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1889.

HERE and HOUSEKEEPERS will want to visit these and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS. For the coming season, I will be able to show the LATEST NOVELTIES in TAPESTRY CARPETS, with borders to match; MATTINGS, ART SQUARES, HANGINGS, and GUILTIMES. BEST VALUES ever QUOTED in this city. For all orders, call on JOHN N. B. 58 KING STREET, JOHN N. B.

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EX "POLYNESIAN":
11 CASES FLOOR OIL CLOTH;
7 " DRESS GOODS;
3 " PRINTS;
4 " LISLE SILK and TAFFETA GLOVES;
1 " HESSIANS;
1 " FINGERINGS;
1 " GERMAN SHAWLS;
Ex I. C. R.:

40 CASES COTTONS.

We hold a large stock of Cotton Goods, purchased previous to the advance, many lines of which we sell below present mill prices.

SMITH BROS.

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DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY,
Granville and Duke Streets,
HALIFAX.

WANTED.

WANTED—A Partner in a well-established business, having a good trade in city and province. A young energetic man with a capital of \$1,000 will find this a chance to drop into an income of \$1,000 a year. In writing, give real name, age, present and past occupation, experience, etc. Address, "Enterprise," care of **PROGRESS OFFICE.**

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TO LET—Baker's Oven, with shop and dwelling, in the manufacturing town of Chatham. A good chance for a steady man. For particulars apply to "M." Box 56, Chatham, N. B.

TO LET—Convenient flat, corner City Road and Gilbert's Lane. Apply 115 King Street, East.

TO LET—Two desirable self-contained flats, refitted and partly new. Hot and cold water; large yard, 24 and 26 Pitt Street, corner Elliot Row. Rent, \$120 and \$200. Large Barn suitable for storeroom. Inquire of HANINGTON & WILSON, Barristers, or G. J. COLLIER WHITE, Hampden. May be seen Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, from 3 to 4 p. m.

FOUND.

FOUND—A pair to have your Corns extracted without pain, at 21 Sydney Street, Floor, St. John's, Chiropodist.

A Middle-Aged Single Gentleman

WHO has had a large business experience in South America and the West Indies, and who is thoroughly acquainted with all the LEADING MODERN LANGUAGES,

desires to obtain a situation in any branch of business where his experience and acquisitions will be useful. Best references given. Would gladly accept a situation anywhere within the Dominion. Address: "C. R.," P. O. Box 206, Halifax, N. S.

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MR. FRANK DINSMORE will give instruction on the Banjo, at No. 40 SIMONDS STREET, PORTLAND, OR AT PUPILS' RESIDENCES.

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House and Sign Painting, Gilding,

GRAINING, PAPER HANGING, KALSOMINING, WHITTEWASHING, ETC.
A. D. BLAKSLEE.

Public Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Commissioners appointed under the Act of the General Assembly of Victoria, Chapter 50, intituled "An Act to provide for a Commission to inquire and report with a view to the union of the Cities of Saint-John and of Portland, in the City and County of Saint-John," have this day filed in the office of the Common Clerk of the City of Saint-John, a copy of their completed scheme, which is open for public inspection. Also, that the Commissioners have fixed **TUESDAY, the 19th day of March, instant, as the day upon which the vote will be taken under the said Act.** Dated the 8th day of March, A. D. 1889.
B. LESTER PETERS,
Common Clerk.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

PREPARING FOR ACTION.

PORTLAND ELECTORS BEGIN TO SMELL THE BATTLE APEAR.

The Strong Probability That the City Will Have James C. Robertson for its Next Mayor—Some of the Changes That May Be Found in the Council.

After Tuesday next, when the scheme of union will be voted upon, the people will begin to fix on their candidates for aldermen: Until then no definite plans will be made.

While as yet Mr. Robertson has given no positive assurance that he will be a candidate for the office of mayor, it is pretty well understood that he will consent to stand. He appears to be the choice of the people, and under such circumstances he can hardly avoid a compliance with their wishes.

Meantime, a good many names are mentioned in connection with the ward elections. In Ward 1, it is believed that Alderman Holder will not offer again. During the last year the demands of his business have prevented his giving much attention to city affairs, and as he may be absent all this year he gracefully foregoes the chance of re-election. The new names mentioned in the ward are Hezekiah Porter, Thomas Hilyard, Joseph Knight, George Travis, C. B. Fidgeon, and William J. Forbes. Ald. Price and Elkins will probably offer again.

In Ward 2 the contest will be a bitter one. Lon, Chesley has been at work trying to strengthen himself for months past. **PROGRESS** has shown some of his methods. The decent people of the ward will not be satisfied with anything less than a clean sweep. At all odds Chesley and Murphy must go. A very good ticket is talked of which bears the names of Joseph A. Magilton, Michael Coll and Thomas Miller, and it is hoped that these men will be returned.

In Ward 3 the only new names mentioned so far are those of Joseph A. Likely and Thomas Millidge. If there must be a lawyer from the ward, Mr. Millidge will make a wonderful improvement on "Slim George."

In Ward 4, a ticket has yet to be formed. Ald. Forrest positively refuses to be a candidate. He has been tramped upon so much that it makes him very tired.

It is not certain what, if any changes, will be made in Ward 5.

As a whole, there is a prospect of a tolerably decent city government next year. There will, no doubt, be some black sheep, but they will not be so numerous as to make the council chamber look as if it was in mourning.

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

WATCH THE BAROMETER.

"Progress" Tells You It Will be Correct—So Watch the Indicator.

The chief of police has not yet received word that he may go in peace. Several men, among them "Uncle Abe" Whitehead, are anxious that he should remain. There are strong grounds for the belief that "Uncle" after-hour gas bill this winter was larger than it has ever been. The lights seem to dazzle the eyes of the vigilant patrolmen, but they never molest the Hebrew, who never fails to line his shelves with "pop" bottles and divers mixtures in them.

Col. Blaine is not a candidate for the little private office on King street east, and it is affirmed that since Sir William has had wind of the appointment of a "practical farmer" around the lunatic asylum, that he has lost his inclination to make it lively for the evil-doers of St. John.

Then Dr. John Berryman, M. P., up to the time of writing this, had not gone to Fredericton. The doctor says, laughingly, when his friends interrogate him, that he is very busy here, and nothing of great importance is done at Fredericton for the first ten days.

Perhaps these are good reasons. **PROGRESS** doesn't say, but when a certain word flashes over the wires from the capital, and Dr. John Berryman packs his grip and takes the train, it will mean that the present chief of police will retire to private life and Mr. W. W. Clark will assume the duties of the office. Don't be incredulous, but just watch the barometer, and **PROGRESS** imagines it is pretty correct. Keep your weather eye open.

It Should Have Read, "The."

The Boys' Own Paper (London) for February 23 prints a splendid portrait of Hugh McCormick, whom it says in the accompanying article is "the greatest skater in Canada, and one of the first in the world." "One of the first" will strike people who know Hugh's record as rather tame.

You Know! Now Where She Is.

It is hardly necessary to ask the lady readers of **PROGRESS** to note Mrs. J. K. Swanwick's announcement in another column. She has removed to 39 Garden street, where the ostrich feathers entrusted to her care receive the same care and attention as ever.

WATER METERS IN DEMAND.

Every Importer of Brandy is Likely to Have One in the Future.

The liquor importers of St. John are likely to keep the water commissioners busy for a time, in looking after the meters that will be required by most of them. The custom house, as usual, is at the bottom of it. It has come about in this way: The tariff which came into force March 4th, 1885, has the following clauses:

Spirits and strong waters, of every Imperial gallon of the strength of proof, viz: Geneva, gin, rum, whiskey and unenumerated articles of like kinds, \$1.75 per Imp. gal. Spirits, brandy, 2.00 per Imp. gal.

Under this, for the last four years, brandy has paid \$2. on each proof gallon, and as it is about 25 per cent under proof, this has been a very different thing from paying that sum on each "running gallon." Last Monday, however, importers who went to the custom house were astonished beyond measure (no joke intended) to learn that the department had decided that brandy must be paid for by the running gallon, without regard to its proof. This made all the difference in the world, and was a most unwelcome revelation to those who had any of the seductive fluid to enter. Then there was "a big kick."

The kickers are exercising their muscle yet. They refuse to be comforted, and several of them have written letters of indignation protest to Ottawa. They want to know why, if this ruling is right, it has taken four years to discover it. The tariff has not been changed. It has simply been given a new interpretation.

This interpretation means a difference of about \$2. a case in the cost of brandy. The change has been made without any intimation whatever, and it is, of course, a very cold day for those who have brandy on which the duty has not yet been paid.

They will be wiser in the future. Under the new ruling it matters not whether brandy is 50 per cent below or 50 per cent above proof. They will, therefore import the latter quality and reduce it with water to suit themselves. Some of them will probably use a good deal of water. That is why the commissioners will want to put in meters.

But can any one explain why the customs officials have, as it would seem, blundered for four years, and who is the brilliant genius who, at this late day, has discovered the error?

British American, New York World, Sun and Herald—Cut out at McArthur's.

What Fredericton Will Hear.

The minstrels leave for Fredericton at 3.30 Tuesday afternoon, by special train, to repeat their unique performance in the City hall, that evening. Here is the programme, and if any Celestial hasn't a spare dollar, let him borrow one from his best girl, and with her copious reserves it's the chance of a life-time.

Overture.....Orchestra
Opening Chorus.....Mr. Cleveland and Minstrels
Song—Angel Gabriel.....Mr. C. DeForest
Song—Evangeline.....
Song—Sitting on the Golden Fence.....Mr. J. Thomas
Song—"Ye Trailing Back to Georgia, Mr. T. Murray
Song—"Boat Me up to Glory".....Mr. W. Bushy
Song—"Ben Bolt".....Mr. G. McSorley
Song—"Dem Chickens Root to High".....
Song—"The Old House Far Away".....Mr. F. Blackadar
Song—"Grand Finale Cake Walk".....Minstrels

Selections.....Orchestra
Grog Dance.....Mr. P. Blackadar
Simp's Speech.....Mr. C. DeForest
Song and Dance.....Messrs. Blackadar and Mills
Quartette.....Minstrels

To conclude with sketch: The Manager's Scene.

His Valentine Was Late.

Mr. John Fleming's valentine didn't reach him until last Monday. It came in the shape of a summons from the police court to answer to the charge of standing on the corner of Sydney and Union streets.

John hadn't got over his surprise when the evening paper published his name and the charge against him, with the information that it was dismissed. It transpired in court that officers Boyle and Macdonald hadn't the shadow of a right to make the information, and that Fleming was not on the corner. **PROGRESS** believes in clearing the corners, but because a complaint comes in against a certain corner that's no reason for patrolmen to grab the first man they see standing in the middle of the street. Decent men object to such notoriety.

Chairs Caned, Duval, 242 Union Street.

A Chance For Energetic Advertisers.

Advertisers who are ever on the look out for new and attractive features for their business announcements should follow the example of William Logan and get **PROGRESS** to secure for them advertisements as attractive as his. The publisher of **PROGRESS** represents the Electro-Light Engraving company of New York, and is able to get the best work for the least money. If you see an artistic advertisement in any paper which would suit your advertisement and make it attractive—like Mr. Logan's—send it to **PROGRESS**, learn what it will cost and then decide whether it is worth the money.

SILVER TONGUED MEN.

THE ORATORS OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

"Fictian" is At His Best on the House—The Men Who Do and Can Talk—Our Own Silas and Others About as Gib-Notes of the House.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

FREDERICTON, March 14.—By common consent the ablest speaker in the house is Premier Blair. His style of oratory is not free from defects but he is always worth hearing and when he has an important subject in hand, look out for a crowded gallery. Here he comes, from the smoking-room probably, where his favorite cigar has just been thrown aside, his hand, perhaps, tenderly caressing his well-formed head as if to satisfy himself that the few thin iron-grey locks still lingering upon it have not taken flight. His carriage is erect, easy and graceful with just a dash of the quarter-deck in its stride. His attire is neat, not snobbish, his bearing that of a man who takes a pleasant view of life, but is not to be turned aside in his course by trifles. On his desk he places a sheet or two of paper, on which a few very crude notes of the speech he is now about to deliver have been written, carefully adjusts his eye-glass, nods gravely to Mr. Speaker and then begins to speak. At first his words fall slowly and now and then he hesitates a little while seeking for the word or phrase best adapted to his thoughts. But he warms quickly to his subject—too quickly perhaps to avoid a certain appearance of forcing himself into it—and soon is under full headway and speaking with all his usual vim and vigor. His mind is of the acute and logical rather than original and creative type. While there is no lack of art in his way of putting things, and his language is both copious and precise, yet he never gives utterance to a thought that greatly surprises his hearers. He grapples with his subject boldly, and wastes very little time throwing side-lights upon it. One could wish that his mind were cast in a more imaginative mould. He seldom indulges in sarcasm, indeed his style is too forceful and aggressive to permit of its frequent use. Of humor he has very little, while it may be added he is not slow to appreciate the wit of others. He never prepares his speech; he has only the roughest possible notes at hand of what he is going to say; it is a question whether he could prepare and deliver a set address, and I suppose the Premier is much too busy a man to ever attempt it. Hence he lacks tenacity of expression, and never attempts to clothe a thought in the smallest possible number of words. His address is a current that dashes strongly forward, with here and there a wave of emphasis rising up, but with never a ripple of laughter upon it, nor an eddy of humor within it, and seldom relapsing into peaceful and restful repose. Metaphor or parable or anecdote he never employs. But there is nothing common in the Premier's speeches. They are full of force and action. They do not read, much less do they sound, as if they might have been delivered by anyone of half a dozen other members of the house. There is something of the statesman in the figure of the man, and when he really has his subject at heart—which is not always—there is, albeit the nicer arts of oratory are missing, the ring of true eloquence in his speech. Upon the whole we do not wonder that the secretary, whose seat is beside him, gazes upon the speaker with rapt admiration, that Mr. Solicitor watches him with a critical but appreciative eye, and that Lion Dan of Dorchester growls and grumbles, and squirms on his haunches while the hose of rhetoric is being turned upon him.

And now Mr. Hanington—a veritable Daniel in this lion's den of iniquity—is on his feet. There is fire in his eye and a razor in his boot. In an instant he plunges into the fight, leaving a gory wake of strangled adjectives and murdered pronouns and verbs behind him. From the depths of his thorax he pumps up a torrent of words which threaten to drown the house in their surging swells. But it will not do for us to attempt to shove Daniel into the background. He would not stay there if we did. Possibly his defects as a speaker are more numerous than his merits, but that don't matter. Bury him under a mountain of ridicule and slander and he will somehow manage to scramble out and with a thundering "Pardon me a moment," rush like a maddened Durham into action. He is the terror of all reporters, is Daniel. There is not a shorthand man in the province but dreams about him in his sleep. He seldom utters a complete sentence. When he begins what purports to be one it would be a rash man indeed who would venture to predict at what period in the debate it will be finished. Possibly it will be half an hour after it wriggles away from him before he pounces upon the trail again. No topic he intends to touch upon is finished without having jammed into it, rammed into it and slammed into it, a dozen other topics that have no right to be there at all. He

uses many times the number of words necessary to express the ideas he wishes to convey, spends a great deal of time over trifling matters and so is often tedious to his listeners. When he kills a mosquito he kills it with a sledge hammer.

What a strange mixture of kindness and rudeness, of frankness and suspicion, of honesty and bigotry this vigorous mortal is! Bigotry—I mean of the political sort, of course—savagely hostility and morbid distrust towards all who hold a different political creed from his own. Like Mr. Blair, Mr. Hanington makes very little preparation for his speeches, having only a few rough notes to guide him which it is needless to say he soon scatters to the winds. Daniel is fearless, more aggressive than he. He has neither wit nor humor but his language now and then forms a phrase or sentence of genuine eloquence and power. He has an excellent knowledge of parliamentary rules and usage, and in the general work of legislation is a most capable and useful adviser. When he speaks he is always listened to attentively. Perhaps his address would be more effective than it is but for the jibes he gets from the government benches—interruptions made for the purpose, one would think, of shutting him off the track of his argument and which, at all events, always produce that result. At this business Mr. Solicitor, who sits smilingly across the way, is an adept. His deftly interjected sallies act like the waving of a big red flag before Daniel's fiery eye. He lowers his head and charges for it instantly and wastes time and breath in the fruitless chase. But Daniel usually covers the ground pretty thoroughly. He may knock the barn down but he threshes out the grain. His criticism is often just and forcible and seldom applied in a capricious spirit. Given the time and the topic and a battle between Mr. Hanington and the Premier is a battle royal.

A speaker who seldom fails to interest the house is the solicitor-general. He is a critical observer, and when you see him focusing his right ear upon the doughty Daniel, as if trying to catch the drift of the surging, foaming cataract of words with which that amiable gentleman is deluging the house, you may reasonably expect that Mr. Ritchie is to follow. No man in the house is so quick to detect the weak point in his opponent's armor and penetrate it with the shaft of irony or ridicule. His memory of facts and figures is accurate, and so a statement he has once made he seldom to be retracted. He makes little of no preparation. His address is never extended beyond reasonable limits, and is usually full of pith and point, with now and then a dash of real Irish humor that adds to his remarks an agreeable flavor. When Mr. Adams was in the house, the flow of repartee between the solicitor and himself seldom failed to arouse the risibilities of the members. Mr. Ritchie's speeches fairly bristle over with interrogation points, upon which the enemy is invited to impale himself. His voice is rather harsh, but tone and emphasis are applied with judgment, and he is fond of throwing a side light upon such portions of the subject as have by the previous speaker been left untouched. No man in the house, except possibly Mr. Tweedie or Mr. Wilson, is so quick to grasp a humorous situation.

Among the prominent speakers of the house Dr. Alward, of course, takes a leading place. You can always count upon Silas being fully prepared. It would be very safe to wager that the exact counterpart of any address he is giving is reposing somewhere on his person in manuscript form. It would be equally safe to bet that it has been revised and revamped and recited many, many times before Silas is finally ready to deliver it to an expectant world. It is even suspected by some that upon this mystic manuscript the suitable spots for emphasis have been marked with a loving hand, with a great big bracket at the close. But the speech is not to be sneezed at when it is delivered. Silas has a fine, full voice, a brow which bears favorable comparison with that of Bismarck or Gladstone, a figure which Silas regards with unflinching serenity, and the effect of which upon the ladies' gallery can better be imagined than described. The language he employs is choice and abounds in passages of patriotic fervor and bursts of eloquence which only those who know the capacity of the late Noah Webster in that line would believe possible.

Dr. Stockton is the most scrupulously exact speaker in the house. There is no mistaking the fact that if others fail to appreciate his eloquence, Alfred is not guilty of any such negligence himself. His elocution is as faultless as his dress. He speaks with equal force in exposing an oil monopoly as in advocating a monopoly in telephones. It would be incorrect to say that Alfred was "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity"; but, as Dr. Moore, no doubt, would put it, "he mutates his exordiums by the fastidious superabundance of his oratorical preliminaries." I am informed that Alfred has neither smoked nor chewed since New Years.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

HOW WILL YOU VOTE?

ARE YOU FOR MAYOR THORNE OR MR. BARKER?

Mr. Barker's Friends Hard At It—They will Make the Contest Lively—New Candidates for Aldermanic Honors—Alderman Jordan Out of the Field.

With such hustlers at his back, supporting and working for him, as George Blake, S. S. Deforest and scores like them, George Barker is going to make the mayor's election very lively. Enthusiasm prevails in Berryman's hall, his headquarters, and his workers are in every street.

Mayor Thorne's henchmen are slower in getting to work. They met last night, after **PROGRESS** went to press, and it is presumed they will fight for all that's in them. It is too early to predict the winner, but Saturday, April 6, will see **PROGRESS**'s vote pointing in the correct direction. Look out for it.

One of the probable aldermen for this year is William Lewis of Sydney ward. Mr. Lewis is well known not only in that ward but all over the city. He is thorough, frank and honest, cares for the axe of no man, and has none to grind himself. He believes in city improvements, and especially in better wharf accommodation. The extension of the water supply has in him an emphatic opponent who backs his opinion with practical argument. But above all this Mr. Lewis is a practical mechanic who has prospered to such an extent that he contributes \$160 tons yearly to the city. He and his sons employ much labor, and no man knows better what the ward wants, and how it can be got.

Alderman Jordan won't ask for plumbers this year nor run with the veteran Bart. In fact he is going to stay at home and do his best to sell future cargoes of ballast to the city. That's an amusing yarn in circulation in Lower Cove about the ballast of the *Veritas*. Alderman Jordan, who manages the vessel, had contracted with Mr. McDiarmid to take the ballast out at 17 cents per ton, the estimate giving her about 200 tons. Just before McDiarmid went to work Jordan asked him to hold for a time until he went up town. When he returned McDiarmid was asked if he would take the ballast out for the city at the same price, the ballast having been sold to the city for \$40. McDiarmid refused—declining to work for the city and stevedore **Porter** took out the ballast.

But Alderman Jordan made something by the sale. It always pays a man \$100 a year to be an alderman—and sometimes more.

The query now is: Who ordered the ballast? because there's thousands of tons of the same stuff lying in Lower Cove that can be had almost for the asking.

Two names familiar in civic circles are those of Peters and Shaw, the capable men who represent Wellington ward. They are not capable in the ordinary complimentary sense of the word; they are capable as men who know what to do and how to do it. They are the head and front of two important branches of the city service—the street and finance departments. **PROGRESS** does not say that the street department could not be more satisfactory to the people generally, but the improvement within the past year or two has been so marked that nobody need growl too loud because the service is not perfection.

Alderman Peters' forte seems finance. He is an authority on money matters in the city building. No person, except perhaps, Fred Sandall, can give him many points and the city financial craft will take a pretty true course while the eloquent Wellington alderman is on deck.

Rumor connects the names of both these gentlemen with the mayor's chair in the future. It is no discredit to Ald. Shaw to say that Ald. Peters will probably get there first.

There's a younger man in the person of W. B. Carvill out in opposition to the old representatives of Wellington. Mr. Carvill is popular and his friends count on his winning. He has a fine list of supporters on his nomination paper.

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

It Would Cost About \$600.

John Daley, of the Royal hotel, Digby, is in town. Mine host is as much a New Brunswicker as a Nova Scotian, having lived 23 years here and 24 in Digby. The ladies there want the *Monticello* renamed the *Digby*, promising to cover her with bunting when it is done, but considering that it will cost about \$600 it is not likely that it will be.

It is Going to Go Up.

That "hole in the ground" that the opera house directors were gazing into some time ago is very likely to be covered soon. The stock is being called in and work will be begun right away. And when the walls are on the rise the treasury will probably have a surplus. People have outgrown their opposition to the locality and will welcome the new building warmly.

Sabbath School Cards, new assortment, at McArthur's, 80 King Street.

THE BOARD TAKES A TUMBLE.

It Decides That the Scarlet Fever Must Be Handled Without Gloves.

The board of health seems discouraged. Despite all that it has done, and all it can do, the scarlet fever is on the increase. Of 36 cases of infectious disease reported in February, all but six were of this dread scourge. From the returns received so far this month, March will show a considerable increase over February.

Something is wrong, but nobody seems to know what that something is. The active part of the board, Judge Watters, Mr. Thorne and Inspector Burns, are trying to perform their duties to the best of their ability, and still the fever is on the increase. What is the matter?

The doctors, with one exception, profess to report all the cases. Do they, or do they report such ones as they please, and pay no attention to others? This is something which the public has a right to know, and which the board should find out.

St. John, with its location and its drainage, should be one of the healthiest cities in Canada. It is incredible that through obstinacy, ignorance or carelessness, or a combination of all, scarlet fever should have attained such a position, from which it seems next to impossible to dislodge it.

The board of health complains that it is hampered for want of funds, that there is more than enough work for one inspector, but that there are no funds to do what should be done. This is abominable. Such a state of things should not exist. There should be some way of providing for emergencies such as are found today.

Suppose the small pox were to reach St. John. Some way would have to be given the board means to fight it. Yet small pox is by no means as fatal an epidemic as scarlet fever. It is simply a more loathsome disease. People should realize it, as they do not.

With not only children, but adults, being carried to the grave week after week, it is time that trifling and neglect were ended. The law should be enforced, rigidly, impartially and with no uncertain hand. The wages of neglect is death.

The board has adopted some regulations which, if enforced, will do much to check the progress of the infection. Briefly stated, these are:

Burial permits must be obtained in case of death from any cause.

Bodies of those dying from scarlet fever must be buried within 24 hours, must be disinfected and closed in tight coffins, and must not have a public or church funeral.

Infected houses must be placarded.

Five weeks must elapse after the last case in a family before a child from such family can attend a school. Physicians' certificates are required.

Houses in which the infection has been shall not be rented until disinfected to the satisfaction of the board.

Umbrellas Repaired, Duval, 242 Union Street.

WHAT IS THE MATTER?

Why Have We to Wait so Long For Letters From the Post Office?

If a stranger should enter the post office between the hours of 5 and 6 in the afternoon, he would think St. John the home of grumblers. The afternoon American mail reaches the city at 4.30, and is due at the post office 20 minutes later. At 5.30, merchants and others expect to get their mail, but it is often quite 6 o'clock before the mail is sorted. Something is wrong. There are either too few clerks on the work, or those who are at it are not particular what time they take about it. Complaints have reached **PROGRESS** again and again, but with a knowledge of the uniform courtesy of the postal clerks and some inkling of their trials, nothing was said until a further grievance came from a gentleman in a private letter to the editors. His trouble is better explained by the following extract:

The last English mail arrived in St. John on Saturday night, I presume, but a letter addressed to the writer was not delivered till Tuesday forenoon, nearly 60 hours after arrival in St. John, and only at the third delivery after it reached the post-office. The same thing has happened several times, so there must be something radically wrong in the internal or delivery department of the post-office of St. John. Besides this, on a number of occasions, I have had newspapers delivered 24 hours before letters coming by the same mail. Should this be so? I enclose the envelope of the letter referred to, and which bears the post-office date stamps of 11th and 12th.

What possible excuse can be urged for this complaint?

A Good Showing.

The agents of the Ontario Mutual Life company have a good case this year. During the past eleven years their company has had the lowest death rate of any company doing business in Canada, and the benefits of careful selection are still evident, for with over \$12,000,000 of assurance in force the losses during the first two months of this, their 20th year, are barely \$6,500, while the business for the same period is much larger than ever before.

In round numbers this company increased their business in force in 1888 by \$1,000,000; their assets increased from \$1,069,448 to \$1,313,853, and their surplus (of assets over liabilities) from \$57,665 to \$90,387.

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

HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER.

THE SUCCESSFUL CAREER OF THE MINISTER OF FINANCE.

How He Has Risen to Position Without the Aid of Family or Fortune—The Story of a Life of Industry and Earnest Application—A Self-made Man.

Some members of the Canadian parliament are politicians only, some are talkers only, while some are merely scholars whose abilities show to little advantage in the heat of political debate.

His career has been the result of no lucky accident or happy chance. Fortune has not come to him while he idly waited.

Minister Foster is yet a young man. He was born in Carleton county, New Brunswick, in 1847, of the good old Loyalist stock.

Further collegiate honors were in store for him. He won the Douglas gold medal for the best English essay, and carried off a valuable prize for natural science.

Being graduated, in 1868, he followed his natural tastes and began teaching school. His first position was as master of the grammar school at Grand Falls.

The election of 1882 was a hard fought one all over Canada. The national policy had had four years of trial, and it was left for the people to say whether it had fulfilled the promises made for it and should have another trial.

Prof. Foster took the field with that quiet confidence which has since shown itself so often in him in times of emergency.

The later career of Prof. Foster, as minister of marine and minister of finance, is familiar to all the readers of PROGRESS.

Apart from politics, Prof. Foster has led a busy life in connection with important movements. The total abstinence advocates have long recognized him as a leader, and he has held the highest offices in the various bodies.

the editor of several temperance papers. He has also taken a leading part in Y. M. C. A., Sunday-school and church work.

Kings county has every cause to honor its distinguished member, and will doubtless continue to give him in the future even more hearty and enthusiastic support than in the past.



HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER, MINISTER OF FINANCE.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

His Ma Has a Party—His Pa Gets Tired, But the Scene Was Brilliant.

We had a big party at our house last week, cos sister's gettin' long in years and aint had a chance yet of 'zibitin' her boney arms and yallerblasted neck before the public gaze.

About a week before the party ma heard that her brother Uncle John was dead out West, but she didn't tell anybody only us ones about it, coz she was bound to have the party just the same, and pa sent me down town to put the death notice in the paper after the show was over.

But enyway, I tell you our place looked scrumptious. Everything we couldn't block we borrowed, sugar and soleratus included.

Mrs. Hiram Smythe (that's ma: great Scott! but she looked wetherbeaten and yellier as the crop of our old hen we killed last summer).

Miss Smythe (that was sister; good land! her elbows was sharper'n pa's old razor): French merrier gown with no roof on it; a broad grin; brass buckles on her shoulders; ornaments, pearls.

Mrs. Turs: Terren-oster cockle-cher; artificial hair; false teeth; ornaments, nickles and trinkles. (I tell you, it's lucky fur old Tags that she's a widder!)

Mrs. Wags: Rich white cordwood paper; express frame and pin fetters.

Mrs. Mahoney: Corn-colored limgines; shoe on left foot rubber on right; mole on nose and chin to match; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. Mulcahey (St. John): Same old rig she's been wearin' to every teatle, carnival and maffin duel for the last ten years, sister sez, only she's thinner than she needler, and has to take in the seams; ornaments, frizlers.

I tell you it was gorgeous. Pa was the center of attraksyun. He had some Scott Act cordial on the premises unbeknownst to ma and before they got thru the racket him and uncle Dick got tired, I gess, and laid down upstairs.

The later career of Prof. Foster, as minister of marine and minister of finance, is familiar to all the readers of PROGRESS.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY

Conducts an Auction Sale and Bill Johnson Omiclates as Bell Ringer.

Our shoemaker and us made up again. Me and Bill both took our butes to get fixed at once and the old fellar couldn't resist the temptashun and never said nuthin'.

So me and Bill thort we'd have an oxshun. The loafer said he oxshun if we'd get some invigerator after he got done.

We was goin to have another oxshun in the evenin', ony when the shoemaker cum back he made sitch a time and said he could do without me and Bill's custom in the future any way, if he had ter break stones to pay his taxes.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

BROTHER JONATHAN'S DITTY.

I love a maiden with white hair, As youthful white as fallen snow; Her cheeks are red, her form is fair, And she has land and wealth enow.

She is the Empress of the North, Her mouth against my face is sweet; I highly prize her moral worth, Her milk and honey, coal and wheat.

Her sky, untropical and bleak, Shields a broad empire bravely woe; Her voice repeats the tongue I speak, Vast is the circuit of her sun.

O Jansel of the continent's crown, Have patience; we can live and wait, Until some day the sun shines down Upon us as her mightiest state.

My Darling Juliet: It seems to me that we have not seen each other for a while year, although it was only on Saturday.

—Just Benton, in the Commonwealth.

SECRET AND JESUITICAL. THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Canadian Clergymen Who Hold the "Eucharistic Adoration"—Three of Them Are Found in the Diocese of Fredericton.

Last week we intimated that we had a list of the Canadian members of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. That Canadian churchmen may know the clergymen who hold the extreme and Romish views on "Eucharistic Adoration," we publish the names. The list is taken from the official and secret roll of the confraternity for 1888, and was published originally in the Protestant Observer, of London, England.

The following are the Canadian members, so far as known, of the confraternity: Diocese of Rupert's Land: Rev. S. L. Agassiz, S. P. G. missionary at Fort Pelly; Rev. H. H. Barber, All Saints, Winnipeg.

Of the above, Ven. Archdeacon Gilpin, Rev. J. W. Gregory, Rev. R. G. Sutherland and Rev. E. Wood, are members of the council of the confraternity; the last named being also "Superior-general" of vicar for the superintendence of wards in Canada.

HIS HEART YEARNED FOR HER

And He Was Hers Faithfully Until Death—But They Don't Speak Now.

Accidents will happen. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. Doubtful things are mighty uncertain. Etc., etc.

All these proverbs apply to newspapers. For example, it's not very long ago that an interprovincial breach-of-promise suit was confidently expected. PROGRESS foresaw fun and at considerable trouble and some expense procured copies of the plaintiff's letters to the fair defendant.

My Darling Juliet: It seems to me that we have not seen each other for a while year, although it was only on Saturday.

NEW SPRING CLOTHS!

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

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

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

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

PRICES REASONABLE consistent with good work and style.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

We are now Ready

FOR SPRING TRADE, And with enlarged premises and a larger and better assorted stock of

STOVES, RANGES, TINWARE, and HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE,

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

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

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

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

HARRY COMEQUICK.

My Dear Friend: In answer to yours of last week, I would say that you can buy Clothing at OAK HALL CLOTHING STORE, 5 Market Square, cheaper and better than any other place I know of.

Your friend,

T. H. E. TRUTH.

P. S.—At Night Look for the Red Light.

FOR GOOD VALUE

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

GO TO PITTS' General Dry Goods Store, 179 UNION STREET. 179

THE PERFECT GLASS

LEMON JUICE EXTRACTOR. TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, 84 King Street.

Havana and Domestic CIGARS. THOS. L. BOURKE, 11 and 12 Water St., St. John, N. B.

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

W. WATSON ALLEN. CLARENCE H. FERGUSON ALLEN & FERGUSON, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Etc. Pugsley's Building, Rooms 14, 15 and 16 Cor. Prince William and Princess streets.

A. & J. HAY, 76 King Street. Spectacles, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. JEWELRY made to order and repaired. WEDDING RINGS guaranteed 18 K. Gno.

ST. JOHN ACADEMY OF ART. STUDIO BUILDING, 74 GERMAIN ST., SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE SCHOOL-ROOMS are now open to Pupils from 10 until 5 every day in the week, except Saturday afternoon. The aim of the School is to give Pupils a good training in

DRAWING AND PAINTING. The course taught consists in— Drawing from Models and Objects; The Antique; Life; Still Life; Painting from Life.

Lectures on PERSPECTIVE, including Parallel, Angular and Oblique Perspective; casting Shadows by gas light and sun light; Reflections in the mirror and water. A specialty is made of Portraiture in this School. Pupils are taught to draw them in Charcoal and Crayon, and to Paint them in Pastel and Oil.

Principal—JOHN C. MILES, A. R. C. A. Assistant—FRED H. C. MILES. A NICE LOT OF PERFUMES, In Bulk, JUST RECEIVED AT T. A. CROCKETT'S, 162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street. DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. HORSES and Carriages on hire. FINE FIT-OUTS at short notice.

NG CLOTHS!

First Importation of Novelties in
LOAK CLOTHS, including

riots;
ripe Cheviots;
Stripe Alice Cloth;
Self-colored Box Cloths,
Box Cloths, include Bottle Green, Olive,
veral shades, Browns, Navy and Myrtle.

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RTSON & ALLISON.

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purpose than ever.

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we offer cannot be equalled by

75 and 79 Prince Wm. Street.

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

nd: In answer to yours
that you can buy Clothing
ING STORE, 5 Market
r than any other place I
s first-class. They invite
r fine large stock. They
rths, Boys and Children;
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
r what you want. You
SCOVIL, FRASER &

riend,
T. H. E. TRUTH.
the Red Light.

D VALUE

; Ladies' and Children's Wove
nd Colored Cashmeres;
y Coats, Embroidered
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Horse and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-outs
short notice.

CHIPPEWA INDIAN SENEADE.

[From the Fifth Canto of "The Story of Sivalla"]

Awake! my beloved, awake!
O beautiful bird of the willowood,
O beautiful bird of the meadow,
Thou with the dew of the dawn,
As fair is thy face as the moonbeams,
Warm glowing as love in its childhood,
And smiling as bright are thy glances
As are the sun's after the dawn.

Awake! my beloved, awake!
With love-gleams those star-eyes adorning,
When you look at me I am so happy,
As blossoms when kissed by the dew,
Ah, sweet as the breath of the nightfall,
Or the flowery fragrance of morning,
In the moon of the soft-falling leaf,
Is the mouth of my Kee-woo-mis, true.

Awake! my beloved, awake!
Does not my veins' blood spring to thee, dear,
Like a fair bubbling spring to the sunlight,
That round the pool, in fringed plays?
Like the wind to the green dancing branches,
To you my heart sings when by me, dear,
Like the bird to its mate in the alders,
In the moon of the strawberry days.

Awake! my beloved, awake!
When coldness with sunshine is blending
Thy hair face across, is this breast stricken
With gloom—as the fair shining lake
When shading clouds o'er the waters
In shadows are swiftly descending,
While heart-strings throbbing with anguish,
My heart-strings across, wildly break.

Awake! my beloved, awake!
Thy smiles stir this troubled heart, weeping,
To brighten with joy; as the sunbeams
Make bright as the dawn-shining gold
The dimpled and glad-looking eyes,
When winds, Indian-summer, are sweeping
As swift as the deer's nimble footsteps
Sweep over the smooth, mossy wood.

Awake! my beloved, awake!
Behold, it is I—d-bear me,
Blood in my heart beating! long absent—
Oh, hasten on wings of love borne:
I pledge now my vows in the vobans,
When winds, Indian-summer, are sweeping
As swift as the deer's nimble footsteps
Sweep over the smooth, mossy wood.

Awake! my beloved, awake!
The blood of my veins is frost-chilled,
As brooks in the moons of the winter,
Whenever thine eyes glance across:
But ah, when thy face greets me, smiling,
My throbbing heart's streams are warm thrilled,
And rush gladly on as the river,
When the warm sun of April shines down.

Awake! my beloved, awake!
See how the East woodlands are shining;
Soon over the white-misted prairie
Shall glimmer "the sunshine of love."
Hark! birds twitter through the sweet maples
Songs tender, with fond hopes combining.
Lo, sunrises, Earth smiles—and the stars—
And the blue arch of Heaven above.

—A. H. Chandler, in Boston Transcript.
Moncton, N. B.
* The daybreak.

A WINTER COURTSHIP.

The passenger and mail transportation between the town of North Kilby and Sanscrit Pond was carried on by Mr. Jefferson Briley, whose two-seated covered wagon was usually much large for the demands of business. Both the Sanscrit Pond and North Kilby people were stayers-at-home, and Mr. Briley often made his seven-mile journey in entire solitude, except for the limp leather mail-bag, which he held firmly to the floor of the carriage with his heavily shod left foot. The mail-bag had almost killed him, because of long association—Mr. Briley was a meek and timid-looking body, but he had a warlike soul, and encouraged his fancies by reading awful tales of bloodshed and lawlessness in the far West. Mindful of stage robberies and train thieves, and of express messengers who died at their posts, he was prepared for anything; and although he had trusted to his own strength and bravery these many years, he carried a heavy pistol under his front-seat cushion for better defense. This awful weapon was familiar to all his regular passengers, and was usually shown to strangers by the time two of the seven miles of Mr. Briley's route had been passed. The pistol was not loaded. Nobody (at least not Mr. Briley himself) doubted that the mere sight of such a weapon would turn the boldest adventurer aside.

Protected by such a man and such a piece of armament, one gray Friday morning in the edge of winter, Mrs. Fanny Tobin was travelling from Sanscrit Pond to North Kilby. She was an elderly and feeble-looking woman, but with a shrewd twinkle in her eyes, and she felt very anxious about her numerous pieces of baggage and her own personal safety. She was enveloped in many shawls and smaller wrappings, but they were not securely fastened, and kept getting undone and flying loose, so that the bitter December cold seemed to be picking a lock now and then, and creeping in to steal away the little warmth she had. Mr. Briley was cold, too, and could only cheer himself by remembering the valor of those pony-express drivers of the pre-railroad days, who had to cross the Rocky Mountains on the great California route. He spoke at length of their perils to the suffering passenger, but she felt none the warmer, and at last gave a groan of weariness.

"How fur did you say 'twas now?" "I do know," I said, Miss Tobin, answered the driver, with a frosty laugh. "You see them big pines, and the side of a barn just this way with them yellow circus bills? That's my three-mile mark."

"We got four more to make? Oh, my laws!" mourned Mrs. Tobin. "Urge the beast, can't ye, Jeff? I ain't used to bein' out in such bleak weather. Seems if I couldn't get my breath. I'm all pinched up and wigglin' with shivers now. 'Tain't no use lettin' the hoss go step-a-ty-step, this fashin'."

"Landy me!" exclaimed the affronted driver. "I don't see why folks expects me to race with the cars. Everybody that gits in wants me to run the hoss to death on the road. I make a good average o' time, and that's all I can do. Ef you was to go back an' forth every day but Sabbath fur eighteen years you'd want to ease it all

you could, and let those thrash the spokes out o' their wheels that wanted to. North Kilby, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; Sanscrit Pond, Tuesdays, Thursdays an' Saturdays. Ma an' the beast's done it eighteen years together, and the creature warn't, so to say, young when we begun it, nor I neither. I relly didn't know's he'd hold out till this time. There, git up, will ye, old mar!" as the beast of burden stopped short in the road.

There was a story that Jefferson gave this faithful creature a rest three times a mile, and took four hours for the journey by himself, and longer whenever he had a passenger. But in pleasant weather the road was delightful, and full of people who drove their own conveyances, and liked to stop and talk. There were not many farms; and the third growth of white pines made a pleasant shade, though Jefferson liked to say that when he began to carry the mail his way lay through an open country of stumps and sparse underbrush, where the white pines now-a-days completely arched the road.

They had passed the barn with circus posters, and felt colder than ever when they caught sight of the weather-beaten acrobats in their tight-fitting leotards. "My gorry!" exclaimed Widow Tobin, "them pore creatur's looks as cheerless as little birch trees in snow-time: I hope they dresses 'em warmer this time o' year. Now, there! look at that one jumpin' through the little hoop, will ye?"

"He couldn't git himself through there with two pair o' pants on," answered Mr. Briley. "I expect they must have to keep limber as eels. I used to think, when I was a boy, that 'twas the only thing I could ever be reconciled to do for a livin'." I set out to run away an' follow a rovin' show-man once, but mother needed me to home. There warn't nobody but me an' the little gals."

"You ain't the only one that's be'n disappointed o' their heart's desire," said Mrs. Tobin sadly. "T warn't so that I could be spared from home to learn the dress-maker's trade."

"T would a come handy later on, I declare," answered the sympathetic driver, "bein' 's you went an' had such a passel o' gals to clothe an' feed. There, them that 's livin' is all well off now, but it must ha' been some, in convenient for ye when they was small."

"Yes, Mr. Briley, but then I've had my mercies, too," said the widow somewhat grudgingly. "I take it master hard now, though, havin' to give up my own home and live round from place to place, if they be my own children. There was a little one and Susan Ellen fustin' an' bickerin' yesterday about who'd get to have me next; and, Lord be thanked, they both wanted me right off, but I hated to hear 'em talkin' of it over. I'd rather live to home, and do for myself."

"I've got consider'ble used to boardin'," said Jefferson, "sence mar'd died, but it made me ache 'long at the fust on 't, I tell ye. Bein' on the road 's I be, I couldn't do no way at keepin' house. I should want to keep right there and see to things."

"Course you would," replied Mrs. Tobin, with a sudden inspiration of opportunity which sent a welcome glow all over her. "Course you would, Jeff?"—she leaned toward the front seat; "that is to say, on less you had jest the right one to do it for ye."

And Jefferson felt a strange glow also, and a sense of unexpected interest and enjoyment. "See here, Sister Tobin," he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "Why can't ye take the trouble to shift seats, and come front here 'long o' me? We could put one buff to top o' 'in' right over—they're both warm 'nuff, and set close, and I do know but we shud be more protected agin' the weather."

"Well, I couldn't be no colder if I was friz'd to death," answered the widow, with an amiable simper. "Don't ye let me delay you, nor put you out, Mr. Briley. I don't know 's I'd set forth today if I'd down 't was so cold; but I had all my hundred up, and I ain't one that puts my hand to the plough an' looks back, 'cordin' to Scripture."

"You would n't wanted me to ride all them seven miles alone?" asked the gallant Briley sentimentally, as he lifted her down, and helped her up again to the front seat. She was a few years older than he, but they had been schoolmates, and Mrs. Tobin's youthful freshness was suddenly revived to his mind's eye. She had a little fear, there was nobody left at home now but herself, and so she had broken up housekeeping for the winter. Jefferson himself had savings of no mean amount.

"They tucked themselves in, and felt better for the change, but there was a sudden awkwardness between them; they had not had time to prepare for an unexpected crisis.

"Here say Elder Bickers, over to East Sanscrit, 's been and got married again to a gal that's four years younger than his daughter," proclaimed Mrs. Tobin presently. "Seems to me 't was a fool's business."

"I view it so," said the stage-driver. "There's goin' to be a mild open winter for that family."

"What a joker you be for a man that 's had so much responsibility!" smiled Mrs. Tobin, after they had done laughing. "Ain't you never fruid, carryin' mail that'll be set on an' robbed, especially by night?" "Jefferson braced his feet against the dasher under the worn buffalo. "It is kind o' scary, or would be for some folks, but I'd like to see anybody get the better o' me. I go armed, and I don't care who knows it. Some o' them drover men that comes from Canada looks as if they didn't care what they did, but I look 'em right in the eye every time."

"Men folks is brave by natur'," said the widow admiringly. "You know how Tobin would let his fist right out at anybody that undertook to sass him. 'Town-meetin' days, if he got disappointed about the way things went, he'd lay 'em out in win'r's end; ef he hadn't been a church member he'd be a real fightin' character. I was always 'frid to have him roused, for all he was so willin' and meechin' to home, and set round clever as anybody. My Susan Ellen used to boss him same 's the kitten, when she was four year old."

"I've got a kind of a sideways cant to my nose, that Tobin give me when we was to school. I don't know 's you ever noticed it. 'I don't see why folks expects me to race with the cars. Everybody that gits in wants me to run the hoss to death on the road. I make a good average o' time, and that's all I can do. Ef you was to go back an' forth every day but Sabbath fur eighteen years you'd want to ease it all

Liver Disorders

Soon cause the blood to become contaminated and require prompt treatment. The most marked symptoms are loss of appetite, headache, pains in the back or side, nausea, and relaxation of the bowels. Ayer's Pills assist nature to expel the superabundant bile and thus restore the purity of the blood. Being purely vegetable and sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take, mild in operation, and without ill-effects. "After many years' experience with Ayer's Pills as a remedy for the large number of ailments caused by derangements of the liver, peculiar to malarial localities, simple justice prompts me to express to you my high appreciation of the merits of this medicine for the class of disorders I have named."—S. I. Loughridge, Bryan, Texas. "I had tried almost everything for chronic liver complaint, but received no relief until I resorted to Ayer's Pills, which I found them invaluable."—W. E. Watson, 77 East Illinois st., Chicago, Ill.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

"Lemme see your nose. 'Tis all straight, for what I know," said the widow gently, and with a trace of coyness she gave a hasty glance. "I don't know but what 'tis warped a little, but nothin' to speak of. You've got real nice features, like your marm's folks."

It was becoming a sentimental occasion, and Jefferson Briley felt that he was in for something more than he had bargained for. He hurried the faltering sorrel horse, and began to talk of the weather. It certainly did look like snow, and he was tired bumping over the frozen road.

"I shouldn't wonder if I hired a hand here another year, and went off out West myself to see the country."

"Why, how you talk?" answered the widow. "Yes," pursued Jefferson. "'Tis tamer here than I like, and I was tellin' 'em yesterday I've got to know this road, but most too well. I'd like to go out an' ride in the mountains with some o' them great clipper coaches, where the driver don't know any minute he'll be shot dead the next. They carry an awful sight o' gold down from the mines, I expect."

"I should be scart to death," said Mrs. Tobin. "What creatur's men folks be to like such things? Well, I do declare."

"Yes," explained the little man. "There's sights of desperadoes make a han'some livin' out o' follavin' them coaches, an' stoppin' an' robbin' 'em clean to the bone. Your money or your life is the flourished his stub of a whip over the coachman's back."

"Landy me! you make me run all of a cold creep. Do tell somethin' heartenin', this cold day. I shall dream bad dreams all night."

"They put on black crape over their faces," said the driver mysteriously. "Nobody knows who most on 'em, be and like as not some o' them fellers come o' good families. They've got so they stop the cars, and go right through 'em as bold as brass. I could make your hair stand on end, Miss Tobin—I could so."

"I hope none on 'em 'll git round our way, I am sure," said Fanny Tobin. "I don't want to see none one. 'Em in their craft bunnits comin' at me."

"Ain't you comin' to let nobody touch a hair o' your head," and Mr. Briley moved a little nearer, and tucked in the buffaloes again.

"I feel considerable warm to what I did," observed the widow by way of reward. "There, I used to have my fears," Mr. Briley resumed, with an inward feeling that he would never get to North Kilby depot at a single man. "But you see I had nobody but myself to think of. I got good cousins, as you know, but nothin' nearer, and what I've laid up would soon be parted out; and—well, I suppose some folks would think o' me it anything was to happen."

Mrs. Tobin was holding her cloud over her face—the wind was sharp on that bit of open road—but she gave an encouraging sound, between a groan and a chirp. "T wouldn't be like nothin' to me not to see you drivin' by," she said, after a moment's silence. "I s'pose you'll be in the week. I says to Susan Ellen 'last week I was sure 'twas Friday, and she said no 'twas Thursday; but next minute you druv by and headin' toward North Kilby, so we found I was right."

"I've got to be a featur' of the landscape," said Mr. Briley plaintively. "'Tis kind o' weather the old mare says, we wish we was done with it, and could settle down kind o' comfortable. I've been lookin' in this good while, as I drove the road, and I've picked me out a piece o' land two or three times. I'd like to bid the thought o' buildin' a two-story house, and both Sister Peak to North Kilby and Miss Deacon Ash to the Pond, they vie with one another to do well by me, fear I'll like the other stoppin'-place best."

"I shouldn't covet livin' long o' neither one o' them women," responded the senger with some spirit. "I see some o' folks, an' I says, 'Deliver me from sack-palmed-cooked baked beans as them I' and she gives a kind of gasp. 'She was settin' jest at my left hand, and couldn't help hearin' me. I wouldn't have spoken if I had known, but she needsn't have let on they was hers. I guess them beans tastes just as well as other folks,' says she, and she wouldn't never speak to me afterwards."

"Do know's I blame her," ventured Mr. Briley. "'Women folks is dreadful judicky about their cookin'. I've always heard you was one o' the best o' cooks, Miss Tobin. I know them doughnuts an' things you've give 'em a time past, when I was drivin' by. I never let on, but Miss Ash's cookin' 's the best by a long chalk. Miss Peak's handy about some things, and looks after mendin' me up."

KID GLOVES!

64c.

FAIRALL & SMITH.

Sent Post Free to any address.

OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS.

Insaiah Reed, of Boothbay, whose son was killed two weeks ago while coasting, died Saturday week from grief, says the Democrat.

Nearly all the ice houses have finished their work for the season, and a large quantity of splendid ice has been obtained this season, and the ice men expect to dispose of it at a good figure.

Mrs. Adelia Blanchard, of Abbot, is suffering from a very severe injury to her eye. A short time ago she was trying to remove the stopper from a bottle which a fork. The fork glancing, one time struck the lid of one eye, the others hitting just over the eye. She is now unable to see at all with the injured eye, and the doctor thinks the case a serious one.

A Bangor gentleman, seeing a runaway, rushed out, and after a lively grapple with the reins, which he caught as the animal was passin', managed to stop him. In a few moments the owner of the team rushed up out of breath, and his first exclamation was, "Where's my whp?" The gentleman received no thanks for stopping the runaway, and he now feels as though it was his duty, under the circumstances, to have saved the whip and let the horse go.

Bidderdorf and Saco girls have some queer tastes, according to the Bidderdorf Journal, which has been investigating the luncheon question. One lady makes an excursion to the brickyard, each summer, and lays in a supply of rice blue clay to eat through the winter. Another's favorite dainty is a soft brick, and long experience has taught her how to select the choicest specimens at a glance. Each of these ladies has lived to a good old age to enjoy her favorite dishes. One young lady may often be seen picking from the sidewalk soft, shelly rocks, and after a nibble to see if they are just right, transferring the rock to her pocket for future consumption.

Soft clay pipes, which one girl buys by the dozen, ground up slate pencils, chalk, sea-sand, white rags, brown wrapping-paper and starch are among the favorite luxuries of others.

Inspector McDevitt of the Philadelphia insurance patrol, has uncovered a mar's nest for the benefit of a Record reporter. Burning houses and stores for the purpose of collecting insurance has become, he says, so much a recognized part of business among a certain class that, like all other industries, it is being developed by the aid of capital, specially trained workmen, and improved methods. Mr. McDevitt estimates that one in six of the fires in Philadelphia is the result of the trained firebug's operations. The headquarters of the "firm" is in New York, and there are agencies in all the principal cities of the east. The people in the business own large wholesale clothing stores, from which the small shops get by the Hollanders and Poles are supplied with both new and second-hand goods. The firebugs are sent to burn down the places where the speculation is likely to pay. There are no ordinary bungling kerosene-and-match operators. They go about in the guise of "glass-put-in" men, and they operate by means of chemical combinations, which leave no trace even if the fire is put out before much damage is done. If the clothes are destroyed, the wholesaler gets the full price of them, but if they are only damaged the salvage on the goods is taken into account by the wholesaler. This is all very important, it is true.

If you want a situation, invest 10 cents in a "Progress" want.

THE PEERLESS FOUNTAIN PEN
Has all the requisites of a PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN. A FREE FLOW OF INK. ALWAYS READY TO WRITE.

When visiting a friend last summer he called my attention to a curious plan for preventing the plague of flies in his house. The upper sash of one of the windows in his sitting-room being open for ventilation, there was suspended outside a piece of common fishing-net. My friend told me that not a fly would venture to pass through it. He was watched for an hour at a time and seen swarms fly to within a few inches of the net and then, after buzzing around, depart. He told me the flies would pass through the net if there was a thorough light—i. e., another window in the opposite wall. Though the day was very warm, I did not see a single fly in the room during my visit, though elsewhere in the town they were to be seen in abundance. I suppose they imagine the net to be a spider's web, or some other trap intended for their destruction.—Notes and Queries.

Naturally, the Cast.
Overheard in a German household where English only is spoken:
Carl: "Mother, in the milk pail was a dead mouse."
Mother: "Well, hast thou it thereout taken?"
Carl: "No; I have the cat therein thrown!"

Highly Appropriate.
Distiller:—"I am getting out a new brand of whiskey, a splendid article. Can you suggest a name?"
Consumer:—"How does Eureka strike you?"
Distiller: "Eureka! What does that mean?"
Consumer: "Eureka means I've got 'em."

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing January 7, 1889.
PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, AT
18.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.
PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.
13.55 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations.
18.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.
PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.
RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM
Bangor at 6.45 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p. m., Sleeping Car attached.
Woodstock at 7.15 a. m.; 12.00 noon.
Houlton at 10.15 a. m.; 18.40 p. m.
St. Stephen at 10.55 a. m.; 19.45 p. m.
St. Andrews at 10.30 a. m.
Fredericton at 11.00 a. m.; 11.50 p. m.
Arriving in St. John at 9.45 a. m.; 10.00 a. m.; 14.00 p. m.
LEAVE CARLTON FOR FAIRVILLE.
18.25 a. m.—Connecting with 8.40 a. m. train from St. John.
13.20 p. m.—Connecting with 3.35 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME
Trains marked with an asterisk (*) daily except Sunday. (D) daily except Saturday. (M) Monday only.
F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.
H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division.
A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

1888--Winter Arrangement--1889

ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows—
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.
Day Express..... 7.30
Accommodation..... 11.20
Express for Sussex..... 16.35
Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 18.00

A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.
On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 7.00
Express from Sussex..... 8.45
Accommodation..... 15.30
Day Express..... 19.20
All times to be by Eastern Standard time.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent,
Moncton, N. B., November 20, 1888.

Best \$1 House in the Maritime Provinces
Hawarden Hotel,
Cor. Prince Wm. and Duke Sts.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
WM. CONWAY, Proprietor.
Terms, \$1.00 per Day; Weekly Board \$4.00.

BELMONT HOTEL,
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.
J. SIMS, Proprietor

Hotel Dufferin,
St. John, N. B.
FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

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

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,
28 to 32 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.
MODERN IMPROVEMENT
Terms - - \$1.00 per day.
Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 Cents.
E. W. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

Victoria Hotel,
D. W. McCORMICK,
Proprietor.
ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.

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

Advertisements will be given on application. The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day.

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

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building).

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 16.

CIRCULATION, 5,500.

THE MAN FOR THE PLACE.

Mr. JAMES C. ROBERTSON is reported to have said that, while he has no wish to oppose Mayor CHESLEY, he is willing to be a candidate for the position of mayor of Portland if his friends are determined upon it.

The above represents some of the current comment upon the coming election. Dominion politics is not likely to have any influence in the contest though Mr. THORNE is a Liberal and Mr. BARKER a Conservative.

For our own part we regret that this election seems likely to be conducted by two parties, the temperance and the liquor people. We believe that there is not the slightest necessity for such a contest; that there are questions before the people of far greater moment upon which an election could be run.

To use an expressive American phrase, he is a "clean" man. Wherever he is known he is respected. He is in every sense the man for the place.

But he is not seeking the place. It is seeking him. He has no axe to grind, and no relatives who will unite with him in a family compact to the detriment of the interests of the people.

DR. STEEVES AND HIS PRODUCE. We have something new in the literary line. It is fresh from the printer, can be had for the asking, and contains many pages of amusing and interesting reading.

WHO WILL HE BE? The friends of HENRY J. THORNE and GEORGE A. BARKER have announced that they are their chosen candidates for the chair of the chief magistrate.

What's wrong with Dr. STEEVES as a farmer? Doesn't he get fine prices for his stuff? Will Sir WILLIAM, as manager of the asylum farms this year, make as good a showing?

man and in the two years he has served the people has acquired a knowledge of civic affairs which may be very useful to him in a third term.

Back of these qualifications it is claimed by his very ardent supporters that his power to grant licenses this year will affect his election favorably; in fact that the liquor dealers who have applied for licenses will not work openly against the man who has it in his power to make or mar them.

Mr. GEORGE BARKER's friends have not a great deal to say, but they seem to mean business and are hard at work. They have reached a fond conclusion and as near as PROGRESS can learn it is that BARKER's election is certain.

For our own part we regret that this election seems likely to be conducted by two parties, the temperance and the liquor people. We believe that there is not the slightest necessity for such a contest; that there are questions before the people of far greater moment upon which an election could be run.

But there are other questions and here are some of them: Shall the harbor be placed in commission or shall it be retained by the city and people, and so improved as to afford every accommodation to coming trade?

THE RESULT OF NEGLECT. About six weeks ago, after the scarlet fever had swept through a family residing on Richmond street, a neighbor said to the woman of the house, "I suppose you're going to fumigate?"

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THE CRUISER DREAM IS NEAR. The American fishing smacks. She has an American engineer on board. Why is this when there are plenty of St. John engineers idle.

Advertisement for Ideal Soap featuring an illustration of a woman washing clothes and a tub. Text: 'Ideal Soap for taking dirt & stains out of the clothes without rotting them, and it don't make the hands rough and sore as many soaps do.'

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

from persons anxious to know the condition of their friends and relatives. There is no institution in the province that needs such a thorough overhauling as the asylum. There is nearly \$40,000 spent there every year and with no other supervision than an occasional visit from a member of the executive who knows no more about an asylum than Dr. STEEVES does about the price of produce.

Mayor Thorne Accepts Another Nomination. A meeting of the members of the Prohibitory alliance was held Monday evening and the matter of the opposition to Mayor Thorne's re-election was discussed.

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TO THE INSTITUTE DIRECTORS. [With Apologies to G. H. Macdermott, of London Music Hall fame.] Oh, what do you think of Tom II— a new? Not much! Not what? Not much!

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Advertisement for THE "DOREL" GLOVE. Our Spring Stock of Gloves is to hand. This season we are introducing a Kid Glove known as the "Dorel," which has proved an excellent wearing and perfect fitting Glove.

Advertisement for The New Crockery store, 94 KING STREET. DAILY RECEIVING—NEW GOODS. Now showing a fine display of CUT-GLASS DECANTERS, CELERIES, CLARETS and WINES; also, DECORATED TOILETTE SETS, and OLD BLUE WILLOW CHINA BREAKFAST and TEA SETS, and CUPS, SAUCERS and PLATES.

SPORTS OF THE SEASON. My friend Power of Halifax was in town this week. His friends were glad to see him and to talk over the chances for good sport this season.

Another fact about Halifax is, the people won't pay more than 25 cents to see a race. They haven't been properly trained up. Surely a good afternoon's racing is worth double the money that one theatre performance costs.

President Will Todd wasn't there. His got a telegram Monday informing him that a celebrated horse painter, whose time meant money and lots of it, would arrive at his stock farm Tuesday, and Mr. Todd was forced to remain.

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SOCIAL EVENTS OF THE WEEK. And the Hay Frederick, Chester, and Shediac. The pentennial ushered in with gloominess, as is being lately, (The Mrs. Harvey is sorrowing parent part with their child. Since Mr. McKee and Mr. Warlock beginning to reach catch it, and are measures to stem. The death of Mr. city, was very sad relatives who were time to administer were taken. Mrs. George V. Jones, also passed. Mrs. James F. only ill at her Robertson is expected shortly.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 and 62 Prince William Street. WE OFFER A SPECIAL LOT OF BEST ENGLISH PATTERNS SPOONS AND FORKS, Prince of Wales, Lilly and Beaded Patterns.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX

And the happenings in Social Circles of Fredericton, Moncton, Woodstock, Dorchester, St. Stephen, Tracadie, Bathurst and Shediac.

The past season this year has indeed been ushered in with what might be termed seasonable gloominess, as is shown by so many deaths occurring lately.

Since Mr. McKewen is now ill with this disease, and Mr. Warlock died this week from it, people are beginning to realize that it is not only confined to children but that grown-up people are as liable to catch it, and are, therefore, taking more stringent measures to stamp out this scourge.

The death of Mr. Stephen Rand, barrister, of this city, was very sad, dying as he did away from his relatives who were prevented from arriving here in time to administer to his last comforts.

Mrs. Charles Patton met with a serious fall at her home, in Princess street, which will confine her to the house for some time.

As I heard the readers of PROGRESS, especially ladies, read with much interest the social and personal column, I am afraid this week they will be much disappointed in the matter it contains, as there is of course little or nothing going on in the gay world since Lent began.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Mackay have removed to the residence recently purchased by Mr. Mackay, on the corner of Princess and Water streets.

I hear that Miss May Fellows, daughter of Mr. James I. Fellows, is to be married, in London, very shortly, to Mr. Lambert.

Mr. and Mrs. Cotnam of Halifax, are spending a few days with their friends in St. John.

Miss Cliphch has returned from her visit to New York.

Mr. W. H. Thorne is at present in Ottawa.

Mr. Keltie Jones has returned home, after five weeks visit to New York.

Mrs. S. T. King has returned from Boston. Miss Fanny King will remain in that city for some time longer.

On Thursday evening, March 7, Mr. and Mrs. H. Fairweather gave a very pleasant whist party.

I was among the fortunate ones who received an invitation to the AI House given at the Ladies college last Friday evening. I took care to be present, and spent a delightful two hours.

A new addition is contemplated by the directors of college. Increased accommodation is rapidly becoming a necessity. I am pleased to note this fact.

The private afternoon party held at the AI Home at the rink, Thursday evening. It was most enjoyable.

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The party given by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Edgcomb, last Thursday evening, was one of the most enjoyable of the kind given here this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Cotnam have returned from their visit to Montreal and New York.

Miller and Mrs. Harrison taking part. All the ladies were compelled, to respond to an encore, Rev. G. G. Roberts presided.

The Metropolitan took part in the service at the Cathedral on Sunday. His numerous friends were much pleased to see him at his post once more after his long confinement to the house.

At a meeting of the Curling club, Wednesday evening last, Mr. W. H. Robinson, who has been transferred to the Bank of Nova Scotia agency at St. John, was presented with a valuable gold watch.

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Macaulay Brothers & Co.

Spring Jacket and Mantle Cloths.

WE WILL OPEN on WEDNESDAY, the 13th, OUR IMPORTATION of SPRING CLOTHS,

COMPRISING ALL THE NOVELTIES FOR THE COMING SEASON, in PLAIN BOX CLOTHS, for SHORT STREET JACKETS; STRIPED AND CHECK TWEEDS, for JACKETS, REDINGOTES and ULSTERS;

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

ENGLISH CUTLERY.

Do not give up your horse till you have tried Fellows' Leaming's Essence. It will cure Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Swellings and Stiff Joints. PRICE 50 CENTS.

LAME HORSES.

Do not give up your horse till you have tried Fellows' Leaming's Essence. It will cure Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Swellings and Stiff Joints. PRICE 50 CENTS.

Fellows' Leaming's Essence

For Lameness in Horses, stands pre-eminently above all preparations used by Horsemen as a remedy for Splints, Spavin, Curbs, Ringbone, Sidebone, Strains of the Back, Sinews, Hook, Knee, Fetlock, Pastern and Coffin Joints, etc.

INDIGESTION CURED.

Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters are a sure cure for Indigestion, Jaundice, Bilious Complaints, Bad Breath, Sick Headache, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, etc.

EVERYBODY SHOULD HAVE IT

The Brunswick Patent Flush Valve has now been over 18 months in use in a number of the best dwellings throughout the city, and in every instance gives the very best of satisfaction.

OSTRICH FEATHERS!

MRS. J. K. SWINNOCK Thanks the ladies of St. John for their liberal patronage bestowed on her fit the past, and wishes to inform them that she is now prepared to

WANTED.

WANTED-A Partner in a well-established business, having a good trade in city and province. A young energetic man with a capital of \$1,000 will do this business.

TO LET.

TO LET-Baker's Oven, with Shop and Dwelling, in the commercial town of Chatham, N. B. good chance for a steady man. For particulars apply to J. H. Box 56, Chatham, N. B.

FOR SALE.

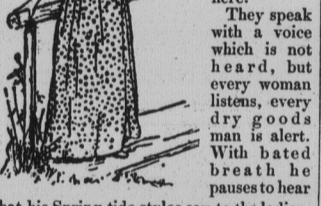
FOR SALE-The pleasantly situated House, 122 British, corner Sidney street, containing 6 rooms, W.C., etc. Terms easy. For particulars apply to H. J. FITZ, 170 Union street.

TURNER & FINLAY,

12 King Street and 11 Charlotte Street.

THE NEW DRESS GOODS.

Peeping out from the shelving, looking down from fixture tops, disporting on counter ends they smile, all the while slightly, smothering and tobagging have been at a very high premium.



what his Spring-tide styles say to the ladies, and each one of the latter listens for Fashion's edict from beyond the sea.

This is but a fraction of the thought of our Dress Goods counters. We brag at the truth lest we have a look of brag-exaggeration. But the fact is that each day brings scores of new styles to the Dress Goods, and the trophies of each week count hundreds.

Day by day we shall specify, but already the exquisite prints, Cambrics, Calicoes; the new Novelities in robe patterns with garnitures and decorations in borders, bands, and stripes; the plaided and striped Worsted; demure Tricots and plain Wools; in shades enough to give a catalogue maker a headache.

There's a new departure in Black Dress Stuffs. They've been taking on fresh beauties. Advance guard of the sensation army has just come to the counters like scattering rain-drops before a storm.

Black Cashmeres can be had with graduated cluster stripes or solid stripes. Bordered Nun's Veiling - Black. For Dresses. A very few pieces got into town last season. Not one woman in a thousand caught sight of them. They were snapped up too quickly.

Last Autumn our collection of Dress Goods was cur pride. This Spring, if possible, we have more to be proud of. Patterns sent free.

Mrs. Sewell, of Springhill, is coming to town tomorrow, to spend a few days with Mr. Dr. Bailey. Mr. and Mrs. G. Y. Dibblee have returned from their visit to Woodstock.

Miss Jennie Winslow went to Woodstock Saturday, and returned home again on Monday. Miss Amelia Moore has returned home from Boston, where she has been visiting her cousin, Rev. Wm. Temple and Mrs. Temple, and other friends.

Hon. D. L. Hamilton left here on Monday to attend court in Kent county.

Mr. Clinch, superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph company, was in town on Monday.

Mr. Capt. Wood and Dr. Dow Wood have returned to their home in Boston.

Dr. Moore, M. P. P., is at the residence of his mother, St. John street.

Miss Giles, of Guelph, Ont., is visiting her sisters, Mrs. L. W. Johnston and Mrs. Alfred Edgcomb.

Mrs. Mally, from the Northwest, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, at Gibson.

Miss Richards has returned from her visit to St. John.

Mrs. Tibbits, of Andover, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tibbits, St. John street.

STELLA.

TRACADIE.

MARCH 12.-Mr. Alex. Davidson, of Church Point, arrived here yesterday, and will leave tomorrow.

Miss Bessie Turner has been confined to the house for the past fortnight by a severe cold, but I am glad to say she is now improving.

Mr. William Shaw, of Newcastle, spent a few days here last week.

Mr. J. S. Knight, of Portland, is expected here every day. We are always glad to see him.

JUNE.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

White Feather Ribbon; Ladies' Cuff Holders; Sleeve Holders; Towel Rings; Narrow Ribbons; Couching Canvas; Congress Canvas; Simeon's Hair Pins; New Veilings; Lisse Frillings.

N. B.-BOLTON SHEETING, the new Embroidery Cloth, with Colored Linen Floss for marking same.

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ASTERS. ated Forks, etc.

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R & THORNE, William Street.

people and the city sports can make an arrangement if they are earnest, and the Celestial sports will have a chance to spend a quarter-or climb the race-and again to see a ball game.

Moncton has Wagg. That's no matter-if we get

Halifax is rather in the dumps at the prospect of ball games this season. There won't be any

The Shamrocks are beginning to wake up, and I

The St. John Amateur Athletic association hasn't

It was a good scheme to change the date of elect-

It is a fact that until after the spring election

Secretary Barker was re-elected as he deserved.

now of no six men who did as much last year to

He's cheap at a thousand.

He will miss Ned Warlock, the bright, honest,

It is curious that Warlock and McKewen, two

lock dreaded it and his friends tell how he used

to say is expected to get around again all right.

speaking of the Y. M. C. A. nine, it's a crank,

It is a fact that you may not be aware that the

It is a fact that you may not be aware that the

It is a fact that you may not be aware that the

It is a fact that you may not be aware that the

It is a fact that you may not be aware that the

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

March Magazines.

In The Forum for March, the piece de resistance is Prof. Schurman's paper on "The Manifest Destiny of Canada." For good judgment and right temper, combined with patriotic fervor, for force of statement and fulness of knowledge, this seems to us the best word that the subject has yet brought forth.

The March number of Scribner's Magazine is richest in its fiction. "The Master of Ballantrae" grows, if possible, more and more absorbing, and we resent it as an injury that we should be kept in our suspense another month.

The March number is no exception to the high standard maintained by Wide Awake. There is a reminiscence of the Harrison campaign of 1840, and a pretty little tale about Miss Harrison's school-girlhood, both in Men and Things.

The March number of The Book Buyer seems to show some of that flagging which seems to come over the periodicals as well as the rest of the world, just before the outburst of spring.

The March number of Lend a Hand has interesting articles on "Postal Savings Banks," by Charles E. Buell, and "New Ballot System," by R. H. Dana.

A dozen interesting and helpful articles by many bright writers make the March number of The Writer one of more than average excellence.

Edith Robinson's capital novel of Forced Acquaintance is the new volume in Ticknor's Paper series. It is a thoroughly good story for girls, holding the reader in absorbed attention, from the first page to the last, and leaving a girl with the feeling that noble standards for common duties are practicable.

Gentleman Dick of the Greys and Other Poems, by Mr. Hereward K. Cockim, is having a phenomenal success in Toronto. The first edition was sold within a few days of publication, and the second edition is going off almost as rapidly.

Prof. Alexander's Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning (Boston: Ginn & Co) has reached us, and will be reviewed in an early issue of PROGRESS.

Notes and Announcements. Two sons of Prof. Church, of University college, London, have written a book called Making a Start in Canada.

The best volume of New England stories ever written is Five Hundred Dollars a Year and Other Stories, by Mr. W. H. Chaplin.

Requested by Belford's Magazine to name their favorite novels, Robert Buchanan mentions Dickens' David Copperfield and Rider Haggard the same author's Tale of Two Cities.

MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Oratorio society held their seventh annual meeting, Rev. R. Mathers, vice-president, in the chair, on Monday evening last and the board of management were able to present a report that they had never done before.

A thankful vote of thanks, if I may be allowed the expression, was naturally passed to the Minstrels for coming to the rescue of the society, and they certainly deserve it, as they indirectly will be the means of helping the good work forward.

The members of both local houses are already getting tired of their official duties and want recreation. The Minstrels to the rescue!

I hear that Miss Massie is leaving the city shortly for an indefinite period. This is a great regret, as we shall miss her beautifully-cultivated voice very much.

The Oratorio society propose giving portions of the second part of the Messiah during Easter week, this part being, as we all know, specially adapted to the season.

I am told that Mr. G. B. Hegon may be the new first bass in the Orpheus quartette. It is so, I think the members have made a good selection.

W. H. Horn; second tenor, A. Lindsay; first bass, G. B. Hegon; second bass, A. Smith. Gentlemen, get in some real good, hard practice, and we shall all like to hear you.

There are no special long articles in this month's Folio, the number being composed of short, readable paragraphs. Special mention is made of the new comic opera, Said Pasha, composed by Richard Stahl, a native of San Francisco.

Admirers of Wulf Fries will be interested in the following: Wulf Fries, for many years Boston's best violinist, and a veritable pioneer of string quartets playing hereabouts and throughout New England, received his Christmas present in the form of a beautiful violoncello of exquisite tone.

Here is a recent story of the great Von Bulow. Walking in Berlin, he met a man with whom he had formerly been on somewhat intimate terms, but whose acquaintance he was desirous of dropping.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Our friends in Halifax are likely to see some good performances, during the next few months. Geo. M. Wood, supported by the English actress, Marguerite St. John, opens Easter week, in As in a Looking Glass, and other plays.

Miss Agnes Cody, who attempted to support Claire Scott during her provincial tour, is starring in Pennsylvania. The American stage must be hard up for stars.

The dramatic festival which was agitated some years ago in New York is again being talked of. Booth, Barrett, Mary Anderson, Modjeska, Nat Goodwin, Joseph Jefferson, Louis James and Robson and Crane will all be there during the summer.

A feature of Rose Coghlan's repertoire next season will be a double bill consisting of London Assurance reduced to three acts, and a short piece, A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, in which Miss Coghlan says almost the whole gamut of emotion is run.

"Ayer's medicines have been satisfactory to me throughout my practice, especially Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has been used by many of my patients, one of whom says he knows it saved his life."

"Rather me chop um head off?" asked the Indian chief, as he tied the pale face to a stake and prepared to roast him.

That tired, debilitated feeling, so peculiar to spring, indicates depraved blood. Now is the time to prove the beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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Public Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Commission appointed under the Act of the General Assembly, Chapter 52, intituled "An Act to provide for a Commission to inquire and report with a view to the union of the City of Saint John and of Portland, in the City and County of Saint John," have this day filed in the office of the Common Clerk of the City of Saint John, a copy of the completed scheme, which is open for public inspection.

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THE OLD STORY AGAIN.

THE BLACK MAN OF THE SOUTH AND HIS CONDITION.

Fresh Evidence Gathered and Entertainingly Presented by G. E. F.—His Description of the Effects of Emancipation—What Might Have Been and What Is.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Feb. 25.—The colored race is an interesting study. There are probably five blacks here to one white. The former, however, have a great deal to learn before they can ever become useful citizens. Their nature and habits stand in the way of the realization of any such hope for a long time to come, although it is said there is some improvement in them within the last two or three years; but if the immature fruit is so perceptible to the eyes of a stranger at the present day, what must it have been in the green leaf ere the sap had begun to ascend into the trunk? Having been suddenly freed, the colored man took high ground immediately in his own way; without knowing what to do with his liberty, or understanding his privileges and the first duties of citizenship, he became like a child let loose from school, with all its wayward habits, and thought that the first principle of freedom was to have a good time, the right to while it away and bask in the sunshine—no more work, whether in his own interests or in those of the whites who would employ him. Consequently there were very few found to labor in the field, no matter what the wages—no pickers of cotton—no gatherers of the sugar cane, no ploughers or planters even to perform one tenth of the work required. Now there may be some improvement in this respect in the colored race; for after years of experience they have come to learn that there can be no returns without working for them. Nor can they live any more than the whites without food and raiment, which industry alone can provide. Still they are yet far behind the age; and it is said that it will take many years, if ever, to bring the colored race up to the ordinary standard of civilization, notwithstanding the numerous and good schools everywhere planted in the south for their regeneration. While it is true there are exceptions,—for some colored men here occupy high official positions, and are first class business men—there are two in the House of Representatives, good speakers and intelligent—they are after all only the exceptions. My observation so far is not favorable to the impression that there can be the improvement desired for several decades to come.

I know no better way of enforcing this opinion upon the reader than by referring him to Halifax. There a fair illustration of the old slavery race is to be had any day in the week. During the last American war, 1812, Sir George Cockburn proceeded up the Potomac with his frigates and laid waste the city of Washington, and thought he was doing a great thing by manumitting the slaves on the neighboring plantations, some 1200 of them. Had he stopped here there probably would have been no great objection to the exigencies of war know nothing but the infliction of as much misery as possible upon the enemy; but he shipped the whole crowd—men, women and children—and conveyed them to Halifax, where they have been a burden upon the inhabitants ever since, and although 75 years have since rolled away, the race is as thrifless and indifferent to their own advancement as at the beginning. They reside at Hammond's Plains and Preston, a few miles out of Halifax, on either side of the harbor; and unlike the poor Indian, who is fast passing away, the colored people of Halifax will never run out for want of heirs, for they multiply even faster than the Mormons, without any change for the better. But the point I wish to make is that if what I have stated be a fair criterion of their condition and the hopelessness of making much out of the colored race in this latitude, the proof thus adduced may carry conviction with it, and yet the dependence here is altogether upon the labor of the blacks; the better sort, from whom something more promising is to be expected, operate as mechanics, carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, etc. And then as to domestic helps, there are no white girls, either in the way of cooks or nurses, the color line runs through everything; so that if Diana, or Clementia, (that's our girl) thinks proper to take a walk out to air herself any fine afternoon, she goes, and you can't put any injunction upon her; nor does she stop to consider the hour of her going—the soup upon the hearth may burn or boil over, or the bread in the oven turn into brickbats; if you want to save your bacon and have something to eat, the only recourse left to you is to work yourself, for Clementia troubles herself no more about your wants than the "devil" in the office of PROGRESS cares for the size of the national debt, or you yourself what is going on in your friend's mind at Rothesay. Saturday is a great day with the darkeys. They come into town on that day from all parts of the country in hundreds—if not thousands—in vehicles of all sorts and sizes, hauled by oxen, mules, donkeys, even cows, single, tandem, and four abreast, according to the size of their respective purses; and they are the happiest people in the world, they laugh and shout and babble as they move along, with all the exuberance of the jolly god and friend of Bacchus, having no bank cases, notes falling due devoid of the wherewithal to meet them, no mortgages on deteriorating properties, no

AFTER THE MASQUERADE.



DETECTIVE J. HAWKE SHAW.—A valuable string of amethysts was left in your carriage last night. Did you find them? HACKMAN SHAUGHNESSY.—Howly Pabthrick! Oi thought they wor cahph-dhrops, an' th' kid 's jist shwalled thim!—Puck.

domestic infelicities—in short no sore trials or heart breakings. It must have been just this description of biped that Pope had in view when he wrote "if ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Very open square and by-way is taken possession of by these gentry on Saturday for the accommodation of their animals, where they are to be seen foddering upon what looked to me like corn husks, old boots, tin cans, the omnipresent garden bottle—in fact they seem to eat every and anything that falls in their way, and digest on their way homeward in the evening upon an empty stomach. The principal business street, (Munroe) where the stores are situated, is given up almost entirely to the use of the colored folks on Saturday—this street answers as a Merchants' exchange for them, where they deal in stocks, such as cabbage stalks, and other marketable commodities—so that if you have an errand down town, and take the nearest road for it, you must strike out into the middle of the street, for fast locomotion through such a bewildering crowd would take all the powers of the serpent to wriggle through and be on time, standard or local. And then it is as good as a play when they break up business in the evening for their homeward trip. The roads running out of Tallahassee radiate from all points, taking the Capitol as the hub and for miles the calathumpian, or polymorphian display is highly spectacular and amusing. The roads from London for the races on Epsom or Derby days, are not a bit more interesting. Even if a stranger here were in mourning for the loss of his much maligned mother-in-law, his concatenating propensities could not be kept under restraint, at the sight of the wonderful turnouts going home in processive order; and I doubt very much if the Montreal or your St. John carnival could have produced such a display at so little cost. But language fails me to describe it adequately.

There is another side, however, to this subject. We observe no bad manners in the colored race, no quarreling among themselves. Many whites here or elsewhere might take lessons in civility and profit thereby from those we are all inclined to look down upon, whether in their polite bows and salutations as you pass them on the streets, or in the manner of their answers when you question them. They show no arrogance or self-conceit, such as might be expected from a race so long kept under, but now on political equality with their white masters. All this is well and pleasing to observe. Nor is it fair to place all colored persons upon the one intellectual plane—that because the generality of the race are far down in the scale, there are not many who are well up in the world, intellectually and prominently in a business sense, as well in the south as in the north. We all know that some of the upright and independent citizens in St. John are to be found among the colored people who command the highest respect, showing that it has been the lack of opportunity and the great privation of a long servitude, or a neglected education, which, I think, account alone for the disparity so apparent in the respective situations.

But notwithstanding all this, it was a sad mistake in President Lincoln in suddenly letting loose upon society such a body of combustible material. No matter what the provocation, if such it can be called, far-seeing statesmanship looks to the end as well as the means, the good or evil results likely to flow from any particular stroke of policy. Had the day of emancipation been placed at a distance far enough off to allow of the educational advantages necessary for the change of a condition from gross ignorance to an intelligent knowledge of the proper duties of citizenship, a proud-spirited people would not this day be chafing under the wrongs to which they have been subjected, by being forced as it were to behold the red rag continually flaunting in their face by those who in former years were submissive and contented with their lot, and in turn were looked after and cared for, and the obligations and requirements of each being mutual. By the red flag I mean the self-consciousness now inherent in the colored man that he may at the ballot box override the white man and take possession of his property by taxation.

Now it must not be supposed that I am an advocate of slavery. This is altogether a different subject. It is the manner in which the act was brought about which is under consideration, and also in its pecuniary sense; however hard upon the slave owner to deprive him of all his dependent laborers, through the action of the president, the case is aggravated when it is considered that every slave, taking the average, was worth \$500—so that a planter owning 50 (some of them a great many more) slaves lost \$25,000. Is it any wonder that those noble plantations situated upon the pleasant hills of Tallahassee, are in a state of decay, and the once opulent owners thereof reduced to a state of dependence, and their fine old mansions, reminding one of former prosperity in ante-bellum days now appearing in a state of neglect in many cases, and the once handsome gardens returning to their primeval condition of stick and stubble?

Tallahassee was at one time a centre of wealth and refinement. Here men of influence resided, spent their money freely, and reared large families in the lap of luxury. Their sons and daughters were highly educated, while their domestics, once known as slaves, were well cared for in sickness as in health—instead of the usual ragged condition we now observe as a rule in the streets, it was one of good attire and cleanly appearance, far ahead of many of the white drones of the North, habitants of the city's slums and wharves. All this is now changed. The blow that struck the shackles from the negro told with terrible effect upon these once noble plantations, now paralyzed and going to decay. But the land and situation of this fine county of Leon tell so much on the side of an easily regenerative future, that a man with money at command would in my judgement make no mistake by largely investing in the fine properties here and there to be had in the neighborhood of the situation where I am now visiting. What is wanted to set this place upon its feet once more is a better railway connection with the Gulf and lines more immediately running to great business centres, some of which roads I am told are projected and will soon be under way,—for after all railroads now take the place of rivers and coast lines as they are available at all times, while transportation of freight is no longer confined to vessels. The first requisites (having railroads) for the prosperity of any place are good soil and climate. These Tallahassee possesses in a pre-eminent degree.

England with all her greatness and grandeur held dominion over the black man, even in her Northern dependencies up to a comparatively recent period in the world's history; but then when she legislated his freedom, she paid the owners twenty millions of pounds sterling, or \$100,000,000; and yet even this amount was no compensation, but a mere percentage on the gross sum. From that day to this the West India Islands have been going backward. Every plantation (according to Anthony Froude in his travels in Barbados, Trinidad, Jamaica etc.) has become a waste and under the dominion, as it were, of the colored population, who only take enough out of the land to serve their present wants, which are few—while commerce has struck her tents and all but departed from islands once flourishing and in the hands, or controlled by wealthy Englishmen. Again, the English slave was not emancipated from utter darkness, and suddenly placed in meridian sunlight, on political equality with the white—indeed up to this moment he has no voice in the government. The change was to be gradual; after some years of apprenticeship, during which time he was to be educated for the higher duties of life, the slave was to emerge from his chrysalis state and expand into "a man and a brother," so soon as he became ripe enough.

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tional amendment had to be made in order that Sambo should enjoy the freedom of the ballot box and vote the Republican ticket, and thus swamp the Democratic ascendancy, for such seemed to be the intention of the solid South, so that by annulling its power and influence, the days of Republicanism—as regards its presidential and congressional returns—should be perpetual. Every illiterate colored man in this state, without a dollar's worth of property or an ounce of brains, has the same right to vote as the white man of wealth, whose money provides and pays for all the labor, and adds to the wealth of the state; and when it is considered that there are five blacks to one white the inequality will be understood—for the former think they would be committing a heinous offence unless they voted in a solid phalanx the Republican ticket. But then, on the other hand, the balance of power becomes changed when we stop to consider the moral and intellectual forces at work in the time of political need. The white man and property owner do not allow themselves to be swamped, when in the face of such fearful odds. Being self-reliant, determined and courageous, and well up in the antecedents of the white man and the black, and their relative conditions and positions in former days, and moreover chafing under the wrongs heaped upon them and their institutions, the Southrons act as if they were not the men to be put down at the ballot box, even with five to one confronting them. Neither are they for they seem to come right side up, every time there is an election, state or municipal. If it were otherwise and the colored population were to preponderate in the legislature, the property of the country, almost altogether in the hands of the whites, would go to destruction, be swallowed up in taxation, the result of the acts of ignorant and scheming legislators and wire pullers. Every state in the south would be like so many St. Dimingoes; and the North would have more upon its hands in keeping order here through martial law, than it ever had with the Seminole Indians, which cost hecatombs of valuable lives in the troops sent here year after year for their subjugation, as well as millions of treasure.

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Public Notice. NOTICE is hereby given that the Commission appointed under the Act of the General Assembly, Chapter 22, intituled 'An Act to provide for a Commission to inquire and report with a view to the union of the Cities of Saint John and of Portland, in the City and County of Saint John,' have this day filed in the office of the Common Clerk of the City of Saint John, a copy of the completed scheme, which is open for public inspection. Also, that the Commissioners have fixed THE DAY, the 16th day of March instant, as the day upon which the vote will be taken under the said Act. Dated the fifth day of March, A. D. 1888. B. LESTER PETERS, Common Clerk.

BANJO INSTRUCTION. MR. FRANK DINSMORE will give instruction on the Banjo, at No. 40 SIMONDS STREET, PORTLAND, OR AT PUPILS' RESIDENCES. Terms.....\$8 per Quarter. Inquire at C. FLOOD & SONS. The very best references given. Established 1838.

PAINTING! PAINTING! THE SUBSCRIBERS are prepared to receive orders at their OLD STAND, No. 18 WATERLOO STREET, FOR House and Sign Painting, Gilding, GRAINING, PAPER HANGING, KALSOMING, WHITEWASHING, Etc. A. D. BLAKSLIE & SON, NOTICE.

THE JEWELRY BUSINESS heretofore conducted under the name of PAGE, SMALLEY & FERGUSON, will, after this date, be carried on under the name and style of FERGUSON & PAGE. Dated at St. John, N. B., Feb. 15, 1888. F. R. FERGUSON, H. C. PAGE.

CARD. FERGUSON & PAGE, Importers and Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Etc. Fine Watch Repairing, Manufacturers of Jewelry. 43 KING STREET, - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

MOORE'S Almond and Cucumber Cream, SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN. It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips. It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise. It removes Tan, Pimples, Scaly Eruptions and Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and brilliant. An excellent application after shaving. PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Prepared by G. A. MOORE, DRUGGIST, 180 Brussels St. cor. Richmond.

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Oysters. -IN STORE- 65 bbls. Hand-Picked P. E. I. Oysters 10 kegs Pickled Pigs' Feet; Spiced Lambs' Tongues. -FOR SALE LOW AT- J. ALLAN TURNER'S, No. 3 North side King square. OYSTERS delivered on the half shell. Orders for hotels and families promptly attended to and shelled to order.

MISS HOMER, who has for the past year been pursuing her Musical Studies under the instruction of some of the first artists in Germany IS PREPARED TO RECEIVE PUPILS AT HER ROOMS 47 DUKE STREET.

Terms and other particulars on application at the above address.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

MONCTON.

"Progress" is for sale in Moncton, at the bookstores of W. H. Murray and W. W. Black, Main street.

MARCH 13.—Monday was a very exciting day in Moncton. The civic elections took place, and every body was anxious that their favorite candidate should lead the poll, and, alas! they could not all perform that difficult grammatical feat, and so there were heartaches in some of the wards and jubilation in others. But, on the whole, I think the general result of the contest has been eminently satisfactory. Mr. McKenzie, our mayor, has been elected for another term of office, and I am sure that our city council has been chosen wisely and well. True, it is largely composed of young men, but, then, our country is by no means an old one, and surely it is fitting that the young generation should have a voice in her councils, as long as we so willingly accord them the privilege of paying taxes. Our popular young barrister, Mr. R. W. Hewson, has been enthusiastically installed, not exactly as "the child of the regiment," but the infant of the council board, being the youngest member. And in consideration of his extreme youth, his triumphant supporters insisted on carrying him from the polls to his carriage. I think we shall all find, in the future, that Mr. Hewson is a baby who will always succeed in making his voice heard, so we are looking hopefully forward to a complete system of street pavement before this time next year, and various other delights, far too numerous to mention—or, indeed, to come to pass within the next decade.

Mr. D. L. Hanington returned from Fredericton just in time to reach Moncton, yesterday, and warmly congratulate his fortunate young partner. I was very much struck by the interest manifested by the young ladies of Moncton in the elections. I never knew that the fair ones took so deep an interest in politics as they have displayed on this occasion. I am almost forced to the conclusion that it is because so many of the candidates are young, for "youth loves youth." And many are the pairs of gloves which have changed hands.

And, speaking of Moncton's young ladies, reminds me—I think I remarked in last week's letter, that we had a great many pretty girls in our town. I might have added, "and handsome matrons, too." And, as I am of opinion that beauty, like any other light, should be displayed in a candid and not hidden under a bushel, I have thought that during these Lenten weeks, when we have all retired from the pomps and vanities, pro tem, I will do my humble best to draw a few pen sketches of our Moncton beauties—and in what name could they be more fittingly held up to the admiration of the world and the envy of posterity than the pages of PROGRESS?

And so I will begin my pleasing task by describing such of society's favorites as one may meet during a stroll down Main street on a fine afternoon, trusting to the good offices of my guardian angel to protect me from the repetition of the awful shower of invective which descended upon the head of the hapless someone who undertook to furnish a list of "Halifax blue blood" for the Echo, and, profiting by his sad experience, I will endeavor to combine caution with justice.

Beginning his stroll, as in duty bound, at the West end, the first object which attracts Cecil Gywnne's eye is a lady coming out of the gate of a low, picturesque red cottage, with quaint Queen Anne windows and wide verandas. She is clad in a lovely sea-kin ulster, and just now is almost overwhelmed by the caresses of a large, tawny deershead, and a little black-and-tan spaniel, which are her invariable and devoted companions. This is Mrs. F. S. Archibald, wife of the chief engineer of the I. C. E., and an acknowledged leader of Moncton society. Mrs. Archibald's beauty is most emphatically of the Juno type. She is slightly above the medium height, with a splendidly developed, queenly figure, thick dark hair, and large dark eyes, with a slight droop in one lid, which rather adds to than detracts from the charm of her face. And above all, just the clearest, purest complexion imaginable. It makes one think of nothing in the world so much as a baby, and I should think its fortunate possessor could wear any color known to science from bright yellow to palest pink, and still be the envy of all her lady friends. Of course I am not much of a judge of colors, but this I do know, that in a black lace evening dress, with a few touches of yellow about it, Mrs. Archibald is radiant, and that on the street she is noticeable for her quiet good taste in dress and grave dignity of manner.

Having bowed to this fair lady and assisted her to remove "Bessie's" loving paws from her shoulders, Cecil proceeds on his way, and shortly afterwards encounters two laughing girls, who seem to be in the best possible humor. Well they may be, for they are both remarkably pretty and we all know that "The world was made for beauty," so they are perfectly right in making the most of their heritage and enjoy it.

These are Miss Harris and Miss Weldon, two of Moncton's "Three fair maids of Leas," and as devoted a pair of friends as were the far famed Damon and Pythias. In fact they are rarely seen apart, but as both belong to the brunette type they could scarcely be accused of wishing to act as foils for each other. Miss Harris is a very lovely girl, but as every man is supposed to pray for "a little wife" with a dash of added charm in masculine eyes, but her figure is delightfully round and graceful and taken as a charming whole it would be hard to improve on Miss Harris in any way. But perhaps her face is her chief charm, for I think it is the very brightest little countenance I ever looked at. The sort of face that old people turn with a smile to get a second look at with a dazzling complexion, red lips and eyes like stars, curious eyes, dark steel blue by day and black at night, with very dark brows and lashes and a broad forehead crowned with dark brown hair.

Miss Weldon is a much more pronounced brunette with a creamy olive complexion and beautiful dark eyes, the eyebrows unusually arched and almost meeting over the nose. Her features are small and very delicately moulded and her crisply curling hair is nearly black. In figure Miss Weldon is rather tall and very slender, almost too slender to meet the requirements of Hogarth's favorite "line of grace and beauty," but she is only slight, and not by any means thin, and like many slender people very graceful and willowy.

Very frequently each of these "fair maids" carries a sheaf of brushes, and then it is safe to conclude that they are returning from their studio, for they are both acknowledged artists of great promise. And now, having given our readers a sufficient dose of beauty for one week, Cecil will turn his steps homeward and finish his letter. Visitors are still abundant. Miss Trites, of St. John, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward Trites. Miss Fritchard, also of St. John, has been visiting Mrs. George Westwood. Mrs. Mahon, of Truro, is in town, visiting her mother, Mrs. Sumner. Mr. Hawkins, of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, at Dorchester, spent Sunday in town. Mr. Hawkins might well quote from the old song: "Of all the days throughout the week, I dearly love that day that comes between the Saturday and Monday."

I am sorry to say that there is a great deal of illness in Moncton, just now, especially among the children. Mr. and Mrs. Murray Fleming have lost their only child, a baby boy, and the greatest sympathy is felt for them in their sad bereavement. Mr. E. A. Peters, of the Record Foundry company, is seriously ill, and I am sorry to say that Dr. E. B. Chandler, our most popular physician, has also been quite ill, but I believe he is able to be out again.

Whist is considered too mild a dissipation to be given up during Lent, so the club continue their meetings. They met at Mrs. George Ryan's last Thursday evening, and spent a most enjoyable evening. Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Boggis left, last Friday, for a short trip to Halifax, and are expected back this week. Mr. Pottinger, chief superintendent of the I. C. E., left last Friday for Ottawa. Mr. W. W. Wells, of Dorchester, was in town on Saturday.

And so PROGRESS, ever in the van, has at length reached the proud distinction—never, I believe, attained before, by a newspaper—of standing side by side with the famous Robert Elmer and being advertised from the pulpit! I congratulate our clever weekly, with the greatest heartiness, and—by the way—the Moncton merchant has been giving quite a little fillip to the same industry, in the same way. He has preached so freely against the useless amusement that we are looking forward to an unusually large crop of Easter parties. It puzzles me to understand how people who never took a step of dancing in their lives and could not do so, if their lives depended upon it, come to know so much about "the evils of dancing." But *chacun a son gout*, which is old French, and means "every one to his taste."

Mr. W. F. Proctor of the Bank of Montreal, left for Halifax on Monday night. He will be joined tomorrow by Mr. H. A. Price, private secretary to Mr. Pottinger, and they will sail on Friday, for Bermuda, where they intend spending the next three weeks. Mr. Price to recuperate after his recent illness, and Mr. Proctor, to invoke the aid of new scenes, in rallying from the shock of his sad loss. There many friends wish them a safe and prosperous journey.

Mr. McKay of Halifax has replaced Mr. Bowers, as teller of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax here. Mrs. P. S. Archibald gave a very delightful whist party last evening. About 30 were present, and Miss Thomson and Mr. A. E. Holstead were the fortunate winners of the two prizes. Dr. A. H. Chandler, of Dorchester, and Mr. E. B. Chandler, also of Dorchester, were in town on Monday. Miss Grassie, of Halifax, is in town visiting friends. Mrs. H. C. Charters' many friends will hear with deep regret that she is very seriously ill. I believe we are soon to lose Miss Weldon for a time, as she intends going to New York very soon to pay a long visit to her brother. I trust she will come back safely and not follow that same brother's example, and go in for annexation.

We were all very glad to see the genial face of Rev. R. S. Crisp once more, and he received a more than cordial welcome from his old congregation. The basement of the Methodist church was crowded to the doors, last evening, to hear his lecture, "Is Marriage a Failure?" which was given in his own inimitable style, and absolutely blossomed with bright touches of humor, and if he did not succeed in convincing all those present that marriage was not a failure, it was not his fault. After the lecture, general handshaking was the order of the evening, numbers of friends lingering to greet their former pastor. Mr. Crisp left this morning for his present home in Chatham. CECIL GWYNNE.

DORCHESTER.

"Progress" is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Farnsworth's drugstore. MARCH 13.—Dorchester, like its neighbor Sackville, has always borne a bad reputation for the slim attendance it almost invariably affords to any good public entertainment that is given here, with the inevitable result of causing all travelling companies to give us a wide berth. However, we made a noteworthy effort to atone for past neglect by giving a crowded house to the Mount Allison performers, on the occasion of their concert here, last Friday evening. The music was the best ever heard here—

especially the singing of Miss Mack, and Prof. Chisholm's wonderful performances on the violin. The playing of the Mount Allison string orchestra, composed of Prof. Chisholm as leader, Miss Barnes, pianist, and eight young lady students as violinists, did also do much for the audience, as did also Miss Churchill's singing. But the most enjoyable thing on the programme was Miss Mack's rendition of Gounod's "Sieg, smile, sleep," with violin obligato by Mr. Chisholm and piano accompaniment by Prof. Mack. Its beauty was simply inexpressible. Dorchester will welcome a reappearance of the concert troupe when it visits us again.

At the close of the concert, those who took part in it, together with a number of Dorchester people, were entertained by the Misses Chapman, at Brookside, during the three hours that passed before the arrival of the train by which the visitors departed for Sackville. Three very pleasant hours they were with refreshments and, (forbidden fruit in Lent) plenty of waiting etc. The impromptu party was broken up about 1 o'clock.

Miss Clara Robinson, of Sackville, has been staying a few days in Dorchester, with her friend Miss Mabel Tait. Mrs. H. B. Emmerson gave a small whist party, Thursday evening, to a number of her friends. Mr. Emmerson is absent in Fredericton attending the legislature. Mr. Fred. S. Anderson, who is employed as book-keeper in Jordan & Marsh's establishment, Boston, is spending his vacation at his home in Dorchester. Mr. Anderson complains of finding Dorchester dull. Strange!

Dr. McCully, of Moncton, was in Dorchester Friday and Saturday. Miss Nellie Palmer gave a small, but very respectable party last evening, in honor of her guest, Miss Louisa Emerson. Dancing was indulged in, but only to a limited extent, owing to the pious season of Lent. However, the various amusements which are not prohibited helped to pass the evening only too quickly. The party broke up shortly after 1 o'clock.

There was a good deal of excitement here on Monday, on account of the civic elections in Moncton, and money changed hands freely over the result. Mr. R. W. Hewson's many friends were rejoiced to hear of his success in the election, and many congratulated him on his good fortune. Indeed, we almost took upon it a victory for Dorchester, as Mr. Hewson lived here until quite lately, and is now the Moncton representative of a Dorchester firm.

Miss Ethel Lowerison, of Amherst, is visiting her friend Miss Nellie Palmer. Mr. W. W. Wells and Miss Wells went to Moncton on Saturday. Mr. Wells returned on Monday, leaving his sister there for a few days longer. Mr. D. L. Hanington and Miss Maud Hanington spent yesterday in Moncton. Rev. J. R. Campbell is still absent in Halifax, where he went, last Friday, to take the place of Mr. Courtney as lecturer in the Saint Paul's church lecture course. Rev. Mr. Noyes, of Halifax, officiated here, during Mr. Campbell's absence.

Mr. G. N. C. Hawkins spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Moncton. He often does. Dr. J. F. Teel went to Moncton on Monday, to deposit his vote at the civic election. Messrs. Fred W. Emmerson, of Pitt Meadows, and A. W. Bennet, of Sackville, barristers, were in town on Tuesday. Court has adjourned, and the court house square has resumed its wonted peaceful appearance. PANSY.

BATHURST.

MARCH 13.—Among the visitors in town during the week I noticed particularly Mr. Thos. H. Carman, of Winnipeg; Mr. Warren C. Winslow, barrister, of Chatham; Mr. Charles J. Thompson, barrister, of Newcastle, and Mr. John Windsor, of Bedford. Miss Belle Blackhall, telegraph operator at Bathurst, is visiting at her home in Carleton this week. Miss Louisa Blackhall is in charge of the office during her absence.

Mr. Orvin F. Stacey, whose health has not been very good during the winter, has gone to spend a few weeks at his home in Somerville, Mass. No appointments has as yet been made to the office left vacant by the death of Miss Waitt. Miss Nellie Carman is postmistress pro tem, and, in my humble opinion, a more competent and trustworthy officer it would be somewhat difficult to find.

The Amateur Dramatic club are progressing very favorably with their drama. Their leader, Mr. Hugh Meakin, is of opinion that their entertainment will be given next week. TOM BROWN.

ST. STEPHEN.

"Progress" is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstores of C. H. Smith & Co. and G. S. Wall. MARCH 13.—The many friends and acquaintances of Mr. Walter Boyd were pained to hear of his sudden death at Philadelphia, on Monday last. He was a son of Mr. Thomas Boyd, of St. Stephen, and a favorite among his friends here. His remains will arrive tomorrow and be interred in the rural cemetery.

Mrs. Frank Hathaway, of St. John, who has been for some time the guest of Mr. Dr. Todd, has returned to her home. Mr. Thoms Main leaves for Providence, R. I., tomorrow morning. Mr. Charles Eaton, of Milltown, left yesterday

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



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SKINNER'S Carpet Warerooms.

SPRING WILL SOON BE HERE and HOUSEKEEPERS will want to KNOW where to buy their CARPETS and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS. Having made SPECIAL preparations for the coming season, I will be able to show all the LATEST NOVELTIES in

WILTON, BRUSSELS and TAPESTRY CARPETS, with borders to match; LINOLEUMS, OILCLOTHS, MATTINGS, ART SQUARES, RUGS, MATS and CURTAINS. At the LOWEST PRICES and the BEST VALUES ever QUOTED in this city. Samples forwarded on application. Special quotations for CHURCHES, HOTELS and PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

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OPENED THIS DAY: A NICE STOCK OF BLACK AND COLORED SILKS; PLUSHES in all colors; VELVETS in all shades; TRIMMING SILKS and SATINS; BONNETS and HATS; FEATHERS—ALL NEW! Also: A Fine Lot of LACE CURTAINS. 9 KING STREET. J. W. MONTGOMERY

Public Notice.

Proposed Union of the Cities of Saint John and Portland. THE following extracts from the Law relating to the vote to be taken on the completed scheme of the Commissioners, are published for general information: 1. The persons entitled to vote shall be the persons whose names appear on the ward lists made up for the election of Mayor last preceding the day of hold, the polls hereunder, and the persons entitled to vote shall be permitted to vote irrespective of whether or not taxes have been paid. 2. The vote shall be given by ballot, which shall be a paper ticket, either written or printed, containing the word "Yes" for acceptance of the scheme and the word "No" for rejection of the scheme; and all the provisions in force at an election for Mayor in each City, the appointing the Commissioners for holding polls, and holding the polls, and receiving and depositing the ballots, and opening and counting the ballots at the close of the polls, and making return by the Commissioners of the result in each City, shall be in all respects as far as applicable the same as at an election for Mayor in each respective City. The polls will be opened in the City of Saint John at 8 o'clock, a. m., and will continue open until 4 o'clock, p. m., on TUESDAY, the NINETEENTH day of MARCH, A. D. 1889. COMMON CLERK'S OFFICE, St. John, N. B.

SILVER-TONGUED MEN.

Mr. Black, of Westmorland, is one of the most agreeable speakers of the assembly. He is a little given to the use of long words, but his criticism is usually just, his judgment reliable, and his ideas original and clearly expressed. Mr. Emmerson, the new member for Albert, will prove in time to be a valuable addition to the speaking power of the legislature. He is somewhat sluggish at the outset, but after being fairly started, makes a rattling good speech. He has a fine sonorous voice and a stage presence that predisposes the audience in his favor. It would not be fair to close the list without including the joker of the house, Mr. Wilson. William does not make much stir in the house, but if he can be shunted off into telling funny stories, the house will laugh as only William can make it. Mr. Tweedie is also capable of a humorous vein, which at times is very effective.

By Order of the Common Council of the City of Saint John. GENTLEMEN:—Believing in the principle that no Mayor in this City should hold office for more than two years, and having been solicited by numerous electors to allow myself to be placed in nomination for the Mayorality, I beg to announce that I will be a Candidate on the second TUESDAY in April next. Hoping to receive your support and votes, I am your obedient servant, GEORGE A. BARKER.

To the Electors of Wellington Ward. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—We shall again be candidates for your suffrages at the coming election for ALDERMEN of Wellington Ward, on the first Tuesday in April next. And we promise to have (if elected) in the future as in the past. Respectfully yours, WILLIAM SHAW, THOS. W. PETERS.

To the Electors of Wellington Ward. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—At the request of a number of the Electors, I have decided to offer for the ALDERMANSHIP of this ward, and would respectfully solicit your support. WILLIAM B. CARVILL.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

VOL. AND THE PEOPLE... The people majority of... rat of the probably opponents times, the Ald. Mu... once as once as was out of who thoug PROGRESS the tool of one of the man who h... to have vot of the hee... rushed in s... to vote. C... day was th... lives in the Ward 5... ing union, to be bene... planation is lot box. Altogeth... was beaten. The sign... The ring m... Why shou... city direct... money. In... tion, alone... figures are s... The Scot... three year... people want... with, and th... would be en... been to this... it out was y... their follow... found that... liquor deal... They aban... Before th... into force, th... about \$4,000... The support... law were b... made up by... They made... last three ye... a dollar from... has been sol... tory of Portl... new grog sho... and flourish... free tree tr... leading indu... 'deal out is s... vitual alloc... ton. Extract fr... angel: Chesley & Co., In Ac... 1886 } To amount... to amount... to amount... 1880 } \$4,000