 1 Eight Day Clock, showing days and months; Paper Files, Tapestry Carpet, 1 Window blind, patent rollers; 1 Four Light Brass Gasolier, with cut glass shades; 2 Oil Cloth Mats, 4 Case Bottom Chairs.

Billiard Room, One Sideboard, 1 large Tidy Stove, 1 Fire Screen, 1 Iron Umbrella and Case Rack, 2 Patent Roller Blinds, 1 Large Water Cooler, 1 Four Light Gasolier with Patent Gas Fixtures; 18 Ash Chairs, Linoleum, 1 Two-Bracket and 1 Single Gasolier, 1 Linoleum, 1 Pin Pool Board with balls and pins complete.

Billiard Table, One Large Brunswick Balke with monarch cushions, lately covered. Legs of Lion pattern, with new set of Balls, Cues, Rack and Marker, complete.

Miscellaneous, One large Iron Ash Barrel, Scullies, Patent Carpet Sweepers and a variety of odds and ends. All to be had at 16 Charlotte Street, (Jack Bullin's) T. B. HANINGTON, Auctioneer.

Havana and Domestic CIGARS.

I have a complete assortment now in stock, in boxes and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and DOMESTIC. THOS. L. BOURKE, 11 and 12 Water Street.

SKINNER'S Carpet Warerooms 58 KING STREET.

I have just received from the manufacturers the finest lot of Turcoman and Chenille Curtains ever imported to this city, and at prices that will astonish my customers. THE LOWEST PRICES EVER QUOTED.

A Beautiful Chenille Curtain for \$12 per pair; A Fine Turcoman Curtain for \$6.50 per pair.

A. O. SKINNER.

McCafferty & Daly, King Street. MIDSUMMER SALE.

Clearing Out all our Spring and Summer Goods.

DRESS GOODS from 10 cents per yard; MEN'S SHIRTS AND DRAWERS from 25 cents; MEN'S AND BOYS' TWEEDS, from 12 cents; PARASOLS AND SUNSHADES at half price; TRIMMING SILKS, SATINS, BROCADES, WATERED SILKS, FLUSHES, VELVETEENS, reduced 25 per cent.; DRESS GIMPS, New Styles, 60c. for 45c.; do. do., \$1.00 for 75c.; LISLE GLOVES, TAFFATA GLOVES, PURE SILK GLOVES, at greatly reduced prices; ALL-WOOL GREY FLANNELS, 21 cents; 100 PAIRS BLANKETS at special low prices to clear.

All Our Stock Proportionately Low. McCAFFERTY & DALY.

Blank Books, Stationery, MEMORANDUMS, INKS, MUCILAGES, LEAD PENCILS, PENS.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT AT T. H. HALL'S, Colonial Book Store, 46 and 48 KING STREET.

HATS. HATS. MANKS & CO.

Would ask the attention of buyers to their Stock of Men's Fine Felt Hats, OF LATEST STYLES.

BOYS' SCHOOL AND DRESS HATS, in Straw, Cloth and Felt—all grades; CHILDREN'S Fine and Low Grades of STRAW SAILOR HATS, MIDDY CAPS, Etc., And a Full Assortment of ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE.

57 - - - KING STREET. - - - 57.

High Tea & Sale

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH. Thursday Afternoon and Evening, Nov. 1.

THE LADIES OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH propose holding a sale of Useful and Fancy Articles on THURSDAY, November 1st, beginning at 3 o'clock, p. m.

HIGH TEA from six to eight o'clock. Musical Programs after Tea. Admission 10 cts. Admission and Tea 50 cents. Tickets to be had at the door.

School of Design

CLASSES IN FREE-HAND DRAWING, Mechanical Drawing and Designing, under the direction of Mr. F. H. C. MILLS and assistants, will open at the Institute on TUESDAY EVENING, October 30th, at 8 o'clock, and be continued each Friday and Tuesday evening the season, at the same hour.

These Classes are Free to All. Applicants will please leave their names with the curator at the Institute Reading room, as early as possible. By order of the Board of Directors. T. B. HANINGTON, President.

SPENCER'S Standard Dancing Academy.

CLASSES for beginners will open on TUESDAY, October 30th, as follows: Afternoon, Ladies, Masters and Misses, at 3.30; Ladies and Gentlemen, at 8 o'clock, in the evening. Pupils must make application for terms. A. L. SPENCER, Teacher, Donville Building.

Advice to Singers

BY A SINGER. CONTAINING CHAPTERS ON HABITS, Pronunciation, Voices and their various qualities, practice, style and expression, time of singing, choice of music, etc., etc. PRICE 35 CENTS. Mailed, post-paid, to any address on receipt of price.

J. & A. M'MILLAN,

Booksellers and Stationers, ST. JOHN, N. B. A NICE LOT OF

PERFUMES,

In Bulk, JUST RECEIVED AT T. A. CROCKETT'S, 2 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.

DO YOU WANT THE EARTH?



If SO, we cannot accommodate you, but we will sell you for ONE MONTH

OUR NEW PEN AND PENCIL STAMP

At Half Price, as an advertisement, knowing that every one sold will sell a dozen others. Just think of it! A Nickel-Plated Pen and Pencil Case, with a self-inking Rubber Die at one end with which you can

Print your Cards and Mark your Linen, complete with any name engraved on die, all for Fifty Cents postpaid, (stamp will print name and address also for the extra, if desired.) THIS is so TOY, but a durable, handy article. Thousands of business men are using them every day and

WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT ONE. If you want the latest and best novelty send at once. We offer Two P. & P. Stamps complete, with Name and Address on Dies, for \$1.00.

Sent to any address on receipt of price postpaid. Order any style of type you wish and write plainly.

Do not confuse our Stamp with the cheap Brass article advertised in U. S. papers. We sell the best only.

Address—ROBERTSON PRINTING STAMP WORKS, 154 Prince William Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

N. B.—We make all kinds of Stamps, Dates, Seals and Stencils. Wood engraving at low rates.

J. ALLAN TURNER'S

Branch Oyster and Fruit Store, NEXT DOOR TO BREEZE'S CORNER.

—IN STORE— 35 BLS. CHOICE NARROWS OYSTERS; do; 30 bbls. Grand River