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VOL. III., NO. 113.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

## NOTHING SMALL THERE.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A PARTY BY THE NAME OF FERGUSON.

Starting as a Slab Sawyer, He Developed into an Operator to Whom the Banks Paid Homage—His Tactlessness but not Lacking Ways of Raising the Wind.

The great and important question which is now agitating the minds of a number of the citizens of St. John is as to who constitutes the firm of M. A. Ferguson & Co., lumber dealers, of late doing business at Salmon River in this county.

One of the morning papers, last Wednesday, said that Mr. M. A. Ferguson was "believed to be in business difficulties," but Progress is in a position to state that such an allegation was wholly incorrect.

Mr. Ferguson is not in any difficulty— he is not the kind of a man who gets into difficulties—but floating around this part of the county are liabilities to the extent of about \$50,000, incurred by him. Any "difficulties" there are in the case will be encountered by the creditors in trying to realize anything out of the wreck.

Next to an abundance of ready cash, the best capital a young man can have in this great and growing country is an abundance of cheek. Mr. Ferguson seems to have realized this important fact and to have operated accordingly.

Mr. Ferguson made his appearance at Salmon River some twelve years ago, as an applicant for work at one of the mills. He accepted a position at slab sawing and seemed very well satisfied with his lot. He was then getting a dollar or so a day, and probably not even he, in the wildest flights of his imagination ever supposed that he would acquire fame by sticking some of the sharpest dealers and shrewdest financiers in the country to the very liberal extent of \$50,000.

But he has done it. The banks are left, the wholesale dealers of Montreal and St. John are left, and even the lawyers who do not generally propose to do anything but make money out of commercial disaster are sad and silent as they gaze at the financial void which lies ahead of them. The particular legal firm which has been "salted" in this instance is that of McKeown & Kierstead, with special reference to the latter member of the firm. The consolation which it has in the possession of a second claim on a mill property to which George H. White of Sussex has a first claim.

Mr. Ferguson's rise from the ranks of labor to those of capital is said to be an interesting study in evolution. From the slab saw he developed into a small contractor, and from this he grew to be a trader in a small but profitable way, among the horny handed lumbermen and mill hands. Then he took more contracts, and enlarged the base of his operations. He had transactions with the leading concerns in the eastern end of the county, and in his operations he handled more or less of their paper. This brought him in contact with the St. John bankers, and they learned to know him as a man of affairs who was apparently prospering in his undertakings and was grasping the elusive dollars as they came in his way. They were always willing to accommodate him.

Some of the other operators found him a very useful man under these conditions. He was always willing to help them with their paper, and they were equally willing to oblige him.

The years rolled by, and a great affliction fell upon Mr. Ferguson. His aunt or some other relative died, but the loss was in some measure atoned for by the fact that she left him a legacy. This was said to be \$6,000, and he deposited that or some other amount to his name in one of the city banks. This gave him an increased line of credit, and he used it. He could get discounts when citizens of St. John who had four dollars of assets to every dollar of liabilities were sent away sorrowful.

Then Mr. Ferguson bought a mill and entered into business with a will. In the course of these transactions he became mixed up with George H. White, of Sussex, who now has the first claim on the property, and whom he is said to have introduced and held out to the world as his partner. It is not on record that Mr. White repudiated the connection, though he now does so, and as a matter of fact everybody understood that Messrs. Ferguson and White constituted the firm.

The banks appeared to think so, too, and as Mr. White is a financially strong man, Mr. Ferguson's credit went away up above the boiling point. The financiers used to accompany him to the street door when he left, "washing their hands with invisible soap in impenetrable water," scarcely glancing at any ordinary citizen who had a "heavy day," and was willing to accept a title of the favors granted to the Salmon River mill-owner.

It is just a year since the firm entered into business, and it has done a good deal in that time. Mr. Ferguson bought largely in Montreal, and to some extent in St. John. He did not distribute all the goods in the vicinity of Salmon River, but adopted the much more expeditious plan of selling them on bloc for cash or its equivalent, wherever he could find a purchaser. Some were disposed of in Toronto and some at points much nearer home. And they were sold at remarkably low figures.

In the meantime, the men who worked for the firm were not getting any cash in return for their labor. They could take what they chose out of the store, but pay day was always to come "next month." They did not feel uneasy. They believed that Mr. White was a member of the firm, and knew that he was perfectly good for all that was due them.

So did the farmers, and everybody else who had any dealings with the concern. Mr. Ferguson's plan of buying and selling goods worked well while it lasted, but lacking the element of permanence, it had to come to an end. It did so the first of this week, since which time Mr. Ferguson has been missing.

There has been a great hustling around the banks and among the police to find him, but the effort has not been crowned with success. The most that they can do is to find out where he has been.

The banks know that he has been there, for they have long schedules of paper bearing his name and that of others. They have also been telegraphing over the country to ask certain people if they had signed things which purported to bear their names.

One of the banks was quite content in the possession of warehouse receipts as collateral, but it did not have so much faith in Mr. Ferguson after it found that he had bought the goods on credit in St. John, sent them up the line, reshipped them, and put them in warehouse, so that the receipts could be used in that way.

The amount of the wreckage is estimated to be \$50,000. Mr. White claims to be among those who are badly "stuck," as having made very large advances to Ferguson. The impression is that if the creditors can establish the fact of a partnership he will be stuck a good deal worse than he now thinks he is.

There are some who say that Mr. White's idea was to be a partner in the concern paid; if it did not he was to be a creditor by virtue of his bill of sale.

Which is a mighty convenient arrangement, if it can be made to work.

**The Blue Jackets Fought.**  
The significance of the alleged message, which Nelson never signalled—"England expects every man to do his duty"—was never illustrated in St. John more fully than on last Saturday morning, when the blue-jackets of H. M. S. *Canada* lent their aid in fighting the fire at Dunn's mill.

They proved that they were fighters, and willing ones from the start, and the Carleton men who stood by with their hands in their pockets ought to have been thoroughly ashamed of themselves. They were not. They argued that as the city had established a paid department it should earn its money by doing the work. They were not disposed to give themselves any trouble in the matter, even though the wages of some of them would stop when the mill stopped.

How would it do to enlarge the West side fire department and make all of the able-bodied citizens honorary members? They might be disposed to exert themselves then at critical times.

**Perhaps He Was Absent Minded.**  
One day last week two or three gentlemen were standing at one of the windows of the Union Club, when their attention was drawn to the fact that a gentleman occupying an official position in the city, but not a member of the club, had entered the building with a stranger who had been put up a day or two previously. Comment was general, and not at all complimentary to the city man who had done a thing, which to say the least, was one that his own good sense should have told him was incorrect. It amounted to about the same as if some members of the club had walked into this gentleman's house uninvited, sat down in his drawing room, ordered his servants to serve them with refreshments, and made themselves at home generally.

**Band Concert Tuesday Evening.**  
Among the attractions on Tuesday evening will be the City Cornet band's promenade concert on the Shamrock's grounds. After two postponements, unavoidable as far as the band was concerned, arrangements have been completed for lighting, and a series of good concerts is promised. Over 1600 tickets have been sold already.

**The Myrtle House Open.**  
Those who intend going to Digby July 1, or any time this summer, will be glad to learn that the Myrtle House is open, and under competent management.

**Don't Fall to Get It.**  
If you are a Lacrosse Player, do not fall to buy next Saturday's Progress, which will contain splendid illustrations of the game and the leading rules of Canada's game.

## WILL HAVE THE LIGHTS.

THE CITY CORNET BAND CAN GIVE ITS CONCERTS NOW.

Some Advantages in Having More than One Electric Light Company When a Contract is to be Completed in a Hurry—A Lively Hustle in North End.

There is a good deal of activity among the electric light companies just now to secure contracts and arrange for present and future business. The Calkin company has the contract for lighting the city, or more correctly speaking it is to have it when the aldermen who have the matter in charge get good and ready to complete the arrangements. They have been procrastinating for the last two months, and unless they hurry up and do something this week the first of July will find the contract still unsigned and the lamps not located on the street plan. In the meantime, however, the Calkin people are gathering in all the private contracts they can, both for arc and incandescent lighting.

And so are the gas company, moving with a celerity which shows that they mean business and intend to go ahead, even if they did fail in their energetic but vain effort to secure the city contract as it was considered a fairly remunerative figure.

The innocent storekeeper, who does not know anything about electric lighting, gets pretty well mixed up by the time a representative of each company has called on him to solicit his patronage for their incandescent system. One tells him that this company has not only the best and cheapest light, but has certain important patents which no other company can use. He has about decided to take that light, and perhaps signed a contract, when the agent of the other comes along and assures him that as regards the most important requisites of incandescent lighting the first concern has no rights whatever. More than that, if they attempt to carry out their contracts not only will they be sued, but every patron of their system will also be sued and put to costs which would more than keep him and his household in light for the next century or two. Then the shop keeper gets very much rattled, until the agent of the first company comes along and assures him in the most positive terms that the other man has been "giving him" something which has no foundation in fact. Then the shop keeper doesn't know what to think about it.

There is also another company, in connection with the street railway, which proposes to do electric lighting, and which doubtless claims to have certain valuable and exclusive rights which it has not yet begun to assert.

As a matter of fact no man can form any intelligent opinion on the matter unless he is a patent commissioner, a lawyer and an electrical expert at one and the same time, and even then he is likely to be puzzled.

Once in a while the benefits of competition are realized by the consumer. The City Cornet band has just had an experience of this kind, and here is how it happened:

The band has been anxious to give evening concerts on the Shamrock grounds, back of St. Luke's church, North End, and two weeks ago it undertook to have some arc lights placed there. The gas company has the advantage of having wires along Main street, while the Calkin line extends only to the I. C. R. depot. So application was made to the gas company, and it agreed to run a line back to the grounds and put in the lamps for \$75, providing that a responsible man guaranteed the cost. This was a reasonable figure, and after the agreement was made the company appears to have thought it was entirely too reasonable, for it took no further steps to furnish the lights. The reason alleged was that there was no wire, but as wire could be procured from Montreal in two days the band could not understand why it should forego its performances for two weeks. Then somebody told the Calkin company about it.

The Calkin company had wire, but no poles, but it undertook, in case the poles of the Western Union could be used, to put a wire from the depot to the grounds and furnish the lights for \$100. This was a very low figure. There was an absolute loss in it, unless some other private contracts could be picked up on the way, and that was just what the company expected to do.

The Western Union could not lease its poles without permission from New York, and this Supt. Clinch said he would try to get. This was last Saturday, and he expected an answer by the middle of the week.

Before the middle of the week came, Supt. Clinch went away to Nova Scotia, and the Calkin company was at a standstill in the matter.

In the meantime the familiar figure of its engineer had been seen by Gas company men in the vicinity of St. Luke's church, and the latter corporation hastened to propitiate the irate bandmen. Several conferences were held, and on Thursday night it was settled that the gas company should go ahead, and it agreed to do so. The

concerts will take place now, but the Calkin company will not have any arc lights around the North End in the immediate present.

Competition is a very healthy thing sometimes.

**CHEAP ENOUGH FOR A LICENSE.**

But the Next Time a Circus Goes that Way the Rate May be Higher.

The circus man does not consider \$50 for each performance too much of a license fee in a city, and when he strikes the country he doesn't have to pay anything as a rule. They know better than that in Charlotte county, however, in villages and unincorporated towns where there are vigilant justices of the peace, as the agent of Robbins learned last week. While making his arrangement, he was waited upon by a newly appointed squire who demanded of him a license fee. The agent asked what the charge would be, and when the very moderate sum of \$3 was named, paid it at once, and gave the magistrate four complimentary tickets into the bargain. He probably reasoned that if he denied the legal right of this magistrate to issue a circus license some other obstacle might be put in his way which might cost as much as \$5 to overcome. When some of the justice's neighbors asked him by what right he issued the license, he replied that he had been "reading up the statutes" and found he had full authority to act.

"Then having licensed it you are bound to protect it," said one old stager. "If they need ten special constables you will have to supply them and pay \$1 a day to each of them, so you will be \$7 out of pocket."

The justice said that he had omitted to consider that part of the question. The next time a circus gets a license in that town the charge is likely to be higher, unless some of our magistrates compete and make war of cut-throats.

**Did Not Keep Wink Soda.**

A medical man went into a city drug store, the other day, and ordered a number of articles, a memorandum of which was duly made by the clerk. Then the doctor asked for a drink of soda with some whiskey in it. To this the clerk replied that such a decoction was against the rules of the shop. "But I am a doctor," was the reply, "and I will write a prescription for it. You will have to fill it, won't you?"

The clerk replied that he did not fill prescriptions to be swallowed on the premises, and declined to furnish the drink under any circumstances.

"Then," said the doctor, in high dudgeon, "you need not mind putting up the other articles I ordered," and he departed in virtuous indignation to find a more accommodating druggist, for he wasn't the kind of a man to be seen in a bar-room. Wink soda is not as easy to get here as it is in some of the Scott Act towns.

**New Scenes for Tourists.**

Manager H. H. McLean intends to boom the Shore Line railway for all it is worth this year. Last week Supt. McPeake, accompanied by Mr. Isaac Erb, photographer, and a descriptive writer went carefully over the line, visiting the points of interest around the shores of Charlotte county and further inland. A number of fine views were taken and some literature for tourists will be prepared at once. The party had an exceedingly pleasant time, and are not likely to forget their visit to Letete and L'Etang. There is some fine scenery to be found in Charlotte, and some splendid opportunities for summer outing. Much of what is really a beautiful part of the province has never been appreciated because it has not been known.

**May Go to Church Next Year.**

After all that the daily papers have said about the celebration of St. John the Baptist's day by the Masonic fraternity, there is little that Progress can add. It is conceded that the proceedings were very successfully carried out, and though the marching was not all that could have been desired from a military point of view, the general effect was good. What is better, some effort was made to entertain visiting brethren after the church service, and so far as could be learned it was not made in vain. The avidity with which the fraternity went to church this year will doubtless induce the Grand Master for next year to arrange for a celebration of the festival in a similar manner.

**The Dorothy Matinee.**

The opera *Dorothy*, at the earnest pleading of many persons, will be given this (Saturday) afternoon in the Institute, under the patronage of the officers of H. M. S. *Canada*. Everybody go. Matinee prices.

**Yes, It Was the Whale.**

A number of correspondents have sent the correct solution to the puzzle contained by "Buttercup" last week. The story of the whale and Jonah explains it.

**Lacrosse Players, Attention.**

The great game will be illustrated in next Saturday's Progress. If you want your friends to know what the game is like, send them the paper.

## OUR PART IN THE SHOW.

THE ARRANGEMENTS MADE FOR THE BIG EXHIBITION.

By "Progress"—A Duplicate of our Press Room Outfit to be Shown in Machinery Hall—Two Editions of a Daily Paper the size of "Progress."

That Progress will be represented at the Exhibition this fall goes without saying, but it may interest the paper's friends and enemies—if it has any!—to know just what shape that representation will assume. Some months ago when the exhibition first began to have definite form the new machines in the press room of Progress were attracting a great deal of attention among the people of the city. Hundreds of callers saw them in operation and went away with the impression that they never saw more perfect machinery.

This gave the publisher the idea that an exact duplicate of the machinery in Progress press room would prove an exceedingly attractive exhibit in the machinery hall of the exhibition. Since the press and folder would have to be brought from Boston and erected, it can readily be imagined that the "attractive exhibit" meant the expenditure of considerable money and much work. The manufacturer who supplied Progress' machinery, Mr. J. H. Cranston, of Norwich, Conn., was approached on the subject, and the matter was discussed in all its bearings with the result that when he visited the city recently, he agreed to send a duplicate of Progress outfit to the exhibition where it will be erected and run during the time of the show. The secretary of the exhibition association appreciated the attraction such a display would be to the exhibition—for how many people there are who have not seen an improved printing press in operation, and laid the publishers application for space for a press and printing office before the proper committee of the association which was pleased to approve of the idea and recommend a certain space to be allotted for the exhibit.

The press and other machinery having been secured it remained for Progress to determine what use it would make of them during the exhibition. A daily paper was obviously the best possible use that such an outfit could be put to, and arrangements have and are being made to that end. To publish an afternoon and evening edition of a paper the size of Progress will require plenty of preparation and lots of work when the time comes. But it will be a paper worthy of the exhibition; it will be worth reading and keeping after the exhibition has gone.

This outlines our plan, which will be shown more fully as it develops.

**This Beats Bumble.**

Among the guests present at the collation served in the Masonic Temple, Tuesday night, was Bumble, the sagacious and much travelled squire which is an honorary member of the Fusiliers and felt it his duty to accompany the band. Bumble goes where he pleases by rail, steamer or otherwise and is always a dead-head. A Montecarlo man, however, tells of an Irish terrier in his town which beats the record on making a journey. Its owner came to St. John and on his arrival was surprised to see the dog crawl from under a car seat where it had hidden in order to follow him. At the house where he stayed, he left the dog to be kept until he returned from Fredericton, whither he went by train. After his departure the dog got his liberty, followed the scent to the depot, took the next train for Fredericton, and got there, despite the fact that it had to change cars at the junction. The story is a remarkable one, if true.

**The Circus at Chatham.**

That the opinion of Progress in regard to Robbins' circus was not a prejudiced one seems apparent from the *Miramichi Advance*, after the show had taken in Chatham. The *Advance* says that "It will hereafter require better assurance than flaming pictures and posters of impossible and improbable things to induce the public who attended Frank Robbins' so-called circus and managerie, at Chatham on Tuesday of this week, to travel far or spend much money to see exhibitions of that class. The general verdict was that the affair was 'a sell.' There were a few performers who were worth seeing, but there was no such exhibition as that advertised."

**Even the Baby Has Cards.**

The very latest Boston idea is that of birth cards. A prominent insurance man in St. John recently found himself the happy father of a girl baby and duly sent word to his friends in Massachusetts. In a few days a parcel arrived by express, which on being opened was found to consist of a quantity of tiny envelopes, each containing a card with the name of the child and the date of birth. The idea is a pretty one and is likely to become popular.

**Look Out For Lacrosse.**

Those who have heard of Lacrosse, but have never seen it played, should not fail to get next Saturday's Progress and look at the illustrations of a game.

## RUNNING A BRIDGE ON CREDIT.

A System Which Works Well at the Border But Might Not Fit St. John.

A stranger crossed the bridge from Saint Stephen to Calais, early the other morning, and in response to a polite invitation from the toll keeper paid a tariff of one cent. Then he sauntered up the street a short distance and took a view of the St. Croix from the American side. On his way back he noticed a good many people going and coming over the bridge, and none of them stopping to pay anything, and going up to the toll house he demanded:

"See here, is that cent I paid a toll or a duty?"

"It is a toll," was the reply, "and if you are going back I will trouble you for another cent."

"But see here, I've seen a dozen people and a lot of teams coming over in the last ten minutes, and nobody paid anything. Don't you collect from anybody but strangers?"

"Oh, I know all the people around here and charge it to them. See here, look at those memorandum books and the names in them. We send in bills when the amount is large enough, though some of them pay by the month. Then some arrange for so much a month for a family, and that's the only time they get ahead of us, for when girls claim to be living with this or that family we can't always be sure of it. When a stranger comes along we know him and make him pay cash."

"How do you manage when there is a fire and there is a crowd?"

"We let them all go. We can't very well do anything else. You may think from what I tell you that we don't take in much cash at the gate, but there is quite an amount collected, even though most of the people have their toll charged."

Progress wondered how the credit system would work on the Carleton ferry, and concluded that the people around the St. Croix must be pretty "good pay," or the arrangement wouldn't work as well as it does.

**THEY'LL MISS THE EARLY TRAIN.**

The First Arrival from St. John in Fredericton at 1.50 P. M.

A rather curious feature of the new time table of the New Brunswick railway is the arrangement of trains to and from the capital. The St. John morning papers are part of the forenoon to a Fredericton man, and to wait until 2 p. m. for them won't add to his happiness. The first train will reach Fredericton at 1.50 p. m., instead of 9.30 a. m., as at present, while the return trains will be one less than at present. The express will run as usual, but there will be no noon train from the capital. Before the Celestials grow too audibly, they must remember that travel to their town has been on the down grade for the last two months, and the railway's course in cutting off one train is prompted by economy and nothing else. When Progress talked with the officials of the road about the change, their answer was that a daily express train to and from Fredericton, second to none for speed and comfort in Canada, and an accommodation in and out should satisfy the people. "Besides this, they have the daily outlet to Woodstock, the Northern & Western, and the river boat. What more do they want?"

This sounds all right, but no doubt the people would gladly exchange some of these services for a morning St. John train.

**The Rocky Road to Portland.**

"How much longer is the Portland Bridge sidewalk going to remain in its present condition?" was a conundrum Progress was unable to answer this week. "Why it's disgraceful," said the indignant North End gentleman. "You can't see where you are going at night, and more people pass along there Saturday and Sunday evenings than any other place in town. One is continually running against somebody, or stepping into a hole or the gutter, and everybody you pass is grumbling about it."

**A Big Day at Digby.**

The steamer *Monticello* will run an excursion trip to Digby and Annapolis next Tuesday. The people across the bay are preparing for the greatest celebration they have ever had, and the prospects are that the trip will be well worth taking. The fares are low and the programme of sports is full and varied enough to satisfy everybody. The announcement elsewhere gives full particulars of the excursion.

**Change in Time.**

The night Boston train will leave Saturday night as well as every other evening in the week, after June 30, arriving in Boston in time to make connections for New York and other western and southern points. The Yankee will leave at 6.40, standard, and connect with night trains for New York.

**Are You Learning to Play.**

If you are learning to play Lacrosse, read the rules in next Saturday's Progress, with illustrations of splendid plays.

DOOMS.

890.

AINS,

per pair upward.

only \$7 pr. pair.

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MONCTON HAS THE CAMP, AND THEREFORE IS A TARGET FOR ARROWS OF ENVY.

There is no connection between the yearning for an Hospital and the Advent of Strangers—Worse Things Than the Water, Base Ball, for Instance.

Moncton, June 21.—Of course I may be prejudiced; I am willing to admit that still, setting aside all natural partiality for the particular spot of earth which is my home pro tem. I must say I think Moncton is having a rather hard time of it.

Success—so the copy books say—is ever a target for the arrows of envy, and because our poor little city had managed by rigid economy and strict attention to business, to get a little bit ahead, there are unkind people who start up and say that Moncton's success is getting to be a little monotonous, and that she should be satisfied, now, to go away round to the back of the field and sit in the shade somewhere, where she can fan herself and meditate over the many undesired blessings she now enjoys.

They say, these people, that the smoky city should be satisfied with the just celebrity she enjoys, and rest in peaceful contemplation of her eleven law firms, fifteen lawyers, eleven doctors, four dentists, six drug stores, and two undertakers; that she should cultivate a contented spirit and rejoice in the consciousness that in the matter of base ball clubs and typhoid fever, she stands unrivalled, having more fever to the square inch, and a base ball club that gets beaten oftener than many towns twice her size.

And all this rhodomontade, because Moncton stretched out yearning tentacles, like a cuttle fish, and slowly and silently grasped the military camp, folded it up, and put it gravely in her pocket, before anyone else had recognized what was going on.

Indeed, it pains me to relate that one brother journalist has allowed his feelings to so far carry him away that he flings at us the cruel taunt that our first preparation for the militia consisted in getting ready an hospital.

Really now, you know, my friend, I am surprised at you. I positively am, don'tcher know? If you ever read the papers, especially an excellent weekly known as St. John Progress, you must have seen that we have been at work upon that hospital ever since last March; but if you are really seeking information about the sudden activity in hospital circles, I can explain it, if you promise that it shan't go any further. The hospital committee are preparing a ward to receive "Blake's Omnibus Line," which has been laid up for some days past with a lame back, and it has been found impossible to obtain proper medical attendance for it at its home, on Church street.

Now, having given you so much information on this doubtful point, let me tell you—quite as a friend, you know—that to offer any of what the small boys term "slack" to a Monctonian on the subject of the Moncton water supply is about as safe a proceeding as treading on the tail of an Irishman's coat when that gentleman is disporting himself at Donnybrook fair, in full national regalia. For even as the ancient Romans fought and bled for their hearths and altars, so the modern dweller in the railway town is willing to fight, and perchance if need be, to bleed, in defence of his cherished kitchen tap. We will stand a good deal. We have borne the duty on strawberries without a murmur, and are meekly bending our necks to the bitter yoke of paying twenty-five cents a pound for salmon, so that it may be nearly all exported to our American cousins, who will get it for twenty; and we are contentedly eating lobsters very little larger than grasshoppers, because the largest ones go to the States, that Yankee gold may flow into Canadian coffers, and the Canadian farmer grow rich. But we draw the line at cheeky remarks about Moncton water, so be warned in time oh brother from the rural districts! lest peradventure we take off our coats, and expectorate upon our hands, for then it will be too late; your fate will be sealed, you will have passed into history! and the Sussex Record will be no more!

By a curious process of inductive science you imply a connection between the hospital preparations and the probable effect of Moncton water on our country's brave defenders. Don't do it again, please, because, to tell you the truth, the real danger to strangers visiting our town lies not in the water, not in fever germs and defunct fish supposed to lurk therein! No! the true terror of Moncton is the deadly base ballist who strews bloodshed and broken bones behind him in a ghastly train. Why, only last Friday a peaceful citizen came out in print and poured his woes into the sympathizing ear of the public, he having narrowly escaped death at the hands of some youths who were using Botsford street as a base ball ground. He was struck a violent blow in the chest and really hurt badly. So I would respectfully suggest that when our brave soldier boys come to Moncton, they come provided not with filters or quinine pills, but with stout breastplates lest they fall, not by the hands of the Philistines or their country's enemies, but die with their harness on their backs and their swords on their thighs, victims to the base ball craze.

GEOFFREY CUTBERT STRANGE.

THE THYCKKE FUGGE PAPERS.

Why Men Like to Bedeck and Bedizen Themselves in Gay Attire.

NO. XV.

Several of us met as usual on Wednesday evening, and found that our genial host and accomplished adviser had gone to the country for a few days, whether to lure the speckled troutlet from its liquid home, or on business cares intent we could not ascertain. Though absent in body the Senator was present in spirit, for on the Senator's desk lay an envelope addressed to First of Us, which was immediately taken possession of by that estimable member of our party. He opened the missive, hurriedly glanced over it, and then said: "Boys, the Sage has broken out in a new spot, *squattez vous dans les chairs*, as we say at the Berlitz, and hearken to the words of our adviser, who writes thusly: "My young friends it is borne in upon me that man, as a rule, is fond of what our American friends call fuss and feathers. In almost every species of animate thing the male is most noticeable, the most beautiful and where colors enter into his composition the most brilliant. Man alone reverses this order of things and our sister women carries off the palm for beauty, both of form and face, both of which she seeks to enhance by the charms of dress and otherwise. Man is left to go through the world clad in his plain tweeds, his sombre broadcloth and confined to a certain cut and shape of wearing apparel, and this I think is a reason for the tendency that men have to become members of secret societies, military organizations and the like, not so much because they want to know an infinite number of signs, grips and passwords, or become versed in the mysteries of the manual, but because the fact of such membership gives them opportunities to wear regalia of various kinds, chapeaux, swords, belts, and bedizen their broad chests with jewels of all sizes, shapes and colors.

"I saw a number of men parading on last Sunday, and it certainly must have been inordinate vanity that induced some of them to appear on the street garbed as they were, for they neither looked well nor marched well. I know how it is myself, for when I was High Munkie-munk of the Irresponsible Order of All Fools, I never missed an opportunity to spread myself before an awe-struck public, in all the glory of full regalia, and probably would do so again if I had the chance. Many a time I have heard men growl over a fashion that compelled them to don the sombre black, only slightly relieved by the white shirt front, instead of being able to suit their individual tastes in colors, and envying more fortunate brethren who might be able to appear clad in the brilliant uniform of some corps.

"Women are in a measure to blame for this desire of the male creature to appear before the world in some fantastic garb, for what mother, wife, sister, or sweetheart is there that does not look with admiring eyes upon the loved form dressed in full regimental, and send him out into the muddy or dusty streets with words of praise and often flattery? There is a great amount of nonsense and humbug in this world and I see more and more of it every day. When I return from the rural districts I will give you my opinion on several things that have rather stirred me up lately. In the meantime accept my best wishes and take as few cigars as you can possibly do with."

First of Us folded the letter up and assuming the arm chair of the Sage, set them up all round and Those of Us who had homes to go to went there because every other place was closed.

PREACHING TO THE DELINQUENTS

The Lines of the Rural Rector are not Always Cast in Pleasant Places.

"Progress does not believe in 'begging sermons' as a rule, but the editor dropped into a church in one of the towns of Charlotte county, last Sunday, and heard one which the occasion seemed to justify. At the time of making the usual announcements, the rector took occasion to remind the congregation that his salary was two quarters in arrear, and that unless a portion of the amount was paid before July 1st, the church would be closed. It was all very well, he remarked, for people to say, 'Yes, I will give, but I have not the money just now.' Something would have to be done or the church would be closed. The order of evening prayer was rushed through with surprising haste, and the sermon which followed was from the text, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' The rector did not use the pulpit but paced excitedly to and fro at the lectern, while he thundered at the delinquent flock on the necessity of coming to time in church financial matters. The whole service occupied just one hour, and five minutes after the benediction the building was deserted. This was all right, probably. The parish is not a poor one and the people are able to pay. When they allow their rector only a small salary and don't even pay that, they can't expect him to give them anything like an impressive service, or to use the pulpit. They ought to be glad to get anything at all; and they will not, unless they pony up before next Tuesday.

A faded or gray beard may be colored a beautiful and natural brown or black, at will, by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

WRITERS AND "STYLES."

SOME FURTHER SUGGESTIONS ON A LIVE TOPIC.

A Contributor who Thinks that Writers are Born, Not Made—Style Comes Unsought, and is Hard to Conquer—People who Can Write, but Not Talk.

I was very much struck by an article which appeared in Progress last week, entitled "Style in Writing." So much struck, in fact, that I wanted to shake hands with its author; there was so much solid common sense in that short, half column of letter press, coupled with so much good advice. And after assimilating it thoroughly, I thought, perhaps, one or two ideas that it suggested to a young writer might not be amiss, because I agreed so thoroughly with the writer that I wanted to tell him so.

My own theory is that a writer is born, not made, and try as he will he cannot escape his destiny; sooner or later write he must. He may engage in the dry goods business, or he may bury his talents in a bank, but some day *caecitas scribendi* will seize him in its relentless grasp, and force him to pour out his long pent ideas through the medium of ink. And as *Minerva* sprang full armed from the brain of the War god, so that poet, essayist, or journalist will walk out of his bank or dry goods shop a full fledged writer.

Of course, I may be mistaken, but I think you might catch any number of boys, or girls either, for that matter, in their plative youth and train them carefully for a literary career, only to find in the end that unless Dame Nature had intended them to write, they would never rise much above the cut and dried mediocrity of a college boy's prize essay, which, I think, is rarely distinguished by much originality of thought.

"Style," in writing seems to me another thing that comes "Like Dian's Kiss, unasked, unsought," and makes it a little hard, at times, to get away from one's self. Coleridge said once, that thought was like a wave of the sea, which took its shape from the waves which had preceded it. And so, I think, one's own thoughts unconsciously take their form from the ideas which preceded them in our mind, and thus crystallize into a particular style, which becomes habitual and characteristic; otherwise, we would be in danger of becoming copyists. Our very faults of style and composition seem to be ingrained in our nature, and almost too strong for us to conquer.

My brother scribe remarks that some people who have the gift of expressing themselves clearly and logically in conversation, are utterly at a loss to express themselves clearly on paper. True, oh Festus! and also true, that many others who find the greatest difficulty in making themselves understood at all, when spoken words are the medium of communication, possess a fluency of expression; wealth of imagery and tropical luxuriance of language, which might put the advance agent of a circus to everlasting shame.

My own chief fault in writing is loquacity, and so I serve as a shining illustration of my own theory. In conversation my descriptive powers are conspicuous only by their absence, and my tongue frequently refuses to perform its functions by tripping over itself. But the mere sight of a pen and a bottle of ink has the same effect on my brain as a spur has upon a balky horse, he stands not upon the order of his going, but goes, and so many adjectives rush to the point of that vicious little pen that I am kept busy killing them off one by one as a farmer kills potato bugs.

But yet, take it all in all, writing is not nearly such fun as people who know nothing about it seem to think. You must first catch your ideas and then cook them, but woe! is the fate of the writer who has not the knack of dishing up those same ideas in a manner to suit the public palate. What he finds great pleasure in writing, the aforesaid public may not take the slightest interest in reading. Was it not Sheridan who said:

You write with ease to show your breeding, But easy writing's ours'd hard reading."

Excuse the swear, please, and remember it is Sheridan's, and not mine. I don't swear myself, and I'm sorry Sheridan did, but I suppose it was one of the eccentricities of genius, a spot on the sun, so to speak. Yet—but no! in the words of Artemus, "Here let me paw!" I think I have said quite enough on this subject to amply convince my readers that loquacity is the chief literary fault of

[For Progress.]

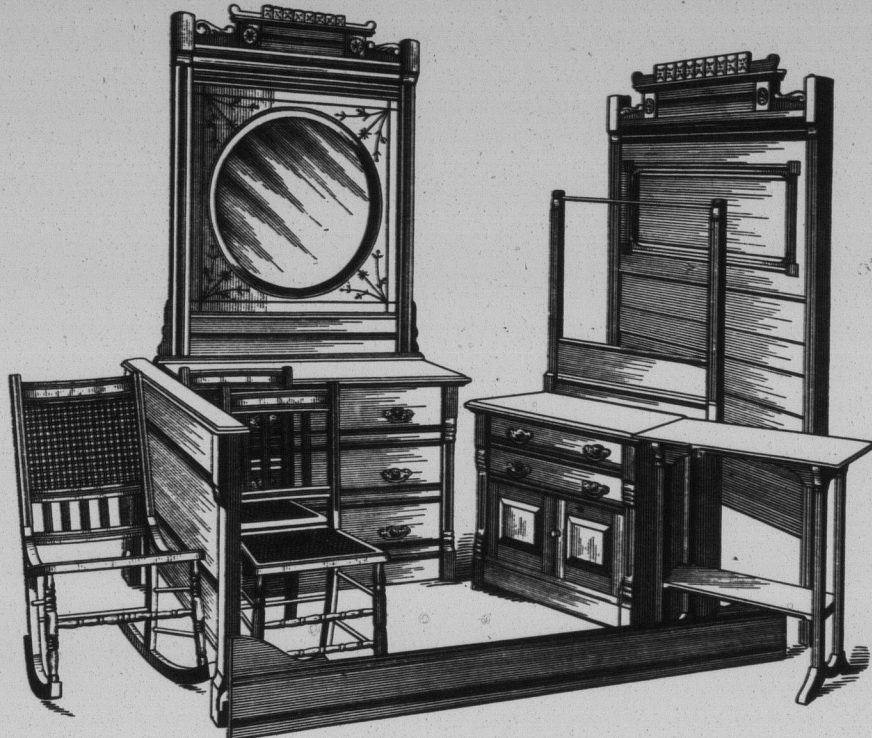
HABIT.

He bowed, I bowed—and passed, When first we met; As to a stream grows fast The rivulet, Our friendship grew, and soon Hand reached to hand; Then for an hour at noon We'd chat and stand; Then arm in arm we went To work or play; Then soul with soul was bent In wondrous way; And now he has become A part of me, And I accept my doom, Nor would be free. BENTON, N. B. MATTHEW RICHIE KNIGHT.

How well we remember grandmother's attic, so fragrant with medicinal roots and herbs! Poor old soul, how precious they seemed to her! And yet, one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla would do more good than her whole collection of "yarbs."

HERE IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO FURNISH YOUR SPARE BEDROOM!

THIS OFFER HOLDS GOOD TILL JULY 5.



Antique Ash Bedroom Suite, 7 pieces, hand polished, 26in. round bevelled British plate Mirror,—guaranteed a first-class suite in every particular—20 yards best quality Tapestry Carpet, 2 Curtain Poles, 2 pairs Lace Curtains, 2 pairs Curtain Bands, 2 Engravings, gilt frames.

All the above Articles for \$53.50 CASH ONLY.

Please do not ask for Credit on this Outfit as the Prices do not admit of it. If you reside out of Town, send P. O. Order, and the Goods will be carefully packed and shipped.

HAROLD GILBERT, THE CARPET AND FURNITURE WAREHOUSE, 54 KING STREET.

STAMP COLLECTING.

What It Costs to Follow Up the Fad—An Uncle's Bequest.

A story is told of an elderly uncle who left to his nephew the entire contents of his house, which was very nearly all he had to leave. In the uncle's desk was found an enormous accumulation of papers, for he had had much correspondence with many corners of the world, and had carefully preserved every letter he had received. And, what is more, inside the fold of every letter was the envelope in which it had come. The nephew, who was an ingenious young gentleman, saw a small fortune in this seeming triviality. Many of the foreign and colonial stamps on the envelopes were of great value, and he sold them en bloc to a dealer in foreign stamps for several hundred pounds. Some of these very stamps may, perhaps, have found a place in the exhibition which lately opened in Vienna, says a London journal.

It clearly will not do to laugh at the stamp mania any more. Stamp collecting is no longer confined to schoolboys, but has come the amusement, and often the passion, of millionaires. For to make a collection with any approach to completeness is only possible to a millionaire—or his son-in-law. It is, we believe, a member of a French branch of the house of Rothschild who possesses the most complete collection. It seems rather a crazy thing to give £50 or £100 pounds for a postage stamp, but the man who does this is no worse than the book collector who gives a handful of sovereigns for an edition which is half an inch taller than one for which he would not give half a crown. We are all mad on some point, so by all means let us have free trade in manias.—Boston Herald.

Mamma Whips.

Friend of the Family—I am afraid you little fellows don't always agree. You fight each other sometimes, don't you? Twins—Yeth, thir, thumthim. Friend of the Family—Ah, thought so. Well, who whips? Twins—Mamma wipth.—N. Y. Sun.

Prepared for Any Emergency.

"Dudson is very particular about his dress. Why, what do you suppose he did when our ship ran into the iceberg?" "Put on a life preserver?" "No. His skates!"—N. Y. Sun.

NOW IS THE TIME To Destroy and Prevent Moths!

- Use any of the following: Calvert's Carbolic Powder, Dalmation Insect Powder, English Gum Camphor.

FRESH STOCK!

By F. E. CRAIBE & CO.,

Druggists and Apothecaries, 35 KING STREET.

SABBATH HOURS—9.30 to 10.45 a.m.; 2 to 4 and 6 to 9 p.m.

Slate Mantels, Wood Mantels, Open Fire Places, Tile Facings, Tile Hearths, Register Grates, Brasses Andirons, Fenders.

We invite an inspection of our Goods from Builders, Architects, and those interested in building.

Our Goods are second to none in the Market. Our prices are as low as the lowest.

EMERSON & FISHER, MANUFACTURERS, 75 to 79 PRINCE WM. STREET.

LAWN MOWERS ARE NOW IN ORDER.

Every one knows what they are, but it is well to remember that there are many perfectly useless makes.

We offer LAWN MOWERS

of unrivalled reputation for closeness of cut, easy working, lightness and durability, fitted with three-bladed Wipers, self-sharpening and running at high speed. Prices 1. v. T. McAVITY & SONS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE NEW CROCKERY STORE, 94 KING STREET.

JUST RECEIVED: A NEW LOT OF Flower Stands and Vases,

in very pretty designs and colors. Just the thing for CRYSTAL WEDDING PRESENTS! Prices low as usual. C. MASTERS.

SWEEPING REDUCTIONS

Great Mark Down Sale! \$8,000.00 WORTH

READY-MADE CLOTHING! AT LESS THAN COST.

For the next Four Weeks we will sell Ready-made Clothing at Less than Cost Prices. Call Early and secure Bargains.

IMMENSE STOCK OF GENT'S FURNISHINGS. LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY.

Our stock of goods for CUSTOM WORK is strictly FIRST-CLASS, and we GUARANTEE A PERFECT FIT.

CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL, 51 Charlotte Street. T. YOUNGCLAUS, Proprietor.

THE YEARS THAT

The years! The vanished With their majestic sweep Into the shadowless sea, Endless ebb-song, the

The years! How would it I could traverse them Bathed in the light that Or shore? The blossoms

Is but a lane all tremble By meadows daisy-girded And through the silences Drift to my heart in str

O blissful, blissful evens The smell of lovely pine Through mist and distance Conspiring with the

O happy harmonies, that The quiet strains draw O happy, happy that has No painful strain in all

The years! They dawned in shine, And seem in retrospect With skies forever blue, Beaming from heaven

O hand that lies afar! O vision fair of blissful I in childish mood and hidden line, un

O years! No summing Avail to stay their flight Halcyon season, save as In holy avarice holds it

—Dorothy

MRS. WINTERS

Poor little Mrs. Winters had committed an act which in the mouths of her miles around. She result had the stopping phase of the matter been so absorbed in an outcome as to cause minor points. Besides to keep her secret to But secrets are slippe And it had been said in question that if a should be whispered on the most distant there for safe keeping find it the common to

No wonder, then, secret had leaked out cautiously whispered with the strictest injunction further until completely ter could be obtained "It can't be possible" Mrs. Winters is a good sense to do such "I'll never believe her own lips!"

Such had been the with which the news But the matter had, to the lady herself, reluctance, had acknowledged the charge. Unlike gossipier, the facts were reports. No one had charge in the least except Winters had numerous quizzical neighbors, what they regarded as

The pleasant character made her universally could hardly claim to people of Rutville, on time she had lived years previous she her husband and three had dying soon after the farm fallen into the and the support of wholly on whatever in it yielded.

The neighbors prof and sympathetic in her poured in torrents on cerning the management this counsel, coming fr sources, was so confid ency to confuse rather

It was quite an un neighborhood that a of such an undertaking of a farm, and many engage in a more wo Mrs. Winters had a d this, and by the earnest thought she k

at a moderate degree home was neatly kept fortable clothed, and passed the manager is was a source of neighbors, who had m as to the outcome of

But Mrs. Winters this. She had plans future that would ne them out; hence her on the alert for somet could start an extra pose.

The country neighb lived was well back of New England. Each in the footsteps of its less "New ways and deduced by the world of their flocks and her poultry could all be generations without cr in the locating of an deed, were innovations still were those invite without passing throu their severe criticism.

the Winters had been when they first came, impression had contin people had almost a full fellowship. But a young widow had rea that she was not by bil could not be relied of their own.

But what had this forth such severe cond neighbors? There a laid away in dust-cov regions whose resurre century plant. Had sh with disrespect some was it some rigid mor that her busy foot h trample upon? No, h none of these.

The grave mideme tuate woman was just an investment wholly of range of Rutville purch six dollars, including only fifteen eggs. Y

THE YEARS THAT WOULD NOT STAY.

The years! The vanished years! The cycles swing With their majestic sweep, and bear away In their shadowy folds the things that were...

MRS. WINTERS'S TRIUMPH.

Poor little Mrs. Winters! She had committed an act which had placed her name in the mouths of her country neighbors for miles around.

"It can't be possible!" "Mrs. Winters is a woman of too much good sense to do such a thing."

Such had been the charitable expressions with which the news had been received. But the matter had, at length, been taken to the lady herself, and she, with some reluctance, had acknowledged the truth of the charge.

The neighbors proved themselves kind and sympathetic in her affliction, and advised her to sell the farm.

But Mrs. Winters was not satisfied with this. She had plans for her children's future that would not be abandoned.

The country neighborhood in which she lived was well back among the mountains of New England. Each generation followed in the footsteps of its predecessor.

But what had this lady done to call forth such severe condemnation from her neighbors? There are slumbering laws laid away in dust-covered books in those regions whose resurrection is as rare as the century plant.

for them that they had been laid by a fine strain of fowls of the Plymouth Rock variety. But what of that? They were nothing but hen's eggs; and not a dweller in Rutville would have paid you twenty cents for the lot.

It has already been stated that Mrs. Winters had frequent condoling criticisms from her well meaning neighbors on this investment, which they regarded as extremely foolish, extravagant whim.

"I'm a gin you a settin' of aigs an' w'el-come," were the words of kind-hearted old Mrs. Brown. "I'd a gin you two or three settin' for that matter."

"When I make an investment," prominently remarked Farmer Doolittle, "I wanner know what I'm a gittin' of. When a man has had a flock of fowls all his life, an' his father an' gran'father before him, he knows purty well what they be."

"Durin' the first year of Washington's administration," began Mrs. Pettigree, "there was jess an even dozen hens on our place. Grandpa Pettigree kep' account of the aigs laid, and he telled me that them beens done that year."

To witly select some new tangled kind of fowl in preference to their choice, ancient birds was an insult to every true Rutville. Having been committed, however, by an unprotected, well meaning woman, the majority were inclined to look upon it as a mistake, and to pity rather than censure the offender.

Meanwhile, the old hen that sat with such patience on the eggs little dreamed of the commotion she had caused, or of the deep interest her mistress felt in the result of her task.

Such had been the charitable expressions with which the news had been received. But the matter had, at length, been taken to the lady herself, and she, with some reluctance, had acknowledged the truth of the charge.

The pleasant character of Mrs. Winters made her universally esteemed, yet she could hardly claim to be "one" with the people of Rutville, on account of the short time she had lived among them.

She was reading the county paper one evening, which contained an account of the fair, with premium list, to be shortly held in a distant part of the county, where the people were of more progressive mind.

With the aid of her son she had constructed two neat coops. One was for her exhibition fowls, in the other she put her rustler supporters which she intended to offer for sale, hoping to dispose of them at a better price than she could obtain in her neighborhood.

It is useless to describe the feelings of victory that Mrs. Winters enjoyed on her return home. The neighbors were astounded. Mrs. Winters' success was the sole topic of conversation for a fortnight, and the rapidity with which her fowls grew in popularity was something surprising.

But what had this lady done to call forth such severe condemnation from her neighbors? There are slumbering laws laid away in dust-covered books in those regions whose resurrection is as rare as the century plant.

The grave misdeed of the unfortunate woman was just this. She had made an investment wholly outside of the usual range of Rutville purchases.

SUMMER, 1890.

FISH NETS.

M. R. & A. have opened a large lot of Fish Nets, Russian Nets, etc., in Black, both in stripes and spots. These goods are most desirable as regards style and price.

WOOL GRENADINES.

We have just opened a repeat lot of the above Grenadines in checks and stripes. Special lots of BLACK DRESS GOODS at special low prices.

GINGHAMS.

Our customers will be found a large assortment of the above fine Gingham at wonderfully low prices. In fact all our different departments are, stocked with all the latest Novelties of the season.

SHAKER FLANNELS.

This season we have purchased a large consignment of Shaker Flannels, consequently we are giving bargains.

BLACK HENRIETTAS.

These most desirable and effective Goods we are showing in all the different qualities.

HOSIERY.

Our immense stock of Hosiery is too varied to enumerate the different qualities, but our customers can rely on getting the right thing at the right price. In fact all our different departments are, stocked with all the latest Novelties of the season.

MANCHESTER.

ROBERTSON,

and ALLISON.

HOW THE DANDIES FIGHT.

Fops Sometimes Useful and Courageous in Time of War.

"The Dandies fought well at Waterloo," said Wellington of the officers of the Horse Guards. Baron Marbot, in his book, "The Old Times and Anecdotes," describes two young German officers whom he met at the dinner-table of a Frankfurt hotel.

"Count Top and Baron Pop." But in 1871 the Baron again dined at the Frankfurt hotel, and upon crossing the road waiter what had become of Count Top and Baron Pop, he learned that the Count had been killed at Sedan, while bravely leading his squad, and that the Baron had earned the Iron Cross for taking a gun at St. Privat.

Facts of this kind prove that fops, with all their follies and absurdities, can do their duty like men, when the country requires their services. During the Civil War in this country many of the "fops" of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago showed themselves heroes.

On the eve of Solferino, Prince Braunschweig, only eighteen years old and fresh from school, joined his regiment, the Kaiser Jagers, as an ensign. The colonel, not knowing what to do with the boy just before a battle, put him at the wing of a company, with the remark, "Stick to those fellows through thick and thin! that's the only advice I can give you, for it will be hot today—good-by."

The prince tried to make friends with his neighbor, a gray-haired, grumbling sergeant, who had a poor opinion of what he called "milk-bearded mothers' sons," meaning spoilt boys, who gave themselves airs and were good for nothing. But a few kind words and a good cigar won over the old man, who had served thirty years.

The regiment was ordered to advance under a heavy fire, to dislodge the French from a strong position. The young prince kept close to the old sergeant, and rushed forward. A bullet knocked off his hat; as he stooped to pick it up, he calmly remarked to the sergeant, "These Frenchmen always oblige one to be polite."

"Your Highness is made of the right stuff," answered the sergeant; "we'll make something of you, my prince!" "I dare say a cripple," muttered the prince, for a second bullet had shattered his arm, and he fell on the ground. He took his sword in his left hand, and continued to advance, until the sergeant, seeing the loss of blood, compelled him to halt and have a few pocket-handkerchiefs tied round the wound, and the arm put in a sling.

Wounded though he was, the boy joined in the final charge, and for his bravery received the Order of Leopold, and that, too, after only twenty-four hours' service. —Youth's Companion.

Bismarck's Truthfulness. Prince Bismarck has always been noted for his love of truth, not only in his domestic but also in his public life. This desire for truthfulness was instilled into his heart by the mother whom he loved devotedly, and to whom he was a most tender and respectful son.

Once, when he was a little boy, his mother, when bidding him good-night, asked carelessly, "And did you eat your broth?" To her surprise, the boy ran away without making her any answer; but he quickly reappeared, and said "Yes," with great glee. It seems that his memory had haunted him in regard to the broth, and he hunted up his governess, Lotte Schmelming, to make sure that he had eaten it!

His ideas in regard to the love parents hold for their children were always out-gauged by the story of William Tell, who was not a hero to his mind at all. On one occasion the talk had turned on Schiller's version of the tale, and Bismarck said: "It would have been nobler and more moral, according to my way of thinking, instead of aiming toward the boy, and displaying his skill by shooting an apple on his son's head, he had shot at the governor! That would have been something more than righteous anger at an inhuman demand!"

Surprise and Happiness.

Hello! friend Harry, trim and bright! Your eye has got the old time light; Your face, which once was pale and wan Looks ruddy,—you're a different man!

Your languid looks, and feeble tread, Of't caused your many friends great dread; They often wondered why your wealth Could not restore a man to health.

Come! come! the mighty change explain, How you're restored to health again; Come on dear fellow! let me know How you with health and vigor glow.

I will with all my heart dear Jim, I'll tell how I baffled Death so grim; How all my aches and pains were cured, Were quickly made to disappear.

My nerves were shattered, had unrest, I could not eat with pleasure, zest; At night no slumber closed my eyes, At times my being did despise.

But happy day! that brought me joy And pleasure true without alloy; 'Twas Paine's Great Celery Compound Cure That made life happy, joyous, pure.

I use it still, and oft declare That others shall my good luck share; I mean dear boy, to spread around, How I relief and comfort found.

Paine's Celery Compound, bless the heart That did to me the news impart, How I could life and strength regain, And banish suffering, care, and pain. —Advt.

Lost Money. An ancient cynic is said to have gone about with a lantern looking for an honest man. A gentleman of Kansas City, according to the Times, seems to have been out on the same errand, but with different means. He stood gazing intently down the street, says the reporter, and then suddenly accosted a passer-by.

"Excuse me," he said, "but did you just drop a twenty-dollar gold piece?" and he held out the coin between his thumb and finger.

The man whom he had addressed looked at the coin, put on an expression of surprise, and made a hurried search of his pockets.

"Why, so I did," he answered, "and I hadn't missed it. Thank you," and he held out his hand.

The first man drew out a note-book and said, "I thought so." He took the name and address of the loser, dropped the coin into his own pocket, and turned away.

"Well," said the loser, "do you want it all as a reward?"

"Oh, I didn't find one," said the gentleman, "but it struck me that in a large city like this there must be a great deal of money lost, and upon inquiry I find that you are the thirty-first man who has lost a twenty-dollar gold piece this very morning."

Carefully Trained. Miss Antique (taking politely proffered seat in crowded street car).—"Thank you, my little man. You have been taught to be polite, I am glad to see. Did your mother tell you to always give up your seat to ladies?"

Polite boy—"No'm, not all ladies, only old ladies."—New York Weekly.

Consumption Cured. An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his wonderful cure in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail on receiving stamp, naming the street, W. A. NOYES, 529 Foster's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Family Favorite. "Oh, no, there ain't no favorites in this family!" soliloquized Johnny. "Oh, no! I guess not! If I bite my finger nail, I catch it over the knuckle." But the baby can eat his whole foot and they think it's just cunning."—Denver Republican.



EVERY SKIN SCALP DISEASE, whether itching, disfiguring, humbling, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczema, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, hereditary, or infectious, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humour Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing and incomparable efficiency.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA AND PAIN EXPELLER, 50c.

DYSPEPTICURE The Specific for Dyspepsia. Thousands of bottles of DYSPEPTICURE have been sold during the past few years without any advertisement whatever. It is now well known in nearly every part of the Maritime Provinces, and many orders have been filled for Quebec, Mass., and Maine.

DYSPEPTICURE not only aids Digestion, but positively cures Indigestion and Chronic Dyspepsia; this quality of CURING the disease explains its large and spreading sale without having been brought to the notice of the public.

DYSPEPTICURE may now be obtained from all Druggists. Price per bottle, 35 cents and \$1.00 (the latter four times size of former). An important pamphlet on DYSPEPTICURE promptly mailed, free, to any address. CHARLES K. SHORT, St. John, New Brunswick.



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A. G. STAPLES, 175 Charlotte Street.

Residence: 141 BRITAIN STREET.

MAKING IT HOT FOR PRICE SCALPERS!

Genuine Mark Down Sale to make room for large Arrivals in July.

20th CENTURY STORE, 12 CHARLOTTE ST., TRYON WOOLEN MFG. CO. OF P. E. I., J. A. REID, Proprietors, Manager.

KERR'S ICE CREAM PARLORS ARE ALWAYS OPEN TO YOU.

DELICIOUS ICE CREAM Served at any hour. Nothing is so enjoyable on a warm day as an ice.

Come to KERR'S PARLORS, 70 KING STREET, and bring your Friends with you. The Finest Confectionery always for Sale.

HUGH P. KERR, CONFECTIONER.

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LADIES who wish to quickly Bang, Crimp or Curl the Hair, by a new method, should have one of these new inventions.

For sale by A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO., Charlotte Street.

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Send for circular to E. B. ELLIOT, 139 Granville St., HALIFAX, N. S.

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

S. B. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF WIRE, STEEL and IRON-CUT NAILS, AND SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc. ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

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A. & J. HAY, Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED. 76 KING STREET.

ROOM! ... first-class suite in Bands, 2 Engravings, ... you reside out of ... T, ... REET. ... Places, ... tile Facings, ... rates, ... Andirons, ... Fenders. ... of our Goods from ... those interested in ... none in the Market. ... the lowest. ... TURERS, ... WM. STREET. ... RS ... NOW IN ORDER. ... e knows what they ... it well to remember ... e are many perfectly ... offer ... OWN MOWERS ... tness and durability, ... h speed. Prices 1. v. ... JOHN, N. B. ... STORE, ... T. E, ... OF ... ases, ... WEDDING PRESIDENTS' ... TERS. ... TIONS ... Sale! ... WITH ... THING! ... Clothing at Less ... Bargains. ... GS. LOWEST ... FIRST-CLASS, and ... Charlotte Street. ... Proprietor.

PROGRESS.

W. K. REYNOLDS, Editor.

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

ADVERTISING RATES. One Inch, One Year, \$15.00. One Inch, Six Months, \$8.00. One Inch, Three Months, \$5.00. One Inch, Two Months, \$4.00. One Inch, One Month, \$3.00.

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.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 28.

CIRCULATION, 7,000.

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

QUESTIONS OF PRECEDENCE.

At the recent Methodist conference in Montreal Dr. DOUGLAS, a much esteemed leader of that denomination made a vigorous protest against the table of precedence as recognized in Canada.

There is no doubt of it. They are. When a general election is impending they become, next to the Roman Catholics, a most important factor in the politics of Canada.

But there is not much change in anything else. The awkward trousers are still to be worn, and so is the stove-pipe hat.

Looking at the whole matter from a plain and common-sense point of view, there seems no reason why man should not enjoy the use of colors in his adornment, even as woman does.

What is to be done about it? Simply nothing. When a Methodist-Episcopal bishop appears on the scene he will be duly recognized, and so would a Christadelphian bishop, if by some extraordinary convulsion of theology that amiable and God-fearing sect could possibly have a bishop.

The table of precedence adopted in Canada is borrowed, like many other things, from the usages at the courts of the mother country. If Dr. DOUGLAS and his friends will read a part of the first volume of that interesting work known as BLACKSTONE'S Commentaries, they will find that the common law of England distinctly and specially recognizes the bishops as representatives of one of the estates of the realm.

Is it not about time that some action was taken in regard to the Old Burial Ground fence? So far as can be learned, the city has had several plans on hand for the last month or two, but has not accepted any of them.

The celebration at Annapolis. Annapolis people will have a big time on 1st and will not be excelled in their attempts to make it pleasant for visitors. There will be three bands present, including what a correspondent calls "the Lunenburg band—the best in the provinces."

Send the Paper Away. If your friends in the country are interested in what you do, if you play Lacrosse, send them next Saturday's Progress, and they will understand the game at once.

there be a table of precedence, and so long will the bishops be included in it.

There does not seem to be any immediate source of relief for Dr. DOUGLAS and his friends.

MAN'S FLEA FOR COLOR.

In the remarks of Hon. THYCKE FOGG as transmitted to PROGRESS this week, appears to lie the germ of a great truth. The senator ascribes the prediction of the male sex for regalia and uniforms to the long felt want which it experiences in this age, of color and decoration in ordinary apparel.

Some of us who have looked upon the pictures of our ancestors in knee breeches and flowing coats, with plenty of color thrown in here and there, have admired the costumes of the bygone generations, and perhaps we have wished that they could be revived for the nineteenth century. There have, indeed, been attempts in that direction by New York tailors within the last few years, but they have all miserably failed.

But there is not much change in anything else. The awkward trousers are still to be worn, and so is the stove-pipe hat. But the trousers and hat are violations of art, and in four cases out of five they disfigure a man, as the old cocked hat and knee breeches could not do.

Looking at the whole matter from a plain and common-sense point of view, there seems no reason why man should not enjoy the use of colors in his adornment, even as woman does. We know that much of the attractiveness of the gentle sex lies in the good taste the display in dressing themselves, and man finds something to admire in their usually judicious combination of colors.

Is there any reason why he should not, save for the caprice of fashion. This world is made with plentiful colors to beautify it, and the eye never wearies of them. Yet man while not unappreciative of them, avoids them in his attire as if they carried with them all that was to be shunned as dangerous to the common weal.

It is only when under the guise of some organization he can get an excuse to wear them that the world knows how well he enjoys them.

Occupying as I did the position of a spectator, I was pleased to notice the reverent behaviour of many whom I knew to be dissenters, and the only comment in my mind was on the conduct of some of those whom I recognized as of the Episcopal faith, but not of the congregation of St. Paul's.

The McGILL Matriculation Examination. To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Pamphlets were sent from McGill college containing the list of subjects required for matriculation as A. A. We were given to understand that by this examination it was possible to matriculate. Each girl chose, from the optional subjects, those in which she was most proficient.

Send the Paper Away. If your friends in the country are interested in what you do, if you play Lacrosse, send them next Saturday's Progress, and they will understand the game at once.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

In spite of the unpleasant weather on Monday evening, a large audience assembled in St. John's church, to listen to the organ recital and sacred concert given by Mr. Ford and members of the choir, assisted by Mrs. LeStrange and Mr. G. G. Coster. I think I can safely say that all present felt that they were amply repaid for any difficulty they may have had in going to the church.

The society folk are not giving the musical people much time to indulge in their own special pastime this week, but the Dorothy company had a rehearsal on Thursday evening for the matinee they are having this afternoon, which I sincerely hope they may have a good audience. And by the way, while I am mentioning Dorothy, I may say that I have been requested to state that the company are under no obligations to Mr. J. C. Duff, Mr. J. Baxter, of Liverpool, England, having taken a great deal of trouble to procure the libretto for them, and also the permission to play the opera from the owners.

The Trinity church services next week in connection with the synod, will be quite imposing. I think I am safe this time in saying that the chorists will sing an anthem, and the communion service on Wednesday morning will be choral.

There will also be services in the other Episcopal churches through the week. I had the good fortune to get to the Episcopal service in St. Paul's on Tuesday evening, and enjoyed it very much. The choir had reinforcements from the different churches in the city, and their music went remarkably well; the bass was especially good.

Harry Paulton has sued James C. Duff for royalties. Proceedings were begun against Duff, but it is claimed that he has turned over all his property to his mother and gone to Europe. Paulton also claims that he has lost \$2,000 which was not returned.—MIRROR.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Concerning Behavior in Church.

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Considering that the Masonic fraternity is composed of "all sorts and conditions of men," and that many of the members of it who were present at St. Paul's at the festival of St. John the Baptist, were not total strangers to the usages of the Church of England, I must congratulate them as a body on their very excellent deportment. The general conformity to what we, as churchmen, consider proper forms to be observed when we assemble together to render thanks, etc., was most pleasing, and I do not believe that any other body of men, outside of the army and navy could have so thoroughly satisfied the pew holders that the recter made no mistake in tendering the use of the edifice for the occasion. I think we will always be glad to welcome the Freemasons at St. Paul's.

Mr. Charles Hallock, so well known everywhere as an authority on all that pertains to fishing as an art, made PROGRESS a brief call, the other day. Mr. Hallock's heart is just as warm as when he ran the exchange office at Chubb's corner, more than a quarter of a century ago, and started the original Humourist. In later years Mr. Hallock gained fame as the editor of Forest and Stream, and more recently he has come into prominence as the editor of the American Angler. Mr. Hallock has a very warm feeling for St. John and all of "the boys" who are left.

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It would seem from the accounts in the papers that the whole class tried to matriculate, and some failed, whereas it was on the same examination, only some were not lucky in picking out the requisite subjects. I asked for this explanation to be given, as my due, from the platform on Wednesday, closing day; this was promised, was it fulfilled? Had it been explained, it would not have been necessary to have resort to the press. GERTRUDE HERRER. St. John, June 26.

Garments for Stray Bishops.

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Can you not suggest to the clergy, or the laymen, of this or other ways—decidedly go-ahead and enterprising city, that they should be provided with a suitable "garment" for any stray Bishop, who may wander into these pastures. I am not in the habit of building such things myself, but surely there must be some ingenious female in our midst who could plan an adaptable dress of the kind needed; one that might fit the "tall, the short, the stout, the slim," in a decent and "episcopal" manner, so to speak. Really, you know, a Bishop in short skirts wasn't the effect that one would altogether desire. I feel sure that a word from you will set this thing all right. DECEMENT AND ORDER.

That Organ Recital.

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I am a very old fashioned churchman, and I beg to protest against turning our churches into concert rooms. Let us honestly build our Sunday school houses, and not make an exhibition of ourselves by resorting to all kinds of ways to raise money. It is lamentable the lax code of morals which might creep into our churches, unless God's house and work are duly honored, and worldly expediency no longer rules. "Those who honor Me," etc. DECEMENT AND ORDER.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The Stream of Time.

Onward, the stream of Time, flows silently, Upon it, we are drifting to the end, The closing scene, from which we cannot flee, Nor earthly power, or worldly wealth, defend, The fleeting pleasure, and the daily task, Will soon alike, be buried with the past. Awake! in earnest prayer, sincerely ask, That we may faithful prove and true, at last, Faithful to Christ, whose life for us was spent, True to that inner light, Divinely sent.

The Peace of the Afterglow.

In the golden light of morning, when the dew was on the leaves, And life stretched out so cloudless, so fair, for you and me; We did not dream that sorrow could ever cloud the way, Or shadows dim the brightness that crowned our happy day. In the golden light of the morning, That dawned for you, and me; Ere time had taught the lesson That all their weired must see.

The shadows on the dial grew deeper by and by, The golden numbers faded, for cloud's had filled the sky, And all unmarked the hours drew slowly on to noon, The dial stood in shadow, the world was out of tune, And we had learned the lesson, That all their weired must see, And never more the morning Could dawn for you and me.

The evening shadows lengthen, but the clouds are blown away, And radiant floods of sunshine have crowned the parting day, With a stronger, deeper, splendour than fairest morning brings, the glory comes to us at evening time. In a golden sea of glory comes the light at evening time.

For we have learned our lesson That all their weired must see, And a holier light than morning Has dawned for you and me. G. GEORGE CUTBERT STRANGE.

Remembrance.

O ye, who have best things to give, Think not of gains, when ye bestow, Nor, in your folly, still believe That pleasure waits the seed ye sow; The Truth by which the world doth live Hath never been received so.

A WOMAN'S REASON.

Plans for the Enjoyment of Fun to the Middle of August. My DEAR CLARA: Do not open your eyes or rub them to see if you are awake when you open this letter, for it is from your always busy friend, who, this summer, has turned over a new leaf, and is answering letters promptly. Follow my example, Clara, and you will be surprised what extra pleasure you can get out of life. I never spent such a pleasant summer; never had so much time of my own, which means real enjoyment to me, as you know of old.

Jack and I and the baby—we always include the baby now—have plans for fun to the middle of August. We know where we are going, and have selected all the picnics and excursions that we know by experience are nice, and are going to live courtship days over again. Where are we going the 1st—to Digby. It was real jolly the way we came to that decision. Jack wanted to go to the ball games, and I wanted to see if the cherries were ripe across the bay, so we tossed a cent, and the "Queen"—that's me—won. So we are going on the Monticello next Tuesday, and may it be fine and smooth—yes, like a mill pond.

Now I know what you are dying to ask. How I manage to leave the house and have a good time. Well, come nearer and let me whisper: You know what used to bother me last summer and keep me tied to the house a good deal of the time—this year I send all my washing to Ungar's; baby's hoods, my saten and cotton dresses, Jack's flannel shirts, in fact, everything. Do you understand now. . . . Good bye, yours lovingly, KATE.—A.

Do Not Go Bareheaded. A good comfortable hat is a requirement of old and young in the summer time. Old Sol hasn't made himself too forward lately, but the blustering days of July and August will need the lightest head gear to make one as happy as he should be. Thorne Bros. can supply the demand, no matter whether they straw, felt, or silk hats are wanted. They show the Little Lord Fauntleroy hat in their announcement today, and it is a beauty.

Sorry for It. The letters of our Truro, Marysville, Newcastle and Shediac correspondents are unavoidably held this week, for the simple reason that there was too little space for too much matter.

THEY ENJOY A FIRE.

How the People of St. Stephen Turn Out When the Alarm is Sounded.

If there is any one thing that the people of St. Stephen thoroughly enjoy it is an alarm of fire. It awakes all the enthusiasm of their nature, and adds even to the superabundant energy which marks them in all they do. It is not that they like to see damage done. They don't. When the bell rings all the men and boys—yes, and a good many pretty big girls—feel it a bounden duty to rush at once to the scene of danger and aid either by personal exertion or sympathy in subduing the flames.

It makes no difference which side of the river the alarm comes from. The St. Stephen people will go even more quickly to a fire in Calais than to one in their own town, and it is said that the Calais people show an equally neighborly alacrity when there is an alarm from St. Stephen. The most obliging and warm hearted people in the world are found just around that portion of the St. Croix valley. They are always willing to help each other in any kind of emergency, but when there is a fire the pleasure is increased a hundred-fold.

In the summer evenings, when the labors of the day are over, the people of St. Stephen like to take a gentle exercise along its main streets. A good many of them are in carriages—there is no town in the province where so much pleasure driving is done—but a good many more, including the really stylish girls who are so plentiful about there, are leisurely parading the sidewalks. Suddenly a bell is heard ringing on the Calais side. Then there is a change.

A good many girls who don't like to be seen running to a fire step into doorways to see the show go by. Then the teams on a quick trot come from all the side streets and join those on the main street in hastening to the bridge. They cannot go so fast as they want to, because there are so many of them. In the meantime citizens run to the livery stables and hire teams to go to the fire. As the hostlers have had horses in readiness since the first sound of the alarm, no time is lost, and the cavalcade grows large.

But the fire department has been on the run before this, and the hose cart makes for the bridge, the horse galloping and the gong sounding in a way that would delight Chief Kerr's heart. Way is made for it with some difficulty, for there are a good many teams ahead, and over the bridge it goes, the procession falling in after it on a trot, while all who have not horses hasten as rapidly as possible on foot.

Usually a toll is charged for crossing the bridge, but everything goes free when the fire bell rings. The toll-keeper could not stop the crowd if he tried, and he has no idea of trying.

After a while a long procession returns to St. Stephen, slowly, but not sadly. It was a false alarm. Never mind—more fun the next time.

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A FIND OF AMBERGRIS.

What It Is—What It Is Used For, and Its Value.

A lucky voyage was lately made by the schooner Fanny Lewis. She was on her way to Portland, Me., when one day the lookout reported something white floating on the surface of the sea. The ship was hoisted to, and the "something white" proved to be a compact mass of ambergris weighing more than a hundred pounds, and worth several thousands of dollars. It was promptly taken on board, and became the joint property of owners, officers and crew. Ambergris must not be confounded with amber, which is fossilized or mineralized resin, and therefore a vegetable product. It is a morbid secretion, the result of some disease analogous, perhaps, to gall-stones. It is found sometimes in the intestines of the creature, but more frequently, after expulsion, floating on the surface of tropical seas. It floats in masses which have a speckled gray appearance, and mixed with it are generally found some remnants of the known food of whales.

The best quality of ambergris is soft and waxy, but it is said not to be of any color. It is opaque and inflammable, remarkably light as to specific gravity, and is rugged to the touch.

Most of that which comes into the market is found near the Bahama Islands, but it is also found in the Indian Ocean, as well as off the coast of South America. The essential quality of ambergris is its powerful and peculiar odor, which is so peculiar that art has never been able to imitate it, although the scarcity and enormous price of ambergris have given stimulus to invention. It is so powerful an effluvia that the minutest quantity is perceptible even when mixed with the most fragrant substances.

Ambergris is too dear to use alone, so dear, indeed, that it is one of the most adulterated articles known to chemists. It is adulterated before it is exported, and is adulterated again in the countries where it is used.

The odor of ambergris is not unlike musk, but more penetrating and also more enduring. Every one knows how difficult it is to remove the musk odor from anything which has ever been touched with the tail of the rat. It is much more difficult to get rid of the odor of genuine ambergris. This accounts for its great value to the manufacturers of perfumery. The odor of the cheaper ingredients soon disappears but that of the ambergris remains, and the "Extrait" or "Bouquet" to which the skillful maker gives a fanciful name, gets the credit which really belongs to a pinch of discussed matter from the sperm whale.—Ez.

Newfoundland Can Have It.

The St. John, N. B. Progress thinks it probable that if the lottery is driven out of Louisiana it will seek to obtain a foothold in Newfoundland. Owing to the peculiar conditions of the lottery, the lottery would probably do less harm in that country than anywhere else on earth.—Toronto World.

MARRIED.

NUGENT-RYAN—At Norton, Kings Co., on the 25th inst., by Rev. P. L. Belliveau, M. J. Nugent, of this city, to Miss M. A. Ryan, daughter of John E. Ryan, Esq., of Norton.

A GRAND EXCURSION.

FOR—1890. DOMINION DAY. 1890.

FROM Saint John to Digby and Annapolis in the splendid iron S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, giving an opportunity for a delightful sail across the Bay of Fundy and up the Annapolis Basin and River. The attractions at Digby will include Grand Poly-morphian and Calihampian Procession; Sailing Race; Double Scull Race; Canoe Race for Indians; Dory and Tub Races; Men's 200 yards Mile Race; 100 yards Dash; Fat Men's Sack Race, 3 legged; Tug-of-War Match; Firemen's Hose Race; Horse Racing, Trotting and Poling. There will also be Base-Ball Match and Athletic Sports at Annapolis for which handsome prizes are offered. The boat will sail from Saint John at 7.30 local time, due at Digby at 11 a. m., and Annapolis 12.30. Returning leave Annapolis 3 p. m., and Digby at 4.30 giving excursions 5 1/2 hours at Digby and 2 1/2 at Annapolis. Fare for the round trip—Digby, \$1.50; Annapolis, \$2.00. The Artillery Band will accompany the excursion and furnish music for dancing. Refreshments can be obtained on board steamer. Tickets can be procured on board from purser or from agent, Reed's Point.

Myrtle House.

DIGBY, N. S.

THIS favorite resort, with its fine situation, and view of water and surrounding country, is open for guests. Extensive grounds, Tennis Courts, etc. Special terms to parties and families, and for the season, on application. Address: J. R. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

AMERICAN MILLINERY.

Great Bargains at American Millinery Store!

MRS. L. B. CARROL.

SPENDS the latter part of the Summer in New York. She has marked down her entire Stock of Millinery to make room for Fall Goods. Customers will do well to call early and—Bargain at 149 Union St. & 123 Main St., Indiantown.

FOR SALE AT AUCTION!

AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON, SATURDAY, JULY 5th,

At the Market Slip, The Steam Yacht "MINNIE B."

In perfect running order.

T. B. HANINGTON, Auctioneer.

MISSIS E. & S. WARRELL,

150 Union Street,

HAVE an Elegant and Fashionable Stock of MILLINERY on hand, selected especially with the idea of satisfying their customers. They design, manufacture and import the Latest Goods in their line, and always aim to give satisfaction. E. & S. WARRELL, 150 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

TO LET.

TO LET—In Carleton, opposite Church of the Assumption, and within short walking distance of the Bay Shore, a pleasantly situated COTTAGE, partially furnished. Apply on the premises, any afternoon, after 2, or until 4.30; or address Mr. F. Bay Shore House, in care Rev. Mr. Babcock, Carleton, N. B. 6-7-41



GOLDEN WROUGHT.

This magnificent range is suitable for large families.



This magnificent range is suitable for large families.

SHERATON.

What SCHOFIELD from you has been in consideration is invaluable as a Rev. C. G. McCULL of shifting keys, is the result and that of many personal readiness than with the pen rather than without it. Send for Latest Catalogue.

Casey's Tea.

Green and White Tea.

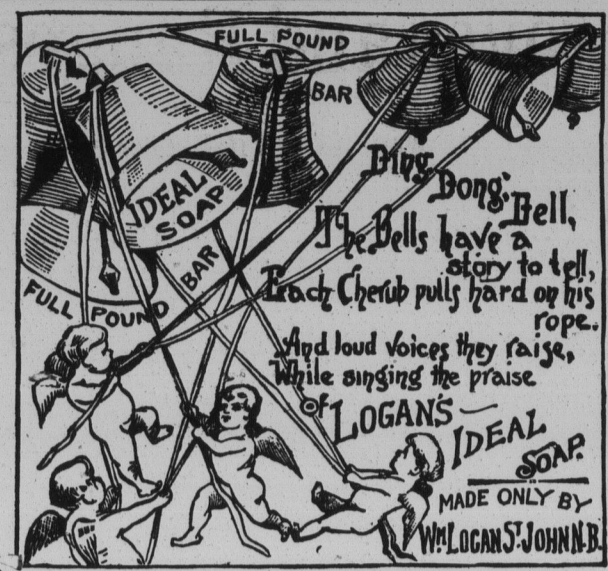
MECHANICAL.

Saturday.

ST. JOHN'S.

DR. W. H. DENNY'S 4 WELLING.

All kinds of Dental work efficiently by improved methods.



USE GOLDEN EAGLE FLOUR! FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Wrought Iron Oven Range FOR ANTHRACITE OR BITUMINOUS COAL.



You can cook for 100 persons or more with ease.

Its operation is perfect, and it is guaranteed to be a quick and even baker, more so than either wrought or cast iron ranges of ordinary construction.

Having a large oven on each side of the firebox, it has advantages not possessed by single oven ranges, as both meats and pastry can be cooked at the same time without detriment to either.

This magnificent range has been specially made to meet a long felt want, as one which is suitable for large families, restaurants, hotels, boarding schools, hospitals, etc.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 King Street.



A STRAW HAT

That would wear the Season through, certainly is a very desirable Hat for Boys and Children.

We are pleased to announce we have just such Goods, all new lines, all desirable shapes, at the Lowest Prices.

Ladies' and Children's Fancy Caps.

THORNE BROS. 93 King Street.



The Simplest, Most Durable, Cheapest and Most Rapid Type Writer IN THE WORLD.

What SCHOFFIELD & CO. say: We have much pleasure in stating that the Caligraph purchased from you has been in constant use in our office for several years, and is still in good order.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Sole Agents.

Cash Grocery. TEA AND COFFEE. THE BEST GROCERIES ALWAYS IN STOCK. Green and Dried Fruits in Season. HARDRESS CLARKE. MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

Saturday, June 28th, AT 2.30 P. M.

SPECIAL MATINEE PRODUCTION OF THE ST. JOHN AMATEUR OPERA COMPANY, OF

-DOROTHY!-

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE Captain and Officers of H. M. S. "Canada."

TICKETS-35 AND 25c. TICKETS ARE ON SALE AT A. C. SMITH & CO'S.

DR. W. H. STEEVES, DENTIST, 4 WELLINGTON ROW.

Haying Tools IN GREAT VARIETY. For Sale by J. HORNCastle & CO., Indiantown.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL. EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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

A crowd of happy young men returned to their homes in St. John for the summer vacation from Lennoxville college this week—about twenty in all, who, it is hoped, will be feted as well this summer as they were during their Christmas vacation, when balls and parties in their honor were the order of the day.

On Friday last Mrs. Charles Holden gave a pleasant afternoon at home and five o'clock tea at her residence, Charlotte street, to a large number of her lady friends, no gentlemen being present.

On Saturday afternoon another delightful at home was given by Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley, at which a large number of guests were present, both ladies and gentlemen; among them being Bishop Perry and Walker, and Capt. Dowling and officers of H. M. S. Canada.

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A supper, quite out of the line of the usual hospital fare, made the occasion a very pleasant one. Miss Stewart, of the Public Hospital, who is now convalescent after a severe attack of typhoid fever, will endeavor to regain her strength by a visit to her home, at Hampton.

Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy, of Yarmouth, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Regina Murphy, passed through the city this week, en route for Quebec and the upper provinces.

Mr. Edwin Wetmore has returned from a short trip to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roberts (England) have gone to spend a few days at Westfield, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Macdonald.

Mr. Frank Stetson, of Lancaster Heights, who left on Friday week to join Mrs. Stetson and the children at Bangor, returned with them the first of the week.

Mrs. S. Holly and family have closed up their house and gone to Westfield for the summer.

Mr. Arthur Hilyard returned to New York on Tuesday. Mr. Gardner Taylor, of Houlton, Maine, has been visiting here.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roberts (England) have gone to spend a few days at Westfield, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Macdonald.

Mr. Henry DeBarry, who has been attending military college at Kingston, Ont., returned home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Lamour returned from their bride's tour last week, and are residing on Leinster street.

Mr. David Lynch is home from Holy Cross college, Worcester, for the holidays.

Mr. Norman Mitchell, a young boy, who has been successful in the West, is home from St. Paul, visiting his friends, before leaving for Portland, Oregon, where he goes to assist in the establishment of a branch of the St. Paul firm with which he is employed.

Mr. Andrew Colburn, of Harvey, is at the Victoria hospital under Dr. Currie's treatment.

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MACAULAY BROS. & CO., 61 and 63 King Street.

We have received this Week, per English Steamer, many Lines of Goods that are in demand:

BLACK SILK RIBBONS (all widths), with Satin Tape edges of different designs. BLACK FISH NET; BLACK STRIPE AND FIGURED PATTERNS. NUNS VEILINGS, in beautiful designs and colorings. All Colorings in FELT, one and two yards wide.

Latest Novelties in BLACK GIMP DRESS TRIMMINGS. BLACK SILK LACE for Millinery and Dress Trimmings. CHANTILLY LACE DRESS FLOUNCINGS. LADIES' LINEN SHIRT FRONTS, with Collar attached. And a large assortment of Small Wares.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. OPENING TODAY, SATURDAY.

BLACK SILK GLOVES, "TAFFETA" COLORED SILK "TAFFETA" BLK. & COLOR'D LACE MITTS, LISLE & SILK HOSIERY.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL. WEDDING PRESENTS!

OPENING TO-DAY: A choice assortment of SOLID SILVER, INCLUDING Silver Forks, Spoons, Oyster Forks, Soup Ladles, BERRY SPOONS, ICE CREAM SETS, etc.

This being a new departure our goods are all new and prices low.

C. FLOOD & SONS. LADIES' DRESS SHIELDS HEADQUARTERS.

The best wearing, and most PERFECT FITTING Shields in the World. They give perfect satisfaction. We show the largest assortment of Dress Shields in the City, and are the ONLY Store in St. John making a specialty of Dress Shields.

American Rubber Store. HEADQUARTERS RUBBER GOODS. 65 Charlotte Street.

TURNER & FINLAY, 12 KING STREET. OPENED THIS WEEK: New Dress Materials! NEW PRINTS, CAMBRICS and DRILLETTES. STRIPED SHAKER FLANNELS

Choice New Patterns, 7 1/2c. yd. Black and Col. Parasols. NEW KID GLOVES. New Ribbons (Black and Colored). Black Hosiery FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN. Boys' Black Cotton & Wool Hosiery, Made specially for our retail trade.

200 HALF CHESTS OF ELEPHANT CHOP ON HAND. (From the New England Grocer.) The Elephant Chop is one of the most reliable teas in the Boston market.

JOHN MACKAY, 104 Prince Wm. St. Black Tea in stock.

Union City Hotel, NO. 10 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Is now open to the Public.

NO better location in the city, only 4 minutes' walk from the I. C. R. Depot and International Steamboat Landing, Facing Market Square. Remember this building is on the corner of King and Prince William Streets. NO BIG PRICES, but good fare at moderate prices. Call on us and satisfy yourself that we will try to make you feel at home. Don't forget No. 10, "Blue Sign."

Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated at low rates. A. L. SPENCER, Manager.

Suburban Property for Sale. THE HOUSE AND PROPERTY in the Parish of Kingsport, formerly occupied by Henry TREV, is offered for sale. Within two miles of the Kingsport station, less than half a mile from the railway, with a splendid right of way to the Kennebec, about 200 yards distant, this property offers exceptional advantages to any person desiring to purchase a suburban residence. The house, which is quite new, well finished and roomy, is with a commodious barn and other outbuildings, situated in a four acre lot which yields from three to four tons of hay, and is surrounded with apple, plum and cherry trees. There is also a small pasturage lot adjoining. Beside these advantages the residence is prettily situated near the corner of the road leading to the river and the highway. There is an excellent well on the premises. Price \$1200. Further particulars, as to terms, etc., can be obtained from EDWARD S. CARTER, Progress office.

SAINT JOHN Academy of Art. STUDIO BUILDING: 74 GERMAIN ST. ST. JOHN, N. B. The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in DRAWING AND PAINTING. Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year. PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A. ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES. Send for circular.

JOHN JOHNSON & MOORE, Boarding, Sale and Livery Stable, 30 LEINSTER STREET. Dealers in all kinds of Horses. Good Drivers and Family Horses a specialty. Single and Double Teams and Saddle Horses to let.

C. W. C. TABOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &c., 14 PUGSLEY'S BUILDINGS, ST. JOHN. REMOVAL. JOHN L. CARLETON HAS REMOVED his Law Office to No. 274 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, (over office of D. C. Clinch, Broker), St. John, N. B.





CORSETS!

THE CELEBRATED



And other favorite makes always in stock.

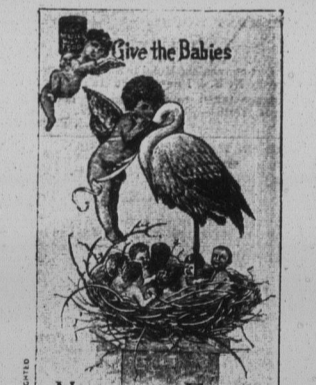
Ladies Hosiery and Underwear, Gloves and Sunshades,



97 King Street.

EVERY LADY

who desires to have a GOOD COMPLEXION and NICE SOFT WHITE HANDS, should use Estey's Fragrant Philoderma.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. R. A. Borden has been absent in Boston for the past fortnight, combining a business and pleasure trip.

to follow King David's example, to the extent of desperate measures, and despatch Mr. Spencer over Harris' wharf when the tide is in, but still we don't want to see that the ordinary belongs to anyone but its proper owners, and for this purpose, we'll just buy it ourselves and say nothing except—'using the expense'.

DORCHESTER.

Mr. J. F. Grant, of the Bank of Montreal, left town last evening for his home in Cape Breton, where he will spend his fortnight's vacation.

HAMPTON.

Mr. R. A. Borden has been absent in Boston for the past fortnight, combining a business and pleasure trip.

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Advertisement for 'CHINSON'S ANODYNE' medicine, featuring a large logo and text: 'UNLIKE ANY OTHER. AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.'

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Mr. Frank Parker, of Halifax, was in town last week on his return from Montreal.

AMHERST, N. S.

Mr. J. W. Gilmore, of St. John, and Mrs. Gilmore, were in town last week.

BATHURST.

Mr. J. N. Dearborn, of St. John, was in town last week on his return from New York.

MUSQUASH.

Mr. J. N. Dearborn, of St. John, was in town last week on his return from New York.

RICHMOND.

Mr. J. N. Dearborn, of St. John, was in town last week on his return from New York.

LEPREAU.

Mr. J. N. Dearborn, of St. John, was in town last week on his return from New York.

GRAND BAY.

Mr. J. N. Dearborn, of St. John, was in town last week on his return from New York.

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Advertisement for 'SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOUSES' featuring the text: '1890. SPRING 1890. NEW LACE CURTAINS, In White, Ecru and Colored, from \$1.50 per pair upward.'

Advertisement for 'White Cross' Soap, featuring the text: 'DRIVE you to use "White Cross" Granulated Soap? Oh, no. We think you have sense enough to try it and use it, when your attention is called to its remarkable merits.'

Advertisement for 'GOLDEN EAGLE FLOUR!' featuring the text: 'ASK YOUR GROCER FOR GOLDEN EAGLE FLOUR! AND HAVE NO OTHER.'

Advertisement for 'MUSQUASH' flour, featuring the text: 'MUSQUASH. Among last week's welcome visitors to our town were: Mr. McDonald, representing Messrs. Day & Co., of Quebec, Mr. Charles Drury, St. John, and Mr. McGillivray, of the Merchant's bank of Halifax, Newscastle.'

Advertisement for 'RICHMOND' flour, featuring the text: 'RICHMOND. Mr. J. N. Dearborn, of St. John, was in town last week on his return from New York.'

Advertisement for 'LEPREAU' flour, featuring the text: 'LEPREAU. Mr. J. N. Dearborn, of St. John, was in town last week on his return from New York.'

Advertisement for 'GRAND BAY' flour, featuring the text: 'GRAND BAY. Mr. J. N. Dearborn, of St. John, was in town last week on his return from New York.'

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Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including 'TWO', 'VOL III', 'IT WAS A G', 'HOW ST. JOHN', 'CANADIAN', 'How The Boy', 'Shouted their', 'Parrot followed', 'the Queen on the', 'Celebrate Domin', 'body thought what', 'for enjoyment. An', 'The man who con', 'great preparation', 'himself nobly. A', 'just what was need', 'the heavy fall of', 'purifier, and did', 'Connell's sprink', 'thousand years.', 'The morning, I', 'resistible, and the', 'were sold into con', 'slavery, gave up', 'working on princip', 'they were worth.', 'Telegraph forgot', 'diently felt ashamed', 'right next morning', 'tone.', 'It was a morning', 'his eyes, but avo', 'itself, and was on', 'Everybody was mo', 'style, but slowly', 'drinking in the mo', 'clouds would know', 'closed shutters, th', 'Sunday clothes an', 'very air was evid', 'bands; they sprun', 'when did music ev', 'on a clear, cool mo', 'dust to soil the b', 'even the fate and', 'downtown was a t', 'With the music', 'quiet, listless air', 'active. They thro', 'hurried along the', 'the river, for the', 'seemed the only ob', 'of Mr. Wiggins' ch', 'peared overhead an', 'to get from under', 'dreds; across the', 'every place where', 'could take them, t', 'would be nobody', 'Robbins, his twent', 'and wild, ferocious', 'animals.', 'But it seems impo', 'a deserted look o', 'steamboats carry al', 'way trains be as lo', 'son who attends a ci', 'of company, and on', 'ing where the great', 'on the 300 days that', 'as the sun rose high', 'ably warmer, it se', 'crowd of people, mu', 'it brings flies to li', 'humanity flowed ac', 'stopping to look at', 'street piano. It w', 'from that which the', 'It wanted excitem', 'quiet rest of the cou', 'Never was base bal', 'before did the crowd', 'the umpires, and ha', 'never before were go', 'and never again wil', 'razzle dazze; and i', 'work harder to win', 'better base ball fo', 'wash show thrown in', 'excitement enough', 'happy and disappoint', 'wanted.', 'The crowd now sun', 'tired, and restless; i', 'parade, which had s', 'again before two ma', 'The streets were', 'tired and hungry, y', 'another run; and a', 'of the scorching sun', 'ever. More excitem', 'ing; and a weary cro', 'And when the eve', 'poured forth again', 'round the Shamrock', 'in the electric light', 'while the band wou', 'the British Grenadi', 'Queen, in a way', 'charming.', 'And others—went', 'circus, bless you—the', 'and saw the circus.', 'tongue orator who', 'under Heaven for t', 'dime; and there was', 'would sell you a tick', 'promise you anythi', 'the orator had pict', 'said and the fifty cent', 'up town on the bill b', 'honest to promise any', 'the proof of his ass', 'Yet for the small su', 'lady or gentleman co', 'the tent and see th'