

PROGRESS.

VOL. IV., NO. 166.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

RAILWAYS.
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
THE ALL RAIL LINE
PORTLAND, BOSTON, NEW YORK, ETC.
THE SHORT LINE
Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto,
and all points in Canada, the Western States, and Pacific Coast.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY.
FAST EXPRESS
ST. JOHN TO ST. STEPHEN
in 3 hours and 15 minutes.

NEW PASSENGER CARS. After June 15th, trains will run as follows:
Leave St. John—Express, east side by ferry, 7:14 a.m.; west, 7:30. Arrive St. Stephen, 10:45 a.m.
Accommodation, east side by ferry, 1:04 p.m.; west, 1:20. Arrive St. Stephen 6:06 p.m.
Leave St. Stephen—Express 2:45 p.m.; arrive St. John, 6 p.m. Accommodation, 7:30 a.m.; arrive St. John, 12:15 p.m.

Intercolonial Railway.
1891—Summer Arrangement—1891
ON and after MONDAY, 22nd JUNE, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:10 a.m.
Fast Express for Point St. Charles, 7:10 a.m.
Fast Express for Halifax, 7:10 a.m.
Fast Express for Quebec, Montreal, and Chicago, 7:10 a.m.
Night Express for Halifax, 11:30 p.m.
A Pullman Car runs each way on Express train leaving St. John at 7:00 o'clock and Halifax at 11:45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago take Sleeping Car at 11:35 o'clock, and take Sleeping Car at Montreal.
Sleeping Cars are attached to through Night Express trains between St. John and Halifax.
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN
Night Express from Halifax (Monday excepted) 10:10 a.m.
Fast Express from Halifax, Montreal and Quebec, 11:30 a.m.
Day Express from Halifax, 12:30 p.m.
Fast Express from Halifax, 12:30 p.m.
The Train due to arrive at St. John from Halifax at 6:10 o'clock, will not arrive on Sunday morning until 8:30 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec.
The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity and hauled by steam from the locomotive.
D. KOTLINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

For ONE MONTH Only.
A great reduction will be made in **Hair Switches** at the **HAIR STORE** 113 Charlotte St. Opp. Dufferin Hotel Ladies' and Gents.
FINE **WIGS**, at the **AMERICAN HAIR STORE**, CHARLOTTE STREET. Up one flight.
FURNITURE. BEDROOM Suits, Parlor Suits, Lounges, Bed Lounges, Tables, Chairs, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Springs, Baby Carriages, etc. Prices low as any and on easy payment if desired.
F. A. JONES, : 34 Dock Street.

HUGH P. KERR, KING STREET.

UNITED THEY STAND.

THE MILLMEN FIGHTING TO RE-TAIN THEIR NINE HOURS.

Fifteen Hundred Men Out of Employment—Four Mill Owners Refused to Sign the Circular—How the Men Received the News and Their Determination.

The millmen have struck, and struck hard. More than 1500 of them have left their post, and the great industry of the city is idle.

This has been no sudden step. Those who have lived in the life of the workers, who know their troubles and their grievances have seen the storm brewing for some time. Groups of workmen, who had first inkling of the proposed demand of the millowners, could be seen and heard discussing the situation for the last fortnight on the street corners or as they loitered slowly along.

Progress learned at that time from the workmen that they feared the owners would try and force them to return to the long day, but they had heard nothing definite then. The definite word came Monday morning when in eleven of the mills the notice was posted that after July 13 a day's work would mean ten instead of nine hours. The story of how the news was received and what the men thought of the action is told in another part of this article. The story of the meeting in Berryman's hall has already been dwelt upon in the daily press.

Perhaps no action on the part of the laborers has ever been attended with such effects as this. Perhaps no action has been so united, so moderate or so just. The laborers are not on strike because any demand of theirs has been refused, but they are on strike because they object to surrendering a privilege that they have fought for and won. No person blames them—no person can blame them.

What the effect of the labor struggle will be is hard to foretell. If the owners come to terms and work along on the same lines as before, the men will return to work at any moment—if they hold out and say that ten hours will constitute a day's work, more than 7,500 people—some say 10,000—will suffer great privations.

There are about 2,000 men employed in and about all the mills. About 1,500 of them are on strike. Their families and those depending upon them are forced to bear the real brunt, the real privations of the struggle. Those who have families are in a great measure forced to remain where they are and await the issue. Those who have no relations depending upon them can look for work in other places and PROGRESS understands that a number have done so.

One of the phases of the trouble will be the necessary demand for credit at the provision stores. Just one instance may be cited to show how those important factors, the grocers, look upon the matter. It appears that one grocery store, influenced to a certain extent by the capital side of the question, made the assertion that he proposed to refuse credit to any workman who did not agree to the ten hours. The word spread and it was not long before he noticed a call for a number of small accounts that he held against the men. They were paid and he was informed that the man who took sides against them would not get their trade. Another large grocery in the same section espoused the cause of the men so warmly, and was so ready to proffer any assistance that it is sure not to lose in the long run.

There is no use denying the fact that the merchants have a very close connection with the workers in the mills. The latter gave them a large portion of their trade in the spring and summer season, and a week without Saturday night would indeed be a dull one all over the city.

Notwithstanding these considerations, the merchants are not slow to express their opinion in favor of the working men. They are not fighting for a demand, but for a principle, and every honest thinking citizen will back them up.

While the workers are as one in this business, the mill owners are in a great measure divided. Four of them refused to have anything to do with the circular, and when they have work for the men will run on the old system. One of the four, it is said, was very indignant at the move, and told the committee he had been a worker with the men, and knew just how hard their labor was. He would be the last man to attempt to grind them down.

FAKE TOWN IS BETTER.

THE SYSTEMATIC ATTEMPT TO BOOM A SAND BANK.

Literature for the Unsuspecting—Glowing Accounts of What Might Happen on the Coast of Canso—A City on Paper—There Are Millions in It.

There is a great deal of systematic booming going on just now of an imaginary town called Terminal City on the east coast of Nova Scotia, and if all that is before the writer's eyes at this moment is true in any degree, it must indeed be a wonderful place.

Some people may consider it a pity to speak out against the "booming" of any place, and nothing pleases PROGRESS better than a continual boom, but it must be an honest one. So far as information can be obtained from reliable sources, the booming of "Terminal City" is a carefully laid plan to draw the dollars from the pockets of unsuspecting people who will believe all or nearly all that is put on paper. There has been so much money made in real estate in the States that companies purporting to own large tracts of desirable land have sprung up all over the country. They have been found ready at all times to foist their lands upon the people at an enormous profit.

It is quite evident that the Terminal city company is all ready to unload. Though it has a charter from the "parliament of Nova Scotia," there is not a maritime province man in the list of promoters, and but one upper Canadian. It was about a year ago that a select company of spirits, with spirits, rushed through this city in a special pullman car en route to Terminal city. "Where the deuce is Terminal city?" asked a local railroad man. No person knew and the jocular suggestion was then made that the party was going to the "jumping off place." The passengers included some railroad men and others representing Boston and New York papers.

One of the results of their trip is shown in another part of this article, where extracts are quoted from some leading papers of the union booming something—they know not what.

PROGRESS was curious enough to seek for all the information it could obtain, and wrote to the company's offices for the maps and pamphlets. They arrived in due season, and were even more startling in their character than the advertisements which appeared in the American papers. The descriptive pamphlet of Terminal City is a perfect gem in its way. Elegantly gotten up, the letter press is about as plausible and convincing a bit of composition as PROGRESS has ever seen. It cannot fail to impress those who know nothing about the place in the most favorable way, and unsuspecting capitalists will be apt to bite readily at so tempting a bait.

The fact that there is coal in Nova Scotia; that the so-called Terminal City is situated on the coast; that the government railway extends as far as Port Mulgrave, five miles distant, is made the very most of. The most minute calculations are gone into to show how much quicker a journey to Europe would be through Terminal City; that it can be reached by rail from New York in 24 hours; that with fast steamers the sea voyage across the Atlantic can be made in four days. The calculations are so fine that the gains in cattle shipments through the short time are estimated, because in the last two days of an ocean voyage a fat steer loses from 40 to 80 pounds!

But perhaps it is most interesting to note that this wonderful company has 500,000 shares of stock at a par value of \$10 each. It is also worth noting that there are 211,829 shares yet to dispose of. There are 643 city lots yet remaining unsold and also 380 acres in the city plot.

A portion of the boom literature is devoted to elegantly lithographed maps and plans of this phantom town. One of them shows the whole city divided into blocks and building lots. The streets are laid out with great exactness, and are called "avenues" with such sounding titles as "Nelson," "Chedabucto," "Wellington," "Main," "Guysborough," "Columbus," and "Canso." Then there are "Cedar," "Crescent," "Oak," and "Myrtle," to say nothing of 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th streets. One block is reserved for the hotel, another for the railway depot, and another for the public buildings.

The whole scheme has been carefully planned, and the literature is the work of experienced "boomers." The maritime public is not likely to be caught in the net though many others outside will, no doubt, grab at the chance to buy lots. Just at present a better name for it would be Fake Town.

WHAT IS IN IT.
It Looks Like a Net for Gulls—Will They Be Caught.

A very promising and exceedingly generous advertisement is just now circulating in such expensive papers as the New York Sun and others of quite as large a circulation. If the Sun charges its regular

ALL WENT OUT OF TOWN.

HOW THE CITY WAS DESERTED ON DOMINION DAY.

Thousands Sought the Country in All Directions, by Train, Boat, Carriage and Tally Ho—Hundreds Left Behind, But Not Enough to Give the City a Holiday Crowd.

There were very few late breakfasts Wednesday morning. Everyone was up bright and early, making preparations to leave the city, and until 8 o'clock the streets were lively enough. But at noon they were deserted. Every car that left the Union depot had as many passengers as it could hold, and each train was much too long to have both ends in the car shed at one time. Officers Collins and Stevens probably saw more "tickets at the gate" than they ever did in one day before, and ticket agent Hanington had his card out, "This is my busy day," and it was full of meaning.

But the railways did not carry all the exodians by any means. There was a grand scramble for standing room on board the *Monticello*, and when she sailed with between 700 and 800 excursionists, there were a large number on the wharf who had left home with the intention of spending the day in Nova Scotia.

There were not enough steamers on the river to carry all the people who wanted to go in that direction, and when a boatload left the wharf there was always a crowd of disappointed ones left behind. Every horse car going toward Indiantown had as many passengers as it could possibly hold, and one that was supposed to connect with the afternoon boats, found the load too great and left the track, with the result that those who were in it arrived at Indiantown in time to see the steamer midway between Pleasant Point and the Kennedy drinking fountain. But the victims of the street car accident were not alone. A hundred or so would-be excursionists, with their Sunday suits and white dresses, saw the boat sail off with the early birds, who occupied every available bit of standing room and left the wharf for those who came late.

And this was the case all day. People left the city in every direction. Even the ferry boat was deeper in the water than she usually is, and the crowd on the ladies' side of the steamer, sent the gentlemen's cabin up in the air in a way that alarmed the timid. Thousands travelled in the hot sun to the Bay shore and Duck cove, and he beaches were black with people. All along the shore little fires were burning, children scampered about and waded in the water, and so did some of the older children—young women in fact, who in the absence of bathing houses on the shore, sought the uncertain obscurity of the bushes on the bank to prepare for a plunge, while the ever present bore with the opera glasses amused himself from the hill. The Glass Shore is never free from bores of one kind or another, from the opera glass fiend to the tipsy individuals who make that particular spot their camping ground, and always have an eye on the picnic baskets. They are seldom ashamed to ask for something to eat, and when this is the case, the chances are that the picnicers will be the hungry ones if they do not keep a sharp lookout for the baskets.

There were no special attractions in the city—nothing that could not be seen any day of the week, and the few who remained behind had a lonesome time. It is many years since the city wore such a deserted look on a holiday, if ever it did before. (None of the city attractions had the crowds that are usually found on a holiday. At the ball games the grand stand was only about one-third full, while the theatres had only fair houses.)

The real city celebration began after dark, when the picnicers began to flock back to town. Then there was plenty of excitement. The depot was crowded all evening with passengers and those who went down there to see the trains come in. The Halifax express was over an hour late. And no wonder. When it did arrive one end of the train was up at "the gate," while the other was away out in the yard, somewhere in the vicinity of Dorchester street. Seventeen cars were crowded in such a manner that windows for breathing space were at a premium. There were two locomotives, two conductors, and in fact it was two long trains in one. Mill street lost its lonesome look about that time, and there was a scene to be remembered.

As the boats and trains began to arrive, the excitement increased. The Y. M. C. A.'s from the *Monticello* made King street ring with the association cries, and the omnibuses from Indiantown, crowded to the roofs, ran races on the pavements in a way that attracted more attention than a dog fight. On Charlotte street the tally ho with a load that was high enough in the air to see into all the second story windows enhanced that vicinity with "Old Lang Syne," and from every direction crowds flocked to town, laughing, singing, and making all the noise possible.

Down at the depot, hundreds awaited the

NOT ENOUGH SALARY.

The Difference Between the Salaries of Principal and Teachers Too Great.

Those citizens who have taken a pride in the Victoria school will learn with keen regret that one of its very best teachers, Miss Kate Bartlett, is about to retire from the service. Talking with those interested in school work PROGRESS understands that the reason for Miss Bartlett's determination lies in the very poor pecuniary encouragement offered by the school trustees. There are some ladies who do not and cannot look after their interests with the same persistence as a man, and in the Victoria school at least, these seem to have fared very badly. Most people will be utterly surprised to learn that a lady so highly prized as a teacher as Miss Bartlett should, after teaching thirteen years in the Victoria school, only receive \$340 a year from the city. Her government allowance brings the amount up to \$440, but that amount is by no means a satisfactory one for a teacher in the Victoria school, standing second only to the principal, who, by the way, receives \$1,350 from the city and government.

PROGRESS thinks the difference is entirely too much. Both Miss Bartlett and Miss Narraway, the second teachers in the Victoria school, should receive at least \$600 each, the same amount as Miss Robertson received when she stood next to the lady principal.

It would be no encouragement at all for ladies of such ability as those mentioned above to remain in the city service, if, after 13 years of service, they were forced to seek more lucrative employment. The taxpayers will not grumble at decent living salaries, but they do object to devoting large sums to the schools only to find that the teachers are ground down while the money is diverted in other channels which PROGRESS has spoken of before. Let the trustees see that justice is done in this matter, and the people and the press will back them up.

HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE POPULAR.

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NO FAULT OF HERS.

A very pitiable case has come to PROGRESS' notice by which an injustice has been done a bright young lady. When the examinations for matriculation in the university were being held in the Victoria school, Miss Laura Wilson was among those who started out to work the papers. Unfortunately for her the death of her mother prevented her from continuing the examination and gaining the coveted diploma. She had passed the McGill examinations, however, very successfully, as she thought. When the marks were received she learned that one of her papers had been lost by the local examiner in this city and had never been forwarded to the examiner in Montreal. She did well on the others, but the negligence of the official in this city lost her the McGill diploma. A great deal of sympathy is felt for the young lady by those who know just how hard it is to prepare for an examination, and the ordeal of passing it.

GRIS AND BICYCLES.

Rev. Canon Brigstocke was in Windsor last week, attending the closing exercises of Kings college. While there he made a speech in which he expressed his opinion of one kind of exercise, in which the young ladies indulge, in a very forcible manner. He had noticed a young woman riding on a bicycle, and trusted that all the girls whom he was addressing would discountenance such proceedings.

TO ST. MARTIN'S ON THE TWELFTH.

The orangemen will celebrate the twelfth this year by a grand excursion to St. Martins. Great preparations are being made for the event, and the crowd will be a big one. St. Martins is one of the best places in the province for an excursion, and with the orangemen conducting it, hundreds are looking forward to a great big day.

THE MOST PROMISING ENTERPRISE NOW BEFORE THE COMMERCIAL WORLD.

(From the Boston Journal.)
"The building of Terminal City on the extreme eastern point of Nova Scotia means simply the gathering in of the harvest of transportation business made possible by the construction of trunk lines of railway across the continent. It is a commercial enterprise wholly worthy of these modern times. The rapid development of the wonderful mineral resources of Nova Scotia is quite certain to accompany its progress. A large and prolific field for the investment of capital, as sure to bring adequate returns as if it were made in Boston, New York or Chicago."

UNLESS THE EXISTING COMPANY TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE SITE FOR BUILDING TERMINAL CITY, IT IS NOW CERTAIN THAT SOME OTHER COMPANY WOULD, FOR THE IDEA ON WHICH IT RESTS AS ON A SOLID FOUNDATION IS ONE THAT CANNOT BE ERADICATED FROM THE COMMERCIAL MIND.

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"Unless the existing company took advantage of the site for building Terminal City, it is now certain that some other company would, for the idea on which it rests as on a solid foundation is one that cannot be eradicated from the commercial mind. It is the natural outlet for the great western traffic that is to pour into and out of its spacious and deep harbor as the ocean tides pour through the neighboring Straits of Canso. That is enough to settle the question and disclose the destiny. There is no chance for blind guess work about Terminal City. The circle of the world's attention is waiting to widen to receive it as one of their queen sisters."

THE NEW SEAPORT TO THE EAST, TERMINAL CITY, BRINGS EUROPE TWO DAYS NEARER TO US, AND TO JUST THAT EXTENT REVOLUTIONIZES INTERCOURSE BETWEEN THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

(From the New York World.)
"Terminal City is a modern sounding title, and it represents latter-day enterprise, but it occupies historic ground and all the site familiar on the Straits of Canso, N. S. At this point terminates the Intercolonial railway, which connects at Quebec with the Grand Trunk system, whose further end rests in Chicago, and whose branches and connections tap every part of the fertile country surrounded by the Great Lakes. Through this section run the branches of the Atlantic coast. The Atlantic will soon be bridged at this point by a line of fast vessels, and in all probability they will ply between Milford Haven in Wales and Terminal City."

MONEY INVESTED IN STOCK AND LOTS SURE TO DOUBLE IN VALUE. SEND FOR PROSPECTUS, MAPS AND CHARTS.

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ARRIVAL OF THE ODDFELLOWS' EXCURSION FROM FREDERICTON.

It was expected every minute, but did not put in an appearance until after ten o'clock. Then eleven more carloads of excursionists were let loose, and filled every part of the depot, while the Fusiliers band played "Home, Sweet Home" in the train shed, and the locomotive, evidently agreeing with the sentiment, and anxious to reach the round house, playing an accompaniment with its surplus steam.

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CRYING FOR THE JURY.

WOMEN'S TEARS BETTER THAN A LAWYER'S ADDRESS.

The Prospect for Women on Juries When Their Sex is Before the Bar-Dancing That Was Not Dancing and Failed to Please the Public.

New York, July 1.—Within the last six weeks two women have been tried in this city for the murder of their lovers. In each case a deliberate intention to kill was clearly proven, and in each case a verdict of "Not Guilty," was returned.

While their trials were going on the criminals wept conspicuously and industriously all day long. One was a pretty young girl of nineteen, and every day her mother brought into court a large square of folded linen and solemnly handed it to her.

These two trials have set men talking about the advisability of summoning women jurors in certain cases. If called she may go to the rescue, or she may respectfully decline to be utilized in the jury-box, to pull men out of scrapes for which their fellow-men have no sympathy.

Manager Askins of the Palmer theatre thought he had in journalistic parlance, "scoped" his dramatic brethren, when he secured Omene, an Oriental high-kicker from Stamboul, to dance before his patrons as Herodias danced before the ruler of the Jews, but after witnessing her first rehearsal, and finding that the lovely Omene expected to "do her turn" in thirty-five yards of gauze, ("only that and nothing more"), he began to fear that his managerial head might fall before his Oriental dancer if he allowed her to do her kicking in true Oriental style.

The fact is it was not dancing at all; it was posing, wriggling, contorting, and if not suggestive, it would have been a totally meaningless pantomime.

The fair oriental has taken her gauze scarf and her bare, bunched toes over to the east side, where audiences are less "penetrated" than on the west side, and with the advertising that Manager Askin has given her, she ought to make more than either of her Spanish contemporaries.

Every now and then a chorus girl carries off the son and heir of a Gotham millionaire, and his papa has to hustle round and collect a small fortune to buy his young hopeful back. The latest victim is an orphan eighteen years of age, who will come into his patrimony of half a million on his twenty-first birthday.

The old commodore maintained several wives in his time, and Master Allie's elder brother Hercules took a woman out of a house of ill repute in this city one Sunday evening and married her. When confronted with his marriage certificate he declared that he was drunk at the time, but that to the best of his knowledge and belief he had never seen the woman before, all of which goes to prove that some things do run in families.

Some inquisitive person lately propounded the query, "What has woman brought into journalism?" and an audacious newspaper man publicly replied that, "she had brought nothing into it but her clothes." The parties most concerned in his witty reply are looking for him, and the clothes he happens to be wearing when found will probably go into journalism as the most delapidated that ever came out of an encounter.

Rudyard Kipling, who was reported dying of consumption in Italy, arrived here last week, and registered at a hotel as J. McDonald. By the time the reporters got on his track, he had disappeared, some say into the leafy coverts of Long Island. One enterprising editor hunted him down, and made him stand and deliver a story for his Sunday edition. The modest young author named it "The Finest Story in the World."

It is no wonder he took to the woods as soon as he landed on these shores. It is only a few years since he went back to America, and out-Dickensed Dickens in disparagement of the United States and its citizens. The editors have been giving him particular fits ever since, and are in arrears yet.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

He Writes to His Sister in Boston on Various Local Topics.

FREDERICTON, July the 2th. My Dear Sis.—Acorse I was gratified to realize, sister, that yure gastricks was better, and that you was bathin' in the sunshine these gorgus aurn days. I hope the Boston wether is light completed so as to match yure stile of butey, sis. Ma sez you was allers fond uv bathin' in the sunshine, sis, but never hankerred much for any other kind uv bathin', so I sposs yure happy now.

I wunder, sister, wot the world's comin' to. There aint ben a sojer drunk nor

ville and other pints uv interest to widders. They took a pullman on Wheeler's express for Marysville, followed by a bushel uv rice, a bunch uv crackers and a constabel. They will be back tomorrow.

The Oddfellers from Saint Johns was here yesterday and got their grub from the wimmen uv the Methodist church. Ma was down the nite before and helped em peel a barel uv potatoes. It was offit to see the peedin' and squelcin' they did. And sich lurchin, lurchin, munchin and crunchin and wain' and nashin as them Oddfellers did. I gess they was half starved in Saint Johns. Mr. Blure and Mr. Tompson and Turney Witehed and D'cter Colter and Frank Rusteen done the belt uv the work ma sez. She sez Mr. Blure and Mr. Tompson done the heavy thinkin', Mr. Witehed watcled

Moltke said, with a humorous glance at his own plain civilian dress. "Oh, my dear, Herr Pastor, you should have told me before that I was to find such famous generals represented here." He invited all the boys to visit him at Kreisan, and gave them a most hospitable reception.

He Saved Them the Trouble. Three men—an Englishman, Irishman, and Scotchman—were travelling together. They called at a wayside inn, had a glass of beer, paid, and took their departure. A few steps further on the Englishman observed: "I noticed a fine silver watch hanging on a nail over the counter." "Let us go back and fetch it," said the Irishman. "Useless trouble," added the Scotchman. "I have it in my pocket."



OH! YOU TICKLE ME.

drowned nor run away, pa sez, fer morn a week and oney three or four brung up fer fitin'. There aint no stoberies, there aint no mapul honey, there aint no appels, there aint no dog-fies—there aint no nothing. Acorse we has the long tennis, but in regard to straddlin', it aint wot it was when you was here, sister.

The 'piscopals held a bazar on the criers square last week, so ma, wich is rampagous fer the heathen, is goin' to noggerrate one fer the freewillins. Wen she went down with her ambril and menshined it to the kernel, he was so tickled to deith with the idee that he's ben on the docter's hands ever since.

I most forgot to menshun, sister, that the crops is backward owin' to wet wether. Ma kept prayin' fer it to stop all the week, and sure enuf it held up yesterday. Goodness knows when it would have stopped oney fer her. But all the crops aint bad, sister; the crop uv dead cats on the raccourse is prodigious.

Mister Gill was in to call on us today. He 'peared kind uv ankshus and reless. He sez he wanted to insure our cow. Deth is mitey onsertin, mam, sez he. We are libel to be watted up. It goeth about like a roarin' gadfly, sez he, and at the last it stingeth like a bumble, and consumeth yure wittles, sez he, and drieth up the fountains, sez Mr. Gill. Not uv our cow, sez ma, she aint dried up to enny extent. But wot would happen to her famerly, sez Josey, if she was called away—think uv the orphins, sez he. I'd have you to know, sez ma to him in offit tones, that our cow aint got no lamerly; she aint a mawj cow, sez she. O, sez Mr. Gill, I'm tryin' to keep you fram gittin' along now, sez ma in sargustic tones. O, sez he, but I'm tryin' so hard to get a few more cows, mam. If I oney had ten more cows, sez he, I would be redy to clime the golden spout enny munit. O, sez he, did you ever hear Grey's Edgy in a County boneyard, sez he? A yes, sez ma, which her ebenezar was a risin' on her gorge, and I adwise you, Mr. Gill, to get he, and this blessed instep or I'll make a effigy of you in a dirty dooryard. So, Mr. Gill ewaporated.

I sposs you heard, sister, that Uncle Dick married the widdler. Pa sez a man wot marries a widdler is gilty uv matrimony in the second degree. The ceremony come off at our place today. It was trooly gorgus. Pa lent Uncle Dick a shirt for the okashun, and kiased the bride when Ma wasn't lookin', hevily, includin' some yaller assigers from Dave Hats fer dog-days I gess, called ham, lamb, ram and dam. Uncle Dick was so absent minded he didn't pay the minister. He borrowed \$10 from Pa and left fer an extensiv tour uv Duketown, Niagery, Black-

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

A DELIGHTFUL SUMMER RESORT.—The subscriber has a few rooms to dispose of, for the months of July, August and September. Fine bathing and boating; ample shady grounds, cherries and other fruits on the place. Wm. W. Jones, "Arlington," Weymouth, N. S.

COSTUMES, SPENCER, Balmoral Hotel, 10 King St., St. John, N. B., has the largest and best assortment of the above in the Maritime Provinces, which can be hired for Parades, Carnivals, Theatres, Concerts, etc., at right prices.

LAMP BURNER.—LAMP BURNER'S safety lamp burner, which I have been selling four years, is the most paying, and most satisfactory article for agents to handle. Send 45 cents for pretty sample burner, descriptive circular, and testimonials.—A. L. SPENCER, Wholesale and Retail Agent for Maritime Provinces, Balmoral Hotel 10 King St., St. John, N. B.

FIVE LINES.—IN THIS COLUMN cost 25 cents for one insertion—\$1 for one month. If you have anything to sell that any person wants, you cannot do better than say so here.

TO SPORTSMEN.—I HAVE FOR SALE, bred pointer puppies, four thoroughly well-bred, and the public that I have three furnished cottages at the seaside, where there is good bathing.—For further particulars apply to ROBERT A. ANSTROM, Bathurst, N. B.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE; situated at Rothesay Bay—20 minutes walk from station.—For Sale, or to let for the summer. Just the place to spend a summer holiday. Two minutes walk from Kennedycade; plenty of ground. House in good repair; barns attached.—Apply, for particulars, at Progress Office.

SEATING.—FOR SALE Cheap. Parties looking for seating for new halls or public buildings, of any kind, can get a great bargain in this line by applying to TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, St. John, N. B.

SEASIDE COTTAGES, IN REPLY to inquiry in Aerial's Talk, for a seaside cottage, I beg to inform her, and the public, that I have three furnished cottages at the seaside, where there is good bathing.—For further particulars apply to ROBERT A. ANSTROM, Bathurst, N. B.

LADIES' POCKET BOOKS, Note Papers, &c. (plain or ruled), extra values at McARTHUR'S, 80 King Street.

SERGES and CHEVIOTS.—FOR gentlemen there is nothing more durable or better to keep its color than a Serge or Cheviot. We have them in English, Scotch and Irish makes in all qualities. A. GILMOUR, 72 Germain street.

BOARDING.—A FEW PERMANENT or transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street.—Mrs. McInnis.

EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRIGHT where we have no agencies, sending to secure the right to sell Progress. There are scores of small places where the people would be glad to take Progress every week, if any boy could be found who would deliver it, and collect the money. There is enjoyment in it for them, and money for the boys.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS who know of bright honest boys who would not object to making some money for themselves, or keeping their parents, by two or three hours work every Saturday, in such towns and villages in the Maritime Provinces where Progress is not for sale at present, can learn of something to their advantage by writing to Progresses "Circulation Department," St. John, N. B.

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We're saying this about a lot of our Men's Summer Suits. They're stylish, not too loud; but good plain patterns: striped and checked goods, mixed tweeds and worsted—all ready to try on. You can get as good fit as if you left your measure.

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Brantford Safety Bicycles Take the Lead. THEY ARE BUILT FOR CANADIAN ROADS, NOT ENGLISH WALKS.



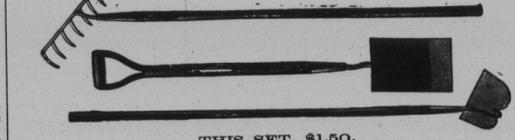
THIS LETTER SPEAKS VOLUMES.

MONCTON, May 7, 91. Messrs. C. E. BURNHAM & SON, St. John: GENTLEMEN,—In answer to your inquiry as to what is my opinion of the BRANTFORD SAFETY BICYCLE, I have much pleasure in stating that the BRANTFORD SAFETY, purchased in the Spring of 1890, has given me entire satisfaction. I have been riding for several years past, having ridden the "Rudge Safety," and other wheels, but I have not had a wheel that could stand our rough roads, or give me the comfort and satisfaction as did the BRANTFORD SAFETY. I wish you a large sale for 1891. I remain, yours, etc. W. C. TOOLE, P. O. Dept., Moncton, N. B.

Brantford Safeties, Ladies' Safety Bicycles, Rob Roys, Little Giants, cone and ball bearings; Rockets and Pet Safeties. Full stock on the way from the manufacturers; a limited supply on hand. Send for complete catalogue, which includes Tricycles, Velocipedes, and Cycle Sundries, to suit all wants.

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TALK OF THE THEATRE.

This has been a delightful week for amusement seekers. First in their affections has been the opera company, which appeared Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings in the comic opera of Erminie in the St. Andrew's rink.

I will not attempt to speak of the wonderful charm, sweetness and power of Adelaide Randall's voice, but I wish to add my tribute of praise to the thousands that have been expressed this week.

The audience that gathered in the cosy St. Andrew's opening evening was very large, fashionable and, best of all, pleased beyond a shadow of a doubt. A word about the improvised theatre. We all remember McDowell and the Lansdowne; well the St. Andrew's has all the good qualities of the Lansdowne and none of its bad ones. The acoustic properties of the building seem to have been improved, the scenery is very attractive and the bare open space at the sides of the main body of the house, which were so unattractive in the Lansdowne, have all disappeared—their place has been filled by the century booths which certainly answer an admirable purpose. I might say just here that fashionable St. John have a much kinder feeling toward the rink now, for in the last year or two it has been the scene of some of the ladies most successful and brilliant efforts.

But Erminie with Erminie and its princess and thieves—were they not delightful and laughable? Laughable, did I say—side splitting rather. The best prescription that I know of for a fit of the blues.

There is much acting in Erminie, and a deal of dialogue—none too much, however, when it is carried on by such genuine artists as the "Baron," the "Princess" and the "Marquis" proved themselves. For the benefit of those who have not seen or heard the opera, the story may be told briefly. The affianced Erminie, who, by the way, is very much in love with another young man, is waylaid by the accomplished Paris street thieves, who rob him of his credentials and elude the pursuit of officers, who are looking for them as escaped prisoners, by assuming the titles of "Marquis" and "Baron," and representing that they have been waylaid and robbed—hence their destitute and deplorable condition. The "Marquis" presents the stolen credentials, is acknowledged by the father of the affianced bride, Erminie, and when the man he has robbed appears on the scene, has him arrested for waylaying him and his friend, the "Baron." The "Baron" cannot adapt himself to his refined surroundings and rid himself of his inclination to appropriate anything and everything of value. His inimitable make up and abject cowardice when anyone happens to mention words such as "governor," "term," and "guard," with which he has only had a prison acquaintance, form the most amusing feature of the performance. His courtship of the princess, and the events that follow, leading to a happy termination of Erminie's difficulty, afford all of them splendid opportunities to captivate the audience.

There have been larger opera troupes in this city with better orchestras, but none have given the people greater pleasure or satisfaction than the Bijou. The new scenery and the handsome costumes were decidedly attractive features. In the second and third acts the costumes were very elegant and brilliant, yet blended most harmoniously. It is a satisfaction to state that the opera has been very generously patronized.

As much cannot be said for the Institute company, which, though including some good actors, has played under unpropitious management to indifferent business. There were not 900 people in the house Tuesday evening, the second night of the much-puffed play, My Partner.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Things are looking, or beginning to look, a little brighter in our musical world, with the opera, more of that later, and the other attractions that we have had and those that we are looking forward to. What a pity it was that the Redpath concert company, which visited us last week, was not patronized more liberally. It was really an awfully good show in its way. Mr. Francis Gilder is an extremely good pianist, as far as execution goes, and made a favorable impression in his own compositions and in the lighter selections on the programme; his technique is excellent, but I liked him least in Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso—he played it with too little expression. Miss Edith Christie, the violinist, is worthy of very warm praise. Her selections were all remarkably fine, and she played them with that sort of thing, no doubt Miss Chamberlain's whistling solos were pleasing, but I cannot say that I cared very much for it. I should say that it needed a very charming woman to make any thing like that attractive, but the majority of the audience were delighted, so I say no more. I was very pleased to learn the authorities of St. John's church had so kindly granted its use to the Oratorio society for a repetition of Stainer's

Sporting Talk from Halifax.

June 30.—Half the series between the Socias and Mutuels has been completed, and the latter have won five of the six games played. This is not creditable to that club, and much of their success is due to the fact that they have presented almost the same nine in every game. Their opponents have done likewise in the past two games, and are now in playing form, and have every confidence of being able to defeat the Mutuels in the majority of the games yet to be played. The next contest of June 22 has revived the interest considerably, which an other good game would increase.

The times are now ripe for a game between St. John and Halifax, and there should be no difficulty in arranging one. Capt. Power, seeing that the Mutuels, communicated with some friends of the Shamrocks some time ago towards arranging games, but received no definite answer. A St. John correspondent suggests that a team picked from the Y. M. C. A. and Shamrocks play a series with a Halifax nine. Capt. Power, on reading the above statement, said: "We would like to arrange a game with St. John; we will not pick a team, but the Mutuels will play either the Y. M. C. A.'s or Shamrocks a series of games, two in each city, and will play a picked St. John nine. If a fifth game is necessary, this could be easily arranged. For such contests would be interesting, but it would be more like business if the winners of the most games in each city were to arrange a series for the championship of the province, and only those who had played in these two cities this season be allowed to play. The clubs might agree on a trophy or goal flags for the winners. Let the secretaries of the various clubs meet on the 28th inst. and communicate with each other.

St. John and Halifax base-balls had a contest last week, but it was not on the ball field, but in a large room in which Judge Johnston of the county court was umpire. The Halifaxians had a half dozen names on their score card—Manager Edalide, Power, captain of last season's nine, White, Dawson, Fitzgerald and Smith—but all did not appear, and there were not as many on the players' bench as might be expected. Two legal gentlemen acted as umpire, while the Halifax captain acted as referee. There was a hotly contested argument in which the umpire had evidently decided he had a knotty question to settle, and on one time he remarked that the room was not the place to settle this, as they might get into a quarrel on the field, and the Halifax captain remarked they were willing to do so, provided the umpire. The dispute was entirely different to that which happened in the case of the Halifax nine, that was to be played in St. John last year, and the Socias were guaranteed \$100 to play the St. Johns, but the latter team had refused to play the previous year, where they presented a game to the Socias, in consequence of which they would not obtain game, and the Socias never received the guarantee. They now want this umpire to award them the \$100; the Halifax captain says that the Socias claim that the written guarantee is all that there is a mutual understanding that the guarantee would not prevail if they could not obtain the ground. The umpire listened patiently to their arguments and statements, and reserved his decision to consider the matter. Both sides were of equal weight and each has explained that, like some members of the players' league last season, they are not going to move 'down wind' until stopped by the fence, and then begins the proceeding so much dreaded by sheepmen, known as 'piling.' The sheep will climb over each other's backs until they are heaped up ten feet high. Of course, all those at the bottom get smothered. Not all parts of the field; while Morris also did some good work of the same kind. There were several breaks, however, that indicated excitement on the part of the players, and were disastrous, but they were of short duration. The game was played with a spirit and deal that aroused the grand stand to a remarkable extent, and knocked all the indifference out of the crowd.

The game was a most exciting one, both clubs playing good lively ball and doing their utmost to win. One of the best features was the throwing of catcher Mills to all parts of the field; while Morris also did some good work of the same kind. There were several breaks, however, that indicated excitement on the part of the players, and were disastrous, but they were of short duration. The game was played with a spirit and deal that aroused the grand stand to a remarkable extent, and knocked all the indifference out of the crowd.

Whether base ball will take its former place again still remains a question after Wednesday. It was a holiday, and the crowd was no larger than usual. There seems to be an idea that it is not so much the kind of ball that is played as who plays it, while others think it unfair that they should be compelled to pay as much to see amateur ball as professional. I have heard the latter argument pretty often lately, but when we consider how little consideration money is usually given on a holiday, there doesn't appear to be much in it. However, 35 cents is enough to pay to see a game of amateur ball, and in St. John the financial aspect of everything is always given more or less consideration.

It is somewhat surprising to hear of outside lacrosse clubs that have never played the game to any great extent defeating or being defeated by a club like the Unions, that has been playing for a year or more. Those who know all about lacrosse can understand it readily, but to the inexperienced it seems strange. However, it simply goes to show that the boys in the lower provinces have a great deal to learn about the game. As it is played down here the athlete, no matter how little knowledge of the game he may have, gets there every time. But with a player who can play lacrosse, and is not a sprinter, he would not be "in it." There is a great deal of unnecessary running done during a lacrosse game between third or fourth rate clubs. Good players can throw the ball from one to the other in such a way that at times the spectators cannot follow it, while new players are unable to do this and invariably throw it over the man's head and then the best runner gets it. There is considerable science in lacrosse, well played, but one has to learn it like everything else, and the enthusiasts in this city think that when the people are as well acquainted with the game as they are with base ball that it cannot help being popular. The Wanderer-Union game in this city was largely attended and many former base ball enthusiasts whom I have met since say that it would not take many more such games to get them "worked up" on lacrosse.

The races at Moosepath drew a good crowd Wednesday afternoon, and there was exciting enough for anything. There has been considerable comment as to the cause of the collision, but the decision of the judges seems to have met with general satisfaction. JACK AND JILL.

HAROLD GILBERT'S FURNITURE! CARPETS: OUR STOCK THE MOST COMPLETE IN ALL GRADES. HAROLD GILBERT, 54 KING STREET.

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THE TOILET GEM Phuboderma. Dr. Warner's Coraline Health Corset for sale by Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

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TO BANKERS, LAWYERS, INSURANCE COMPANIES, AGENTS AND OTHERS. It has been decided to utilize the SPLENDID NEW BUILDING on Princess and Canterbury streets for OFFICES.

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SEA-BATHING AND HEALTH RESORT. Duck Cove. THE water of this Spring is becoming better known, and some wonderful cures have lately been made in cases of Eczema (Salt-rheum), and other skin diseases; also in the cure of chronic Constipation, and other derangements of the digestive organs.

THOMAS A. CROCKETT'S, 162 PRINCESS STREET, COR. SYDNEY, SAINT JOHN, N. B. FOR INVALIDS: Pure Unfermented Wine; BARON LIEBIG'S EXTRACT MEAT (English).

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BONNELL & COWAN, 200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN N. B. Oysters for the Summer Season. Having bodded 600 Bbls. of choice PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND OYSTERS, I am now prepared to supply Oysters, fresh-raked every morning; wholesale and retail.

Mucilage Bottle! PERFECTLY SIMPLE AND CLEANLY. Another supply just received by J. & A. McMillan, Booksellers, Stationers, etc. 98 AND 100 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

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Each. \$2.00 to \$9.00. & FISHER, William Street. Down Screens, Oil Stores, Refrigerators, etc., in very

Take the Lead. ROADS, NOT ENGLISH WALKS. THIS LETTER SPEAKS VOLUMES. Moncton, May 7, 91. Messrs. C. E. BURNHAM & SON, St. John: GENTLEMEN,—In answer to your inquiry as to what is my opinion of the BURNHAM SAFETY BICYCLE, I have much pleasure in stating that the BURNHAM SAFETY, purchased in the Spring of 1889, has given me entire satisfaction. I have been riding for several years past, having ridden "Rudge Safety" and other wheels, but I have not had a wheel that could stand our rough roads, or give me the comfort and satisfaction as did the BURNHAM SAFETY. Wishing you a large sale for 1891. I remain, yours, etc., W. C. TOOLE, P. O. Dep't, Moncton, N. B.

Spades, Shovels, Forks, Hoes, Barrows, Weeders, &c., &c. KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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INFANTILE SKIN DISEASES CUTICURA. EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP of infancy and childhood, whether torturing, itching, crusted, crusty, or bloody, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily removed, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDY, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVER, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of humors, when used by the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Resolves Delay and Danger. Cures made in childhood are permanent. Price, CUTICURA 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVER, \$1.50. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Lowell, Mass.

DEER ISLAND, ME. Dear Sir,—This is to certify that I have had the Rheumatism so, by times I could not walk. By chance I received a bottle of Scott's Cure, for Rheumatism. I have not been so free from pain in five years, and wish you every success with Scott's Cure. Yours respectfully, ELMER E. WARREN.

SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. It is the greatest discovery of the age for the immediate relief of RHEUMATISM. Applied to a bruised surface, it will instantly relieve pain and inflammation. Scott's Cure is a preparation that no household should be without.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, King Street (West), St. John, N. B. For sale by all Druggists. Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50. Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons, and S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. Brown & O'Brien, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. F. W. Mitchell & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Kerry, Watson & Co., Montreal, P. Q.; T. Millard & Co., Lyons, N. B.; and Co., Toronto; London Drug Co., London, Ont.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 58 Germain street, St. John, N. B.

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All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Unless this is done they are quite sure of being overlooked. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. Unless this is done the editor cannot be responsible for their return.

The circulation of this paper is over 9,000 copies, it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section. Its advertising rates are reasonable and can be had on application.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns, and villages of Nova Scotia and P. E. Island every Saturday for Five Cents each.

Liberal Contributions will be given to agents for subscriptions. Good men, with references, can secure territory by writing to the publisher. Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

CIRCULATION, - - 9,400

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 4.

THE MILLMEN'S STRIKE.

We are in hearty sympathy with the millmen in their protest against what must be considered by every right thinking man as an unfair demand by the mill proprietors. If ever a strike was justifiable, it is the present one. In saying this, we do not lose sight of the fact that the lumber market is very much depressed. The workers in the mills are, however, in no way responsible for this unfortunate state of affairs, and, having public sentiment and justice on their side, they must win in the present struggle.

We are not of those who believe that employer and employee are intended by nature to be at swords' points with each other. No one is foolish enough in this age to suppose that capital can do without labor, nor that labor can do without capital; and he would be an enemy to the community who sought to teach any other doctrine than that contained in the recent encyclical letter on the condition of labor. That doctrine in brief is that the laboring man and the workman should carry out honestly and well all equitable agreements freely made never to injure capital, nor to outrage the person of an employer; never to employ violence in representing his own cause, nor to engage in riot and disorder; to have nothing to do with men of evil principles who work upon the people with artful promises and raise foolish hopes which usually end in disaster; that the employer must recognize that their wages are the price of their labor; that labor is not a commodity to be bought and sold like chattels to make money by, or to look upon them merely as so much muscle and physical power. Humanity demands that employers must never tax their work people beyond their strength and mill proprietors and other capitalists should remember that to exercise pressure for the sake of gain upon the indigent and the destitute and to make one's profit out of the need of another is condemned by all laws, human and divine.

Coming back to the millmen's strike, let us look the situation over calmly. Last year the men asked that their working hours should be reduced from ten to nine hours per day. Considering that in many other fields of labor wage-earners were asking for eight hours a day, the request of the mill employes for a nine hour day was not an unreasonable one, and, to the credit of the proprietors, be it said, the request was acceded to. Since then, to use the words of Chairman LINGLEY at Monday night's meeting, the millmen have done all that men could do for their employers: "we have worked faithfully nine hours per day, turning out as much as we did in ten hours." If that statement be true, and we do not doubt it, why should the millmen be asked to return to the ten hour system? Any one who understands even a little about human nature knows that men who have their hearts in their work, can and will do as much, if not more labor in nine hours than they would do, if treated as slaves, in ten hours. The mill proprietors give as a reason for their demand that the men return to the ten hour system the statement that "in view of the depressed state of the lumber market, we find that we cannot compete with other places in the manufacture of lumber where the mills are run from ten to twelve hours."

We do not know to what places the mill owners refer. This we will say, however, that it has long been an admitted fact that the mills of St. John, all things considered, turn out more lumber in a day than do the mills of any other part of America. That is a bold statement, but it is a true one nevertheless. Why then should the honest

toilers of our mills be asked to return to the slave system of ten hours a day? Mill owners who want to be fair will admit that in order to keep up with what modern mill machinery demands a day's work now in any of the St. John mills, even under a nine hour system, means a greater physical strain on the working-man than a twelve or fifteen-hour day meant some years ago. Where are the mills with which St. John cannot compete because of the nine-hour system here? Surely they are not at Fredericton and vicinity, where mills, because of frozen rivers for several months, must necessarily lose a great deal of time; neither can they be at the North shore, where millowners have to contend against the difficulties of short seasons, geographical disadvantages and discriminating freight rates (the latter so far as the American market is concerned).

The state might as well try to take the franchise from the masses, after having given it to them, as for the millowners to endeavor to again lengthen the hours of labor after having last year admitted that a nine-hour day was sufficiently long.

The millmen's meeting in Berryman's hall on Monday night, was one of the greatest in-door labor demonstrations ever held in this city. Mr. FRED LINGLEY made an excellent chairman. He put the case fairly, and at the conclusion of his remarks no one could misunderstand the position of the millmen. Dr. D. E. BERRYMAN and Mr. H. A. McKEOWN and Mr. M. McDADE (of Fredericton) were the speakers. They all made capital addresses which were cheered to the echo. Mr. McDADE, who is an old St. John boy, was called forth from the audience and received quite an ovation. It is to his credit that his first address in his native city, since acquiring a reputation as a public speaker, should have been made in defence of the rights of the laboring classes. Many persons no doubt will say that Mr. McKEOWN attended the meeting with the hope of catching votes. If more of our public men would come to the front and espouse the cause of the laboring classes, when in the right, as in the present case, there would be less occasion for hypocrisy in politics than is practiced at present. If Mr. McKEOWN made political capital at Monday's meeting he well deserves it for daring to speak "right out in meeting."

Properly organized and with men in whom they have confidence to represent them, there is no reason why the condition of the working classes generally in St. John could not be vastly improved without imposing any hardship on capital. By working together as one man, with men having no axes to grind to guide them, by ignoring party, race and creed, and working in their own best interests, let us hope that there is a brighter day in store in the near future for the working men of all grades in this metropolis. In all great struggles like the present, where they have right on their side, they may always count on the sympathy and support of Progress.

THE ENCYCLICAL.

"At this moment the condition of the laboring man is such that it is imperative upon the employer to recognize that their wages are the price of their labor; that labor is not a commodity to be bought and sold like chattels to make money by, or to look upon them merely as so much muscle and physical power. Humanity demands that employers must never tax their work people beyond their strength and mill proprietors and other capitalists should remember that to exercise pressure for the sake of gain upon the indigent and the destitute and to make one's profit out of the need of another is condemned by all laws, human and divine."

Another thing is worth a word in passing. Why cannot the supreme court en banc let the public know a little in advance what judgments it is likely to deliver? Some people will ask why does not the court get through its judgments a little quicker, but perhaps there is not so much reason to ask this question now as there used to be.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT.

About seventy millions of people are living in North America, not including Mexico, and they are increasing at such a rate that in something like thirty years, they will number one hundred and forty millions. Did you ever stop to think what this means? Every man, woman and child in the country at present lays under tribute, directly or indirectly, eight acres of land. The population in thirty years will call for the utilization of 1,120,000,000 acres. Lumber preserves will call for at least half as much area, and when you take into account the space taken up by cities, towns, villages, parks, railways, highways, farm houses, school houses, and the scores of other things that can be thought of, it is safe to put the area of good land which the tract will lay under tribute at 2,000,000,000 acres. Everybody is agreed that in the United States and Alaska, there are about 1,000,000,000 acres that must be left out of consideration in discussing the supplying

of the wants of the people for anything except minerals. No one will pretend that there is not at least an equal amount of waste land in Canada. In round numbers there are about 4,000,000,000 acres in North America, not including Mexico. Half of this being waste land, it follows that thirty years from now all the good land will be laid under tribute unless people learn to do with less produce, or raise more to the acre. This is not mere speculation, but a simple statement of a fact that will confront the people very soon, for thirty years is not a very long time. It is thirty years since the confederate rebellion in the United States began, and politicians are yet down in the ruts made by it. In national life, even in America, thirty years is not a long time. Now when all the arable land in North America is laid under tribute, what will happen? Progress does not pretend to know; but it requires no prophet to foresee that before that time comes not a few serious complications will arise in the social, financial and political world.

Col. INGERSOLL has taken the field to say that there is room in the United States for 600,000,000 without crowding. If the eloquent word does not know any more about the next world than he knows about this, his unfortunate followers in the religious field will find themselves sadly deluded. Six hundred millions of people with their flocks and herds would require, at the lowest estimate, 4,800,000,000 acres of land for tillage and pasture, the way things are managed now. The point is, not that a degree of civilization is not attainable under which it will be possible to do with less land per head, but that all that is said about there being room and to spare is mere empty talk by men who do not know what they are talking about. An impression prevails in this country that America is feeding Europe. There never was a more egregious blunder. America today furnishes less than five per cent of the breadstuffs used in Europe, and only about seven per cent of the wheat. There is greater likelihood of America itself running short than of Europe. A very small increase in the yield per acre would make Europe independent. While, according to the best authorities, the year 1895 will see the United States importing breadstuffs. The question of bread and butter for the increasing millions of America is an immense and difficult one.

The Farmer seems loath to drop the subject of Mr. CROCKETT'S dismissal and returns this week to an attack upon an alleged "contributor" to the Sun of this city. The fact that the article was contributed would not lessen its force in the least. Apart from this, however, the Farmer makes a slip and corroborates our statement of the true reasons for the dismissal in the following paragraph:

"The Gleaner has opposed the Government for some time, and it is true that it is published by one of Mr. CROCKETT'S sons, yet this is only one son out of many, and while it is doubtless true that he was beyond his father's control, yet we are not so uncharitable as to say that the junior members of the family, who stood in the court house and blessed Mr. BLAIR and his colleagues on the hustings, are beyond their father's control, nor do we think that the dismissal by which Mr. CROCKETT said he would turn Mr. BLAIR and his government out of office was beyond his control, nor were the actions by which he plainly said that he could not, or would not work in harmony with the board of education and the government of the province, beyond his control."

The "lack of harmony" comes last in the Farmer's list. It may not be right in his premise of the province—it certainly is not courteous—but the attorney general has been too long in politics to pay any attention to such an act. Mr. WILSON, it seems, took it more to heart, for even Mr. RYAN referred to the treatment of Mr. WILSON on the hustings by young CROCKETT when he talked with the then superintendent. But the fact that Mr. CROCKETT'S son was of age, gave him a perfect right to express his opinions. His manner of doing so may be open to criticism, but his right is unquestioned. We presume that the friends of the government will claim that they have the right of dismissal. We do not dispute it, but no employer has the right to dismiss an efficient employe, without good cause, especially when, as in Mr. CROCKETT'S case, he did not apply for the position, to accept which he vacated a lucrative and responsible post.

We wish the superintendent of education, Dr. INCH, the same success that has attended his efforts in educational work elsewhere in this province. If the government carries out its intention of last winter, we presume the day is not far distant when we can also call him the president of the university. When that time arrives we will look for some improvement in the condition of that mismanaged institution. The marked progress of the Mount ALLISON institutions, of which Dr. INCH has been the head so long, will fairly warrant us in hoping for better things for the provincial university. The question of residency should be one of the first to engage his attention.

By the way, one of the organs of the local government seems rather anxious to repel the assertion that there is a want of harmony between the administration and the presbyterians. In proof of this, it cites the appointment of Mr. JULIUS INCHE as secretary for agriculture. It might at the same time have told us just how much Mr. INCHE contributed to the Y. C. F.

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INSTANTANETTES.

Grief abounds where crepe is cheap.

Ingratitude! shake! I've seen thee before.

Backsliding is like unto vaccination that did not take.

Be not thou "respectable" at the expense of the brighter light, the darker the shadow it casteth.

Of all animals, man uses instinct the least—comparatively.

How would cast steel soap do for cleaning metallic substances?

Take not thou much stock in the undertaker's sympathy, it's his business.

"The naked truth" needs not even a fig leaf, by way of clothing or covering.

The dude cuts his wisdom teeth at the dentist's, Nature does not provide them.

A man believes in phrenology in proportion to the flattery of the phrenologist, after a sitting.

"Take things as they come," we are told, but care should be taken lest they belong not to ourselves.

The Darwinian theory does not apply to dudes, progression is too slow to come under the head of evolution.

Young ladies desirous of being married should live in Gage-town. And old bachelors should try Petticoat-lane.

Impose a duty on Pride and remove it from Laughter, and the result will not only be beneficial, but healthy and satisfactory.

The best club to attack a dog with is now imported from Chicago under the name of *plume* of Bologna, at least 'tis safer for the attacker.

Your neighbor's land-mark is more readily determined after a heavy snowfall,—about the time you draw the line with your shovel thereon. Encroachment seldom takes place till spring approacheth.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The Honey-moon. "Does you lub your pet," she murmured, "I does," he soft replied;

"How much you lub your precious?" "A fousand tons," he sighed.

"What for you lub your precious?" "Cos she's my boofuls pet;"

"Aint you dot none ozeer precious?" "I neezer has, you bet."

"What for is I your boofuls?" "Cos you's my whiter lambs;"

"Is I your tootsey-wootsey?" "Said he, "Acorse you am."

"Will I nolle be your lammins?" "O, nolles, nolles mine;"

"What for was I your lammins?" "Cos you's my clementine."

He called her baby buntings, His dear, his duck, his dove; She called him angel cuteness, Her huggins and her love.

Then the bell rang and we saw them, No more in the car-light's glow, But something they left behind them That spoke of the long ago.

I planned at my wife beside me, Lo! a tear on her eyelid hung, And I knew she was thinking as I was Of days when love was young—

When she was my boofuls precious— Could I altogether forget How I called her then my darling, My sweetheart and my pet?

Then I pressed her hand in silence, And our eyes in gladness met; I whispered "My boofuls precious," And she replied, "My pet."

At Rest. Written on reading the notes of Sir John A. Macdonald's favorite poem entitled "Rest," by Father Ryan.

Adown the hill of life thou wandered slowly, As the sun sinks, softly, brightly in the West, So sank thou in death's sleep, brave manly, Mourned by a nation's tears, to thy sweet rest.

Thine no mere common-place existence, And our eyes in gladness met; Knowing no halt, while still remained One single task, how'er slight, till done.

And as thou oft had wished, so was it, Granted thee, to die, as warrior dies, Brave at his post, and now we lay thee, To rest, sweet rest, beneath Canadian skies.

Thy burdens oft may have indeed been hard, And often hast thou creaved for rest, But now the craving is full satisfied, For He who called thee knoweth best.

The heartfelt sympathy from sea to sea, Of all Canadians has been truly shown And in death's arms, we leave thee sleeping Till He who rules, shall call thee to His own.

And then at rest beneath the green sod lying, Sleeps on till time itself shall be no more, But ever shall thy memory be endeared, To all Canadian hearts, from shore to shore, June 24th, 1891.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

About the Exhibition. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: If there be no prizes offered for the agricultural and horticultural exhibits, those exhibiting any of the above should be granted space to do so without any charge. It is ridiculous to expect an exhibitor to go to the expense necessarily incurred, unless he has a prospect of something to meet that expense. It goes without saying, that whatever value an exhibitor may make, will not recoup him for labor and trouble.

A. I. at Lloyd's. That is what they say about a seaworthy ship. A. I.—In the affections of the women of Canada. That's what can be said of Leslie Phenix, of course, you don't use the old washing powder now. That might have been excusable before you knew of Leslie Phenix. What a wonderful thing that Leslie Phenix is! Cleans anything and everything. Cleans your clothes, cleans your silverware, and cleans your sin or sinner, or wooden or glass or earthenware. And so easy to use! Makes the hands soft. Ask your grocer.

Something New. Messrs. Estey & Co., Prince William street, are putting upon the market the seamless waterproof hat. These hats are very dresy in appearance and match the tweed waterproof coats now so much worn. The seamless hat weighs about four ounces and meets a long felt want.

The Holidays. Remember the holidays and keep them wholly in pleasure and recreation. Go on an excursion with your friends and take along fruits, coffee and cream, canned meats, biscuits, ginger ale, lemonade, etc., from J. S. Armstrong & Bro., grocers, 32 Charlotte street.

Split Settlements.—Dusal, 249 Union street.

CAMPBELLTON.

[Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.

June 30.—Social circles are no way lively for this time of the year. The only event that took place last week was the basket social held in Baker's hall on Saturday evening. It was under the management of the friends, and it was a grand success. Mr. Albert Hiett, it is said, had the honor of paying the highest price for a basket.

Mr. A. E. Alexander is spending a few days in Bathurst. Miss Annie Thompson left by this morning's St. John express for Digby, N. S., where she will spend her vacation.

Mr. Michael Murray is spending a few days visiting friends in Chatham. Mrs. John Devereaux is spending her holidays in Little Meads, P. E., and Mrs. John Marton has chosen Newcastle as her spot of recreation.

Miss Ida Nelson gave Red River a flying visit last week. Mr. Andrew Loggie, of Dalhousie, was in town yesterday. Rev. Father McDonald was in Dalhousie on Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. John Henderson who left here some time ago for British Columbia, returned home last week. Mr. Henderson says that although British Columbia is a fine country, he would rather choose the little town of Campbellton to live in preference.

Miss Fannie Maher is visiting friends in Halifax. Mr. Connacher, who was attending the W. C. T. U. convention at St. John, has returned home fully satisfied with the proceedings. Mr. and Mrs. Will Davies, of Moncton, spent Sunday in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Patterson. Mrs. Henry McIntyre left by tonight's express to visit friends in Miramichi.

Last Saturday was spent very joyfully on the green banks of the Metepenisset by three of our young ladies, namely: Miss Corinne Veinier, Miss Grace Veinier, and Miss Maud Lacasse. I would like to hear of the catch. SUSAN LOAR.

TRURO.

July 1.—Mr. Harry E. Harding, returned on Saturday from Windsor, where he spent all last week. Mr. W. H. Harrison of the Halifax Banking company's staff here, left last Thursday night for St. John, his former office, where he takes the position of accountant.

Mr. G. O. Gates returned on Saturday last from Florida, where she spent all last week. Readers of Truro notes in Progress a few weeks ago, will remember a paragraph appears in a "walking party" said to have been given by Mrs. Geo. Hyde. In the following week's issue appeared an apology which I tendered as Mrs. Hyde's indignation as she wished it, having come to me and denied all complicity in the afore-mentioned walking party. The latter paragraph instead of cancelling the lady has evidently much increased her indignation so that I have had to develop a new plan.

Mrs. Hyde fastens the authorship of the apology on a former well-known guest and habitue of her house, Mr. Cecil French, who is credited with writing the same. Mrs. French has written me asking me to try to adjust the matter, if possible, and exonerate him. I have to say in conclusion that it was I, "Peg," who conceived and wrote the grievous thing, that apology, and if any one has anything further to say they will have to present their grievance to me. FEO.

AN IDYL OF THE ROAD.

Stanzas, 1876. (By Bret Harte.)

First Tourist: Look how the upland plunges into cover, Green where the pine fide suitably away, Wonderful those olive depths and wonderful, more over.

Second Tourist: The red dust that rises in a suffocating way.

First Tourist: Small is the soul that cannot soar above it, Cannot but cling to its ever-kindred clay, Better be your bird, that seems to breathe and love it.

Second Tourist: Doubtless a hawk or some other bird of prey, Were we, like him, as sure to swoop and strike, Or were the fated man a shade or two just thinner, That must confront us at closing of the day; Then might you sing like Theocritus or Virgil, Then might we each make a mad dash for a wing, But were you just now—I must protest and urge—I fit a diversion by travel and stray.

Chorus of Passengers: Speed, Yuba Bill! oh speed us to our dinner! Speed to the sunset that beckons far away.

Second Tourist: William of Yuba, O Son of Nimshi, hearken! Check thy profanity, but not thy charity's glow, Tell us, O William, before the sunset's glow, Where, and oh! how shall we dine? O William, say.

Yuba Bill: It ain't my fault, nor the Kumpanney's, I reckon, Ye can't get er square meal ez any on the Bay, Up at you place, when the sunset 'pears to beckon— Ez that shary allows in his sixty sort of way, That woz a place woz yer hash yo might her, wretched.

Yuba Bill: Kept by a woman ez chippy ez a Jay, Warn in her breast all the morning sunshine nestled, Red on her cheeks all the evening's sunshine lay.

Second Tourist: Prine is but breath, O chariot compeller! Yet of that hash we would bid you further say.

Yuba Bill: That woz a snipe—like you, a fancy tourist— Ken to that ranch ez if it make a stay, Ran off the gal, and rined just the parist Critter that lived—

Stranger (quietly): You're a liar, driver! Yuba Bill (reaching for his revolver): Eh? Here, take my lines, somebody—

Chorus of Passengers: Inside there, Hush, boys! listen! Inside there, Hush, boys! listen! No affray!

Yuba Bill: Et that man lives, the fault ain't mine or his'n! Stranger: Wait for the sunset that beckons far away, Then—as you will! But, meantime, friends, be here me.

Nowhere on earth lives a purer woman; nay If my perceptions do surely not deceive me, She is the lady we have inside today. As for the man—you see that blackened pine tree, Up which the green vine creeps heavenward away! He was that sacred trunk, and she that vine that grew so readily.

Second Tourist: How know you this? Stranger: She's my wife. Yuba Bill: The deuce you say!

It is Necessary Now. A good directory is necessary to a city the size of St. John and it can be safely said that the merchants find it of such great use to them that they would find it very difficult to get along without it. The new one for this year is just out and Mr. McAlpine is not sorry. The labor is very dresy in appearance and match the tweed waterproof coats now so much worn. The seamless hat weighs about four ounces and meets a long felt want.

The announcement of Miss Hitchins' school of music appears in another column. The particulars of the course and much else desirable for those to know who contemplate attending such a school can be obtained by sending for the calendar of the school.

Split Settlements.—Dusal, 249 Union street.

CAMPBELLTON.

[Promises is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.

Mr. Andrew Loggie, of Dalhousie, was in town yesterday. Mr. Father McDonald was in Dalhousie on Monday and Tuesday.

TRURO.

JULY 1.—Mrs. Harry E. Harding, returned on Saturday from Windsor, where she had been attending the exercises of Kings college.

AN IDYL OF THE ROAD.

Sierra, 1876. (By Bruce Haver). DULAMIS TRURO. First Tourist, Yuba Bill, Driver. Second Tourist, A. Stranger.

Look how the upland plunges into cover. Green where the pipes flash sunnily away. Wonderful those olive depths and wonderful, more.

Second Tourist: Doubtless a hawk or some other bird of prey. We're like him, as sure of a dinner.

Yuba Bill (reaching for his revolver): Eh? Here, take my line, somebody—

CONTINUED SUCCESS! THE MARKED SUCCESS

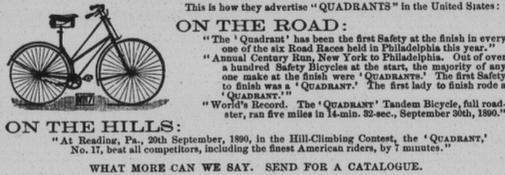
IDEAL SOAP

It is growing in popular favor day by day, as is shown by increased and increasing sales. The women of Canada appreciate an article of real merit, and a trial of IDEAL SOAP convinces them of its many superior qualities.

WM. LOGAN, MANUFACTURER, ST. JOHN, N. B.



THE "QUADRANT" BICYCLE.



ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO. AGENTS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Fine Assortment of Ladies' and Gent's Tweed Waterproof Clothing, including the "Cravenette" Shower proof goods, Driving Aprons, Camp Blankets, Fishing Boots, Air Pillows, Air Beds, Bed and Crib Sheetting, Sanitary and Druggists' Goods, Belting, Packing, Hose, Valves; in fact everything made in Rubber.

C. FLOOD & SONS, ST. JOHN.

Base Balls, Lawn Tennis, Cricket, Croquet, Footballs, Archery, Etc. Sporting Goods of every description. Hammocks; Tennis, Cricket, and Running Shoes. Send for Catalogue,—wholesale and retail.

PEARL WHITE TEETH



who would like Pearl White Teeth, should use ENAMELLINE. An exquisitely Fragrant Preparation for PRESERVING, WHITENING, and BEAUTIFYING THE TEETH. Price 35 Cents. T. B. BARKER & SONS, PROPRIETORS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.



St. John—South End. July 1st, a public holiday which all pleasure seekers look forward to the holiday of the year, as it could be desired as regards weather, and was the more appreciated after the many days of rain which preceded it.

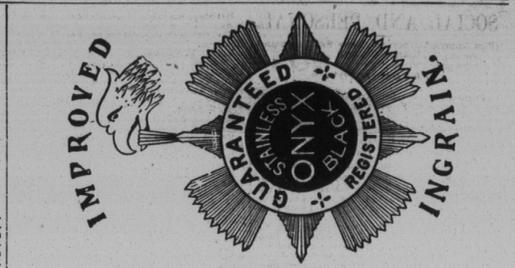
Mr. Robert Briggstocke returned from Kingston college last week. Mr. George Corey spent a day or two in the city this week on his way home to Halifax.

Mr. Frank Pleasant, Miss Fanny Palmer, Miss Pritchard, Miss D. Puddington, Miss E. Payne, Miss Paton, Mr. W. G. Parry, Misses Parry, Mayor and Mrs. Peters, Mr. E. D. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Parry, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Peters, Miss A. Puddington, Mr. Harry Puddington, Mr. and Mrs. H. Parry.

Mr. W. H. Thorne is away on a fishing excursion. The Misses Williamson, of Boston, are the guests of Mrs. D. J. Seely, Dorchester street.

Our Annual July Sale. 90c. for 50c. 80c. " 45c. 75c. " 40c. 65c. " 35c. 60c. " 30c. 50c. " 25c. Our Special Line of Large Plaids: 95c. for 75c.

Labels & Robertson, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL.



MACAULAY BROS. & CO. 61 and 68 KING STREET.

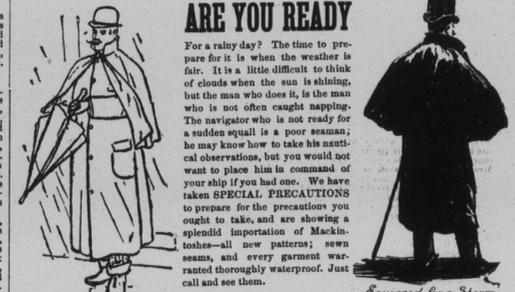
Thousands Visited Store Last Week AT 12 KING STREET. TRUSTEES' SALE OF TURNER & FINLAY STOCK. A SALE WHICH ALL ST. JOHN SHOULD ATTEND.

BE SURE AND READ with strict care the items mentioned below, and then come in and see the Bargains which we offer at almost nothing, compared with their real values.

TWO FACTS: BY ALL. The Stock must be closed out, and the doors shut forever. Remember this and turn out the stockings and the savings Bank book, and secure the Bargains while they last; they are well worth holding.

Black and White Silks. Worth \$3.25, now \$2.25; worth \$1.75, now \$1.20; worth \$1.25, now 75c. Choice Dress Robes. NO. 21. The ONLY sale, where you can get a bargain, and we have cared all the trouble—we have cut the prices down and left all the style.

SAMUEL C. PORTER, JAMES T. GILCHRIST, TRUSTEES.



AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Boys', Girls' and Infants' Boots

Boys' TRAMP BOOTS, at \$1.55 (Great Value). SCHOOL BOOTS, at 1.00 (Can't be). GIRLS' SCHOOL BOOTS, at .95 (Are the Best). PALE CALF BUTTON BOOTS, at 1.20 (Very Stylish). CHILDREN'S BOOTS, at 36c., 45c., 50c., 60c. up.

G. B. HALLETT, - 108 KING STREET.

OUR ANNUAL JULY SALE

Fancy Dress Goods, COMPRISING: PLAIDS, STRIPES, AND FIGURES, is now going on, and the quantity to be cleared out will be found on "marked-down" counter.

LABEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

recruit. Mrs. Dutton, of Halifax, came here this week to take his duties during his absence.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Weldon left this week for Montreal, to spend a few weeks.

Two most enjoyable picnics took place at Robersay on Wednesday. One was given by Mr. B. and the Misses Gilbert, of Robersay, to a large number of their friends.

The Misses Bayard invited a few of their friends to picnic with them at Robersay, leaving the city by the 11 o'clock train, and returning at 5 o'clock.

Among those present were Mrs. Downey (Toronto), The Misses Jones, Messrs. G. and K. Jones, Miss Louise DeVeber, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Sturdee, Miss Andrews, Miss Warner, Mr. R. B. Ritchie, Mr. Charles Coster, Mr. F. D. Gates, Miss Hazen, Mr. T. Kirkwood, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, the Misses Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Street, Mr. Gardiner Taylor.

Thursday being ladies day at the cricket and athletic grounds, a larger number than usual, of both ladies and gentlemen, visited the grounds, and several exciting games of tennis were played.

Tea and other refreshments were provided at the grounds by Mrs. Geo. K. McLeod and the Misses Sydney Smith.

Mrs. Laddlow Robinson and family left this week for Clifton to spend a few weeks.

Miss Bessie Whitney entertained a few of her friends on Thursday afternoon at 5 o'clock tea at her father's residence, King street east.

Mrs. C. E. L. Jarvis and family left this week for Digby to spend some weeks.

Tuesday evening Miss Maggie F. Hancock and Mr. William Jones were married at the residence of the bride's mother, St. Queen street.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. D. Gates, Miss Penwick, of Digby, was bridesmaid, and the groom was supported by Mr. John Walker, of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones left for a bridal tour to Montreal, Niagara and Toronto.

An event of interest took place in St. James church Tuesday morning, when Miss Lucy Little and Mr. Thomas W. Kee were united in marriage.

After the ceremony the newly married couple left for Nova Scotia on their honeymoon.

The residence of Mr. Thos. Robinson, Union street, was the scene of an interesting event on Tuesday evening, when his eldest daughter, Miss Edith, was united in marriage to Capt. Fred W. T. Lane.

Miss Lane is the daughter of the groom, and Miss L. Robinson was bridesmaid, while Mr. W. Hamilton supported the groom.

All the immediate relations and friends of the bride and groom were present.

After the ceremony Mrs. Lane is a St. John boy who is now sailing out of New York, and on his next voyage Mrs. Lane will accompany him.

Miss K. H. Travis, the young lady who achieved such brilliant success in the school examinations on Tuesday evening, in a manner belongs to St. John, although born and brought up in Hampton.

Her parents are both natives of St. John, her mother being a daughter of the late Mr. James H. Bartlett, so long and favorably known in connection with the Intercolonial railway; and her father, the son of the late Mr. W. H. Travis, also well known in business circles in this city.

She was educated in the superior school at Hampton until three years ago, when she entered the Victoria. During those years she has uniformly stood at the head of her class, and has a desecration of her name in all grades.

Her great favorite was her mother, and she has a desecration of her name on both sides of her family; her great-grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Symes, whose tombstone can be seen today in the southeastern corner of the city cemetery came here in 1780 on their bridal tour.

The prospect is that this young lady will take a four-year course at McGill, where she has so successfully entered. Profound congratulations Miss Travis most heartily on her splendid record and wishes her all happiness and success in the future.

Miss C. M. Bailey of St. John, who is attending the school of fine arts at the Cooper Union, New York city, has just been awarded first prize for her skill in photographic crayon work.

Miss Bailey, though very young, possesses the elements of a fine artist; her photographic coloring is very much admired.

Mrs. T. B. Millidge and Mrs. Thos. M. Reed, who have been spending the spring months in the South, have returned to their native city, having visited Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

The death of Mrs. Sweeney, mother of the bishop, was learned with deep regret by her wide circle of old friends. She had reached the ripe old age of 90, but to the last her good counsel was as welcome and clear as they have ever been.

Flats! Flats! Lehigha Hats, colored, all shades; and made into the popular flat shades; at Mrs. J. H. Fretney, Cor. Spring and Linster Sts., City.

St. John—West End. Mrs. Rice, who has been spending a few days on Lancaster Heights, the guest of Senator Lewin, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Reed, who have been visiting St. Stephen, the guests of Mrs. Reed's sisters, the Misses Porter, have returned home.

Mr. Robert Frazee's family, including himself, are down with the measles.

Miss Hannah Tillon still continues poorly.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. H. Weldon left this week for Montreal, to spend a few weeks.

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HOUSEHOLD.

WE HAVE A SPLENDID LINE OF THE CELEBRATED "ECLIPSE" HOSE.

THEY ARE GIVING THE GREATEST SATISFACTION. Ladies and Children—all sizes; warranted "FAST," and will not "STAIN."

GSSAMERS, SUNSHADES, GLOVES,

IN GREAT VARIETY. Our English and French Dress Goods, for midsummer wear, are selling rapidly; these goods are very fine, and equal to anything heretofore offered to the ladies of this city.

WELSH, HONER & HAMILTON,

97-KING STREET.-97

by the audience, after which social intercourse was ordered. The evening, however, was not without interest, and the speakers—assurances of hearty welcome to the former pastor and his charming wife and cordial handshakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips spent the holiday at the Algonquin St. Andrews.

Mrs. C. Miller gave a picnic at South Bay house on Thursday last. The party went up river in the tug Amanda Greene. Among those present were Mrs. J. Holly, Mrs. G. Tapley, Mrs. D. Tapley, Mrs. J. Hamilton, Mrs. G. Davis, Mrs. J. Eagles, Mrs. Clark, Miss Tapley, Misses Holly and Miss Eagles.

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SKINNER'S CARPET - WAREHOUSES.

JUST OPENED: The Largest Variety of Carpets, Curtains, Rugs, Etc.

Ever shown in St. John, aggregating over one hundred thousand yards, all grades. Over 100 patterns to select from.

A. O. SKINNER.

IN FINE GOLD AND STERLING SILVER. Watches and Jewelry; Together with a Splendid Assortment of Quadruple Plated Ware, Clocks, Bronzes, Dessert, Berry, and Tete-a-Tete Sets.

All of the very best and latest ENGLISH, FRENCH, and AMERICAN Goods, and at lowest prices. Cut to ensure Cash Sales.

W. TREMARE CARD, PRACTICAL JEWELER.

No. 81 KING STREET.

"WEDDING GIFTS."

Perhaps you are not thinking of adding any fire insurance, and perhaps you are. If you are, stop and think for a moment about the company you will patronize. THE PHOENIX OF HARTFORD

is a good one—none better. Its statement to January 1st, of this year, shows business for unadjusted losses and re-insurance of over \$2,000,000, and a net surplus of over one and a half millions. This, in addition to a cash capital of \$2,000,000. Is not such a company solid enough for any risk!

KNOWLTON & GILCHRIST, Agents, 182 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Among the teachers attending the institute held here this week are Miss Travis, of Amherst, and Miss Ryan, of Joggins Mines.

The Roman Catholics are having a picnic for charity purposes at the rink today. The refreshment table is out of doors in a pretty enclosure of trees cut for the purpose, also a place for dancing, and from the number of people attending they will probably realize quite a large sum.

The many friends of Senator McDonald are glad to know he is improving in health. The distance is a long one, but he has been attending military school at Kingston, arrived home on Monday.

Mr. Richard Hunt of Summerside is with us again. He returned from a business trip to Summerside on Saturday. He was attended by his sister, who wore a becoming white dress. The distance is a long one, but he has been attending military school at Kingston, arrived home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson and child are visiting Mrs. D. Ferguson.

Mr. L. A. Curry returned to St. John today. Mr. March and T. Partlow must be stopping at Mr. Geo. Simpson's hotel.

Mr. J. W. Dickie went to St. John today by train.

Mr. Wm. Blizard, Mrs. Dobson and Master H. Dobson, are the guests of E. L. Babbitt.

Mr. H. H. Ferguson returned home today from Fairville, where he has been teaching school. He is the recipient of a very handsome present from his pupils.

Mr. J. K. Dunn left for Fredericton last night. Mr. C. C. Clow was in town today.

Mr. Jas. Allingham returned home today to spend his vacation here. He has closed his school term in the Bald Mill settlement.

Mr. H. Belyea returned from St. John today. Mr. J. D. and Mrs. Murray paid their former home a visit this week.

Among the strangers I noticed R. N. Doherty from St. Nicholas river and Frank Cunan from Wolfville.

Mr. B. A. Irvine spent Sunday at home. Miss Helen Inglis, from Shelburne, is paying her aunt, Mrs. J. C. Walker, a visit.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is a concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, Mandrake, Dandelion, and other valuable vegetable remedies, every ingredient being strictly pure, and the best of its kind it is possible to buy.

It is prepared by thoroughly competent pharmacists, in the most careful manner, by a peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process, giving it its curative power.

Peculiar To itself

It will cure, when in the power of medicine, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning, Cancerous and all other Humors, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and all difficulties with the Liver and Kidneys.

It overcomes That Tired Feeling, Creates an Appetite, and gives mental, nerve, bodily, and digestive strength. The value of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is certified to by thousands of voluntary witnesses all over the country whom it has cured of diseases more or less severe. It is sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

100 Doses One Dollar

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1891.

WHILE IN THE COUNTRY.

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF A SUMMER VACATION.

Travelling With a Family—What to Put in Your Trunk—How to Keep the Baby Healthy, and Dress the rest of the Children—For the Mother Herself.

I find that the only way to be comfortable and successful in the management of a party of tourists is to insist upon two things: first, supreme authority as the head of the travelling body, and, second, sufficient time for preparation and planning.

The first step in preparation should consist in seeing that all trunks, valises, keys and shawl-straps are in proper condition, and if they are not, have them repaired and put into order. Then pack slowly, taking several days to get together everything you are likely to need, and allowing time for memory to suggest forgotten objects, before the groaning trunk disappears on the expressman's shoulder. This plan will greatly lessen the amount of hand luggage, as there will be less necessity for crowding the "trunk-poles" at the last moment with this or that forgotten treasure.

What hand luggage you have should be divided into numerous small packages, rather than made into one big bundle, so that even a child can carry his proportion of the burden, and no one is unduly laden.

Umbrellas should be tied together or fastened by rubber bands at top, middle and handle, and, when firmly united, should be carried in a shawl-strap like an ordinary bundle, thus avoiding the temptation to pound the ends against the ground. The shawls should not only be carried in a strap, but should be covered with linen, or something which serves to protect them against dust.

If the journey has not been too hastily decided upon, it is well to prepare a special costume for it, one which shall avoid frills on the one hand and shabbiness on the other. The dress for mother and children should generally be light-weight all-wool material, blue or gray flannel being excellent, made with as light trimming as possible.

In summer, the mother's dress might be a dark foulard with designs in color; these costumes, with clean ruckings, and a thorough brushing, make an outfit suitable for any hotel table. The duster should be of a shape to admit of its being easily slipped on or off at a moment's notice. The best material for it is glorioza, a silk-and-wool fabric which sheds the dust; but richer garments are of silk, or silk-and-linen.

For long journeys it is almost a necessity to get rid of your hats, replacing them by something soft, light and not crushable.

For yourself a cloth cap made with a visor is appropriate, while for boys and girls alike, a knit Tam O'Shanter is invaluable. In warm weather great comfort comes from taking off the boots and substituting low slippers, or half-shoes.

Do not burden yourself with books. Reading in the train is bad for the eyes, and it is far better to provide games for the children, and light work, which needs no special watching, for yourself. If you must read, you will find some very decent literature sold by the boys on the train.

Pencils and paper should always be at hand, not only for the children's tedious idleness, but for your own use. In a long journey I always start with a lunch basket stocked with bread and butter, cold meat, hard-boiled eggs and fruit sufficient to last for breakfast and supper for two days at least, helping out these meals with coffee or milk from the dining room car, and with dinners taken there.

This will prove a great economy. Whatever else you forget to put into the luncheon basket, do not forget a cup or glass for the use of your own little troop; the habit of drinking from a common glass on the train, is not only unpleasant but dangerous, especially for children.

Give yourself plenty of time to reach trains and boats; it is far wiser to find yourself obliged to wait a little while in the station than to miss your train, or only catch it when all the seats are filled. Once off, do not allow the children to eat constantly. Three meals a day support life comfortably under ordinary circumstances, and twelve only serve to upset the digestion already strained by unusual conditions and a change of water.

Neither should you allow your children to transform the car into a playground; people are so universally fond of children and so good to them that in the beginning of the trip much attention may be offered to your little ones; but as the hours go on and fatigue claims us for his own, the most charming child may cease to amuse, and may even be regarded as a nuisance if he takes the least liberty. To avoid this, be courteous but firm, and decline the beginnings of such intimacy.

Put These in Your Trunk. For the summer flitting it is wise to have one stout trunk or box, devoted to miscellaneous objects likely to be needed by the family during their stay at the seashore or mountain boarding house.

I always put in the bottom a tin foot-tub, for baby's bath of course, and for general use, as often it is the only convenience of the kind to be found in a country house. In this I pack a hammock.

In addition to the tub I always carry one of those light-weight paper-basins, so useful in case of illness. Do not forget the spirit lamp; let it be big or little, simple or complex, but be sure it goes in. The rubber bag for hot water, and a small kettle to heat water in, must not be far from the lamp.

One rather ponderous convenience takes up much space, but I find I must have it. This is a "tea basket"—an ordinary wicker basket, in whose lid I have sewed tape straps for holding six saucers, and whose lower part is filled with a tea-pot, sugar-bowl, creamer, cups, spoons, and half-dozen wooden plates.

Certain medicines must never be left out if you are homeopathically inclined. Mandar plaster, quinine pills, Pond's extract, Jamaica ginger, ammonia, arnica, baking soda and court plaster are among the things likely to be needed; and you should also squeeze in a medicine dropper and an injection syringe.

Somewhere find room for a tiny pillow for the nap in the hammock—it need not be larger than eighteen by twelve inches; also an old blanket to spread on the ground for baby to play and roll on. A pin-cushion is an essential rarely provided in hotels. Take your own, and let it be a hanging one.

To Keep the Baby Healthy.

Baby's second summer is always the most trying. It is cutting its teeth, and the irritation combined with the heat makes life no easy matter for the poor little thing. It must be carefully watched, and its ailments rationally treated if it is to be carried successfully through the dangerous season.

A baby in the country, with all the advantages of fresh air and good milk, is under the best conditions possible to resist the effects of the heat. Yet the country, like everything else, has its counter-balancing disadvantages, and often one of these is the distance from a doctor. Before leaving town the mother should ask her family physician for a few powders of pepsin and bismuth, or any simple remedy he may wish to prescribe for indigestion, with full directions for its use.

She should take with her a bottle of lime-water and these in case of recreation, or one of the preparations for peptonizing milk, so that she may be prepared for emergencies.

If, in spite of care in feeding, the bowels become disordered, boil rice until very soft, strain the liquid from it, and add the same quantity of sterilized milk. Sometimes one tablespoonful of lime-water to six of milk will correct the difficulty.

Keep the baby in the open air as much as possible, but do not have it out in the evening when the dew is falling. If a hammock is slung in the shade it will sleep better there during the day, covered with a mosquito net, than it will in a hot room.

Dress it loosely, with a gauze flannel shirt next the skin, and no tight bands.

How to Dress the Children.

Your baby and mine wants to think of summer time as the beautiful period of the year when the flowers and the grass spring up in answer to the invitation of the sun, when the skies are blue and the sun is so golden; when the birds are singing because the waves are dancing so brightly; when everything in nature is happy and baby is too. No small person can be happy who

is uncomfortable in her clothes; and no small person can see any pleasure in life if it has to sit up primly on the chair and "look nice."

How to dress the little girl? Put on her a gingham frock, smocked if you like, made with a full skirt, not long enough to let her stumble over it, and yet not short enough to look like a frill to her bodice. Put on her a thin, cool pair of drawers and one petticoat, a little bodice that both of these are buttoned to, a pair of black stockings, and a pair of shoes that are soft, sufficiently large, without heels, and comfortable. I say "without heels," and yet I mean that where the heel usually is there should be sufficient thickening of the sole to be of as much use as an ordinary heel is to you or me. Put on her a big hat that will keep the sun from her eyes, and, no matter if you do sacrifice beauty to comfort, braid her hair and get it out of the way. Then let her go out with shovel and bucket, and dig for diamonds and find wriggly worms and queer bits of mud and funny-cold and stones, and never come across a single diamond except that Kohinoor among them—good health. You can give as many gingham gowns as you like, but don't make the poor little dot's life unhappy by scolding her for getting sand and dust on her clothes, and don't scold, for one single minute, all the marvelous weeds that she may designate as flowers and bring to you as the result of her morning's work. Of course, if you are staying where it is cooler, a flannel petticoat will be required, and under any circumstances it is just as well to have them along with you, for you don't know when they will be needed.

"Oh!" says somebody who adores picturesque children, "are there to be no pretty clothes?" My dear soul, these clothes are pretty. They are suitable and they are comfortable, and when Jack and Margy come in from playing, and Margy's gown is decorated with studs in black and white, the result of a great desire to see how the roots of the trees look, and Jack's kilt is rather off color in its appearance because he has been out in a boat with the man who goes after the crabs, and he has brought you home some seaweed and a choice selection of clam shells, there won't a sigh arise; but you can greet your little lovers with a laugh, trot them off to be freshened up and put in new clothes that, except for their cleanliness, are exactly like the ones just taken off. If, when going to church, they wish to look a little finer, Jack can get his gorgeous in white piggee breeches, kilt and little cutaway jacket, showing a white shirt and flaring white collar. Then he may have black stockings, patent-leather shoes and a white straw sailor with a broad blue ribbon about it. As for Margy, she can have a pale-blue zephyr made just like her very-day gowns, very daintily smocked; while on her head should be a shirred hat of the material like her dress. She can wear her best black stockings, and patent-leather shoes with buckles on them, and

you will have two of the most picturesque-looking people who ever sincerely said "amen" in the wrong place, and told you afterwards, very confidentially, that somebody laughed in church and it wasn't polite. Dress your little people so they will have a good time; and when they grow up they will ever remember the summer days.

For the Mother Herself.

The mother is often the last person in the family to profit by the summer's opportunity of change and rest.

If she goes away she takes so many comforts and fancied necessities for the children that there is no room for what she herself needs, and she has probably spent so many weeks of toil that she is "too tired to enjoy the change." Now, what is the remedy? Begin by placing upon your daughters' shoulders some part of the burden of the house. Do not drag wearily to every entertainment where she needs a chaperon, but allow her sometimes to follow her own dictates and give up a pleasure that mother may rest.

For the little ones, provide dresses so plain that they require the minimum of labor to make and to launder; remembering, too, that thin woollens are cooler than starched muslins, and of these the little ones require few changes.

Another chance to rest comes through enforcing an inflexible rule that you will lie down part of each day. Your best time for this is when baby is sleeping, for then your mind can rest too, and your presence in the room is soothing to him.

You should spend many hours each day in the open air. Run and play with your little ones as they wander over the fields and shore, teaching them some of the secrets which nature keeps for her human children, and strengthen their love for you by your power to enter into their enjoyments.

Some occupation for the hands is almost a necessity, and many wise women send their sewing-machines to their summer homes in order to "take time by the forelock" in the matter of white sewing. I am afraid to recommend this, lest some tired mother should spend the glorious days of summer in slaving over finery for the children for next winter.

Summer should give you time to pick up some of the fallen threads of your reading, your music, or your drawing. Your children will outgrow you fast enough in this rapid age, but the distance between you will be less if each summer day finds you busy over a serious book, a Beethoven sonata, or a sketch of some charming view.

Just Before You Go Home.

All summer you have been in the country, and the day is come when you have to say good-bye and go back home. Of course you want to go home—one always does—but you ought to sit down for a few minutes and think over what has happened all during the long summer days, and what you should do just before you go home.

If, during the summer, you have col-

lected a lot of books and papers, think over who there is there in the country who would like to have them, to whom they would give the most pleasure and do the most good. Make them up in a bundle and send them with your good wishes. It's a little piece of generosity, but it is a very nice one.

If, during the summer, you have been irritated and fault-finding, and wondered why the people in the house couldn't get what is so easily found in the city, go to whoever you have been staying with and express a hope that you have not been a troublesome visitor. Say a few pleasant words of commendation and forget the inconveniences. It is true you paid your board; but, my friend, there are things in this world you cannot pay for: kindness and consideration are two.

If during the summer, you have made a friend who lives in the country, make up your mind not to forget her when you go back to town. Remember the pleasant drives she has given you. Think of the fresh milk and eggs she sent your sick baby; but, putting aside their material kindnesses, think of the loving friendship she has shown you, and don't forget her. Remember the delights given by a box of sweets sent from the city. Remember the interest in a magazine, or a book, and the joy which greets a new piece of music.

And if you cannot have your new found friend to visit you in your own home, just remember that you can think of her in a number of ways, and convince her that the summer friend may, after all, be one of love and consideration.

If, during the summer days, you have had time to think over the mistakes you made last winter, do better when you come back. You have been out in God's own country to gain health and strength, and you must come back better in mind and in body—more loving, more willing, more generous and more forgiving, and then, indeed, will you have made your summer is best for you. These are the little things to think out just before you go home, and then when you return to the country you will be a three-welcome guest.—Ladies' Home Journal.

It is Not the Paper.

Says a cigarette smoker: "People who object to cigarettes are continually talking about the peculiarly disagreeable odor of the burning paper. This is sheer nonsense. A man could smoke cigarettes made entirely of rice paper, and there would be no odor at all. The difference between the odor of a cigarette and that of a cigar lies not in the paper, but in the tobacco. A good cigar tobacco cannot be used for making cigarettes, as it is of an entirely different kind, and is not prepared in the same manner. The difference in the smell is generally placed to the credit of the offending paper, which has no odor at all."

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SUNDAY READING

BIBLE QUESTION COMPETITION.

This competition is open to all the readers of PROGRESS, but is more especially intended to interest the young people—the boys and girls who are, or should be attending Sunday school. The following rules should be strictly observed:

1. A prize of one dollar will be awarded every week for the first correct answer that reaches the Progress office. If there is no correct answer the person who sends the first correct answer will receive the dollar. In case two correct answers reach the office at the same time the dating stamps of the post offices at which they are mailed will be taken into consideration.

2. Competitors must write on one side of the paper only, giving name and address in full with each answer. These need not be published except in the case of prize-winners and successful competitors.

3. The winner of a prize will not be eligible to compete for another for four weeks.

4. All replies must be received on or before Saturday one week after publication of the questions, thus allowing competitors a clear week for their efforts.

5. No post-cards can be received. All replies should be addressed to the "SUNDAY READING," EDITOR PROGRESS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Miss Jessie Lawson, Carleton, is the successful competitor for "Prize Bible Questions No. 19." Very excellent answers were received from the Misses Maria and Florence Boyce, Frederick; Miss Iva Thorn, Indiantown; Miss Annie Watson, Fredericton; Miss Nellie Flewelling, Centreville; Miss Hattie Smith, Calais, and Miss L. C. Patton, city. In answer to the female disciples who took part in the work of evangelization at Rome. Many different persons were given, such as Mary and Martha, Phebe, Priscilla, Tryphena and Tryphosa, all very good answers. We do not know that Martha and Mary ever visited Rome. Phebe was the bearer of the epistle of Paul to the Romans, in which he commends her to their love and confidence. Paul speaks of her as a "succourer of many." Rom. xvi. 1. She certainly took part in the work of evangelization. Paul also speaks of Priscilla with her husband Aquila as helpers in Christ Jesus." Romans xv. 3. In Romans xv. 12, Paul speaks of Tryphena and Tryphosa, as fellow laborers assisting him in the work of Christ at Rome.

KID GLOVES!

18 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

of its facilities, in the fullness of its mercy, in the joy of its love. How far that little candle throws its beams, So shines a good deed in a naughty world. And yet the turning point of a greatness in the greatly good has often differed in no great degree from the choice that is offered to us again in our common work-day lives. Every servant in a house, every ordinary profession in every member of a workman in a factory, every member of a man may need, and is, indeed, called upon almost every day of his life, in a high or a low measure, to make the very same choice which has influenced the greatest lives. Is it not hypocrisy in us to dignify for the chance of splendid self-sacrifices when we are daily faithless in little duties? There is hardly any matter so small as not to illustrate the principle of that choice that a man must make who would be something different from what the common run of us are.

MOSES IN EGYPT. You will see, then, why I think it may be profitable for us to look at one scene in the life of Moses. The children of Israel were slaves in Egypt, and multiplying to such an extent as to be a source of danger to their conquerors. Now, slavery always demoralizes the slave owner as much as the slave, and Pharaoh, wickedly multiplying by order every male child to be slain. A child was born to two Hebrews; its exquisite beauty touched the heart of the mother; she hid it for three months; then, when it could be no longer hidden, she laid it in the flags by the river side, and, not daring to leave her own child, she put it in the arms of his sister Miriam watched; and the daughter of Pharaoh came to bathe in the sacred river, and saw the little boy of papyrus. A maid opened it to her, and when it was opened, she saw the weeping babe. The princess took it up, and adopted it as her own son. There for forty years the Book of Exodus leaves the story. The man Moses did not care to tell us of his past greatness, but St. Stephen tells us that he grew to be mighty in word and deed, and learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; and we read in the Epistle to the Hebrews that he might have had the pleasures of sin for a season. Greek and Hebrew legends tell us that he might have become an Egyptian priest; they tell us how he was appointed the leader of the expedition against Ethiopia, how on the way he traversed a desert full of serpents, but he carried with him baskets of bites, which ate up the serpents; how he conquered the King of Ethiopia and returned in triumph with the king's daughter as his wife. Whether the details are true or not the general idea is true. It is certain that until Moses was forty years old he had at his feet the pleasures and glories of the world.

IN THE BRICK FIELDS. Now, what was it, at the ripe age of forty, altered his career? "It came to pass when Moses was grown, he went out unto his brethren and looked upon their labors." In the phraseology of the Bible, the secret of hundreds of years of history. What was it that Moses saw? When he walked through the Egyptian fields he saw the pitiful sight of a vast slave population; he saw his brethren toiling under Egyptian taskmasters. These poor wretches, degraded by their wretchedness, cared little for the feeding of their animal life. They had become a race of slaves, slavish in their ends, ungrateful, sensual, base, mean. Moses pitied them all the more because they had, to the time being, sunk too low to pity themselves. He knew that it is the worth of things content themselves with petty joys. The glory of the faith of Moses was that he still saw them to be men. The great sculptor looks upon the rough, shapeless block of marble and sees in it the angel that is to be; the man of faith sees in the debased man the potentiality of a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people which should be to the glory of God. Who had called them out of darkness to His marvelous light. That was the sight which Moses saw with-out.

IN PHARAOH'S PALACE. What did he see at home? He belonged to these slaves no longer. He was an Egyptian prince; his life was ranked among the lords of these laboring myriads. Had he not his princess wife? Do not the animals of Egypt glow with the sunlight of day, and eat and drink and enjoy himself, and to say that the rest was nothing? His was the very ideal of that placid civilization of the fat, sluggish valley of the Nile. The Greek ideal is very different. The Greek ideal is that of the Hercules. The Hercules is that of the Hercules, slaying monsters, slaying dragons, slaying laborious devils, or that of Apollo slaying the python of corruption. The type of the Egyptian ideal was the calm, cruel, mysterious Sphinx. Why should not Moses make the best of the gifts of an extraordinary fortune? What should hinder him from enjoying pomp and pleasure, and becoming himself, perhaps, a conquering Pharaoh, and in due time having some vast, godlike statue reared to him, with some pompous inscription such as this: "My name is king of kings; look on my works, ye mighty, and despair." Moses might have lived for a few years like the other Pharaohs and passed away; and history, reclining half asleep upon a pyramid, might have muttered some name, and we should not have known what it was. Happily for Israel, happily for mankind, Moses chose differently. He chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Assuredly, if he had not done so he would not have been happy. Coarse things, can I suppose, to some extent and for a little time, enjoy coarse things, small things can enjoy small things, and when a nature has become degraded, he can enjoy for a time even degraded things, and can make a host of petty wild delights out of things which would have once caused him anguish; but to the nature which has the noblest nobleness in it the pleasures of sin soon cease to be pleasures, and become the worst of pains. So, assuredly, it would have been with this son of Israel. The pleasures of sin might have done for a time for a Pharaoh but never for a Moses. Moses became the first founder of that religion which was the cradle of christianity. What was it that pity for human misery that made John Howard leave a comfortable home to breathe the sickening atmosphere of a prison? What was it but pity for human misery that sent David Livingstone straight from the splendors and triumphs of a London season to face the scorching wastes of Africa, and to die homeless, childless, in a negro hut? It is the same spirit of self-sacrifice, which is the most potent engine for good in all the world; it is this spirit alone which is adequate to uplift our lives from their vulgar, and sensual, and to the side of those who preferred "to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

WHENCE CAME THIS SPIRIT? Came it not from Christ? Did He not make for us men the most infinite sacrifice? What man can ever give up anything compared to the sacrifice of Christ? He gave up heaven; he gave up all that the world could give of Godhead, and this He did, descending down the numberless steps of that unfathomless descent even to the cross of shame. And for whom? For us men, and for our salvation, for wretches that are, and sensual slaves and ungrateful robbers, and all of us, who are half driven to despair. But Christ did not despair of this little breed of men. Christ the sinless, Christ the eternal Son at the right hand of the Father, He who charged even his angels with folly, He in whose sight the very heavens are unclean, He thought enough of the miserable man, He lay in the miserable heart of man to be ready not only to leave heaven, but to die for him. The whiteness of the leper was not too white for Him, nor the infamy of the harlot too shameful, nor the greediness of the miser too vile. And shall we, so stained, so wretched, so feeble: shall we dare to despair, shall we be so faithless as to despair of either ourselves or of our fellow men for whom Christ died? Ah, let us follow His footsteps, bearing His cross as Moses did, and, trying to escape averages, trying to rise from the vulgar herd and the false, worldly, sensual pleasure into the high service of the saints of God. Remember in conclusion, that this choice did not come only to Moses, or to some great man now and then. It comes to all of us, it comes practically whenever we are called upon to choose between the paltry action from which we gain, and the right action from which we lose: whenever we are called upon to yield something to our neighbor and disappoint him not though it hurt to our own heart: whenever we seek for strength even at the cost of bitter tears. The same principle which actuated Moses may be shown by the cabman when he gives back the sovereign that was given him by mistake for a shilling; the same principle may be shown by the bruised soldier who shows you the working man who comes through a narrow strait in order that he may avoid the temptations of the gin-palace; by the clerk who will not put anything in the gambling lottery in which his fellows join; by the scholar who guides himself by his conscience; by the servant girl who speaks the truth whether her mistress is present or not; by the tradesman who will not save corners of his conscience though thereby he will lose his seat. There is such a thing as right, but there is such a thing as wrong, and whoever at the cost of any personal sacrifice or misery chooses the right, that man is in his degree a Moses; that man follows in the steps of his Saviour, bearing His cross, for what Christ suffers of him is not to hold this or that complex and intricate opinion, or to gain cheap praise, for superiority of fussy ordinances, but to give and to be given to live a true life, even at the expense of all affections, and to turn away from sin, and from all that common men speak of as pleasure, so that he may find even in suffering for the cause of Christ, eternal pleasure, eternal truth, yea, and eternal life.

THE COMMANDMENTS. Jesus said: the first of all the commandments is, Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me. Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for My sake, shall save it. For the Son of Man hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Peace I leave with you: My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you.

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deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me.

Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for My sake, shall save it. For the Son of Man hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Peace I leave with you: My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you.

HYMN.

The Divine Humanity. To mercy, pity, peace and love, All pray in their distress, And to these virtues of delight Return their thankfulness.

For mercy, pity, peace, and love, Is God our Father dear, And mercy, pity, peace and love, Is man, His child and care.

And all must love the human form, Fit to a human face, And love, the human form divine, And peace, the human race.

Then every man, of every clime, That prays in his distress, Prays to the human form divine, Love, mercy, pity, peace.

And all must love the human form, Fit to a human face, Where mercy, love, and pity dwell, There God hath built His throne.

Dissolution of Partnership. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name and style of TURNER & FINLAYSON, on the 27th day of MARCH last, dissolved by lapse of time.

ROBERT TURNER, ANDREW FINLAYSON. St. John, N. B., 2nd April, 1891.

TRUSTEES' NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that ROBERT TURNER, of the City of St. John, Dry Goods merchant, has this day assigned all his estate, in trust for the benefit of his creditors. The trust deed now lies at the office of E. & R. McLeod & Co., Barristers, Richey's building, Princess street, Saint John, and all creditors wishing to participate in the trusts of the said deed, must file their claims within three months from the date hereof.

SAMUEL C. PORTER, JAMES T. GILCHRIST, E. & R. McLEOD & EWING, Trustees.

Equity Sale.

IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY BETWEEN DAVID O'CONNELL, Plaintiff, and P. BYRNE, Defendant.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Clubb's Corner (so-called), in the City of Saint John, in the County and Province of New Brunswick, on TUESDAY, the 14th day of JULY next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, in pursuance of the directions of a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity, made in the above cause, on the 2nd day of June, 1891, and with the approval of the undersigned a Referee in Equity, the fourth chapter of the Act of the General Assembly of this Province, passed in the thirty-third year of the reign of Her Present Majesty, Queen Victoria, the mortgaged lands and premises described in the Plaintiff's Bill, and in the said Decree of the Court, to-wit: a certain lot and parcel of land situated lying and being in the Parish of Musquash in the County and Province of New Brunswick, and being lot number (2) in the grant to Ebenezer Scott and others, and bounded as follows to-wit, on the southerly end or front by the Musquash river, on the westerly side by the easterly side line of lot number (1) on in the same grant now called "number (9) line, on the southerly or rear end by land owned now or lately by Thomas R. Jones and others on the easterly side by other land owned by the said Peter J. Byrne, the land hereto conveyed containing one hundred acres more or less, the said lot number (2) being the land on which the said Peter J. Byrne now lives, together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the reveries, tenements, appurtenances, and the reverses, rights, title, interest, property, claim, and demand whatsoever both at law and in Equity of him, the said Plaintiff, or of any part thereof.

For terms of sale and other particulars, apply to the Plaintiff's solicitor or the undersigned Referee, described in the Plaintiff's Bill, to-wit: H. A. McLEOD, Referee in Equity.

C. N. SKINNER, Esq., Q. C., Plaintiff's Solicitor. W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.

ANDREW PAULEY, CUSTOM TAILOR.

FOR THE PAST NINETEEN YEARS CUTTER with JAS. S. MAY & SON, begs leave to inform the citizens of Saint John, that he has now opened a new store, at No. 70 Prince Wm. Street, with a NEW AND FRESH STOCK of Woollen Domestic makes, suitable for all classes. Inspection invited. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.

TO PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

GAIN ONE POUND A DAY. A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER, SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphates of Lime & Soda IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS TREAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50c. AND \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

THE OBJECT of this ADVERTISEMENT

is to IMPRESS on YOUR mind the FACT that

Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream!

is the best Medicine you can take, if you are troubled with a Cough or Cold. For Whooping Cough it is almost an infallible remedy. It is pleasant to take, and its Consumption is its far more efficacious than the plain Cod Liver Oil.

IT IS PREPARED ONLY BY E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist. And is sold by all Druggists for 50c. a bottle, or the bottles for \$1.50.

THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co.

(LIMITED). MONTREAL. Offer For Sale all Grades of Refined Sugars & Syrups

Of the Well-known Brand of

Redpath

Certificate of Strength and Purity: CHEMICAL LABORATORY, Medical Faculty, McGill University.

To the Canada Sugar Refining Company. GENTLEMEN—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GUARANTEED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.5 per cent of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured. Yours truly, G. P. GIRDWOOD.

A RUSH

TO stop the hard work of wash day—to stop the rub, rub, rub and tug, tug, tug, to make the clothes clean? Of course you are. Then send for "SURPRISE SOAP" and use the "SURPRISE WAY" without boiling or scalding the clothes, and save half the hard work. Have it cleaner than the ordinary if it is any advantage to use soap, your hands, your clothes.

Crayworth's Wrapper.

him with undisturbed sway, period of fascination had not quite lost its charm. He does the ceremony of your happily unite you. This excellent wrapper, as he tied a napkin around his neck, preparatory to eating.

Crayworth has not yet consented to marry. He answered the curate, blushing and looking at his intended bride.

I may have the felicity of witness- ing your marriage," he said.

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Forewarned. Improper food is largely responsible for the increased infant mortality in hot weather. Nestlé's Milk Food is nevermore recommended by medical authorities as the best summer diet. (Consult your family physician for a list of the best summer diet.) Do not continue giving your little one Milk Food, and when the heated summer comes your child will be strong for the battle with the heat. Do not continue sending for address, and mentioning this paper, we will send samples and description of Nestlé's Food. Nestlé's MILK FOOD.

NOT ON THE SHOW BILLS.

DISTINGUISHED ACTORS TELL SOME GOOD STORIES.

Actor Willard is Reminded that "Ellis Full" - Marshall P. Wilder, Hilliard, Nat Goodwin, Dixey, Burgess, Sothens, Murphy and O'Neil all Had Experiences.

A cockney gallery god furnished the material for this amusing reminiscence of mine. It was during my early days on the stage and I was playing a part in a holiday pantomime called "Seven Devils." At one point in the piece the devils one by one sink through a trap on their way, presumably, to the nether regions. On this night, however, one of the devils failed to materialize at the theatre, and at the last moment one of the supers was pressed into



service. In the hurry and excitement his bulk had not been considered and when the other six had safely descended it was found that the fat super was many sizes too large for the opening in the trap. There he stuck in spite of the combined efforts of all the devils to pull him through by the legs. This of itself was intensely funny, but when one of the gallery boys in a tone of intense relief, sang out at the top of his voice, "Thank the Lord, 'Ell's full," there was a universal shout of laughter in which everybody in the building joined, with the single exception of the fat super. EDW. S. WILLARD.

Most of my experience with stage mistakes have been stupid rather than funny, but I remember one little incident which was almost pathetic as well as amusing.

It happened when I was a boy and belonged to a snap company—barn-storming around the country.

The manager of the show was also leader of the orchestra of three pieces and played first fiddle.

The stage consisted of a platform held up by wooden horses. One night I was dancing away at my very best before a most appreciative though perhaps rather noisy audience, when suddenly two of the stage props gave way and down went one end of the platform. Quick as a flash the manager lifted the fallen end and placing it on his shoulder, went on coolly playing his fiddle and shouted excitedly to me to go ahead with my jig.



Well, the sight of that old fellow there, bent double, holding the stage up to prevent spoiling the performance, I shall never forget as long as I live.

The spectators shouted and applauded and went away telling everybody that it was the funniest scene they had ever witnessed. HENRY E. DIXEY.

It was when I first went on the stage that I had my funniest experience. We were then playing around in the small towns and I was fired on, as we call it, to "Hold the stage" while the carpenters set the next scene.

My part was a small one and mainly consisted of explaining some of the characters in the play, from which remarks the actors came on and took their cues.

On this particular night I had finished my allotted speech and waited vainly for the appearance of the men to follow me. No one came. I walked nervously to the left wing and peered into the first entrance but not a soul was to be seen. I walked to the right and glanced up and down but not even a stage hand was in sight. I knew very little of the farce and what to do I didn't know, so I marched back and forth on the stage with tragic gestures, muttering a few words now and then as if to give the appearance of reality to my performance, but the gallery gods "were on to me" and enlivened the scene by calling out various things such as "It's about time you went off." "Oh, you'll be sorry for this when you get sober." &c.

Finally, after what seemed hours, but which was in reality only a few moments, the players appeared, the scene went on and I made my escape.

It seems that the trap door behind the scenes had been left open by mistake and one of the young women had fallen through. She fell on some soft stuff and was not injured, but everybody, including the stage hands, had run down stairs to see her, forgetting all about me and that I was holding the stage. NAIL BURGESS.

getting all about me and that I was holding the stage. NAIL BURGESS.

The funniest part of my funny experience was that I played the joke on myself. I was a manager when it happened. One night when Wesley Sisson and I were running the Criterion theatre in Brooklyn several years ago we were sitting in the box office attired in dress suits, silk hats and patent leathers, congratulating ourselves on the strength of the big house the current piece was drawing, when a boy rushed up to the window and gasped out the startling news that some hoodlums were carrying off one of our big twenty-four sheet bill boards.

Accoutred as I was I dashed out into the street, not even stopping to put on my overcoat, although there was snow on the ground and the weather was biting cold.

After a chase of at least half a mile the boy and I caught up with the robbers, and sure enough there laid the big bill board face downward resting on the sides of the truck.

Alter being pelted with snowballs by small boys, and nearly mobbed by the half-grown thieves, I at last succeeded in wresting the reins from the driver and started lickety split back to the theatre.

When the board had been taken off and lifted up against the wall, what do you think it read? "Positively last week of Booth and Barrett at Sinn's New Park Theatre."

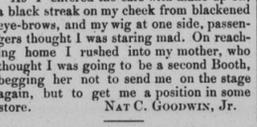
Next day I sent Sinn a bill for a new hat and a pair of pumps, but he must have forgotten my address, for I hadn't heard from him up to the time I left home this morning. ROBERT F. HILLIARD.

Before I ever went on the stage I used to take part in amateur affairs in my mother's parlors in Boston, and I bothered Charlie Thorne to death to get me a place in some company.

My friends also said they were convinced I had talents. So finally, Thorne secured me a position in a company then playing a piece called "A Bottle." Providence was to be the place where I made my debut, and the part assigned me was the old-time gentlemanly villain who comes to the village and captures the heart of the rustic beauty.

I had rehearsed several times and was sure I knew it all.

The heroine was to rush on with a scream and I run after her; but she hadn't rehearsed the scream with me so when she dashed on and gave an unearthly yell it nearly frightened me to death.



I stubbed my toe, fell sprawling, and lost one of my sidewhiskers. I couldn't utter a word and didn't do so during the whole performance. They thought I would gain courage as the piece progressed, but during the third act the orchestra came in with a few thrilling bars of music and I completely lost my head, and I dashed out of the theatre to find the depot and take the next train for Boston.

As I entered the cars with make-up on, a black streak on my cheek from blackened eye-brows, and my wig at one side, passengers thought I was staring mad. On reaching home I rushed into my mother, who thought I was going to be a second Booth, begging her not to send me on the stage again, but to get me a position in some store. NAT C. GOODWIN, Jr.

I don't know whether mine will be very funny to tell about it, but it certainly was funny to see. I was playing the part of a rough country lad in the "Master of Woodbarrow," who by the sudden death of three relatives is installed at the old Manor house at the head of the family.

The priggish old butler who has relegated to himself the right to instruct me in all the intricacies of the gentlemen's toilet so expatriated me on one occasion that I drew off one of my slippers and flung it at his head.

Well, on the night in question we were playing at the lyceum at the time. Augustus Cook, the butler, got a little too far down toward the footlights, and when he dodged the slipper it sailed into the auditorium barely missing the head of a stout gentleman seated about half way down the aisle.

There was a laugh at this of course, but it grew into a roar when the baldheaded man, whose face rivaled an Italian sunset in the brilliancy of its coloring, hastily arose, picked up the slipper, put it in his pocket and stalked indignantly out of the theatre.

It was too near the end of the scene to make it worth while sending the butler for another slipper, so I hopped around on one foot until the curtain went down. EDW. SOTHERN.

Of course you know Maze Edwards. He used to be treasurer in the Fifth avenue box office and is a very little man like myself. One day as I went in to get some tickets, he was standing at the window selling, his head just coming up to the ledge of the window. Mine just came up to the edge outside, and in my naturally deep voice I opened up and said, "Give me two seats in C, please."

"Stand up," he called angrily, thinking I was a tall man who had stooped down to buy him. "Stand up yourself," I answered quickly, at which recognizing the joke, we both laughed heartily. MERRILL YOUNG, MARSHALL P. WILDER.

When I was hulled for Topeka, Kan. When my train arrived in Topeka half a dozen gentlemen came into the car and said to me, "Is this Mr. Murphy?" to which I replied it was, whereupon, with a few pleasant remarks, they led me out to a carriage near the depot. It was a frightfully rainy day, and I remember thinking it extremely queer that any one should meet me with a carriage; but having played to big houses all around there I concluded it was a little act of courtesy on the part of Topeka citizens.

We drove to the hotel and the rest of my company went to theirs. Immediately upon our arrival in the parlor I touched the bell. Upon the boy answering my summons I turned to my companions and said, "Gentlemen, what will you have? a glass of beer, wine, cigars or anything you choose."

The faces of the men, as I said this, were a study, and they exclaimed, "Why, I don't know what you mean, Mr. Murphy."

"I mean simple courtesy," I returned. "It is certainly customary to offer a glass of wine in return for such a welcome as yours."

"This is an outrage," cried one of them, "that you should come here tonight to lecture on temperance and talk about drinking." To which I answered that I was going to do nothing of the kind.

"Are you not Mr. Francis Murphy," they asked. "No, I am Joe Murphy, the actor," I said smiling, and they dashed out of the door in search of their right visitor.

Well it seems some big temperance society there was to have Francis Murphy as their well known temperance lecturer, there on that same evening. The other Murphy's train arrived some five minutes after mine, and he was obliged to carry his valise through the rain to a near hotel, unwelcomed and alone. I afterwards became acquainted with him and we enjoyed a good laugh over the mistake. JOSEPH MURPHY.

I was playing "Monte Cristo" at the California theatre, San Francisco, several years ago, when an incident occurred that furnished more amusement to the audience than any of which I have ever known.

The house was packed and everything went along swimmingly until the middle of the last act.

At this point, having already disposed of one of my three mortal enemies, I engaged the second in a fight with swords and he falls to the ground pierced through the heart I step quickly beside the body and raising the index and middle fingers of my right hand toward heaven I exclaim, "Two."

Hoyt's farce comedy, "A Bunch of Keys" was playing across at the Bush Street Theatre, and as I afterward learned a catch line of the piece was just then in everybody's mouth. I had scarcely uttered the exclamation when a gallery god fiend with all the force of his lungs, aided by a high pitched voice, shouted, "WELL YOU DON'T GET IT."

That I was confounded the audience could plainly see from my expression, and this of course added to the exquisite humor of the situation.

As the laughter increased instead of dimming I nodded to the stage manager who ran down the curtain until quiet was again restored. JAMES O'NEILL.

A COLD-BLOODED BRUTE. How Ismail Pasha Amused Himself on One Occasion.

"When Ismail Pasha, the extravagant Khedive of Egypt, reigned over that notorious lot of African lions. Noble brutes they were, and until the event of which I speak I never tired of looking at them. One day while walking with his highness in the garden the keeper, accompanied by a pretty little girl, entered, carrying a basket of meat for the lions. The khedive and I walked toward the cage to see the beasts eat. They were hungry and pounced upon their food with a ravenous fury that chilled me. Standing close by the stage with her hands resting on the bars was the little child, her long golden hair at times blown by the breeze inside the inclosure.

"Why do you permit your daughter to go so near the lions?" the Khedive asked of the keeper. "Oh," replied the keeper, 'they are so accustomed to her they would not harm her."

"Then open the door and put her inside," said the khedive. "My blood froze at the command, for command it was. I tried to speak but could not. I was unable even to move.

The keeper, with the subsmissiveness of those who know their lives will pay forfeit if they disobey, made with his eyes a plea for mercy. But seeing none in the khedive's face he kissed the little one tenderly, lifted her up, opened the door, placed her inside, and as the door swung to he turned his face away and groaned. The little one, though she did stir, was not afraid. The lions appeared surprised, and as the largest and fiercest rose and walked toward her I thought I should choke. Happily the father did not see the beast. The khedive alone was unmoved and stood gazing at the scene calmly and with the curious smile I had so often seen play upon his features when watching the dance of a ballet. The lion went up to the child, smelled of her, looked at her for fully a half a minute, then lay down at her feet and beat the floor with his tail. Another lion approached. The first one gave an ominous growl and the second lion went back. The others crouched low and each second I expected them to spring, but they did not. This continued I think about five minutes, the big lion never taking his eyes from the girl and occasionally lashing the floor.

"The khedive by this time was evidently satisfied and turned to the keeper and commanded him to throw a live lamb into the cage through another door. With a celerity I have never seen equaled the keeper caught a stray lamb and obeyed. As he did so every lion sprang upon the lamb.

"Take out the child!" the khedive commanded, and scarce had the words escaped him ere the keeper, who had already run to that end of the cage, jerked open the door, snatched the little one out and clasped her in his arms. The khedive laughed, tossed the keeper a coin, and taking my arm, walked on." -Chicago Post.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 248 Union street.

THE "NOBLE ART."

A Few Pointers that the Most Feckless May Find Useful Some Day.

It is a singular fact that the beginner is almost sure to put himself in an attitude which combines every possible fault. He plants himself firmly, braces up every muscle, and holds his hands high. Now, it is impossible to be too easy and unconstrained, or to let the limbs play too freely. It is only at the moment of striking or parrying that the fist should be clinched tight and the muscles contracted. The left foot should be in advance, with the sole flat on the ground; the right foot about half an ordinary pace in rear, with the heel slightly raised, and the toes in line with the left heel; care being taken not to bring the left foot too far to the right, which would destroy the balance.

The knees must be very slightly bent, just as in dancing. And mind carefully that when you advance, the left leg must always step out first; when you retire, the right leg must step back first. When you move to the left, the right foot takes the pace, the left foot following it. When you move to the right, the left foot is first shifted, then the right. All this is very important, for the legs and feet get confused their owner must lose his balance, and become powerless either for attack or defence, and a slight blow will suffice to knock him down.

You require to step forwards, backwards, sideways as lightly and quickly as possible, always keeping the right foot in rear of the left. Thus when you deliver a blow the whole weight of your body is thrown into it; when you receive one, you give to it, as it were, and much of the force is lost. Or, if you step back very smartly, it falls short altogether, while your left foot being still in advance, you are ready to step up again at the instant and deliver your return before your opponent can recover himself. The left arm must be in advance, playing backwards and forwards easily, the fist about on a level with the centre of the chest. The right arm held across the body, but not stiffly.

Keep the chin down and the mouth shut. If you want to know the reason for this recommendation being printed in italics, you may have your mouth open, just for once, and get somebody to give you a slight tap on the jaw. But you had better take this without trying the experiment. -From Cassell's Book of Sports and Pastimes for June.

The Professor at the Breakfast Table. Landlady—"Mrs. Languid will not come down to her meals any longer on account of her dyspepsia. She has such a disagreeable feeling of fullness after eating, poor dear."

Professor Oldboarder—"Pray, give her my congratulations, Mrs. Livermore, and assure her that I hope I may acquire a similar feeling." -Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

A Spring Freshet. Young and fresh and fair was she, Young and even fresher, he Set and signed a lover's plat; Fresh the leaves upon the trees, Fresh the smile upon her face, Fresher, though, than all of these Was the pain On her cheek where love's confessions Made and left profound impressions.



Islay Blend Is the Finest Six Year old Whisky in the World.

ALWAYS ASK FOR ISLAY BLEND. TAKE NO OTHER.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St

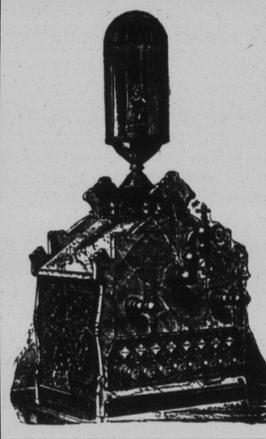
Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Repairs and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-outs at short notice.

WHIPS! You can get your choice, at a small advance on cost, of a large and fine assortment; bought very low for cash.

W. ROBB'S, UNION STREET.

MONEY

is one of the things you want boys, and one of the things you can get if you will do a little work for Progress every Saturday morning. We have told you about it before, how bright, active boys, in the city and country, make money for themselves by selling Progress. There are some places in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island where Progress is not sold. We want boys in each of those places to sell Progress. One of our boys sells over \$10 worth of Progress every Saturday morning. Others sell \$5, \$6, \$4, and down to \$1 worth, and even less than that, but they all make money. The more papers they sell, of course the more money made. We do not care if you only order two copies at the start—the next week you can order more if you want them, and the next week more. To show you just how easy it is to get customers for Progress, we will tell you this story: A little boy in Kingston, Kent county, sent to us asking if he could get some Progress to sell. His father helped him along, by sending a note saying he would be responsible for what papers his boy received. We sent him five copies the first week, before the next week had passed we received a postal card from the boy asking for thirteen copies, and the next week he sent for eighteen copies. He has only been selling the paper three weeks, and his list of customers has grown rapidly. He makes 24 cents every week selling those 18 papers—not much for a man, but a good deal to a boy. Progress wants just such boys in very many towns and villages in the maritime provinces. We want them in such places as Marysville, Canterbury, Harvey, Centerville, Buctouche, Hillsborough, Chipman, Yarmouth, Kentville, Bridgewater, Lunenburg, Wolfville, and a score of other places that cannot be mentioned here. Send us a letter or a postal, and don't forget to ask your father or some responsible person to send his name as a reference. Remember that you do not require any money to start. If you are the right kind of a boy you will pay us at the end of the month, and that will satisfy us. Address EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher PROGRESS, St. John, N. B., for any further information.



Ice Cream Soda

Go to White's, 83 King Street, for Soda Ice Cream Soda. The Choice Combination. We manufacture all our Goods, and can vouch for their quality. Purity is our motto.

The finest Drink in the World—so cool and refreshing.

OUT DOOR WORK NOW!

Many persons who have been thinking of painting the exterior of their houses, should not think about it any longer but decide whom to give the job to, before the hot weather comes—and the flies. We give careful attention to all outside orders, and execute them with all possible promptness.

-A. G. STAPLES,- Plain and Decorative Painter.

NOTHING LIKE making your "Ads." catchy. Have them prominent. Make everybody look at them.

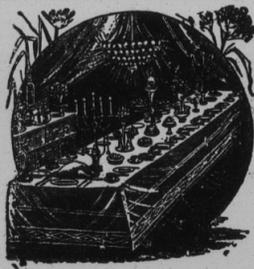
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MEN who advertise and want good advertising, have original designs for their "ads."

We originate designs. Make wood cuts and electros. Reproduce, enlarge, and reduce engraving of all kinds

"Progress" Engraving Bureau, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

- HOTELS. HOTEL STANLEY, ST. JOHN, N. B. J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor. Terms, \$1.50. BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats. VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. MCCORMICK, Proprietor. ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor. ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 23 to 25 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. Terms, \$1.00 per day Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts. W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor. HOTEL DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N. B. FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.



ICE CREAM! I SCREAM! LADIES, ATTENTION!

The Subscriber wishes to inform his lady customers, and the public generally, that he is now ready to fill their orders for Ice Cream, in any quantity desired. Vanilla, Lemon, Strawberry, Pineapple, Ginger, Chocolate, Coffee, Almond, Pistachio, Tutti Frutti, etc. Prompt attention given to all orders sent to the Lorne Restaurant, 105 Charlotte Street. T. C. WASHINGTON, PROPRIETOR.

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

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

WHILE JULY

The House is of SHIRAZ Flannel—Shoes Also There is Much to See And About Summer The girl in the blouse interesting. That is, be interest in the girl blouse or interest in her which last is from some most to be desired one mightly hot school for teaching Russian Jewesses, male not the women) by fund. The low-browed



creatures were interesting blouses, and these blouses, being of light fastened with small v They were dingy looking half of them had tucked pessimistic daisies or the sort you buy at the five cents on any street Their blouses were usually find place in a even better worth than other blouses worn in my good fortune to visit after the school visit, had wound up by taking Newport. The Newport tennis low browed nor swarth they were as graceful Your athletic girl some grace as a rule. They in two cases out of three peared to be particularly the experts call, hand volley, wore a blouse of pale yellow or soie de chine in a deep The full sleeves were also, and were gathered which looked too tight brunette managed to tinted wrists pretty ac gold pampasentrie tri and on the whole wore flat sailor hat with white yellow mull about it a yellow velvet under the A blouse of white sactive, combined as it pleated silk and black sleeves with black velvet worn with a white flat with graduated rows of and with a black sailor rose two white wings. An exceedingly at worn by an exceedingly begging the pardon of sis people, who did not cause her underhand tennis myself and I h fear in the hope, I m names straight—was s was a delicate shade omed with points of bla Girls who were not over their blouses. blue and black silk Another was in a pale was worn by a yellow wore a blouse of white

PRETTY SUMMER

HER COATS A

There were a good shirts of spotted and for every blouse or shie ent variety of belt, an were most peculiar. silver leather belts bodices, and belts u tomers, and the public generally, that he is now ready to fill their orders for Ice Cream, in any quantity desired. Vanilla, Lemon, Strawberry, Pineapple, Ginger, Chocolate, Coffee, Almond, Pistachio, Tutti Frutti, etc. Prompt attention given to all orders sent to the Lorne Restaurant, 105 Charlotte Street. T. C. WASHINGTON, PROPRIETOR.

The blouse that had down collar was the exception. Nine blou so high at the throat I give utterance to a "God Save the Prince I was talking with about shoes, or rather me, and he said that ful colors—to put it have begun to prevail of St. Crispin's craft, loved by them. Gold on giving the impressi day walks to wealth fairy tales. Slate gr has a certain following and the pinking and

WHILE JULY DAYS BEGIN

THE GIRL IN THE BLOUSE REJOICES IN THE FIELD.

The Blouse is of Silk or Sometimes of Flannel—Shoes Also Are Interesting—There is Much to Say About Millinery—And About Summer Gowns.

The girl in the blouse is the girl who is interesting. That is, of course, there may be interest in the girl or interest in the blouse or interest in both girl and blouse, which last is from some points of view the most to be desired state of affairs.



PRETTY SUMMER SHOES.

creatures were interesting, and they wore blouses, and these blouses were also interesting, being of light figured cambric and fastened with small white pearl buttons.

Their blouses were not of the kind that usually find place in a fashion letter, though even better worth considering than those other blouses worn in a tennis match it was my good fortune to witness the morning after the school visit, which dissipation I had wound up by taking a night train for Newport.

The Newport tennis players were neither low browed nor swarthy, but I doubt if they were as graceful as my Russians. Your athletic girl somehow does not run to grace as a rule. They wore silk blouses in two cases out of three.

A girl who appeared to be particularly good at something the experts call, I believe, a four-hand volley, wore an especially pretty blouse of pale yellow silk with a yoke of soie de chine in a deeper shade of yellow.

The full sleeves were of the darker tone also, and were gathered into silk cuffs which looked too tight, though the slim brunette managed to use her slim olive-tinted wrists pretty actively.

There was a gold passementerie trimming on the blouse and on the whole wool skirt, and the little flat sailor hat of white chip had a twist of yellow mull about it and a twist of pale yellow velvet under the brim.

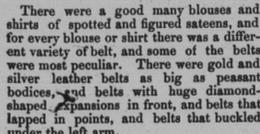
A blouse of white surah was rather effective, combined as it was with a yoke of pleated silk and black velvet, and with full sleeves with black velvet cuffs.

This was worn with a white flannel skirt trimmed with graduated rows of black velvet ribbon, and with a black sailor hat above which rose two white wings.

An exceedingly attractive blouse was worn by an exceedingly attractive girl, begging the pardon of the enthusiastic tennis people, who didn't like her at all because her underhand service—I don't play tennis myself and I hope, with a spice of fear in the hope, I may be getting these names straight—was so very awkward.

There was a delicate shade of pink and was trimmed with points of black velvet.

Girls who were not playing wore jackets over their blouses. One was of striped blue and black silk with loose fronts. Another was in a pale lavender flannel and was worn by a yellow-haired girl, who also wore a blouse of white and lavender check.



HER COATS AND SHIRTS.

There were a good many blouses and shirts of spotted and figured satens, and for every blouse or shirt there was a different variety of belt, and some of the belts were most peculiar.

There were gold and silver leather belts as big as peasant bodices, and belts with huge diamond-shaped expansions in front, and belts that lapped in points, and belts that buckled under the left arm.

The blouse that had a comfortable turn-down collar was the rare and angelic exception. Nine blouses in every ten were so high at the throat they made one wish to give utterance to a cry quite different from "God Save the Princess of Wales."

I was talking with a man the other day about shoes, or rather he was talking with me, and said that the bright and cheerful colors—to put things mildly—have begun to prevail among the followers of St. Crispin's craft, will continue to be loved by them.

tissel and moire bows and the cutting out of toe caps and fronts in all manner of fanciful devices proceeds with a constancy and a devotion calculated to give a pleasant impression of the fertility of imagination possessed by the modern shoe workman.

One doesn't go out much at this season when nothing of consequence is under way and yet I had opportunity the other evening to study in a room not too crowded, the beauties and the ugliness of the slippers worn by a considerable company of women.

With a white mull dress, short waisted, in the revived empire style, was worn a yellow sash and long, narrow, yellow slippers, with baby straps. With a cream colored silk, figured with rosebuds and butterflies and cut with short puffy paniers, was worn a delicate cream-colored silk slipper, decorated on the vamp with roses wrought in pink silk and crystal beads.

With a silver gray surah, cut with Greek draperies and clasped with massive gold on the shoulders, was worn a double strap classic boot in gray satin, sparkling with gold and jet embroidery. There was a glimpse of Catharine boots, high at the back and open in front, laced with gold cords.

There are going to be evenings if evenings are not now common, and there will be fine gowns. One finished and packed for Saratoga yesterday is worth a moment's attention. Black chantilly, as shown in the illustration, is draped over a black silk foundation. Deep flounces are arranged at the waist and about the round corsage, and wide black ribbons hang down over the skirt ending in great bows.

The beauty of the toilet is completed by a very long, plummy black ostrich fan, which is cunningly devised to add to its fascinations.

There are always words that may be said about millinery. In a somewhat lengthy and varied experience I do not remember a summer when millinery could justly claim an equal number of syllables.

I noted yesterday a hat covered with the old-fashioned pinks, which are to me the sweetest and dearest of all summer flowers. The foundation was of white chip crossed with a net work of pale sea-blue silk cord.



GOWN OF BLACK CHANTILLY.

White is almost tabooed except at watering places, a white gown upon the street being deemed bad form. Last summer was a white season, but not in town where the fashion would be a sensible innovation.

Thin fabrics of all kinds however are more in vogue than they have been during the past twenty years. Grandma's purple spotted organdie with its yellow lace can be taken out from its long sleep between the old linen sheets with their lingering fragrance of lavender blossoms; the be-floated, beflowered Swias, with its faded ribbons is made almost in the fashion of today, flounced up to the waist and trimmed with narrow lace.

The much respected sewing silk grenadine with its many breadths again sees the light, for all of these materials, and even the style of make, is once more reproduced.

The Spencer, an article of departed finery has been revived, and is useful to smarten up skirts which are not in their first youth. It is prettiest made of changeable surah or of striped Coral silk, and is folded into a band at the neck and has full sleeves gathered into a deep cuff.

It may be shirred, puffed or smocked, and is becoming only to slender figures; being an abomination upon the short pudgy woman.

Neglige waists of lawn, saten or percale are infinitely more comfortable than the tailor-made bodice, and may be worn with propriety in the morning either in city or country.

It may not be generally known that Gilbert and Sullivan were the backers of Oscar Wilde when upon his lecture tour in this country. Deeming that the untutored Americans would not appreciate the satire on sad-colored gowns, and the ridiculing of high art fads, which formed the text of Fancie, these astute opera-bonifas induced the long-haired Oscar to become a full-fledged esthete and exhibit his silk clad calves for the benefit of an American audience, thus usurping the functions but not the title of an operatic advance agent.

Oscar came and saw and conquered, and albeit though ridiculed found many disciples, most of them however belonging to the female sex.

It is difficult to say whether the corsetless and bonelless cult is on the ascending or the receding wave, but there is one thing certain, and that is that with all its absurdities its tendency has rather been elevating than demoralizing.

A woman now studies her particular style, and if she has no figure dons a flowing garment in lieu of a tailor-made suit, which accentuates her shortcomings and falls to enhance her charms. The dreamy subdued colorings of the flowered silks which seemed to be painted with the brush and not with the loom, lend a portly beauty to even a plain face, and with such a wealth of style and material from which to choose, a woman seems almost guilty of criminal negligence if she does not at least make of herself a picturesque, if not a beautiful object.

Nowadays also art makes a brave fight against nature and the creed of the women of the nineteenth century is not to let herself be as God made her but to put forth a superhuman endeavor, to repair the neglect of niggard nature. In the matter of complexion she can have recourse to powder and paint, but how is she to fill up the hills and hollows in her neck and arms? Parisian art has come to her

WHITE NOT IN FASHION.

EXCEPT WHEN WORN AT WATERING PLACES.

White Gowns are Bad Form on the Street—The Revival of the Spencer—Oscar Wilde, and those who Backed Him When in America.

During the hot weather when the thermometer runs up like a race horse and acts as if its goal was shoe, we all owe a grudge to mother Eve, our relation on the mother's side, for listening to the seductive wiles of the serpent. By so doing she has entailed upon us poor women the endless misery and worry of clothes, whose burden we never feel as keenly as during a spell of weather like the present. In such a climate conventional dress is an absurdity; why not adopt the airy garments of the Indian odalisque or even the Anglo-Indian garb worn by the Europeans in tropical countries.



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TENNIS, SPORTING, AND VACATION

Shoes. If you are going off for your vacation, or to spend a day in the country, your outfit will not be complete unless you have a pair of our Tan Shoes; they have them at \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$4.50, \$5.00, and \$7.00; also see our Canvas Goods, neat and stylish.

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for men. Now we want to tell you what we have for the fair sex in the way of holiday shoes; a solid leather French Calf Ox Tie Shoe that you can oil to keep your feet dry, or blacken like a man's to make them look new; this makes a grand outfit shoe for all kinds of weather, and the

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should not be without a pair; we also have the usual assortment of Tennis, Resnet, and Tan Shoes, from \$1.25 up; Boys' and Youths' Canvas Shoes now in stock.

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LITTLE GEM BANK. This little novelty holds \$5.00 worth of 10 cent pieces. They are put in one at a time and cannot be removed until the bank is full; when full, the screw at the top is turned down, which forces the bottom out. The bottom can be replaced, and the bank used again. It is small, neat; easily carried in the pocket. Sent by mail, 25c.

JOHN CHINAMAN'S WIFE. She is a Drudge, but Very Neat in Appearance. The domestic life of the Amoy Chinese is admirable and detestable. The wife is not a companion, but a drudge. Unless she belongs to the coolie or boatman class, her feet have been bandaged in infancy so that her gait suggest a young boy learning to use stilts.

Fern Gathering. When the sky is blue and the wild morning glories bloom and the trumpet mosses and trailing ivy covers the ground, then on the edge of the hazels and under the fir it occurs to the woman who is out of the city for a month or a day or an hour to wonder how she can take home some maiden-hairs. It would be better, of course, not to disturb the shy beauties except early in the spring and late in the fall, but when she will see will, and so let her dig very carefully, not wrenching the roots from the soil.

As the last thought is the most important, I shall describe the delightful gown in the cut, which is admirably suited for watering place wear. It is of the palest green bengaline with a deep yoke and band of Tunisian embroidery wrought in gold and colors; it is made in somewhat negligé fashion and is as cool as it is lovely.

COURTESY ANNIE DE MONTAGU.

is one of the things you want boys, and one of the things you can get if you will do a little work for Progress every Saturday morning. We have told you and country, make money for them in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, etc. We want boys in each of those or \$10 worth of Progress every in to \$1 worth, and even less than they sell, of course the more money at the start—the next week you ask more. To show you just how all you this story: A little boy in get some Progress to sell. His could be responsible for what papers week, before the next week had for thirteen copies, and the next selling the paper three weeks, and 24 cents every week selling those boy. Progress wants just such time provinces. We want them in atreville, Buctouche, Hillsborough, umburg, Wolfville, and a score of us a letter or a postal, and don't us to send his name as a reference. tart. If you are the right kind of us, St. John, N. B., for any further

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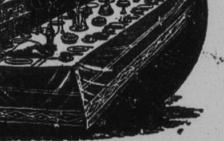
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AFE ROYAL,

Domville Building, King and Prince Wm. Streets. SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection.

ILLIAM OLARK.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

The normal temperature of man is 98 1/2 degrees Fahrenheit.

In the public libraries of the Australian colonies there are 51,000,000 books.

The newspapers of India number 559, published in sixteen different languages.

Earl means an elder. The words seigneur and senator are of similar meaning.

The London hospitals contain 8,000 beds, 75,000 in-patients, and 1,100,000 out-patients.

Sir, as a title, belongs to knights and baronets, and is always prefixed to the Christian name.

In the Sandwich islands, leprosy is so prevalent that the island of Molokai is set apart for lepers.

The Chinese have no straight streets or walls, because they believe the devil travels in a straight line!

The result of the census of the whole of Cape Colony shows the population to be one million and a half.

There are about 23,000 physicians and surgeons in the United Kingdom, or one to every 1600 inhabitants.

The Sikhs are a religious sect in North-western Hindustan which worships one only and invisible God.

Eucalyptus, or Australian gum-tree, sometimes grows 24 feet in 3 months; bamboo, 2 feet in 24 hours.

Mr. Glaisher states that in 3500 balloon ascents only 15 deaths have occurred; that is about four per thousand.

Mr. Glaisher, at 2 miles from the earth, heard a musket shot and a dog bark, and at four miles a railway train.

It is not legally compulsory on a master or mistress to give a discharged servant any character, and no action can be maintained for the refusal.

A will is revoked by a subsequent will, by marriage, or by burning, tearing, or destroying the will. It is not enough to obliterate it with a pen.

Deaths resulting directly or indirectly from drink are said to exceed 60,000 yearly or ten per cent of the total deaths in the United Kingdom.

Potatoes were introduced into Germany in 1710, into Russia in 1769, and into Scotland some years later. The man who sowed the first field of potatoes in Scotland died in 1850.

The name speaker, given to the presiding officer in houses of parliament, was first conferred on Sir T. Hungerford in the reign of Edward III.

In Paris the average attendance at the schools is about 91 1/2 per cent. of those upon the register; in London the proportion is but 78 per cent.

According to the census of 1891 there are in Ireland 3,545,856 Roman Catholics, 600,236 protestant episcopalians, 446,687 presbyterians, and 55,336 methodists.

The janissaries (the old Turkish soldiery, who had become utterly worthless and corrupt) were destroyed by Sultan Mahmoud II. in 1826, after a bloody struggle.

The maximum amount of alcohol, says Parkes, that a man takes daily without injury to his health is that contained in 2oz. brandy, 1/2 pint of sherry, 1/2 pint of claret, or 1 pint of beer.

An apron is the royal standard of Persia. Gao, a Persian blacksmith, raised a revolt which proved successful, and his leather apron, covered with jewels, is still borne in the van of Persian armies.

Excelsior is the motto of the United States, and has been made popular by the poet Longfellow. It means, "Am to higher things still." The word is also used as the synonym of superexcellence.

Capital punishment was abolished in Italy in 1876; murders increased 42 per cent. The Swiss convention of 1881 reformed the constitution so as to permit the cantons to restore the use of capital punishment.

The Armada sent by Philip II. in 1588 for the intended conquest of England, and commanded by the Duke of Medina, comprised 132 ships, 3165 cannon, 10,854 seamen, and 23,200 soldiers.

One pair of rabbits can become multiplied in four years into 1,250,000. They were introduced into Australia a few years ago, and now that colony ships six million rabbit skins yearly to Britain.

The Russians are going to adopt military cycling. They held some test races lately between cyclists and cavalymen, and the cyclists took a message 35 miles and returned with the answer four hours quicker than the horsemen.

Written sheets of commercial and military information were issued by the Venetians during the sixteenth century, and read in public marts to those desirous of learning the latest tidings. For this privilege each citizen paid a coin called gazetta, hence the venerated name of "Gazette."

A lunar day is twenty-four hours forty-eight minutes. The sidereal day is twenty-four hours, forty-four minutes, four seconds, or three minutes, fifty-six seconds less than the solar day.

The name sovereign was first applied to a gold coin issued in the reign of Henry VIII., otherwise called the double royal or rial, on which the king was represented in the royal robes.

The workers alone in the London hospitals amount to 5,000 persons, of whom some 1,300 are honorary medical officers who devote their time to the treatment of disease without fee of any kind.

In the reign of William III. (1689-1702) all child-stealers apprehended were branded with a red-hot R for rogue on the shoulder; M for manslayer on the right hand; and T for thief on the left one.

In 1890 Prussia had 727 agricultural schools with 11,144 scholars, 781 industrial schools with 93,029 scholars, 289 guild schools with 12,118 scholars. Thirty-five technical schools of various aims increase the total to 1,832.

In 1880 there were 85,671 physicians and surgeons in the United States. In Germany there were about 15,000; in no other country, probably, were there more. There were more doctors in the United States than in Europe in 1880, and there are more there now.

An infant loses from three to six ounces in weight during the first four to six days; by the seventh day it should have gained its birth weight; from that to the fifth month it ought to gain about five ounces per week, or about six drachmas a day; at the fifth month it ought to have doubled its birth weight; and in sixteen months quadrupled it.

"Doctor" is a general name applied to all members of the medical profession, or, in particular, to holders of a medical degree of one of the universities. "Physician" signifies one who practices medicine as distinct from surgery, or, more correctly, one in consulting medical practice. "Surgeon" signifies one who practises surgery as distinct from medicine, or in many cases, one who practises surgery as well as medicine—a general practitioner.

Lynch law, pure and simple, is not lawlessness. Originally it was frontier justice. A man on the frontier was accused of crime; there was no organized court within hundreds of miles. The people in the mining town, or the emigrants, held a court; the captain of the train, or the oldest man, was judge; others were jury. The accused defended himself, and might be acquitted; if he was condemned, he was put to death promptly and decently. It was justice, not law, perhaps; and rough, as justice is apt to be. In time the trial was omitted. In the South, to this day, when the accused is a negro, the trial is merely formal; whatever the verdict, the negro is "lynched" as a rule. But that isn't lynch law, though we have perverted a word of honest meaning; that is simply mob violence. Charles Lynch, according to the Century Dictionary, is responsible for the name. He lived in Virginia 100 years ago, and died in 1785.

About 18,000 Italians land in New York every month. In Philadelphia there are 25,000 Italians; in St. Louis, 5,000; Chicago, 15,000; Baltimore, 3,800; Pittsburgh, 10,000; New Orleans, 25,000, and in Boston, 16,000.

Dutch military cycling volunteers have to pass a real examination before they are accepted for the manoeuvres, but when passed they get five florins a day, first-class fare travelling, and are lodged as officers at the expense of the State. They have to be able to ride 63 miles in seven hours, and 81 miles in two hours and a half.

The enumerated populations of the twenty-eight great towns of England and Wales for 1891 are as follows: London, 4,211,100; Liverpool, 618,000; Manchester, 605,300; Birmingham, 429,200; Leeds, 367,500; Sheffield, 324,200; Bristol, 221,700; Bradford, 216,800; Nottingham, 212,000; Salford, 198,100; Newcastle, 186,900; Hull, 183,300; Portsmouth, 159,200; Leicester, 142,000; Oldham, 131,500; Sunderland, 130,900; Cardiff, 128,900; Blackburn, 120,100; Brighton, 115,400; Bolton, 115,000; Preston, 107,600; Norwich, 100,900; Birkenhead, 99,200; Huddersfield, 95,400; Derby, 94,100; Plymouth, 84,200; Halifax, 82,900, and Wolverhampton, 82,600.

The Pharos at Alexandria was the first light-bearing tower of which we have any record. It was built of white stone, and stood on the island of Pharos, near Alexandria, in Egypt. It was 300 feet high and its light could be seen for many miles. Josephus states that its "beaming summit" could be seen for 300 stadia, or 40 English miles. It was twelve years in building. The Pharos or lighthouse was illuminated by huge wood fires. Previous to this time mariners were warned at night of their approach to land by coal and wood fires that were built on prominent headlands. The Pharos was erected under the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, B. C. 332, the same king who commanded the Septuagint or Old Testament to be undertaken in the Hellenic versions. Sastratus, the architect, immortalized his name by having it inscribed on the Pharos.

The Japanese Babes Have Fun. The Japanese baby is not only indulged, he is also treated with the greatest care and intelligence. He is judiciously fed and he is regularly bathed, either at home or in the public bath houses. A Japanese baby would appear to us a very droll creature. If you would know how he looks you have only to examine a well made Japanese doll. He has his head shaved, with the exception of four tufts of hair—one in front, one behind, and one over either ear. He wears bright and gaudy clothes (or did he wear, for children, like their parents, said to say, are gradually being arrayed in European fashion), and his loose jacket has very long and very wide sleeves. Very poor children go barefoot; either wear stockings and clogs, the stockings having a separate pocket for the big toe.

Why suffer the illa peculiar to females when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will thoroughly eradicate every vestige of the trouble, and restore to your faded cheeks the bright, rosy glow of youth and health. Try them. Sold by all dealers, or by mail post on receipt of price (See a box). Address Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

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Shorthand

LADIES and GENTLEMEN desiring to obtain a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and Type-writing and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening course—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to

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Conductor of Shorthand Department,
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During the summer we shall make a specialty of giving lessons by mail. Fifty lessons in writing \$3. Writing and book-keeping \$15. Writing and the New Shorthand \$10. You can take your own time and your lessons need not interfere with your other work.

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,
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SAINT JOHN'S hot summer weather, and our perfect ventilating facilities, make the summer season a most favorable one for taking a course of study in either of our departments. Many Teachers and College Students have, during recent summers, spent their vacations with us with gratifying results. Some have arranged to be with us this summer, and we hope to welcome many more. No vacations. Send for circulars.

S. KERR,
Principal

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MANCHESTER FIRE ASSURANCE CO.

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" 40.....	17.20
" 50.....	18.48
" 60.....	19.84
" 70.....	21.28
" 80.....	22.80
" 90.....	24.40
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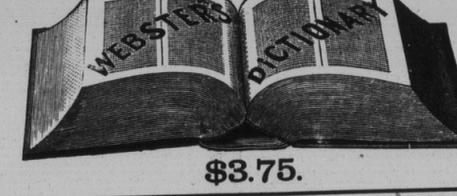


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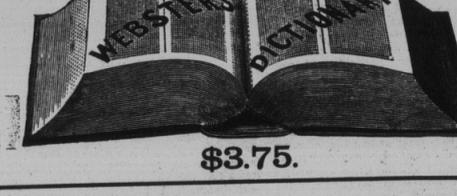
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MEN AND WOMEN TALKED A

A. J. Drexel heads the list of Philadelphia rich men with \$25,000,000. City has 160 millionaires whose totality foot up over \$400,000,000.

Out in Keokuk, where Mark Twain born, the older inhabitants remember fairly well, but declare that he was not any genius as a humorist lived among them.

The Czar of Russia will celebrate silver wedding next November in fashion, near Copenhagen. Im. thereat, it is invited, he will visit William in Berlin or Potsdam.

Stanley the explorer, is no favor as a lecturer. One night he recently delivered a lecture to fifty people, and even those did to be carried away with enthusiasm man or his subject.

When Queen Victoria makes a tender over a night or two her crowds through large vans and her cupes five carriages. Yet the man storms if his wife carries an side a hand bag to make a week.

Following upon the Duke of agitation in favor of doing away bearing or check rein from carriage the queen has directed him, as of the horse, to take those to be from the horses that draw the riges.

Lord Salisbury, stout and in may now seem, has been a he and in 1852, when he was R visited the Bendigo and B fields, where he joined the digg a tent, did his own washing a and gathered nuggets.

A contract between Charles Richard Bentley, dated Jan. which Dickens agrees to allow appear on the title-page of *Be (any for £40 a month, is offer London. This agreement did any editing or literary work carried out.*

The Prince of Wales has many foibles, and he may still to shudder as they read of it but, nevertheless, he has a popularity. Whenever he goes wherever he alights from his London a crowd quickly catch a glimpse of him.

The game of bacarrat was game of cards that has brou the fortunes of the Gordon- ily. The present baroness had a weakness for which she play for stakes as high as \$1 in one night during a run o to have lost 32 points hand was compelled to p property to settle the debt.

Count Von Moltke, the n of the late field marshal, int his commission in the Ger devote himself entirely to a farm. He inherits none military glory possessed by uncle, and although he has rank of major, he has alwa to express his dislike for t his desire to lead the life of country gentleman.

Theatres have been c doors, with the card "Only" displayed; men ha daylight and stood in line tickets and the applause i echo, all because Joe Em He was the star of a trag there were but four in the was when his body wa grave. Even the wife 'alienated' was not prese scarcely a broken down whose funeral would not to the side of the grave pated the end several ye himself deeply and leavin to alienate his friends public.

With Gladstone and P in the house of commons a writer. He debates a sing-song, monotonous sible for those in the ge an idea of the proceed Gladstone is present th in every movement. T is still a great work. movement that goes on deepest interest to eve is nothing so trivial th attention. He comes e gaining new points fo Life must look very p man of 80, for he ges cheerfully as a boy in t is the cynosure of all the house of commons, it is a profless undet be present.

Michael Lenz was, of the most famous of detectives. He was a in 1877, and was enga stable when the E visited that city to wit the Alexander hospiti claimed to have he between two women ance of a plot ag hurried with his info of police, and the tw and takes into cust proved to be a valua there was nothing of found in their pos Lenz was frequently vice in tracing alle did his work so att engaged as a regular ally promoted to be of the secret police. detection of Sophia woman put to deat being engaged in said to have no a and in one case, th he courted the wo uncle, and at len lover, and at len through the marriag win her confidence dence and also a lations that undou hands of the Russi whole system of existed abroad as it existed

Ensmeline for Smok by any other article.

OUR BUTTERMAN.

Nell says I take too much interest in the affairs of the servants, and she is inclined to laugh at me for caring so much about poor Lizzie. But the story seems to me as pathetic as if the heroine sat in silk in the parlor, instead of working in calico in the kitchen.

She has a heart, and this handsome farmer has broken it. But you do not mean that he has really written you a love-letter? "Listen!" Nellie said; and while I worked over poor, unconscious Lizzie, my nice read John Dilmore's letter aloud. It was a manly, straightforward letter, telling her he had watched her at the window and knew from Lizzie what an angel she was—poor Lizzie!—and telling her his income and prospects. He had received a college education and his father had wanted him to study a profession, but he preferred the farm-life and home.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

"Have you the means to support a wife?" was the question which practical old Mr. Worth asked me when I asked him, somewhat over forty years ago, for his daughter Effie. I never thought of that, and I'm quite sure Effie hadn't. How to keep the kettle boiling was a problem far too unpoetical to engage the attention of two young people wrapped up in the contemplation of each other.

strange fascination possessed me to witness the peridy of her on whose faith and truth I would, till now, have staked my life. The ceremony, I learned, was to take place in the little church in which I had sat so many Sundays, thinking of Effie's pretty face, and forgetting all about the text and sermon. I followed the crowd as it entered. I could not see Effie's face, but observed that she trembled violently.

STEAMERS.

STEAMER CLIFTON. THE above Steamer will make three trips a week during the season, leaving Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings, at 8 o'clock; returning from Indianapolis on the same days, at 10 o'clock in the afternoon, stopping at the usual landings.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA. BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO. (LIMITED). "CITY OF MONTICELLO," ROBERT FLEMING, Commander.

STAR LINE. For FREDERICTON, ETC. UNTIL further notice a Steamer of this line will leave Indianapolis for Fredericton and all way landings every morning at 9 o'clock.

INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP CO. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. DAILY LINE (Sunday excepted) FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING June 22, and continuing until Sept. 12th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, as follows:

NEW YORK, MAINE, AND NEW BRUNSWICK STEAMSHIP CO. ST. JOHN AND NEW YORK. THE S.S. "WINTHROP," of this line will resume Weekly Service between St. John and New York as follows:

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Intercolonial Railway.

1891—Summer Arrangement—1891. ON and after MONDAY, 22nd JUNE, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

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A great reduction will be made in Hair Switches AT THE ST. JOHN HAIR STORE. 113 Charles St. Opp. Dufferin Hotel. Ladies' and Gents' FINE WIGS, at the AMERICAN HAIR STORE, 107 LOTTE STREET. Up one flight. FURNITURE.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TONIGHT? TO KERR'S! WHAT KERR'S? KERR'S ICE CREAM PARLORS, ON KING STREET. HE MAKES DELICIOUS ICE CREAM AND ICE CREAM SODA.



Master Nicholson Johnstone, 14 Elliott row, was the successful competitor in History Competition No. 14. A very large number of correct answers were received, which shows what a great interest the young people take in these competitions.

Answers to History Questions, No. 18. 1. Who was Joan of Arc, and how did she gain the name of "Maid of Orleans"?

2. What was the great ambition of Henry V? Ans.—It was to obtain possession of France. 3. In whose reign was the woolen manufacture brought into England?

MISS ELLEN HAY. "It is yours," I said; and Nellie opened it. She had not read more than half a page when she sprang to her feet in a fury.

THE PARSON WANTED HIM. "You may have your gun about you, but I'll come by in evening's boat, to knock the devil out of you."

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Vol. THE M... To Retu... Words... used U... The m... Berryman... organize... Millen... and by-l... the engi... the min... there sh... hour sy... Mr. H... men we... their ord... crisis... munity i... lives an... they bec... the adm... Just afte... that the... Public o... favor the... path of m... (6... cause of... would n... the fair... were th... cause, th... not dar... and in fa... The cou... garding... opinion... ment... said th... men's... was sa... in the m... responsi... paid a c... he said... charged... ing to c... cause o... common... he had i... every cr... Dr. B... good op... the just... dlerly co... was str... had hear... owners... men had... and wou... to refle... calling... slight o... appoint... understa... at this... constitu... commit... after w... separate... other r... meeting... Everyth... board;... there s... given fo... of dual... pause... always... men, wh... as in th... Mr. J... plained... the com... themse... due to... meeting... in intro... McDadd... the invi... them at... Mr. J... storm o... the city... any wo... might b... so exp... men who... tion ha... he was... to most... as such... sider... accepte... night... way... for th... were n... which a...