

PROGRESS.

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THE WIND SWAYS THEM.

NEGLECTED CONDITION OF THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

Instead of being fit to hold exhibits it is doubtful if they will hold together—the windows of one side shattered—they should be taken care of.

They sway with the wind! The magnificent exhibition buildings so lately the pride of the citizens are preparing to strew themselves on the barrack square, some windy night!

The above statements may be startling and may seem far fetched, but they are true. The exhibition buildings, which four years ago cost the dominion so much money and did service for the great dominion exhibition, have been suffered to rot and be destroyed by the neglect of those who had charge of them, until the fact stands out that if St. John or New Brunswick wanted to hold a provincial exhibition in this city there is no building fit for the purpose.

There is hardly a whole pane of glass in the score of windows in one end of the building. Small boys circle round the structure and see what they can carry away, what they can destroy. Every high wind that comes along shakes the walls and one of them ways backward and forward with the driven air.

Seven-eighths of St. John people were under the impression that the building was yet fit for the purposes for which it was erected, but such is not the case.

The members of the Agricultural society talk of new buildings to be erected at Moosepath. This may suit the agriculturists first-class, but it is extremely doubtful if the merchants would consent for a moment to carry their goods out of town to exhibit them. It may not be too late to have the old buildings looked after and repaired. They were left, it is said, in charge of the city and surely were worth taking care of.

Pretty Strong Language.
If Rev. W. J. Sparling of Kingston, Ont., had decided to accept the earnest call which came to him from St. John, Centenary church would have had an exceedingly plain-spoken pastor. In the course of a sermon preached to the "Prentice Boys" last Sunday, he said:

A large sum of money had been handed to the Jesuits in the Province of Quebec for enable them to carry on their work. The most of this money came out of the pockets of the Protestants, because they are the largest property holders in the province. This money, given to a people who had stood over all civil governments with drawn daggers, comes from the pockets of those whose blood the Jesuits would shed if they had liberty to do so. The speaker was afraid of the party politics business. Here in the province of Ontario, where Roman Catholics have only one vote in six, both parties, Grit and Conservative, are out of breath trying to catch the votes of the Romish people. Premier Mowat, who is a great defender of Protestantism, is just as anxious for the Roman Catholic vote as any Conservative ever was. This was not right. He did not think that one party was more to blame in this matter than another. Both were tarred with the same stick. There is not the toss of a copper between them.

Another Place to "Shop" At.
Ladies and the public generally will be interested in the announcement that Messrs. Barnes & Murray, two young and enterprising gentlemen who have been in the dry goods business in this city for some years with the London House, are about starting an establishment of their own at 17 Charlotte street. The stand is a good one and the members of the new firm are of that stamp who meet success half way. Friday, September 7th, will see the opening of the new store, the stock for which is daily arriving. Particular attention will be paid to fancy goods and the ladies may look for the introduction of some new ideas in this department. PROGRESS wishes the new firm that success which follows energetic and honest effort.

They Were Sold.
Two commercial men from St. John were taken in at Trenton, Quebec, a few days ago. They had an hour to spare and noting two handsome young ladies pass, followed idly in their path. A few yards distant the objects of their admiration boarded a small excursion steamer and the St. John men followed. The vessel moved from the wharf and then the boys learned that a deaf and dumb asylum from Belleville was on board the steamer and the only persons on board who could talk or hear were the captain and deck hands. Instead of selling they got sold.

Every Little Helps.
The poet Phillips is said to have entered into competition with the old man who asks pedestrians for the price of the ferry-fare, Phillips' scheme is to enter stores and offices around town with an addressed letter in his hand and ask for 3 cents or a stamp to mail it. In the majority of cases a stamp is put on the corner of the envelope for him. Mr. Phillips returns thanks for the kindness, leaves the office, pulls off the stamp and repeats the operation next door.

A VERY CHEAP FRAUD.

Joe Mitchell's Experience with the Circus—The Testimony of Honest Newsagents.

Joe Mitchell, the half-breed news agent running out of the I. C. R. depot, went to see Howe's circus when it was here, and ran away with it when it left, Monday night. Mr. Mulhall, manager of the Canada News Co., went to Sussex after the show and had him sent back.

Joe, it seems, can speak any language, and thereby struck up an acquaintance with the "copper-colored lady" in the show, who he claims is half Mexican and half English, but can speak the Mexican language well. Joe became infatuated with the "copper-colored lady," and from all accounts she thought pretty much of Joe, and it was this probably that made him decide to go with the "circus," although he says he only intended going as far as Sussex. The half-breed news agent would have been a great feature for such a show, and the management fully realized this fact; so much so that they had Joe in training, and told him it would be all right when he got a fancy suit on. He says it is no Wild West exhibition at all. "All common Indians—up Quebec—Mimac; Milicite, yes—no good. I make better show myself. Indians around here wouldn't go with them, naw. Indians say going to leave soon as they get chance—haven't been paid for five or six months—when they ask for money, manager says he's as poor as they are."

Howe's Wild West show pitched its tents on Chipman's field, Saturday morning, and gave two performances afternoon and evening. The proceedings opened, with a street parade, the chief feature of which was a number of Indians and cowboys mounted on D. Connell's watering cart horses. The performance in the main tent consisted for the most part of acrobatic feats, and tight and slack rope walking, such as have often been given by travelling companies in the Mechanics' Institute. The rifle shooting was, however, an acceptable novelty in this section of the world. There were no horses, no ring, not even the odor of a messenger.

So much for the "10 big shows united," "100 star artists," Indians, cowboys, Mexican vaqueros, and "novelty" acrobatic celebrities and gymnastic marvels than were ever seen with any tented exhibition.

Had the management taken the public into their confidence and only announced what they were prepared to perform they would at least have obtained credit for honest dealing.—St. John Sun.

Howe's circus was here Thursday, and was a very cheap affair, in no way deserving the name or character which they advertised. The manager has been known here before as a professional gambler. The nutmeg game was started soon after they reached the grounds; the marshal detected their game, compelled them to disgorge and prevented so far as possible any further proceedings on that line.—Woodstock Press.

See "Jessie Brown," at the Institute.

Who Won't Have a Telephone?
The St. John Telephone company has had the greatest kind of success since it started its subscribers list. At least two-thirds of the subscribers for the present telephone have put their names down on the new list and scores of others who never had a telephone are indulging in the necessary luxury at the rate of \$20 a year. Endless difficulties will be solved by the introduction of the \$15 per annum telephone in residences. The conveniences cannot be overestimated and PROGRESS has an idea that the introduction of the cheap phone will be as great a boon to the gentle portion of the population as the lessening of telegraph rates will be to business men and the newspapers.

So Do We.
PROGRESS, of St. John, has rapidly grown in public favor, and more than deserves all that has been said in its favor. It gives a class of reading that provincialists have hitherto wanted, and found the counterpart throughout the states. The editorials have a snap and fearlessness that must be commended by honest readers, and which the St. John dailies seem afraid to adopt. PROGRESS hunts out nuisances, frauds and abuses, and nails them up to the public view—treating rich and poor alike. It has been consistent, successful and enjoyable, and the Maple Leaf hopes it may continue to progress.—Albert Maple Leaf.

How It All Came About.
One of the boarders at a St. John hotel was a clergyman. Another was a foreign gentleman of musical tastes. The two were not warm friends, but ate at the same table. The f. g. had some foreign friends to dinner with him one day. They talked in German. They spoke their minds freely, and the subject of the talk was the clergyman. They did not praise him, but as they had no idea that he could guess the import of their words they had no fear of his wrath. When they had exhausted the subject they paused. It was the clergyman's turn, and he improved it by giving them his opinion of them in German as plain as they had used. Then he left the table and has since left the house.—The Grippeack.

Every Man to His Business.
"Humph," said an old man from the country, who stood at the head of King street, Wednesday; "these city people don't seem to know nothing about gardening at all. Look where they've got a gate post in the middle of the walk." And he pointed in the direction of King square.

ON THE ST. JOHN STAGE.

AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONALISTS WILL BE SEEN THIS FALL.

Extra Efforts for the Success of the Pastoralists' Entertainment, Next Week—Mrs. Jannasch to Come Next Month—Uncle Tom's Cabin and Other Bookings.

This will be a military work. Parades, reviews, and last, but not least, regimental theatricals will be in order.

For some time the ladies and gentlemen who appear in the appended cast have been rehearsing *Jessie Brown*, or *the Relief of Lucknow*, and the public may expect to see this military drama put on in the best style of St. John's first amateurs.

A military play, well put on, is bound to be attractive and pleasing. The company who have set themselves the task are bent on making it a success, and PROGRESS doubts not but it will be well worth seeing.

The men of the 62nd Fusiliers will assist as Highlanders and Sepoys, and pipers and bagpipers have been engaged. Great care has been taken with the stage settings, and new scenery has been painted for the performance.

The cast is as follows:

cast of characters.
The Nana Sahib, Rajah of Bithoor.....
Casidy, a corporal 2nd Regiment.....
Major F. H. Hartt
Ahmet, his Nakeel.....
Captain J. T. Hartt
Randall McGregor, Officers in H. M. service.....
Geordie McGregor, 1.....
Lieut. G. M. Cleveland, 3rd Regt.....
Rev. David Blount, chaplain of the 2nd Regt.....
Mr. A. J. Glazebrook, Sweeney, a private 2nd Regiment.....
Mr. D. C. Robertson
Casidy, a corporal 2nd Regiment.....
Major F. H. Hartt
Jessie Brown, a Scotch girl.....
Miss Sarah Nicholson
Amy Campbell.....
Miss M. Sturdee
Charles, her.....
Master L. Vernon
Ellie, children.....
Miss Gladys Campbell
Alice.....
Mrs. J. D. Stratford
Mary.....
Miss N. Sander
Soldiers, Highlanders, Sepoys, Hindoos,
Ladies and children, etc.

Strange as it may appear, the American drama did not give up the ghost when the Micawber club dissolved, nor did travelling companies then conclude that St. John had been engulfed by a convulsion of nature.

The new Institute management—that is to say, the Institute itself—has been quietly at work during the last few weeks, and the following attractions have already been booked for the next future:

Sept. 6—Pat Maloney's Comedy company.
Sept. 10-12 (with matinee)—Mme. Jannasch.
Oct. 15—Fock & Fursman's new *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.
Oct. 29—Minstrels.

These are all excellent companies, superior to the generality of travelling troupes. One of the four stars will be recognized as a lady to whom St. John cannot possibly give too warm a welcome, for Mme. Jannasch undeniably stands very near the head of the profession. The other troupes are not so well known as hers, but the verdict of the press warrants the statement that all will give satisfaction.

With new scenery and accessories, and the house thoroughly renovated and the management in the hands of gentlemen, the Institute will deserve a liberal patronage this winter.

CRICKET AND CRICKETERS.

The Wanderers—St. John Match—A Maritime Team for Upper Canada.

The Wanderers, of Halifax, and St. John cricketers are battling for victory while PROGRESS is being printed. Play began Thursday, and by evening St. John had entered upon its second inning 14 behind the visitors. It was not a great lead, and the prospects yesterday morning were for a close match. The features of the day were Henry's batting, he making 45, more than half of the Haligonians' score. Comber and Bland played careful ball, and together made 21 runs.

The Halifax boys have as much love for the Irish cricketers as St. John people have. The preparations in Scotia's capital for the reception of the old country sports were further advanced than they were in St. John and the disappointment was of course greater. The Irishmen need not have been afraid of their guaranty in either St. John or Halifax and should have abided by the arrangements of their Canadian agent, G. G. Lindsay, of Toronto.

A maritime team of cricketers is spoken of to make a tour of Upper Canada next year. It is a splendid idea, and should be carried out. There is lots of good material to compose an eleven which should bring victory back from Ontario and Quebec. If the Wanderers and St. John and other clubs make up their minds to send the team, let it be composed of the best available men, and the result will not be in doubt.

Every Man to His Business.
"Humph," said an old man from the country, who stood at the head of King street, Wednesday; "these city people don't seem to know nothing about gardening at all. Look where they've got a gate post in the middle of the walk." And he pointed in the direction of King square.

AN AFTERNOON'S SPORT.

The Races at Moosepath Should Draw a Large Crowd.

The races at Moosepath this afternoon promise to be all they are advertised to be. There will be six races and at present every horse entered is expected to start. In the words of the bill, this is one of the most attractive programmes ever offered to the patrons of Moosepath, and no lover of a good running race should fail to see these contests.

In every other city in Canada and the United States, and in fact, the world, a day of this kind is looked forward to as one of the great events, and is attended by the multitude. In Halifax, with a programme of this kind, some 4,000 to 5,000 people wend their way to the park, and make it a popular and exciting day. Both horses and riders appreciate a crowded stand, and if the people of St. John wish to establish such a day at Moosepath, no better opportunity can be offered to cast their vote than the afternoon above named. Every facility has been furnished for a big attendance. A train will leave the I. C. R. station at 2.30, the rear car, or if necessary, the two rear cars will be reserved for ladies and their escorts, and buses will run from the head of King street at 2 and 2.30 p. m. In order to avoid the rush at the gate, tickets will be for sale at Mr. Alfred Morrisey's, King street, and at the I. C. R. station.

Remember the Moonlight Excursion.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

People Who Live Off the Community and Do Their Buying Outside.

"Some people puzzle me," said a King street merchant. "They solicit you for orders, every day of the week, and get them. They invite you to look at that and buy this, and you usually comply with their request; in fact, you buy more than you want, just to oblige them; but if you expect any custom in return, you get sorely left. Why, a man came to me yesterday, and learning the price of that article there, said he could get it \$1 cheaper in Boston. I looked at him in surprise. 'But, my dear sir, what about freight and duty?' 'Oh,' said he, 'I would smuggle it through in my trunk.' I had nothing more to say for a minute, but I managed before he went out to inform him that if, instead of buying at his store, everybody smuggled his goods through in small lots from Boston, that his trade wouldn't be much. And he evidently came to the same conclusion, for he bought the article. But you'll meet the same kind of men every day. If they can get goods outside of the city they will do so before patronizing our trade. It seems natural to them. They forget that we are all living off one another, practically speaking, and that every dollar's worth bought outside lessens some man's trade and makes him poorer. I believe in reciprocity in trade—in that reciprocity which leads the man who patronize to come to you and buy his goods if he can get them at the same prices as your competitor sells for. Live and let live."

Go to Shediac, with the City Cornet band.

The Blame on the Right Parties.

Messrs. C. D. Smith, W. H. Blatchford and S. G. Kelly, representing the employees of James Harris & Co., called at PROGRESS' office, Thursday afternoon, in reference to an article entitled "The Men Paid for Them," which appeared in this paper last Saturday. They said the statements in the article were correct, but as they might lead some persons to think that the deduction from their pay was made with the knowledge of the representative of the firm, Mr. Robertson, they wished to state that the "bosses" were alone to blame in the matter, as they should first have asked the men's consent to the contribution—ten times which would have been gladly given for the purpose—instead of informing them of the deduction at the time the paymaster was making his rounds.

PROGRESS has learned, upon reliable authority, that the statement that "one of the firm" paid the funeral expenses of the employe was correct, but the fact that the men's contributions to the expenses incurred during his illness were not deducted from their pay until after his death gave rise to their story that they paid for the funeral expenses and another got credit for it.

Smoke "Humpo" Cigars.

The Board of Trade is on a Vacation.

The shipyard at Clifton, Kings county, where so many vessels have been built and launched, is now a strawberry field. The lesson is obvious. No longer is sole dependence placed upon the shipyard. The farm has taken its place and is proving an excellent and profitable substitute.

Boston Will Try Him.

Base ball player—"I've been released. They said I couldn't play ball a little bit." His friend—"Well, I suppose you'll give up the business now?" Baseball player—"No! not quite. Boston will try me, I guess."

CAPTAINS ARE BRIBED.

THE PORT CHARGES INCREASED BY THE STEVEDORES.

Who Give from \$200 to \$250 for the Privilege of Loading a Steamer—The Shipper Has to Pay the Bribe and the Foreign Captain Gets the Money.

"Who loads the tramp, Gregory or McDiarmid?"

"That all depends."

"Depends upon what?"

"Depends upon McDiarmid's figures. If he offers more than Gregory he'll get the job."

"That's the way of it, eh?"

"Yes."

A brief but a very suggestive conversation. It was overheard by a respectable citizen, who gave it to PROGRESS word for word. A few explanations may be interesting, and when the people have read this they will have arrived at one of the reasons why the assertion is made that the port charges at St. John are so high that they interfere with the port's business.

The captains of the two Spanish steamers which were in port recently, and which gained some notoriety by contributing \$400 each to the customs, as a penalty for smuggling, were besieged as soon as they cast anchor in the harbor by stevedores, for the privilege of loading the steamer. One stevedore offered \$230 to each steamer; the other stevedore offered \$250 for the privilege, and the higher price gained the day and the contract.

Who pays the \$250? And who gets it? The stevedore pays it in the first instance and charges the shipper enough extra to cover the amount, which in nine cases out of ten goes to the private pocket of a foreign captain, who gets all the benefit.

So long as this system prevails, just so long will the port of St. John labor under the charge of heavy port charges, which do it a great deal of harm by compelling shippers to load their deals at other ports.

A leading wharf owner said yesterday: "We have our own people to blame in this matter. In the case of every large foreign vessel which comes into port it merely resolves itself into this, Who can give the captain the highest bribe? Captains are not fools and they soon learn that money is to be made in this way at our port. The result is they hang out for the highest bidder and he gets the job and the bribe comes out of the shipper's pocket. Stevedoring must be a very profitable business when the boss can afford to give such amounts for the privilege of loading one vessel."

THE LIBEL SUITS DROPPED.

The Stewart Concern Falls to Deposit \$3,500 in the U. S. Court.

Robert A. Stewart has dropped his libel suits against the American papers!

It was a wise course.

The average American newspaper in a libel suit is like a bull dog in a fight: it never lets go until its victim is worried to death.

It has puzzled many people in the states to know why Stewart should bring suits against American papers and leave Canadian publications in these quarters alone.

It is not hard to account for his course. A New York or Boston daily is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars as a rule and damages in the event of success would be tolerably secure. Again, the Stewart firm would stand a poor show with a Canadian jury. As it is, the probability of the libel suits being brought to trial awakened the newspapers and agents have secured for them such a mass of information that the history of the Stewarts and their transactions only remains to be written. Much of the information was gained in St. John, and had the Stewarts put up their \$3,500 costs deposit in the U. S. court, would have been interesting reading.

But the stage is empty. The star actors in the Maritime bank drama have disappeared, probably for ever, from St. John. It would be well if all had gone and none remained to remind the duped of their imprudent folly or prey in future upon another gullible bank manager.

Excursion to Shediac.

The City Cornet band hold their annual excursion, this year, to Shediac, in connection with Rev. A. Ouellet's picnic. The band's excursions are more popular every year, and Rev. A. Ouellet's congregation are noted for the excellent way in which picnics given by them are conducted. Their method of serving dinner on the grounds will startle some who have never attended a picnic other than those run from St. John. Numerous attractions have been provided, and it is thought that the picnic will be the largest and best ever held in the province.

Moonlight on the River.

The moonlight excursion, to be held Monday evening by the Young Men's Christian Association, promises to be a most enjoyable affair. The splendid steamer *David Weston* will take the excursion up the river, and music will be furnished by the Artillery band.

EVERYBODY LIKES PLUMS.

Mr. T. B. Hanington, Agent for Sharpe's, Is Doing a Thriving Business.

"Plums are always the favorite preserve," said Mr. T. B. Hanington to a representative of PROGRESS, a few days ago. "Everybody wants to make sure of them, no matter how all the other fruit goes. Just as soon as we announce them in the papers the orders flock in."

Sharpe's plums are always sought after. The name has become familiar everywhere, and the excellence of the fruit alone seems to have been the cause of its coming into favor.

About the last of next week there will be a busy scene at Mr. F. W. Sharpe's great orchard, at Woodstock, when the "picking" will begin. Mr. Sharpe is an enthusiast in his business, and grows plums of all kinds that cannot be excelled anywhere. In his orchard there are about 3,000 plum trees. Sharpe's green gage plum has long been favorably known, but Moer's Arctic, a large purple and very rich plum, has of late years been much sought after, as it is a great plum for preserving. Besides these there are the peach plum, red plum, Magnum bonum and a number of other varieties.

There will be an average crop this year, of fine quality. The small crop of last year seems to have made buyers cautious, for Mr. T. B. Hanington, who is the general agent for Sharpe's plums, has already received large advance orders from all parts of the province.

Plums have never before been shipped to the United States, but this year Mr. Hanington has already received orders for over 1,000 boxes from Portland and Boston.

Smoke "Crescent" Cigars.

WHAT MEN WILL WEAR.

A Talk with James S. May & Son on Fall Fashions.

There are few people who do not, either in spring or fall, have to submit to that agreeable—or otherwise—interview with their tailor, and decide upon what kind of an external appearance they will present for the next few months.

The time is about at hand when such duties begin to weigh upon the minds of men, and the merchant tailors take advantage of their distress and endeavor, as far as they can, to relieve them. New goods and plenty of them, pretty patterns and plenty to choose from, make such tasks easy. Messrs. James S. May & Son showed a representative of PROGRESS a very large consignment of new goods received by them this week, and gave some interesting facts bearing on the prevalent fashions.

"Our fall stock," said Mr. May, "is earlier than usual this year, for various reasons. We want to catch all the American trade we can—for you know that our neighbors can get the finer grades of goods much cheaper here than at home—and we want to avoid the great rush incident to late stock and everybody wanting their suits at the same time. Those who intend to call upon us this season have a large and uncollected stock to select from now, they can suit themselves better, give us more time and get their suits promptly, while, if they postpone giving their order for another month, they will, ten chances to one, have to wait until others are pleased.

"The new patterns this fall are numerous and pretty. In tread suiting, stripes and ducks in variegated colors prevail. Loud patterns are going out. No man wants a suit so pronounced that he can be pointed out half a mile away. Wide stripes are the favorites in good pantaloons, and check patterns are small and few. The finest West of England goods are worth from \$8 to \$14 for pants, but they are good value. The leading lines in cheap pantaloons are worth all the way from \$4 to \$6, while the medium-priced goods cost from \$8 to \$8.50.

"We are showing some nice Canadian patterns, imitation of Irish tweeds for suitings. They are cheaper than other goods, and many people like them just as well. There are a good many kinds of overcoats, in fancy Elysian and beavers, and meltons are going to be much worn. We have them in all the leading colors, in different shades. Any person who wants a nice choice of goods had better give us a call at once. Procrastination steals the best patterns."

The Institute and the Mechanics' Club, the Micawber club, or the individuals who composed that defunct organization, and the Mechanics' Institute will appear in the October county song. The Mechanics' Institute has been used by the first-mated parties and among the items of the bill is one for \$25, for the use of the act drop for two nights' performance of *Lalla Rookh*. This case has a good deal of interest for the public, from the fact that an old and honored institution is the defendant in the suit, but it can be made much more interesting if the origin and composition of the Micawber club are inquired into.

FEDERATION OF THE EMPIRE.

BY G. E. FENETY.

Canada is now spending about half a million of dollars for military purposes, upon the principle, perhaps, of preparing in peace for time of war—nor will she be found wanting in the hour of need, whenever her services are required by England. Could she do more in the right way if federated? If memory is not at fault, a whole regiment was volunteered by a Canadian colonel during the Crimean war, but the offer was politely declined at the Horse Guards. Other colonies, especially Australia, have been equally zealous and warlike, and manifested a strong sense of duty from time to time by offering assistance, even going so far as to volunteer for service abroad. This is all very well, Federationists may say, but England in union must have the power to control, direct and tax all the Colonies alike without reference to their geographical position, for the maintenance, not only of the army but the navy as well. If a mutiny breaks out in India, or the Afghanistan frontier be invaded by Russia, or the Soudan be in a state of commotion, or the Zulus or the Ashantees be in insurrection, or Abyssinia holding within her grasp English prisoners, Canada must be in a position to ask no questions, but transport her troops wherever ordered, as though they were residents of the British Isles. There is no escaping the conditions. In connection with this subject the most grand idea that presents itself is interwoven with its commercial aspect; and here the difficulties in the way appear to be insurmountable—but which, if they should be overcome, a platform might be laid, upon which all parties could meet and probably shake hands. It is argued by some of the friends of the measure in favor of a common commercial bond of union between England and all her Colonies, that one tariff might be established, wherein the whole business of the Empire, embracing nearly 300,000,000 producers and consumers, should trade together and prosper, shutting out, as it were the rest of the world, especially those nations that now discriminate in their tariffs so greatly to the disadvantage of the Empire. Sir John Lubbock, the chairman of one of the League meetings, remarked—"We might have a Customs union such as existed now between England, Scotland and Ireland; and he thought that this was more peculiarly the time to face the question." Sir Alexander Galt (of Canada) at the same meeting said—"that the commercial union of Great Britain with her Colonies and India should be undertaken and pressed upon the people both at home and abroad, with one leading principle in view—of treating British industries as entitled to peculiar favor as distinguished from that of foreign nations." Perhaps such views as these expressed at a meeting so nebulous upon what is really wanted may be excusable, but as to the practicability of the utterances is another question altogether,—for Mr. Galt [notwithstanding what this gentleman said on a former occasion when in office, as previously quoted, giving strong reasons, as it were, why Canada should not be federated] must know that Canada is in no position, with her immense debt of \$250,000,000, to abate her duties of 35 per cent., in order to enter into a free trade or moderate-tariff compact, although as a free trader from his youth upwards the writer would gladly welcome such a change. The Hon. Senator Wark (also of Canada) contributed a well-written article to "The Journal of the Imperial Federation League," dated October 1, 1886, on the Federation subject, from which the following quotation is made:—"If we are to become one people, a united Empire, we cannot too soon set about revising our revenue laws and removing the restrictions on the trade between the different parts of the Empire. This will require time, but it may be brought about much more speedily than many would think possible. It has only to be gone about energetically and judiciously, and men will gradually see its advantages and consent to the tariff changes. Different modes of raising revenue will be adopted which, while unshackling commerce, will not add in the slightest degree to the burdens of the people; and the ultimate result will be that every producer able to choose, out of a population of three hundred millions, the best market in which to dispose of his goods, and every consumer will have a like privilege to choose the cheapest market from which to supply his wants. Thus the best interests of every individual, and of the whole population, will be promoted, and the result, general prosperity. * * * The Empire could then treat the hostile tariffs of other states with indifference, as their influence on the general prosperity would be scarcely perceptible. Such states would soon begin to seek to form liberal commercial treaties. With the freedom of trade would come more equal distribution of capital. Instead of money being pent up at some points where it cannot find profitable investment, it would find its way to where a demand for it existed, and thus add to the general prosperity." To these sentiments the writer can fully subscribe, and if it were not for that little word but, they might be capable of fulfillment. There is, however, no argument, no combination that can convince John Bull, that in order to bring in the Colonies for special purposes he should reverse, or considerably modify his commercial policy,

after an experience of nearly forty years. But what is to prevent the Colonies out of federation agreeing in common for reciprocal trade relations? England would have no objection. If it is at all practicable why not call a meeting in London of representatives from all the Colonies, and form an agreement to exchange commodities free of duty, and to discriminate against "the foreigner," if business is meant and is wanted, here is a plan to work upon. But what is the position of Canada? Simply one of financial inability to attend such a gathering, in or out of federation. Only a year or so ago, Jamaica knocked at the doors of our Dominion Parliament for reciprocity in native productions, but her delegates returned home disappointed men. Mr. Dalton McCarthy, at a late federation meeting held in Ottawa, theorized *ad libitum* in the same strain. This gentleman (according to the *Globe*), thought that England should put a tax upon all imports from foreign countries while giving colonial imports free entry. But the practical absurdity of this would be quite plain to the common sense Englishman, who desires the markets of the world for the sale of his wares, and to whom the friendship of the great nations like the United States, France, Germany, Austria, is of far more practical value than any colonial relationship. In the year 1886 (continues the same paper), England imported from foreign countries goods to the value of £267,979,429 sterling, and from the Colonies she took only goods to the value of £81,884,843. Her total trade with foreign nations in 1886 was £404,905,546, and with her colonies only £136,926,116. In 1886 Canada bought in England £7,000,000 worth of goods, and the United States bought four times that amount. What reason is there to assume that in the face of facts like these England will discriminate against her best customers? Is it common sense to assume that she will tax herself on her foreign imports for the benefit of her colonies? Sir W. Rawson having given special attention to Colonial tariffs, numbering 44, enumerates their peculiarities under successive heads—1, 2, 3, 4, 5—some being high, some low, and some almost nil, according to the indebtedness of each Colony, the situation, and the expenses of maintenance. They rate from 4 to 25 per cent. until he touches Canada, (and two or three other places in the East,) when the figures run away up. But what is more important (says a late journal), is the conclusion which Sir Rawson reaches after a contemplation of these multifarious tariffs. He concludes that uniformity of tariff is hopeless at present; that tariffs suited to new countries are not equally adapted to old countries; that new countries will not readily submit to direct taxation and will continue to raise their revenues largely from custom duties, and that any movement toward uniformity is rendered difficult by the desire which exists in various Colonies to favor the production of different articles. Sir Rawson has thrown a good deal of light upon the question which he discusses, but the light only renders more apparent the almost impossibility of framing one tariff for the whole Empire. But it is unnecessary to enumerate further reasons or arguments in support of the belief that if ever federation is brought about it can be in favor of Imperial Colonial protection and monopoly of trade under the English flag exclusively. The battles of Free Trade and Protection in England have already been fought to the bitter end, and there is no retrogression; both Whigs and Tories are as one now upon this question—or rather agreed that the policy cannot be reversed. But then, there is rising up in England what is called "the fair trade party." As this, however, has very little influential following, it is unnecessary to consider it only *en passant*. By this party it is meant that England should levy duties in her markets to the same extent as her goods are treated in the foreign market—i. e., if for instance the United States persists in saddling English goods with a duty of 50 per cent., England should do the same with the United States goods, and so with every other foreign country. But as this is only another chimera of the federationists, about as practical as any yet submitted, we shall wait a long time for the substance while in pursuit of the shadow, Federation; for however reasonable the grounds taken on the side of "fair trade," there is nothing to indicate that either of the great English parties is disposed in that direction, and there appears to be no room whatever for this third party to wedge in between the two. In her trade relations with the world, England is disposed to let well enough alone, and not be influenced by speculations, however much they may concern her Colonies. Under her free trade system she has reduced her national debt since 1858 from £222,513,000 to £706,696,000, or about \$575,000,000 in 30 years. In the same time the population of the United Kingdom has increased from 28,000,000 to 37,000,000, and the average rate of interest has fallen from 3½ to 2½ per cent., so that she has lessened the per capita burden of her debt to less than one-half what it was 30 years ago. In face of facts like these, why talk of going backwards, when high protection was the commercial principle of faith in England and throughout the Empire? Fifty years

ago, Whigs and Tories alike held the colonies in high esteem in Parliament. Why? Because free trade principles had not yet entered into the computations of British Statesmen and Political Economists. It was high protection, prohibitory duties everywhere. The Colonies served as the great markets for the English manufacturers. In Canada for instance,—or New Brunswick more directly, might be referred to as an instance of the prevailing system—there were two sets of officials in the Custom House—the Imperial and the Colonial. There was an Imperial duty of 20 per cent. (as well as it can be recollected, the amount does not signify) and our Provincial duty perhaps 15, levied for local purposes. The object of England was not to collect those duties for the Imperial Treasury—for the Province in time got them all back—but the barrier was intended to shut out the foreign article, and compel us by this means to keep in motion the looms and shuttles and workshops of Birmingham, Sheffield and other great manufacturing centres. Thus, with such restrictions as these—a united duty of about 40 per cent., and a Colonial Empire embracing two hundred millions of people and more, including India—is it any marvel that English trade under protection like this, with all her Colonies for a market, should flourish, and that she should in time become the great mart of the world—the seat of Empire—and the exemplar of Nations? It may be answered that if England controlled the trade of her Colonies, so did the Colonies on the other hand enjoy unchecked the markets of England. This was certainly the case. Had we no markets for our ships and our lumber we could not have existed at all, and hence England would have had no markets for her manufactures—we were thus protected and crippled at the same time. Had we been allowed to market for ourselves, we should have had the world to deal with, precisely like the United States after the bonds which held the old thirteen colonies for centuries, were severed—then the birth of a great Nation dawned. But worse than all is the fact that as soon as England found that her policy might be reversed with benefit to herself, she suddenly upset the pro or ladders by which she mounted, and by her free trade measures completely threw us upon our backs for the time. Our usefulness was gone, and the only markets we had, so to speak, were then thrown open to our rivals all over the world. Since that period England has extended her branches of trade in every direction. Her wealth and manufactures are interwoven in every fibre of commerce throughout the world. In spite of opposing tariffs her manufactures find purchasers, whether in Europe or America—and with all her disadvantages she increases in wealth and influence. There is not a country in the world but what would suffer by her downfall. Her capitalists and scientists are everywhere lending money and executing giant undertakings. Only the other day, word was received from Washington to the effect that the Argentine Republic had made a contract with a capitalist in England by which the latter agrees to construct ten steamers of at least four thousand tons burden and sixteen knots per hour each, to ply between the North of Europe and the ports of the Argentine Republic, and four storm launches for emigrant service in Europe. Also four steamers to ply between the United States and the ports of the Argentine Republic. The capital involved in this transaction, amounts to between five and six millions of dollars. England waxes a controlling influence in the Suez Canal, when she purchases stock amounting to twenty-five million dollars. Even little New Brunswick is favored by British capitalists to the amount of four millions, for the construction of a Marine Railroad. But there is scarcely a railroad or a canal in America, but what has been largely subsidized by British capital. Talk of cribbing and confining a Nation like this, and telling her that she must do business only with her Colonies, is like trying to extract sunbeams from cucumbers with the hope of enlightening British Statesmen to a full realization of our great Colonial importance. (No. 17 and last, next Saturday.)

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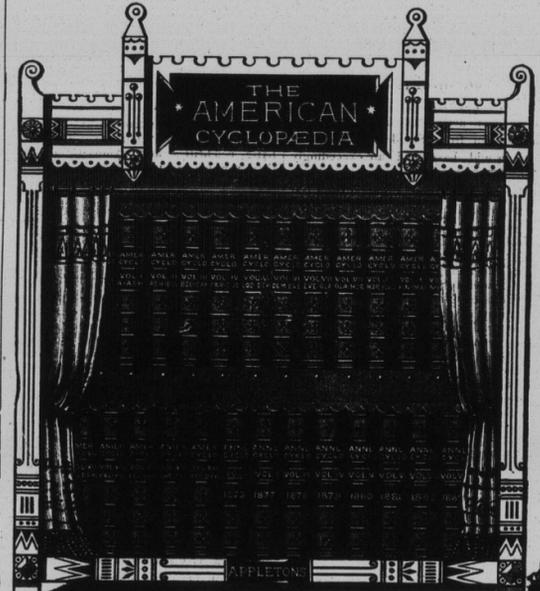
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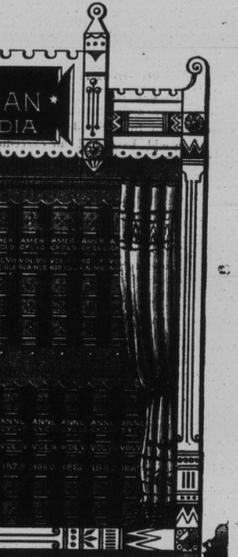
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The dusky... Night is not... A little da... Will there... Flowerless... Closed an... made... All summer... Cheerless... Will there... Out of our... The mome... Was worth... Shall we n... Your bright... Uncertain g... All questi... What does... Smiling, w... Somewhere... —Susan... AUNT... "The La... village tow... the road ac... up and dow... beyond... This pebb... of some m... power is go... the full tide... in days bef... The railr... till many a... then had pu... stage-road... over, led fu... land hills to... In the old... take his p... Boston, wh... mast; now... brown stati... could step... train and r... his vague d... But last h... stashed hou... stood one fr... gone sullen... when anger... And now, a... since his de... into bloom... door-way, h... waited for h... Thirty year... Hope, as al... bent and g... when she w... meagre pile... boy as dead... the decaying... ing... At the eas... in and day... Ever and an... Lane with... seemed strai... Of late, to... apron throw... ing at the g... a young man... chance to m... started to se... and to hear a... tion, "Is th... sudden confu... man would tu... In spring s... times their w... Aunt Hope... On one eve... when the mo... with the lilac... leaves and gr... when at interv... the overhang... came out of... door. As the... light that stre... uncurtained e... seen them to... One was fair... had been so... through over... carried an em... "Lindy," sa... conviction, "s... peaked this sp... for fear she... folks as ain't... nephew of her... Boston, an' h... little finger fo... The little she... no great to-d... The daught... silvery vistas... by her mother... answer in half... "But you kn... he was sick... "Humph! s... 'cause he wa... Oscification of... lated the moth... we wrote him... had a spell o... her in the asy... right up again... more crazy th... the way o' wat... till she can't... 'critters' o' habi... in'" Linda's tone... nature, and h... father and mo... her... "But she did... night than I... kept going to... be quite right... "She is straig... fur's I see... peaked this spr... she only woul... work, an' woul... can't make m... ter can rest eas... It ain't commo... there ain't no u... her a-goin' on... over it that she... she couldn't d... was terrible bu... thing one tim... she to me, 'Mis... Hiram should... is made up in... room. When h... an' not before."

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A FAREWELL.
Go, son, since you must,
The dusky evening lovers-
Our sky which was so blue and sweetly fair;
Night is not terrible that we should sigh,
A little darkness we can surely bear;
Will there not be more sunshine-by and by?
Go, rose, since you must,
Flowerless and chill the winter draveth night;
Closed are the blithe and fragrant lips which
made
All summer long perpetual melody.
Cheerless we take our way, but not afraid;
Will there not be more roses-by and by?
Go, love, since you must,
Out of our pain we bless you as you fly;
The momentary heaves the rainbow lit
Was worth whole days of black and stormy sky;
Shall we not see, when by the waves we sit,
Your bright sail winging shoreward-by and by?
Go, life, since you must,
Uncertain guest and whimsical ally!
All questionless you came, unquestioned go;
What does it mean to live, or what to die?
Smiling, we watch you vanish, for we know
Somewhere is another living-by and by.
—Susan Coolidge, in New York Independent.

AUNT HOPE'S HIRAM.

"The Lane" ran from one side of the village toward the river, and from it ran the road across the meadow and ford, then up and down, in and out past the hill farms beyond.
This pebbly road was not unlike the bed of some mountain stream whose former power is gone, for it also no longer knew the full tide of life that had flowed over it in days before the railroad came.
The railroad had at first cut and burned till many a mountain stream was dry, and then had puffed and steamed till many a stage-road was grass-grown; it had, moreover, led full many a son of the New England hills to the Far West.
In the old days the restless boy would take his perhaps forbidden way toward Boston, where he would ship before the mast; nor had he to seek the dreary brown station on the sandy hill, where he could step aboard the westward-bound train and rattle away toward the land of his vague day-dreams.
But last in the scattered line of weather-stained houses that fronted on the Lane stood one from whose doorway a boy had gone sullenly forth in those earlier days, when anger or ambition led eastward. And now, although the thirtieth spring since his departure was coaxing the lilacs into bloom about that same moss-grown doorway, his mother still watched and waited for his return.
Thirty years is long to wait, and Aunt Hope, as all the village called her, was bent and gray, and leaned upon a cane when she went to fetch wood from her meagre pile. Yet she never mourned her boy as dead; even the purple lilacs hung the decaying old house but in half-mourning.
At the east window Aunt Hope sat day in and day out, braiding palm-leaf hats. Even when the world glanced up at the Lane with those faded blue eyes, that seemed strained from continual watching.
Of late, too, she was often seen, with her apron thrown hastily over her head, watching at the gateway, and sometimes at dusk a young man going down the Lane—perchance to meet a young face—would be startled to see an old one peering at him and to hear an eager but timid voice question, "Is that you, Hiram?" Then with sudden confusion and apology the old woman would turn and vanish.
In spring sometimes the farmers, sometimes their wives, came to order hats of Aunt Hope.
On one evening of this thirtieth spring, when the moonlight night air was heavy with the lilac odor, when the unfolding of leaves and grass blades was fairly audible, when at intervals a wakened bird chirped in the overhanging elm branches, two women came out of Aunt Hope's by the kitchen door. As they passed through the lamplight that streamed through the small-paneled uncertain east window you would have seen them to be mother and daughter. One was fair-faced and slight, the other had been so. They both wore shawls thrown over their shoulders, and the mother carried an empty basket.
"Linda," said the mother in a tone of conviction, "she does look sights more peaked this spring. And she's so fretted for fear she'll have something from those folks as ain't kith nor kin. There's that nephew o' hers livin' in clover down to Boston, an' he won't so much as lift his little finger for her. It does rise your pa. The little she'd want ain't enough to make no great to-do about, an' you'd better give the silver vistas of the Lane, but was roused by her mother's righteous indignation to answer in half-remonstrance:
"But you know, ma, when pa wrote him he was sick. Perhaps—"
"Humph! said he 'couldn't be disturbed 'cause he was sufferin' from heart trouble! 'Osseriation of the heart, I guess!' ejaculated the mother. "Why, Linda, when we wrote him ten years ago, after she'd had a spell o' sickness, he would ha' put her in the asylum of everybody but the right up against it. Why, she ain't no more crazy than I be. She just got into the way o' watchin' for her Hiram ter come till she can't get out of it. We are all 'critters o' habit,' as your pa's always sayin'."
Linda's tone of reply showed her mild nature, and her words the "schoolin'" her father and mother had been proud to give her.
"But she did talk more about him to-night than I ever heard her before, and kept going to the window. Her mind can't be quite right, ma."
"She is straight about everything else, fur's I see. But she does look dreadful peaked this spring—real sort o'—well— If she only wouldn't be in such a stew to work, an' would go to bed like folks! You can't make me believe that any human critter can rest easy in a rockin'-chair all night. It ain't common-sense that she can. But there ain't no use talkin', for it only gets her a-goin' on Hiram. She can't never get over it that she ain't with his pa. Land, she couldn't do no other way! 'Bless May she terrible bumptious. When I said something one time about her settin' up, says she to me, 'Mis' Gyles, I must be up if Hiram should come suddin. Hiram's bed is made up in there, an' mine in the next room. When he comes I shall go ter bed, an' not before,' says she, an' she opened

the door an' there was Hiram's bed all made up nice as a pin; but I guess I told you about it."
"Yes, I remember," Linda said, absently, for as they walked along she turned her head from time to time and glanced anxiously down the lane. "Poor Aunt Hope!" she added, "I wish she would let somebody make her comfortable. But isn't it past eight o'clock, ma?" The question was asked in the tone of one who fears missing an appointment.
"Oh yes, I rather guess it's gettin' on toward nine, by the look o' the moon. To-morrow 're expectin' a Hiram too?" Mrs. Gyles added, in jocular half-inquiry.
"Oh, don't, ma!" exclaimed Linda, as though the comparison suggested something painful.
"Mercy sakes alive, Linda, don't be so tetchy! I didn't mean—nothing. Hiram Stearns ain't likely to spunk up, and good-as, Linda, what is the matter? Their ain't no trouble, is there? I know Mis' Stearns is—"
"Oh, no!" Linda interrupted, in a choking voice; "everything is all right enough. But you know—well—I guess she must hate me."
The mother did not put a protecting arm about her child, nor did the child draw nearer to her mother. Among the New England hills the reserve of the Puritan and the unconscious dread of many words are inborn. Nor would this decided woman have ventured, under ordinary circumstances, to advise her daughter in regard to a love affair. She felt now that she might speak, yet she disguised her feeling in an indignant tone.
"Well, you needn't fret for fear Hiram Stearns will rise up against anybody. An' I should hope, Linda Gyles, you wouldn't want to go where yer wa'n't wanted. Not that your pa nor I ever had anythin' against Hiram. But he does take after his pa, who was real kind and clever—"
"Oh, ma!" broke in the girl, with some spirit, when her mother used the last word in its mild, New England sense, "I'm sure Hiram's more than clever. Everybody says, and pa says—"
"Yes, I know, Linda, your pa does say he's the smartest man in 'The Grange.' He he knuckles to Mis' Stearns, just like his pa done before him. An' she never could get over our sendin' you away to school last winter. Her family always was raumpus, and she stews enough to wear the leggs off 'n cast-iron pot. Every hired man that lives there says that. There, I've been an' done an' said it, an' I should like to know of she's been pitchin' into Hiram?"
"No—that is—Hiram didn't say so; but he wasn't very talkative last night at singin'-school." Linda spoke wearily, then added with less reserve, "I guess though he means to have a talk with her before long, I suppose he does think sights of him."
"Humph! thinks sights of him because he's her-son, an' not 'cause he's hisself. He's got his own life to live—we all have— an' he just oughter stan' up an' tell her so. Your pa says of she was spoke as plain to once as she speaks to other folks, she'd come often her high awful in kinder considerate. It's an awful thing for a person to have always their own way!"
The pair had now reached their own home on the straggling main street. The girl paused with her hand on the latch, listened a moment with nervous intensity, then murmured:
"I don't suppose he's come and gone?"
"No, no, of course he hasn't! He always takes the ford road, an' you'd 'a' heard his buggy if he'd drove by when we was at Aunt Hope's. Something may have turned up to hinder him a little; the meen-folks are all 'round now seein' about pastures and changin' work."
Miss Gyles said this cheerfully, and there was a decisive air about her, before which Linda was borne into the house.
After the various kitchen clocks of the village had struck ten, not a light was visible save Aunt Hope's. Every one knew that "Aunt Hope never put out her light in any sort o' season," and this evening she might have been seen moving about in her low-studded kitchen instead of seated braiding at the east window.
All her life Aunt Hope had known no way but "to love, honor, and obey." She had hidden her tears from her unrelenting husband after Hiram's angry leave-taking; she had obeyed a stern command, and had never spoken to the girl, who, after sharing her waiting a short time, had married another admirer. Abijah May died, and then his wife was ruled only by an idea—the idea that Hiram would yet return. She had grown wizened and gray in his service, yet tonight a flush burned on either thin cheek. She drew a little black and white checked shawl over her bent calico-clad shoulders, and, talking to herself, went slowly out-of-doors.
"I am beat out—moppin' that last room gives me a stitch in my side. But I must git me a little more wood. It's real chillin'—an' Hiram may come in all tuckered out after ridin' so fur in the cars. I didn't tell Mis' Gyles I'd been a-moppin' she would 'a' fumed so. An' I didn't let her on 'T'd heard from Hiram. I don't see what I'd heard from that telegraph, but I'm sure I got it. Lemme see—it was yesterday. Lor', how took aback folks will be when we walk into meetin' together—me an' Hiram!" and the little sere figure trembled with noiseless laughter. She gathered up a few sticks and re-entered her house. Drawing her breath painfully, she sank into the straight-backed rocking-chair by the window.
"Dear me, how fetched I be for breath!" she panted; but I've cleaned up. I'm real glad Mis' Gyles did bring in some victuals, ef I didn't really need 'em, for I'd like to get Hiram a real fillin' breakfast. I guess Hiram will see that the folks as hev helped his mother is paid; but I'll keep on braidin' just the same. It does look slick here, if nothin' more." She glanced about the room with evident satisfaction. The newly mopped floor had a braided rug before the cooking-stove; there was a table against the wall and a splint-bottomed arm-chair near the stove. On a lamp-stand beside the window stood the lamp, whose light, falling through an open door, illuminated the fresh patchwork quilt of a neatly made bed.
The clock on the mantle-piece was ticking toward eleven.
"Seems like that clock said: 'Hiram, Hiram,' mused Aunt Hope. Just then the whistle of an arriving train made the silent night air quiver. With both hands pressed to her heart, Aunt Hope started to her feet. She put her face against the window-pane, then drew quickly back.
"What a fool I be! As ef he could fly

right down here in a minute! I'll just sit down an' wait like folks."
She sat down, but it was of no use. Rising again, she started out to her old post beside the fallen gate. Before she could reach it, a man's step broke the hush that had closed in behind the departing train. As the sound fell on the old woman's listening ear she gasped an out-spreading lilac branch for support. The steps came rapidly on, and a tall, straight figure was passing up "The Lane" past her very gate. The old woman could not move her weak limbs.
"Hiram! Hiram!" The longing, the despair, the hope of thirty years was in that cry.
He heard. It stopped him in his path; it stopped the rushing blood in his veins when he heard his name called like that. He knew it was a mother's cry. Throwing down the small bag he carried, he rushed back into the yard; an old woman threw up her arms and unconscious against him. He lifted and carried her tenderly into the house, where he laid her on the bed which the light showed him. He quickly brought water from the pail that stood beside the cupboard door, yet hardly expected to see the eyes open, although he wet forehead and lips. He laid his hand over the old woman's heart, and as he did so she moved and clasped it there with both her own. Her eyes unclosed, to gaze with the inspired look of realized hope into the face of him who bent over her. Her lips moved twice before she could speak; then she said, weakly, still clinging to his hand: "Yer knew yer ma's voice, didn't yer? Hiram, if yer had forgotten the old place I had a kitch—I couldn't git no further; but I knew ef I could only call, ye'd know yer ma's voice. Blood is thicker'n water. Oh, how I've watched for breath! An' I'm mussin' yer bed dreadful. I mus' git up; and she strove to rise.
"No, no, you just stay still," said the other, with gentle firmness. "I guess Mis' Gyles will come over and fix you up, if I run."
"No, no, Hiram," she begged, "I don't want nobody but you 'round now. I'm comin' out of it all right. Set down—set down by the bed. You don't know how I've watched all these years an' never give you up, just a-hopin' to see yer settin' by the door." Hiram, who had come back from his wandering, spoke again, much-meen-folks don't run as women folks do." She closed her eyes a moment, then fixed them again on the sunburnt face that did not move away.
"I sidded against yer, Hiram, an' I don't blame nobody for it," she said. "After a few moments had passed she spoke again: "Yer eyes are brown like his—like his when he was when he married. When I met him, I can tell him it's all right, Hiram."
She said yet again, more feebly: "Yer may regretted, Hiram. The Bible says: 'Whosoever loveth his own wife shall be reaped'; but yer can't know what a mother feels. If you had, you'd 'a' forgot yer anger an' come back, wouldn't yer, Hiram?"
The broken eyes were full of tears.
"Yes, that's what I'd do," he said, hoarsely. "But you're gittin' tired, ain't you?"
"No, I'm better, an' I want to git up. I'm mussin' yer bed." Then a strange gray shadow crept over her face, and the eyes were closed again.
"Is it mornin', Hiram?" she whispered.
"No, not yet," he answered, soothingly. He felt the frail fingers releasing his strong ones.
"I guess it is mornin', Hiram. It's all bright outside the window. I hear the birds singin'—how yer wife shine! Sing too, Hiram—sing, Hiram."
The words were scarcely audible, and he could not see the old face plainly, for the mist that rose before his eyes.
"Sing," Aunt Hope's lips breathed, and with a shining voice Hiram Stearns sang what first came to him—a song the choir was just learning from the "New Collection":
"One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm never my father's home, That I've ever been before."
"Near my Father's house, Where the great White Throne, Near the great White Throne."
As he sang his voice rose stronger and clearer, as though his soul had been torn upward by that other one seeking some one of those "many mansions."
To his young spirit, all hot and smarting from the sharp words of his jealous mother, had come a vision of the awful waste that the years, a vision of the awful waste that anger makes, and the pathos of mistakes. He could not have expressed his feeling, but it would influence his life. In the sight of Aunt Hope's darkening eyes he had seen his own son returned, not another. Hiram felt glad, as he laid the hand which still rested in his across the quiet breast, that she had called, that he had heard. He stood gazing a moment at her peaceful face, then turned, and, without locking the door, the young man left the house of death.
The sun was rising; Hiram felt vaguely the beauty of his home hill-tops as he passed out of the yard. His soul awoke at the morning light and song of this world as had Aunt Hope's when the light of another dawned for her.
With earnest face he walked across lots toward the Gyles homestead. He hoped that Mrs. Gyles would be up; he hoped Linda would not be. As he walked he drew from his pocket a letter. It was addressed to Miss Linda A. Gyles, Hillside, Mass.
He looked at it a moment, saying slowly: "She shall never know anything about it." So he tore the joyless thing into fragments, which his light morning breeze chased away from his sight forever.
On reaching the fence of the "home lot" he sprang over it just as Mrs. Gyles came out, pan in hand, to feed the chickens. There was a great cackling among them, and an exclamation of surprise from Mrs. Gyles: "Mercy sakes alive! where did you come from, Hiram Stearns?"
"Only from Aunt Hope's house. I was coming by last night and she stopped me, and I've been there till now—"
"Then she's gone!" said Mrs. Gyles, in a hushed tone. She knew by his face, and asked no questions. "Poor old critter. I oughter have said, I kept thinkin' of her in the night, and I had a feelin' I oughter have said. Why didn't you come right over for me, Hiram? I s'pose you was on your way here?"
His only replied: "Well, you see, she

got it into her head I was her Hiram, and didn't want me to stir. I thought, 'would do more hurt than good if I did—'
"So it would ha—so it would ha!" Tears stood in the eyes of both, but Mrs. Gyles hardly brushed hers away, and only said: "I must go an' git Aunt Phaidy an' go right over. You go in and find Linda—she's sweepin' the front room. She'll git yer some breakfast."
"No, thank you. I'll come over to-night maybe; I must be going along home now; mother'll be in a wove."
And so she had been, after his leaving to "go West, where he could make a home for Linda Gyles." She had told him she could "run the farm alone"—that he had better go. But when he was really gone she seemed, as she said to herself, "to lose all her grip." He had been her all—that was the trouble; she did not wish to share him with another. She would not even acknowledge this to herself, yet she knew there was nothing to be said against the girl he had chosen. Hiram's almost wordless anger and departure was something she could never have imagined, and it crushed her. Every train-whistle in the night made her shiver. She was a wiry, black-eyed woman, who moved with a nervous quickness; but this morning her work were not done. She had sat rigid and silent opposite the two hired men who were absent without explaining Hiram's absence. But now, in the midst of her dishwashing, a sense of her misery suddenly overpowered her. She sank into a chair beside the table and burying her head in her apron, wept as only those who seldom indulge in tears.
She did not hear the opening of the outside door. Hiram was beside her; he laid his hand upon her shoulder.
"I have come back, mother, to see if I can't at least go away peacefully."
"No, you can't," she cried, sharply, seizing his hand—"no you can't! You musn't go at all; you can git her, if you want to, this very minute, but you can't go West! If you do, I shall git to be just like Aunt Hope, an' everything'll go to rack an' ruin."
"Come, mother, don't take on so. If you want us here, of course I want to stay; but now I want to tell you that Aunt Hope is gone! She stopped me last night, in her way, you know, and so I was there—"
His mother looked at him solemnly.
"I see how it was. She thought you was her Hiram. I know you done yer best for her. Go hitch up, an' I'll go down an' help do what her's left to do."
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Both Mrs. Stearns and her son Hiram were calm and reserved again as they rode the Lane toward Aunt Hope's house.—*H. Isabelle Williams in Harper's Bazar.*

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HALF HOSE,
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NEW PATTERNS
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—*Dr. J. S. May.*

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A Certain Preventive from the Bite of Black Flies, Mosquitoes, Etc. Not Injurious to the Skin.
Prepared by A. C. SMITH & CO., St. John, N. B.

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Yours truly,
ALEX. H. WOOD,
Wm. Magee,
Wm. F. Bunting,
C. A. Robertson.

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LOOKING BACKWARD
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FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION.
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Informs his numerous patrons and the public that he has opened a
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The coolest rooms, the choicest meals, the best attendance in the city.
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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, PUBLISHER. WALTER L. SAWYER, EDITOR.

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

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

Every article appearing in this paper is written especially for it, unless otherwise credited. News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed.

Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

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

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 18.

Circulation, Over 4,000.

THE BEST POLICY.

Certain remarks on the present "dull season," appearing in a contemporary, inspire us to be a trifle egotistical.

The characteristic feature of the average newspaper, during the continuance of this dull season, is its display of "dead" advertisements. It involves expense to set fresh matter every week for a good many columns which might be filled with unpaid announcements.

Again, having this dull season in view, the average newspaper sells columns of space to outside advertisers at rates that hardly pay for the wear and tear of the type. We have in mind a New Brunswick weekly which gives, for \$10 a year, to a New York patent medicine shark, a space for which it charges home advertisers \$35!

For our part, we decline to join the never-ending procession in the direction of the cheap advertisers. We print our rates at the head of our columns, and the man who refuses to pay those rates stays out of the paper.

We are "out of the fashion," when we do these things, but we console ourselves with the reflection that that is just the reason why we have achieved success!

A BROKEN BOYCOTT.

We congratulate an esteemed contemporary on the fact that the courts have made permanent the injunction to restrain the Toronto Typographical union from issuing a circular calling on the public to boycott the World.

If the World's statement of its own case is to be believed, organized labor had no just cause of complaint in this instance, and the boycott circular should never have been issued in the first place.

If, furthermore, as we believe, right is on the side of the newspaper, there is a moral to be drawn from the occurrence, for the benefit of the Typographical union and other like organizations.

Up to the date of the misunderstanding which resulted in the lock-out of its employees, the World's was an union office, paying card prices and employing union men.

In this particular, it stood in contrast to certain other printing offices in Toronto, which discriminated against the organization. Ordinarily, if one is pugnacious, he quarrels with his enemies; the union followed a bad precedent and attacked its friends!

Instead of using its strength to bring the outside offices into the fold, it put forth all its efforts to eject and maltreat those who were already inside. We are glad that this impolitic attempt has been checked.

If organized labor would command respect and gain the ends for which it has combined, it must use better tactics than these. It has too many substantial evils to fight, to be able to waste any time in redressing imaginary wrongs.

THE TIDE HAS TURNED.

The last 35 years has witnessed a great migratory movement affecting New Brunswick. The discovery of gold in California in '49 was followed by another similar find in Australia. Both of these circumstances lead to a rush from our province of many young men, some of whom are reaping the results of well-directed industry in the land of their adoption, and few of whom came back.

Then the close of the civil war in the United States opened up a vast field for active, energetic young men, to work in all manner of employments which peace brought with it after five years of fratricidal fighting. The industries of the South had to be reconstructed, and capital and machinery were being used over vast areas where the aristocracy of slave-ownership had exercised a luxurious and indolent sway, and the slave was an equally indolent producer of raw material.

The Gleamer knows how to apologize. It's a case of practice makes perfect. Consequently our hotel proprietors should

prepare and gather, from her boundless surface the grain crops for the east.

And now the reaction has set in. The Australian is legislating the Chinese out of his country. The great West of our neighbors no longer offers the attractions for the immigrant that it did. The South is a nice place to pass a winter in, if you can pay your hotel bills. In the seaboard cities of the United States, the authorities are actively putting into force an act for the prevention of foreign contract labor and their newspapers are actually discussing the propriety of discouraging immigration into that country, as it is interfering with the labor they already have.

This condition of things has come about sooner than people prophesied, but it is here nevertheless. United States senators in their desire to vote down the acceptance of the fisheries treaty, have made speeches laudatory of the great commercial and railroad activity of Canada. They have evinced an extraordinary jealousy of our young confederacy and if these speeches accomplish what they desire they will advertise Canada not only abroad but among their own constituencies.

There will be a good deal of the boomerang about them. Sent in one direction, they will hit in another. They will counteract some of the pessimism at home. They will strengthen the faith of doubters here and confirm it, already strong in our young men.

As a farming country our province must be one of relatively small farms cultivated intelligently; and as new thought is given to our rural industry, it will force itself upon us that there is no part of the Dominion better adapted to dairying than New Brunswick. Almost every farm has a cold spring that can be made available for creamery purposes, and is more or less well watered. Associated creameries, or cheese factories, require time, and thickly-settled districts, as well as a popular feeling in their favor before they can be started; but as an instance of what can be done on our farms, I may say that I know of a farmer in Kings county who made over one and a quarter tons of gilt-edged butter, last season, to say nothing of the calves and pigs as adjuncts to the business.

J. D. M. KEATOR.

"THE THINGS THAT ARE CÆSAR'S."

To cheat the tax-collector and the customs officer is to do no harm. The government, far away as it seems, is an impalpable, unsubstantial something which has no personality, and therefore cannot be wronged. To defraud our neighbor is to become a criminal; to get the better of the representative of authority is to elevate oneself at once to the highest pinnacle of smartness and sharpness.

That is the common code, felt though it may not be expressed.

At the season when the assessor is abroad, the conviction that the chief end of man is to defraud the revenue strengthens every hour. Respectable citizens who lift their smug faces to catch the droppings of the sanctuary go from the house of God to devise a colorable fiction about their incomes. Men who would persist in the truth it brought to the stake for any other cause, commit unblushing perjury concerning the debts to be deducted from their real estate holdings. Business men who long and loudly arraign the honesty of their bankrupt customers strain the bounds of probability to depreciate the value of their stocks in trade. Very properly did DAVID say, "All men are liars."

Only the poor man cannot lie, for his income can be ascertained!

It occurs to us that it might be well, and would be easy, to stop putting a premium on this form of dishonesty. When the customs official detects a citizen in a lie, the cause of the falsehood is confiscated and a fine is imposed. Why not apply the same law to the man who lies to the assessor?

Speaking of one of these tax-dodgers, a character in Mr. W. D. HOWELLS' Annie Kilburn has this to say: "He's a very great and good man," said PUTNEY. "He's worth a million, and he runs a big manufacturing company at Ponkwasset Falls, and he owns a fancy farm just beyond South Hartboro'."

He lives in Boston, but he comes out here early enough to dodge his tax there, and let poorer people pay it. He's got miles of cut stone wall around his place, and conservatories and gardens and villas and drives inside of it, and he keeps up the town roads outside at his own expense. Yes, we feel it such an honor and advantage to have J. MITTON in honor and advantage to have J. MITTON in Hatboro' that our assessors practically allow him to fix the amount of tax here himself. People who can pay only a little at the highest valuation are assessed to the last dollar of their property and income; but the assessors know that this wouldn't do with Mr. NORTHWICK. They make a guess at his income, and he always pays their bills without asking for abatement; they think themselves wise and public-spirited men for doing it, and most of their fellow citizens think so too. You see it's not only difficult for a rich man to get into the kingdom of heaven, Annie, but he makes it hard for other people."

Hard, indeed, for all but the poor man, who pays the taxes; for while he continues to pay his own and the tax-dodger's share, it grows constantly easier for him to get into heaven—by the way of starvation.

And now the Sun says that neither party in the Colchester election spent money nor drank rum! Hark! is that a trumpet?

The Gleamer knows how to apologize. It's a case of practice makes perfect. Consequently our hotel proprietors should

bear it no malice. On the contrary in future when they expatiate upon the natural beauties of our celestial city let them also explain that it boasts of an unusual curiosity—the Gleamer staff—which, for its own credit and that of the city, the city council should cage right away.

Is there no way to check the stevedores, bribes to captains? The result of such a system is evident—the port charges will continue higher than they ought to be and shippers will shun the port. No one doubts that stevedoring is a profitable business, but it should not be so profitable that foreign captains can be bribed and the port injured. If the Board of Trade ever visits the city again, here is an interesting subject for several months' talk.

The quiet but persistent effort made of late in the direction of a new opera house is resulting in the stock being rapidly taken up by the citizens. There can be no doubt but in a few weeks the foundation of a new opera house may be laid on Union street. Its completion and success will then depend solely upon energy and management.

A word to Mr. FRANCIS MURPHY, who is announced to begin a two weeks' campaign in this city, Sept. 2: Visit Portland and try to obtain some trace of the "temperance men" who, as with one consent, mysteriously disappeared on the morning of May 1, 1887. Perhaps you may be able to haul them out of their holes.

And so Portland wants a public park! It is a reasonable ambition, surely; one that should be gratified, if it can be without entailing expense. But why waste any of Fort Howe? Why not tear down the police station—which is neither useful nor ornamental—and level the ground that sets on?

Moncton water is getting in its work. Reports from that enterprising centre show that typhoid fever is increasing at a rapid rate. Better water may be an expensive luxury, but the first consideration with any representative body, such as the Moncton council, should be the health of the people.

Messrs. GRIFFIN and CAREY, proprietors of "Howe's Colossal Railway Circus," have made the acquaintance of His Honor Judge PALMER and New Brunswick law. Serves them right! They should also be indicted for running a public fraud and nuisance, and a travelling gambling concern.

The picnic canteen is the latest addition to this summer's outing. Its proprietors are unlicensed rum-sellers, who thrust their vile presence and viler liquid upon river excursionists. No punishment could be too severe for them. Keel-hauling would be about the correct caper.

Another change is noted in the management of the bucket-shop. It is natural and necessary that these changes should be frequent. No man can be connected with this den for more than a month, without ending by going off into a quiet spot and hating himself to death.

Rev. Mr. HUTCHINSON, of desertion and elopement fame, is said to possess one virtue: he pays his bills. We may say that he has a little account unsettled with a Mr. SMITH, of Halifax.

The Newsboys and the Circus.

Circus day is usually a holiday with newsboys, and hundreds of citizens on such eventful occasions look in vain for the bright carrier of their daily literature. Everyone of PROGRESS' newsboys showed up last Saturday and each of them had a grim look of determination about him, which said plainly, "the papers have got to go: then for the circus." But boys will be boys, and when the word went around, "The circus men are buying PROGRESS like hot cakes," there was one wild rush for Chipman's field. Then the picnic and the newsboys' harvest began. For a time, as fast as the lads could count the copies, the strangers bought them, glanced for a moment at the first bit of truth written about them and their "colossal fraud," then tore the paper into pieces and scattered it to the winds. But they were not millionaires, and soon realized, from the horde of eager newsboys around, that there were lots of papers, and more paper and ink where they came from. The result on the paper's sales was that 300 more than the ordinary edition were disposed of, and no papers could be had in the office this week.

The Horse Editor and Women.

We did not attend Mrs. Keefer's lecture on "How to Take Care of the Baby." Our mother-in-law and the maiden lady next door know all about it.

A lady writer in the Halifax press disagrees with Artemus Ward and advises the male population to get married. As we anticipated, the said lady writer is living in single blessedness, which perhaps accounts for her sentiments on this great question.

A friend of ours who has sent his wife to the country for a few weeks, tells us that he misses her greatly, especially at night when there is no one at the head of the banister and be careful. The first night he thought he was in the wrong house and apologized to the hat-rack. What is home without a mother?

Smoke "Morton's Choice."

CANADA'S BIG BROTHER

GROWS JEALOUS AND BEGINS TO MAKE UP HIS FACE.

How the Yankees Lighten the Labor of President-Hunting—The Parties, Platforms and Candidates—Features of New York Life That Impress a St. John Boy. [SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—The present presidential campaign must necessarily be of more than usual interest to the readers of PROGRESS, and its advance must be watched almost as closely as that of Dominion or provincial elections. The success of Cleveland and Thurman means the passage of the Mills tariff reduction bill, with the adoption of the fisheries treaty. It goes without saying that both of these measures entail advantages—perhaps great advantages to Canada, yet I am sorry to be compelled to admit that the mention of free trade, or anything tending thereto, is so unpopular in this country that Mr. Cleveland's chances, which before the St. Louis convention were of the best, have waned considerably of late. A month ago I saw two high-rolling politicians in the cafe of the Hoffman house post their money in proprietor Jim Stoke's hands, the wager being 3 to 1 in thousands, that Cleveland would win. Today Harrison men find few takers at even money. Feathers show which way the wind blows, and Americans are very shrewd betters. Still I hope I may prove a false prophet.

Senator Blair, the other day, introduced a concurrent resolution in the United States senate providing for the taking of such steps as may lead to political union with the British provinces of North America on "fair and honorable terms." The matter was referred, as were a number of similar suggestions introduced in congress this summer, and may perhaps be heard from no more. But such measures on the part of American politicians are suggestive, showing a change in the condition of affairs between the countries of recent years. The shoe at present seems to be on the other foot.

I can after some experience and investigation on the subject see no reason why Canada should desire political union with its go-ahead neighbors south of the 45th parallel. Canadian workmen are dissatisfied at home; complain of hard work and poor pay, but they should remember, what is indisputably true, that one dollar in Canada has an actual purchasing power equivalent to \$1.25 here. Outside of skilled labor \$1.25 a day is the current rate of wages in the United States, and there are lots of men idle even at this low figure.

Wall street just at present is in arms against the Canadian Pacific. Its competition with the American trans-continental lines has reduced dividends, and the hue and cry against this "British Military Highway" has been taken up by politicians, who skillfully distort the facts, pointing out how Uncle Sam has yielded up invaluable privileges to the railway, while Canada on the other hand annoys American fishermen, pulls down their stars and stripes, and discriminates against their shipping in the Welland canal. Unfortunately both parties are mixed up in the affair, Levi P. Morton, the Republican candidate, being a director of the Canadian Pacific, while Scott and Sewell of the National Democratic executive committee are both as deep in the mud as he is in the mire.

Certainly every advance of the Canadian people is eyed with envy on this side, and popular sentiment as voiced in the great newspapers will in the end succeed in inaugurating as niggardly a policy towards Canada as is possible without open hostility. The tone of the debate in congress at present towards Canada is remarkable in a friendly nation; but it must be remembered that the American people are great hogs, and, as they themselves say, chronic kickers.

How the good people of St. John must open their eyes when they come to New York, and see the utter disregard which is, now more than ever, apparent of the laws governing the sale of liquor, the observance of Sunday and the regulation of gambling, for the authorities do not pretend to eradicate the latter, but simply see that it is carried on sub rosa, and on businesslike principles. This western liberality or progressiveness of opinion on such points is even more marked in the large cities of New York state.

Last Sunday I was at Rochester, the "flower city" of the Empire State. Its saloons and billiard rooms were all wide open, and seemed to be doing a splendid business. No notice of this undisguised violation of the law is taken by the authorities. That afternoon I went to Charlotte, a beautiful summer resort, on the shores of Lake Ontario, a few miles from Rochester. Twenty thousand people had preceded me, and were already enjoying themselves drinking beer, playing keno, faro, roulette or some other of the thousand and one catch-penny games of chance that were going in full blast along the beach. Ten thousand people attended a ball game between two professional teams, on the beach, that afternoon, while the other half of the great mob stuck to the toboggan

slides, roller-coasters and bathing, to eke out enough amusement for another week.

New York is getting in trim for the reopening of its theatres after the holidays, and in strolling along Broadway, between 14th and 40th streets, any of these fine afternoons, one meets a lot of sun-browned faces that have become familiar over the footlights. Many of the actors and actresses of the stock companies go abroad during the holidays, but more retire to the summer resorts to lay in a store of health and spirits for another season's hard work. J. E. D.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

When a sleeping-car company enters into an agreement with an overworked, sore-headed, weary wanderer, contracting to supply him with two dollars worth of slumber; and when the said party of the first part flagrantly violates the terms of the said contract by deliberately casting the party of the second part into a den of professional snorers, where he has to lie awake the whole night long, listening to the car-trembling efforts of Herculean, Jumbonian, John L. Sullivanian and other grades of snorers that go to make up the amateurs, an action for damages ought to be brought, and the result should be such a verdict as would lend a lively assistance to the inauguration of a plan for the better distribution of sleeper passengers—a plan whereby the applicant for a berth should be compelled to produce a certificate from his wife, or his family doctor, or his next-door neighbor, to the effect that he is a member, in good standing, of the anti-snoring association; and in the absence of such certificate, the applicant should be consigned to an iron box on the car-roof, a sound-proof compartment to be known on the plan of the car as the snorers' saloon.

In setting forth the many uses to which the phonograph may be applied, Mr. Edison has forgotten to enumerate an use to which the invaluable little machine will certainly be put, and with telling effect. I am now thinking of the poor woman who married John because he didn't chew, or smoke, or use whiskey and profanity; but she didn't know that John had a snoring record until it was too late, alas! too late. Many a young woman is there in this world of half-told misery who has come off the parental roof, or rather from under it, only to wake up next morning, or rather, only to lie awake all the way through the otherwise stilly night, listening with sorrow-stricken ears and a sad, sad heart to her gay deceiver personating the fog-horn. Perchance throughout the long, long night this fair young bride snatches a few minutes sleep between snores, John having omitted these few minutes of slumber are crowded with dreams. Are they the beautiful dreams on which happy brides float over mountains of ice-cream, across fields of strawberries and lakes of cool soda? Oh no, no such visions of dreamland are her's. The fair, but unfortunate creature dreams that she has been sentenced to spend the rest of her life on Partridge Island, and that she is chained to the fog-horn. Verily she is, poor girl, chained to a fog-horn.

The snoring villain who secures the heart and hand of an unsuspecting maiden, and in doing so conceals the fact that he is afflicted with noturnal bugleism, is guilty of obtaining goods under false pretences. The law ought to regard it in that light, and compel him to restore the stolen property.

The phonograph in the witness box of a divorce court, testifying that the defendant executed no less than 8,641 snores of different styles in eight hours, must facilitate matters for the plaintiff in a very satisfactory degree, and must at the same time confer upon womankind what the majority of them have been looking for. Such a blessing certainly entitles its bestower, Mr. Edison, to a monument of pearl, emerald, ruby and sapphire, which might be erected in Menlo park, or at the head of King street. All lovers of female liberty, suffrage and other varieties of woman's rights may send in contributions of pearls, emeralds, rubies and sapphires to my address, care of PROGRESS. It will take some time to make the necessary collection; therefore, let us begin at once.

P. S.—A few diamonds will be accepted, but no bricks. RORY BORY.

Conundrums.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: What is the salary of the city engineer and what time does he occupy in the service?

What is the salary of the street inspector and what does he do in return for the same?

What is the salary of the street contractor and does he fulfill his contracts?

If all those gentlemen are required to look after the streets of the city, is it still necessary to employ another inspector to overlook the laying of those cedar blocks on Union street at the expense of the city?

I think not. QUERY.

St. John, Aug. 16.

It is Worth Having.

The city schools open Monday, and the scholar who has been graded will need new books. Mr. D. J. Jennings offers a handsome photograph album as a prize, which every person buying \$1 worth of school books has a chance of winning.

And a Sun when in Moncton—Fashions—Two day us a pretty able resort lengthy to society of their enjoy fancy is a most decid male elem able at the End, during The ladies ly and becoo of the toll striking. driving, to way, in ver stores are o the conveni promenadin of rather pr trons carry favorite hat trimming b many pull d the cottages I've an idea and occupie be confessin surprised to Harbor. H days' sojour found much hotels are d ducted on ra have liked to we were told pected, and thing special our table d' of a very go American le ledge of soo where Winni much of the her that it w where near M I didn't hear sation, as we Miss Annie of the Earth rents on King is one of our young women cisms are wit for one of N houses. Mrs. Simec health and h lighted to we I hear of a favorites and place in one month. The attendance— has been know Mr. D. See at Mrs. DeMi they will pas me. One New scheme on wh secure a pater When she m adornment fo each article. and the other says, "I notice of my friends at Christmas I present the article she course it isn't that I had it m waiting for so never tell any for her." The fine bit to appear on t becoming, but will be softe r bird's eye line goods of the s The latest f the knives and different, and special design antique Germ serve the G given by tin terns given to Mr. and M turned home fr ing. According to be deprived o have made ap hospitals for tr they will hav their lives to they will be arr mation and ce render them inc and pecuniary Miss Millidge her holidays in day for Winni agreeable posit lege. Miss Fisher, Mrs. Sealey, M Hon. Mr. an from Boston ar day to spend a at the Dufferin. Mr. William Thorne's, celeb Tuesday evening. There has no gacy this weel prevented the planned for. A ple are devoting costumes, etc., Jessie Brown, dr is sure to prove

NOW THAT THE 40 DAYS FROM ST. SWITHIN'S IS PASSED WELL HAVE WARM WEATHER.

97 KING STREET.

In about two weeks we expect to receive our new Neck Wear for Gentlemen. Before that time we intend selling every Scarf now on hand, employing our only known means to do so, viz., a noticeable reduction. They will be placed in our window, and gentlemen will find them worthy of more than a passing notice. In connection with this sale: one line Regatta Shirts, Broken Assortments; Summer Underclothing and Odd Lines Linen Collars, At Half-price. Sale begins Saturday, Aug. 18th.

Those who wish to avail themselves of the bargains which we offer in Summer Goods had better come quickly!

We advertised Striped Shaker Flannel at half price for Tuesday—Wednesday it was all gone—200 yards. Seersuckers are all sold; Light Prints all sold; Parasols, we have 3; Lace Curtains, not a pair left; Not a yard of curtain net.

We have a few pieces of Colored Dress Goods and a fair assortment of Cotton Hosiery and Summer Gloves with a sprinkling of odds and ends, but those who wish to avail themselves of these bargains had better come quickly.

HUNTER, HAMILTON & McKAY'S COLUMN.

PLEASE NOTE: We have not made any reductions on staple goods and do not intend doing so—we have them always at fair prices, but summer goods, goods for which the season will soon be over, must go with the season.

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FREDERICTON will be very limi this dull, rainy y on everything in There will be dancing party at dence of Mr. Jo ing. No doub will be enjoye. A yacht from evening, having men well know

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN CITY SOCIETY CIRCLES

And a Summary of the Happenings Elsewhere in New Brunswick—Social Talk—Moncton Society—Woodstock Whispermongers—Fashion's Favorites at Inch-Arran.

Two days at Bar Harbor sufficed to give us a pretty good idea of life at that fashionable resort. Surely the days must seem lengthy to the young belles who deem the society of the opposite sex a necessity to their enjoyment of what I presume they fancy is country life.

Dr. J. D. O'Connell, of Cambridge, Mass., registered at the Queen Monday evening. Mr. G. G. King, ex-M. P. of Queens, is registered at the Queen.

Dr. Frank Brown is quite ill, having been threatened with typhoid fever. Mrs. and Miss Bailey have returned from their visit to St. John.

Mrs. Dr. Coburn and her children have returned home after a few weeks roustabouting in the country. Messrs. Thomas C. McGoldrick, John J. Farrell and J. Walsh, of the Boston seminary, were in the city during the past two days.

The W. C. T. U. held their annual picnic on Friday last at "Beach Mount," the beautiful grounds of Mr. Richard Phillips. A large number were there and a very pleasant time enjoyed.

Dr. and Mrs. McLeod have returned home from their pleasant trip up the North Shore. Parties at Oromocto and Manguerville are contemplating a moonlight excursion to Fredericton on one of the band nights of next week.

THE GOSPEL. CELESTIAL TALK. FREDERICTON, Aug. 15.—Celestial gossip will be very limited this week, for really this dull, rainy weather is putting a damper on everything in the way of amusements.

them Messrs. Stewart and Sherwood Skinner and Mr. E. Rankine. These are to have a tea-party on board the yacht, this evening, consisting of a number of young ladies and gentlemen from this city.

Mrs. Osborne, of Calais, is visiting friends in this city. Mrs. A. F. Randolph accompanied Mrs. Judge Steadman to St. John, last Saturday.

Mr. Stoney, of New York, is registered at the Queen from the Renous. Mayor Hazen, Messrs. D. R. Forgan and J. S. Neil returned home Monday evening from their fishing expedition on the Duguayrou.

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Rev. Mr. Bool gave an illustrated lecture on The Pilgrim's Progress in the vestry of the Baptist church, Monday evening.

MONCTON SOCIETY. MONCTON, Aug. 15.—The bright, warm days of the past week have tempted our society friends into a little amusement.

Mrs. E. M. Estey entertained a few young friends, Thursday evening, at a whist party and after the mimic battles had been lost and won, the combatants indulged in a very small and early dance.

On Friday, Mrs. S. F. Wilbur gave a delightful picnic for her niece, Miss Hitchings, who is visiting her. A party of about 20 young people met at Mrs. Wilbur's home immediately after dinner and drove out to "The Gorge," where they spent the afternoon.

The same evening, Mrs. G. J. O. Doherty gave a little dance at her home on Steadman street, at which those of the picnic party who were not too weary to thread the mazes of the dance participated, and which was pronounced more than a success.

In fact, Friday was a very gay day indeed with us. Among other attractions we had a cricket match between the Spring Hill and Moncton clubs. You know our cricketers are not celebrated for winning matches and when the report that they were victorious was confirmed beyond the possibility of doubt, excitement ran so high that "stranger men wept and several ladies fainted."

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Butcher are sojourning at "the Beaches." Mr. Butcher's place being filled during his absence by Mr. Edward Jarvis, inspector of the Merchants bank of Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. Dustan, of Halifax, are visiting Mrs. J. L. Harris. Mrs. C. P. Harris has returned, with her two little daughters, from Nova Scotia, where she has been spending the last few weeks among her friends.

Miss Ella Stevens has also returned from her summer vacation, looking all the better for her outing. Mr. W. K. Hatt, of the I. C. R. engineering department, who broke one of the bones of his ankle in vaulting a fence, some weeks ago, is slowly recovering, but is still too ill to be moved.

Moncton abounds in grass widowers, just at present, and a very contented, not to say happy, looking set of mortals they are, though I have little doubt they write dismal accounts of their loneliness, each week, to their absent partners.

Mrs. and Miss Stavert left town on Saturday, for the ever-popular "Beaches," where they will spend a few days. Miss Stavert intends remaining in Moncton for the rest of the summer, and the denizens of the West End are congratulating themselves on having so charming an addition to their society.

Miss Weldon has returned from her yachting cruise, looking brown and bonnie from the breezes of the St. Lawrence. The many friends of Miss Fannie Stevens were glad to see her out at church last Sunday, for the first time for many months, and to know that she is convalescent from her long and painful illness.

Miss Fannie Bliss returned on Monday to her home in Westmorland, where she will make a short stay before proceeding to Bangor to spend the autumn and winter with her sister, Mrs. Dr. Hennessey. A party of disconsolate friends, amongst which the sterner sex largely predominated, assembled at the station to see her off. Possession is nine points of the law, and Miss Bliss has been with us so long that we feel as if she belongs to us, and we were most reluctant to let her go.

Miss Ewing, of St. John, is spending some weeks with her friend, Miss Maggie McKean. Mrs. H. T. Stevens and Miss Hallett left town, last week, to spend a month at Mrs. Stevens' home in Carleton, wisely preferring the city to the seaside this chilly season. Buctouche is becoming so popular a watering place, that it is rivaling Shediac as a summer resort with Moncton people.

watering place, that it is rivaling Shediac as a summer resort with Moncton people. It seems within such easy distance, and it possesses the charm of novelty. Among our friends who are spending the summer there, are Mrs. and the Misses Galt, and Mrs. Haldane, Mrs. J. J. Walker and family and the Misses McSweeney.

Mr. Williamson, manager of the Buctouche & Moncton railway, and Mrs. Williamson, were in town, yesterday. Their many friends will regret to hear that they are about leaving Buctouche, the interior of the company requiring Mr. Williamson to presences in Chipman, Queen's county, this winter. Their departure will leave a void in the small society of Buctouche, which will not soon be filled.

If this week continues as gay as the first three days have been, we shall all be more than ready to resume our stay here. Mrs. C. F. Harris entertained her young friends, on Monday evening, at a small dance, and last evening Mrs. J. L. Harris gave another small, but most delightful party. Who was the belle? All the "rosybud garden of girls" looked so charming that I thought, if he had been present, would have found it difficult to award the golden apple.

Today, everybody who is anybody has gone to a gigantic "clam-bake," at Buctouche, which is being given in connection with the Reformed Episcopal Sunday-school picnic, so the town is very quiet. Mrs. Chandler, the venerable widow of the late Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, is in town, paying a short visit to Mrs. John Mackenzie. Mrs. Chandler is accompanied by her son, Dr. A. H. Chandler.

The Misses Bessie and Leila Botsford, Miss Brown of Quebec and Mrs. Dr. Botsford of Richibucto arrived in town yesterday from "the Beeches" and are making a short stay at Judge Botsford's.

CELEBRITIES AT INCH-ARRAN. DALHOUSIE, Aug. 16.—The guests at this favorite resort are enjoying splendid weather, and making the most of their time. Each day and evening festivities are arranged for, and this week has been one of the gayest of the season. Several fishing parties have returned after having glorious sport, while the "Agate" picnics and "water tea parties" were all well patronized.

A fancy dress ball took place Tuesday evening, and was attended by all who could arrange for a costume by buying or borrowing the little necessities to make up the dress required. A splendid programme was arranged and carried out, Sir John and Lady Macdonald being present and surveying the scenes. The "get up" of several of the dancers was immense and would do credit to a city fancy dress ball. Amongst those who attended in costume were:

Miss Audrey Schreiber, Ottawa—Little Mermald. Miss Birdie Dyer, Ottawa—Red Riding Hood. Miss F. Fuchs, Moncton—Sailor Girl. Miss Helen A. Macdonald, Halifax Girl. Miss Brough, Toronto—Romany Queen. Miss Kelly, England—The Lone Fisherman's Wife.

Miss Jamieson, Montreal—Gipsy Queen. Mrs. Strady, Montreal—Aunt Nancy. Mrs. F. Lefroy and Mrs. Dr. Grassett, Toronto—Red Cross Nurses. Mrs. McEachern, Montreal—Lady of 18th Century.

Miss Frame, New York—Highland Lassie. Miss Budd, New York—Swiss Peasant. Miss Covie, Montreal—Old Granny. Miss Macrae, Montreal—Rag Baby. Miss Schreiber, Ottawa—Pondre. Miss Dyer, Montreal—Pocahontas. Miss McEachern, Montreal—Gipsy. Miss Strady, Montreal—Belinda's Ghost. Miss Barber, Montreal—Nun. Miss Armstrong, Sorel—Fortune Teller.

Mr. Alex. Strady, Montreal—Queen Bees. Mr. Jesse Joseph, Montreal—Capt. Kidd, R. N. Mr. H. H. Lyman, Montreal—Lionel Champion. Mr. John H. Beatty, Toronto—Midshipman Merry. Mr. J. B. Clarke, Toronto—Midshipman Merry, his mate.

Mr. J. Woodruff, Ottawa—Sailor. Mrs. Poppe, Ottawa—Evening Dress. Mr. H. T. Harris, Ottawa—Belle of the Ball. Mr. L. Dyer, Montreal—Watermelon Joe. Mr. B. Armstrong, Montreal—Being present. Mr. Clem. Lewis, Ottawa—Wall Flower. Mr. K. Res, Montreal—Jockey. Mr. Monte, Montreal—Bid Me Good-bye and Go.

The other Strady, Montreal—Chief Cook. Mr. Edgar Armstrong, Montreal—Uncle Tom. Mr. Res, Montreal—Turk. Mr. Percy Armstrong, Montreal—Jockey. Mr. Charles C. Clapham, Montreal—The Wanderer. Mr. Aubrey Dyer, Montreal—Aunt Dinah. Mr. Tho. Hodgson, Montreal—Chief of Moose. Inauguration.

The following are the arrivals during the past week: Mr. A. F. Carrier, Quebec; Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Patin, Montreal; Mr. T. Siras, Brussels; Mr. and Madam Levesque, Brussels; Mr. Ralph Louis, Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. K. Blackwell, Montreal; Mr. G. M. Clark, Colong; Mr. L. W. Marling, Montreal; Mr. Marling, Jr., Montreal; Mr. J. B. Clark, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. F. Whitby, Montreal; Mr. and Miss Phillips, Montreal; Miss McCulloch, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Douglas, Montreal; Mr. John R. Carter, Boston; Mr. O. F. Stacey, Bathurst; Mr. Bishop, Bathurst; Miss Bummerill, Bathurst; Mr. W. A. Allan, Ottawa; Mr. Fred White, Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Young, New York; Miss France, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fitch, Toronto; Mrs. J. Hetherington, Toronto; Mr. Geo. Munro, Philadelphia; Mr. C. N. Armstrong, Carleton; Mr. F. H. Dyer, Montreal; Mr. Allan Levesque, Montreal; Mr. G. L. Kemp, Montreal; Mrs. Percy and child, Montreal; Mr. C. S. McInnis, Montreal; Mr. S. B. McInnis, Montreal; Miss G. S. Chandler, Dorchester, N. B.; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Molson, Montreal; Dr. O. P. and Mrs. Douglas, New York; Mrs. Miller, New York; Mr. J. W. Skelton, Montreal; Mr. Chas. Skelton, Montreal; Mr. W. H. Drummond, Montreal; Mr. H. A. Bunden, Montreal; Mr. C. E. Wellesley, England; Dr. F. L. M. Grosin, Toronto; Mr. John Bannery, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Alwater, Detroit; Miss Thompson, Fort Erie, Ont.; Dr. A. F. Rogers, Ottawa; Mr. R. A. Bradley, Ottawa.

WOODSTOCK WHISPERINGS. WOODSTOCK, Aug. 16.—Mr. Frank Good, who has recently been appointed Principal of the High school at Edmundston, left this morning to take charge.

On Wednesday evening, St. Luke's church was the scene of a very happy event. The most interested parties were Mr. Arnold Burnham and Miss E. Watson, daughter of the late Samuel Watson, of Upper Woodstock. The bride was led to the altar by her eldest brother, Mr. James Watson, and the marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Neales. The bride was attired in white cashmere, beautifully trimmed with rich lace, court train, tulle veil with orange blossoms, gold ornaments. She was attended by her sister, while the groom was supported by Mr. H. White. Mr. and Mrs. Burnham were the recipients of many tokens of esteem from their host of friends.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

New Jackets. New Jackets.

FOR EARLY AUTUMN WEAR.

Black Jersey Cloth, Bound With Braid; Black Stockinette, Stitched Edges; Black Stockinette, Braid and Cord Trimmed; COLORED STOCKINETTE JACKETS, All the New Colors, Braid and Cord Trimmed.

The above are all Latest London Shapes and Styles, Manufactured to Our Own Order.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.,

61 and 63 King Street, St. John.

University of New Brunswick.

Michaelmas Term, 1888.

The Entrance Examination, the Examinations for County Scholarships, and the Senior Matriculation Examination, will begin on the First Day of October, 1888.

The Scholarships in the undermentioned Counties will be open to competition: Restigouche, Gloucester, Northumberland, Westmorland, Albert, Charlotte, Kings, Sunbury, Carleton, Victoria.

Copies of the new Calendar for the Academic year 1888-89 may be had from the Registrar of the University, J. D. HAZEN, B. A., Fredericton, N. B.

University of Mount Allison College,

SACKVILLE, N. B.

Fall Term Opens August 30th.

For information as to courses of study, expenses, etc., send for a calendar. Young men and women desirous of taking a college course are invited to correspond with the President, J. R. INCH, LL. D.

EQUITY SALE.

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

ALL THAT LOT, piece and parcel of land situated, lying and being in King's Ward, in the City of Saint John, heretofore conveyed by Ward Chipman and others to the late Thomas Walker, by deed registered in the Registry of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book D, No. 2, pages 70 and 71, and bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Beginning on Wellington street, at the North Eastern corner of a lot heretofore sold by Ward Chipman to the late William H. Scovill, thence running northerly on Wellington street fifty feet; thence westerly on a line parallel to the north line of the said lot so sold to the said Scovill one hundred and seventy feet to the eastern line of Peel street; thence southerly on the line of Peel street fifty feet to the north-western corner of the said lot so sold to the said Scovill; thence easterly on the northern line of the said lot one hundred and seventy feet to the place of beginning. Together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon, and the rights and appurtenances to the said land and premises belonging, or anywise appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof; and all the right, title, dower, right of dower, interest, property and demand whatsoever, both at law and in equity or otherwise, of the said defendants or either of them, in, to, out of or upon the said lands and premises, and every or any part thereof.

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

E. G. KAYE, Plaintiff's Solicitor. E. H. McALPIN, Referee in Equity. W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.

COLES & PARSONS,

Lace, Nun's Veiling, SATEEN DRESSES

Cleaned Equal to New Without Being Taken Apart

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

SCHOOL BOOKS.

A Large Stock at JENNINGS' BOOK STORE, 171 Union Street.

Purchasers of ONE DOLLAR'S worth of School Books have a chance of Winning a handsome PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

Drawing to take place about Sept. 1st.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

Best American Whips. Just Received and for Sale Low at ROBE'S HARNESS SHOP.

204 Union Street.

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Miss Fisher, of Fredericton, is visiting Mrs. Sealey, Mount Pleasant.

Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Noyes and family from Boston arrived in the city last Thursday to spend a few weeks. They are now at the Dufferin.

Mr. William Smith, of Clarke, Kerr & Thorne's, celebrated his wooden wedding, Tuesday evening.

There has not been very much social gaiety this week. Of course the weather prevented the many picnics that were planned for. A number of the young people are devoting much of their time to the costumes, etc., in connection with the Jessie Brown drama, for next week, which is sure to prove a great success.

THE GOSPEL. CELESTIAL TALK. FREDERICTON, Aug. 15.—Celestial gossip will be very limited this week, for really this dull, rainy weather is putting a damper on everything in the way of amusements.

There will be a sort of impromptu dancing party at "The Chimes," the residence of Mr. John Black, tomorrow evening. No doubt a very pleasant evening will be enjoyed. A yacht from St. John arrived here last evening, having on board several gentlemen well known in the Celestial city, amongst

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, likely from an adjacent page or a binding artifact.



Regimental Theatricals... 32ND ST. JOHN FUSILIERS... MECHANICS' INSTITUTE... GRAND EXCURSION To Shediac.

CITY CORNET BAND... TUESDAY, August 21st, 1888.

HARVEST MOON... and MOONLIGHT Excursion.

ST. JOHN RIVER... Monday Evening, August 20.

GO TO... Smalley & Ferguson's.

Gold and Silver Watches... Fine Gold Jewelry.

Medical Profession... Health for All.

Oysters and Fish... Providence River do.

FOR SALE LOW... Brushes, Curry Combs.

HORTON & SON... 39 DOCK STREET.

FOR SALE... 30 ALLEN, CLARENCE H. FERGUSON.

SPORTS OF THE SEASON. I spoke last week in another column of the determined and commendable efforts of some would-be sportsmen to mar the success of the races at Moosepath today.

Those persons who allow private malice to prejudice them against such enterprise should not be considered as sportsmen and are not. If they are not in sympathy with the giver of the races, the least they can do is to keep their mouths shut and give somebody with pluck and energy a chance.

There is too much of this petty jealousy among us, though I am glad to say its originators are few—and before we can count securely upon united efforts and the success which attends it that element must be eliminated. True horsemen will realize this sooner or later, and if I mistake not, act upon it.

But to return to pleasanter topics: the prospects for good racing and a better crowd to say are excellent. I am glad the cricketers and their guests will turn up in a body, for they are a crowd—and a jolly one at that. The visiting cricketers will fill four barouches, I understand, and will be on the grounds among the first.

The Fredericton park association is bound to make its circuit races in October successful. Every horseman in the county is taking a keen interest in them, and though the event is more than a month distant speculation is rife as to the probable winners in the different classes.

And this reminds me that sport of all kinds has braced wonderfully in the capital this summer. Even local base ball has secured a hold on every boy who can catch the sphere. The greater interest, however, centres in the result of the league games, and the boys are ahead of St. John in the energy displayed in gathering the scores. I know of no St. John merchant who would spend the cash to get the league scores as Hawthorne does, though he would be amply repaid by the advertisement.

Horse talk, however, keeps up all the year round, and you can drop upon a knot of turfites in a dozen places every evening, and all the news worth knowing in their line is in their possession. In addition to this the secretary of the park has an admirable system of keeping his track before the provincial horsemen, who now and again get a neatly printed circular from him with the latest entries and all the information they want of coming races.

The colts races, open to foals of 1888, will be trotted Oct. 3 and every turfite will watch these green ones with interest, for upon them in a great measure depends future turf sport. The first list of entries was given some time ago, but the second payment has been made, and the following names and it may be concluded that they will all be seen upon the track. The third payment is due Oct. 2, 1888:

Amos B. Etter, Amherst, N. B., s. b. c. Charouse, foaled April, 1886, sired by Sir Walkill (1547); J. M. Reddy by Reddy (648) g. d., by Independence (179) g. d., Kate by Abdallah (1); J. R. Lamy, Amherst, N. B., s. b. c. Robert Kirk, Wood (284), foaled 1886, sired by Alice Clay (291); Thomas Clark, St. John, N. B., s. b. c. f. Daisy, foaled May, 1886, sired by Dutchman.

J. M. Kinner, Fairbairns, Sussex, N. B., s. b. c. f. Saute, foaled May, 1886, sired by Olympus, by Almont (38); J. M. Kinner, Fairbairns, Sussex, N. B., s. b. c. f. Saute, foaled May, 1886, sired by Olympus, by Almont (38); W. H. Fowler, St. John, N. B., s. b. c. f. Governor, foaled 1886, sired by Olympus, by Almont (38); Wm. Hagerman, Fredericton, N. B., s. b. c. f. Billman, foaled 1886, sired by Rampart, sired by Gipsy Morris by Robert R. Morris (648) g. d., by George M. Patchen, Jr.

A specimen of Midget Miller's coaching at Recreation park, Saturday, in a tumbone voice to be heard in the city. "What are you doing there now? Who! An old 77 lbs. Jimmy! Get down there! Who! Smack her on the knicker, Pop! Git away, git away! That's the stuff! He'll smack her in the eye this time! Who! Git off your perch there! Who!—Detroit Journal.

In signing Hines and Higgins the Boston management may have done the right thing, but opinions are divided regarding the former. It's a question whether the league isn't as much too fast for him now as it was in 1884. As to the wisdom of pitching Conway, however, I don't hear any doubts expressed. The Boston correspondent of the New York Sporting Times sums up the situation well, in this fashion: "Good natured Dick Conway has been given a show at last. This gentlemanly ball-player has worn out his clothes sitting on the bench. 'Why don't they give him a show?' had been asked a thousand times. At last when the management thought they were deep in the soup, they put Conway in the box as an experiment. Everyone was glad when they saw him, and thousands cheered him. 'Good boy, Dick,' 'good luck to you,' and so forth, came from every part of the grounds. He doffed his cap modestly and pitched a splendid game. This was last Tuesday. He won. On Thursday he won again, and no doubt he will hold his end up with the best of them if he gets a show.

The Maritime cricketers will be amused to read the Irish cricketers' schedule for the United States. A few of the clubs might be handled easily on our own grounds, but it looks as though the visitors had the gate receipts well in sight. The dates follow: September 6, 7, Pittsburg; 8, 10, Baltimore; 12, 13, 14, Boston; 15, Lawrence; 17, Concord; 20, 21, 22, Philadelphia; 24, 25, 26, New York; 27, 28, 29, Philadelphia. At Concord the Irishmen will play a twenty-two of St. Paul's school; at Lawrence they will probably meet an eighteen, while in all other places they will be encountered on even terms. The first match in Philadelphia will be against the University of Pennsylvania, the second against all Philadelphia.

Sir Timothy Keefe should be proud of the record made this year. He has pitched in eighteen winning games without losing one. This, indeed, in this era of home runs and three baggers is a wonderful achievement.

The Sporting Life, this week, prints the portrait of its famous correspondent, O. P. Taylor, the brightest of all the writers on base ball. O'ber is not handsome—but he gets him just the same.

Jack and Jell.

A pretty good record it is for Robinson—not a hit off him in five innings! The Houltons are weak at the bat, and that lessens the magnitude of the exploit somewhat; but Robinson has so often done equally good work with better clubs, that I gladly give him all the credit. Speaking of the battery performance makes me think that I would like to see how Robinson and Whitecett would show up in one of the

minor leagues. They could get the trial without any difficulty, and I have a notion that they would not disappoint our confidence in them.

At the Boston base ball grounds: "Sawyer—Who are those men sitting on that bench in uniform? Why don't they play?" "Citizen—I guess it's because Boston might win if they did."

So the amalgamated Socials and Atlantas are not to play the Nationals, but the regular line will visit us. It is a mistake on the part of Halifax. Their best is none too good for us.

Truro has found a curve pitcher. He wandered into town on the railroad track, the other day, joined in a juvenile game and was seen by a member of the "first nine," who promptly added him to the aggregation of talent that Truro is so proud of. It needs him.

The great game has caught Yarmouth, too. The uptown and downtown boys played recently, (score 80 to 38) and says the Times, the match was "won by uptown 2 runs and 1 innings." That was indeed good ball.

Here is a pointer for the managing committee: If visiting clubs are unable to arrive in season for the games to begin, as usual, at 3 o'clock, don't bring them here at all. Four o'clock is altogether too late for a game to start.

I expect to see some good ball when the Nationals meet the Portland Stars, next Wednesday and Thursday. Manager Bradley, of the once-famous Portland Reds, thinks that the Stars have one of the best batteries in the state, and that they play a rattling game all around. Nevertheless, I am betting on our boys.

The South Portlands won't come. They want too much money. The managing committee didn't object to give them a mortgage on King street, but when it came to a question of handing over the city hall and the post-office, my friend Barker kicked. He was right, too.

The Maine club that, when a generous guaranty is offered, refuses to come to St. John, is only injuring itself. There may not be great profit in games played now, but this kind of make themselves solid with the town will find big money here next year.

Of course we must have another series with the M. S. C.'s, next month. Some familiar faces may be missed from among them, but all who come will be heartily welcome.

From present appearances I conclude that the last game in the Junior league series will be one of the attractions of Christmas week.

New York seems to have started on the down grade—but not to stay, I hope. If the Giants win the pennant Progress will save the \$25 which was offered to the best guesser. My interest in the nine's continued success is therefore deep and abiding.

A seven by nine smile hovered about the cavern of his eyes, as the "Daily" by the way, informed before the game. It was a smile full of meaning. Anson remembered that he was no notch nearer the championship he hoped to carry to Australia this fall, and he hoped to be another notch nearer before the sun went down today.

He confided his ambition to a friend and that friend said: "Remember, old man, the best said plans of mice and men go for nothing." "Who says so?" demanded Anson. "Why say I?" said the friend. "Anson's smile faded, and he hunted up Burns. "See here, po' boy," he said; "you may be able to play third base all right, but the next time I hear of you making poetry about my plans I'll fine you, Burns was mystified, and the mystery was still unraveled to him when the game began.—Detroit Tribune.

The American association has gone back to the 25-cent tariff, but some of the clubs continue to play 50-cent ball—St. Louis, Cincinnati and Brooklyn, for example.

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Jack and Jell.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY, Incorporated 1851

Security to Policy Holders - \$1,775,317.81. E. L. PHILPS, Sub-Agent, St. John. R. W. W. FRINK, St. John, Representative for New Brunswick.

NEW BRUNSWICK CIRCUIT FOR 1888.

A Series of Trotting Events Never Before Equalled in the Provinces. Purses - \$3,800.

Saint John, N. B., 12th and 13th September, 1888. Saint Stephen, N. B., 19th and 20th September, 1888. Houlton, Maine, 25th September, 1888. Woodstock, N. B., 29th September, 1888. Fredericton, N. B., 3rd and 4th October, 1888.

Table with columns for MOOSEPATH PARK, ST. STEPHEN PARK, HOULTON PARK, WOODSTOCK PARK, and FREDERICTON PARK ASSOCIATION, listing dates and purses for various classes.

General Conditions. All Races will be to harness, mile heats, best three in five, and be governed strictly by the rules of the National Trotting Association.

Entrance money will be Ten per cent. of the purse, payable 5 per cent. with nomination and 5 per cent. the evening before the race. Entries to be made with the secretaries of the respective tracks for the races thereon. Five to enter and three to start.

A horse distancing the field will receive first money only. Horses starting in the circuit will be eligible to enter the same classes throughout the remainder of the circuit.

Purses will be divided with 60 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, and 10 per cent. to third. Negotiations are pending with a view to having United States horses admitted in next to attend these races in New Brunswick, and vice versa.

Arrangements will be made for special freight and passenger rates on the different lines of travel. For further information address either of the undersigned, or the secretaries of the different tracks.

W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary, Fredericton, N. B.

American Steam Laundry.

The Subscribers beg leave to inform the Public that they have opened Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street, Fully equipped with the LATEST MACHINERY and EXPERIENCED HELP to turn out FIRST CLASS WORK.

GODSOE BROS. - Proprietors. We would respectfully solicit a share of the patronage of the public.

HALL STANDS, In Great Variety.

At Special Low Prices, from \$6 each upwards. HARDWOOD BEDROOM SETS, For variety and special value cannot be equalled in this city.

Walnut Sets, Parlor Suites, Side Boards, Mantle Mirrors, SPRING BEDS, MATTRESSES. We can meet any competition. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

C. E. BURNHAM & SONS. N. B.—More Baby Carriages arrived this week.

CHILDREN'S Spring Heel SHOES

JUST RECEIVED. Also a Full Stock of Ladies and Gents Fine Shoes For Summer. Best place in town to get shoes.

S. H. SPILLER, 107 Union Street.

How to Become a Base Ball Player.

By John Montgomery Ward (One of the New York B. B. Club). FOR SALE BY D. J. JENNINGS, 171 Union Street.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

Commencing June 20th, 1888. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, N. B.

16.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

18.50 a. m.—For Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR BY JOSEPH ROBERTSON.

14.45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations. 18.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

16.00 a. m.—Connecting with 8.50 a. m. train from St. John. 14.30 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1888—Summer Arrangement—1888. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 4th, 1888, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express..... 7 00 Accommodation..... 8 30 Express for Sussex..... 11 35 Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 12 15

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 5 30 Express from Sussex..... 8 30 Accommodation from St. John..... 11 35 Day Express..... 12 15

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., May 31, 1888. GRAND SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

EXCURSION TRAINS To Bay Shore and Sand Cove.

COMMENCING TODAY, and until further notice, Excursion Trains will leave Carleton Place, BAY SHORE and SAND COVE at 2.30 p. m., 4. m. and 5.15 p. m., Local Time. Returning, will leave Sand Cove 10 minutes after arrival.

UNION LINE. UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, the splendid Steamers DAVID WESTON and ACADIA, alternately, will leave St. John (Indiantown) for Fredricton, and Fredericton for St. John, EVERY MORNING (Sundays excepted), at 9 o'clock, local time, calling at Indiantown, etc. Fare \$1.00.

On THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS Excursion Tickets issued to Brown's, Williams', Oak Point and other places, good to return on day of issue, for 40 cents, or to Hampstead and return for 50 cents.

SATURDAY EVENING and MONDAY MORNING TRIP—For accommodation of business men and others, Steamer ACADIA will leave Indiantown every Saturday evening, at six o'clock, for Hampstead, calling at intermediate stops. Returning, will leave Hampstead at six o'clock Monday morning, to arrive at Indiantown at nine, thus affording an opportunity to spend a day of rest and change in the country without encroaching on business hours.

Fare to Hampstead, and return, 50 cents. R. B. HUMPHREY, Manager. Office at wharf, Indiantown. St. John Daily Agency at H. CURTIS & Co.'s, Prince Wm. street.

Root Beer. A DESIRABLE SUMMER DRINK

PACKAGES CONTAINING Dandelion, Sarsaparilla, Wintergreen, Hops, Etc., Sufficient to make 5 gallons of wholesome Beer, 30c. each.

FOR SALE BY C. P. CLARKE, DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St.

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

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Ellie Langtry, Mary N., Mrs Simon Smith, Qua Leonard.

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EMPLOYMENT AGENCY, 115 Sydney Street, opp. Victoria School. MRS. H. M. DIXON, Stamping, Finking and Fancy Work done to order.

REV. L. G. STEVENS, B. D.
THE TALENTED RECTOR OF ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, PORTLAND.

Born in Massachusetts, Most of His Clerical Labors Have Been Devoted to this Province and Every Day Strengthens His Hold Upon His People.

The Rev. Lorenzo Gorham Stevens is of English-Swedish ancestry—his paternal grandparents, Abel Stevens and Hadassa Mills having come from England to Massachusetts in the latter part of the last century. His maternal grandfather was Wilhelm Edlund, shipowner and merchant of Stockholm, Sweden. The brother of the latter was private secretary to Gustavus III. His grandfather left no male issue, and the surname, so far as can be learned, is now extinct in America.

The subject of this sketch was born Dec. 26, 1846, at the celebrated summer resort, Bedford Springs, a few miles from Boston,



REV. LORENZO GORHAM STEVENS, B. D.

Mass. At twelve years of age, having "skipped" one class in the Francis Street Grammar school, Boston, he entered the Latin school, Principal Buck, where he remained five years, taking honors in Greek and Latin. At the age of seventeen, he entered, free of conditions, Harvard university, Cambridge, graduating at the age of 21. His favorite studies in college were the languages, ancient and modern history, and mental and moral philosophy. He also made a special study of physiology and anatomy as taught by Prof. Wyman, intending at that time to adopt medicine as a life profession. A large part of the year following his graduation he spent in New York city pursuing his favorite studies, anatomy and medicine, visiting the hospitals, and enjoying the instructions of such men as Dr. John Miller and Dr. Edward H. Dixon—the latter one of the most original-minded and inventive surgeons of the age.

Medicine, however, was not to be the life calling of Mr. Stevens. Possessed of keen perceptive powers (a prerequisite to a good physician), rendering a rapid and skillful diagnosis a matter of comparative ease, of a constitutionally sympathetic temperament, itself a healing medicine in a sick room, with a reasonable prospect of a fair income (Dr. Dixon's averaging \$25,000 a year), it would have been a difficult matter had not the heart's promptings overcome the head's reasonings, to exchange the prospective life of a physician for that of a clergyman.

We speak of the medical profession as a vocation, a calling—and so it should be; a man should be endowed with aptitudes and predispositions so specific and marked that his whole nature unites in calling him to that distinctive work. But there is a higher call than that of local and temporary and prudential considerations—that that even of one's own capabilities and peculiar aptitudes. It is the call of the Master: "Follow me, I go into all the world; disciple all nations." There is one profession which is generally and justly thought to be presumptuous to enter without being distinctly and emphatically called—and called of God.

With this calling sounding in his heart Mr. Stevens announced his decision to his old friend and teacher, Dr. Dixon, who had once offered to place at his pupil's disposal when the end should come, suitable materials for a biography. Mr. Stevens returned to Cambridge, and in September, 1870, entered the Episcopal Theological seminary, where he remained one year. He then obtained a leave of absence and spent the years 1871 and 1872 in foreign travel, at the same time prosecuting his theological studies. Travelling slowly through Scotland, England, France and Belgium he reached Germany, where he spent eight months in Dresden and Berlin. While in the latter city he attended at the University lectures on Systematic Divinity, by the world-renowned exegete, the late Dr. Dörner. Mr. Stevens leisurely continued his travels, spending one-half the day in close study, the other half in enjoyable and instructive sight-seeing. While in St. Petersburg he made a careful observation of Russian life, as also of the religion of the Eastern or Greek church, as seen in the daily life of the people, and as displayed in the gorgeous and sensuous ceremonial of both parish and cathedral churches. Journeying through Finland, he reached Upsala, Sweden, and visited the ancient university of his ancestors, thence to Stockholm, the birthplace of his grandfather. After a lengthy and profitable tour he returned again to Cambridge and graduated with the degree of B. D. in the seminary class of 1874. The seminary studies in which he took high rank were ecclesiastical history, systematic divinity and comparative religion.

His diocese he spent in Massachusetts, doing mission work and preaching in several places. In September, 1875, he received a unanimous call to the rectorship of

Trinity church, St. Stephen, N. B., and in January of the following year was admitted to the order of the priesthood in the cathedral, Fredericton, by Bishop Medley, now Metropolitan. Ministering on Canadian soil, he deemed it fitting to become a naturalized British subject and took out legal papers to that effect. He served as rector of Trinity church three years—years of marked prosperity in that church's history, both as to large congregations, generous contributions, church alterations and improvements, and spiritual life as shown in the number confirmed. The St. Croix Courier voiced the sentiment of the town's people in the following notice of his departure:

Rev. Lorenzo G. Stevens preached his farewell discourse to his people in Trinity church, last Sunday evening. He took for his text John III, 30: "He must increase but I must decrease." At the conclusion of the sermon, which was one of great ability and power, the reverend gentleman reviewed his pastorate of the church, congratulating the congregation on the prosperity and peace which had prevailed among them, and gratefully recognizing the blessing of God upon his labors, and solemnly admonishing his hearers in reference to their spiritual and eternal interests. The church was crowded upon the occasion, many persons of other denominations being present. Mr. Stevens is universally esteemed for his many estimable qualities as a gentleman and

professorship. After slowly deliberating, however, on the relative importance of "teaching teachers" and preaching to prospective preachers, and the, perhaps, humbler duty of pastorally ministering to the needs of a parish, with the multitudinous opportunities for disseminating truth, rather than become "professor" in a higher, though more restricted, field of work. But the extra-parochial honor which he most prizes was extended to him by his alma mater, in 1883. There is annually chosen from among the alumni a lecturer to address the students regarding such topics as his experience may lead him to impress upon candidates for the ministry. Mr. Stevens was the one chosen from his class by the trustees for this valued distinction. A church paper thus speaks of the selection:

The Rev. L. G. Stevens, B.D., the rector of St. Luke's, Portland, was elected to deliver the annual course of lectures on "Preaching," before the students of the Cambridge Protestant Episcopal Divinity school. This is a high and well-deserved tribute to the ability and worth of the beloved rector of St. Luke's. He is doing a splendid work in Portland, in which may be found more and more the presence of the Master, and glad hearts and precious souls brought to the knowledge and love of the Saviour.

He has also taken a lively interest in temperance work, and has delivered in many places a carefully prepared and exhaustive lecture, "Two Rivals; or, the Home versus the Saloon." As a member of the F. and A. M., he has often acted as chaplain of various lodges, and has, on several occasions, given select readings at Masonic entertainments. As chaplain of the Royal Arcanum he is interested in bringing the important subject of "cheap but safe life-insurance" to the attention of frugal working men and men with small salaries. He recently gave the annual address to the St. John and Portland Foresters on the subject of "Life Insurance from a Christian as well as Pecuniary Standpoint." This address—itsself a legitimate and powerful advertisement—was published in full in the Sun and in the Independent Forester. Mr. Stevens has recently been elected one of the local Board of Governors of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life association of New York city—the most successful mutual association of the kind in the world.

"With regard to the method of preaching," he says, "I make all my reading, all my conversation with men upon the street, or with my people in the homes, all that I see and all that I hear, contribute to the perfection of a sermon. I believe that the minister of the gospel should hear his heart upon his sleeve, should any man can touch it—that he should be intensely human in his sympathies; and for this end much depends on the books he makes his daily companions. The four books I always have on my study table are the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, Shakespeare and Thomas A' Kempis. I regard the three latter as the daily necessities of the minister of the Book of books. The books I have on the table and around it—well, among them are the best modern novels. I think they are very supplemental as illustrating and analyzing experiences in modern complex civilization, which are not taken note of in so-called religious commentaries. Nor must I forget to acknowledge my indebtedness to the daily newspaper, from which I draw many a Sunday sermon, and to the perusal of which I give an hour every morning. The longer I preach the more I am convinced the ideal sermon, the successful sermon, is one which holds together, as with a firm but hidden hand, the best elements of all classes of sermons, doctrinal, topical, expository, practical and notatory—though of course there are times and circumstances when one feature must be made emphatically prominent to the temporary neglect of the others."

In churchmanship the rector of St. Luke's is an Eclectic. He identifies himself with no one party, but while not hesitating to fellowship with all sorts and conditions of men, he is unsparingly loyal to the Church of England. He firmly holds to the belief that the Church of England, as she expresses the Catholic faith in her ordinal, sacraments and liturgy, is the best religious organization, the roomiest church on the face of the earth. "With regard," he says, "to the three schools of thought in our branch of the church universal—High, Low and Broad—I think that in each are certain weaknesses and errors, that all are open to friendly and remedial criticism—and so I identify myself wholly with no one of them. I appreciate the emphasis which the High church section places on the thought of historic continuity, on the need of a ritual dignified, ornate and worshipful, which would have all things done decently and in order. I admire the earnestness with which the Low church school insist upon the need of the personal coming of the soul to the personal Christ—the need of interpreting doctrines by Christ, and not Christ by doctrines, the need of making more room for God and man in the soul than for mere theories concerning them. And I unhesitatingly say that I am in complete sympathy with the Broad church section, in so far as its motif is concerned—in so far as it teaches that the men who will serve the church best today are those who can readjust methods and expressions without modifying the truth taught in Scripture. This eclecticism I regard as a far different thing from that politic choice which makes the colorless churchman who carefully avoids committing himself—a kind of man for whom I have little respect."

Aug. 30, 1881, Mr. Stevens was married to Susan Lynde, only surviving daughter of the late Dr. John Waddell, for 27 years superintendent of the Provincial Lunatic asylum, from whom probably no man in New Brunswick was better or more generally known, or whose name and works will be held in more grateful remembrance. The 11th of next November will complete a ten years' rectorship; and the 23rd of next December (Sunday) will mark the 50th anniversary of the opening of St. Luke's—Archdeacon Coster having preached the inaugural sermon Dec. 23, 1838. It will be a red-letter day in the history of the parish of Portland, and will be observed by special jubilee services. The rector has been requested by the vestry to write an illustrated history of St. Luke's church—the book to be limited in cost to \$1. Joseph W. Lawrence, Esq., for six years a Sunday school teacher in St. Luke's church, and Sir Leonard Tilley, for fifteen years its vestry clerk, have consented to prepare a monogram for the work, which will doubtless have a ready and wide circulation, both within the parish and among the many families outside the parish who in past times have been adherents of St. Luke's.

Twenty-Four Hours in their Day. "The duties of a Salvation Army officer," said Adjutant Southall to Progress, a few days ago, "are many and varied; so much so that it would be almost impossible to be strictly systematic in their work." All officers of the army are required to do eighteen hours of visiting each week. Monday is pretty well taken up in making reports to the different headquarters. The rest of the week is divided amongst all kinds of work, but they try to spend three hours in visitation each day. Saturday the War Cry arrives and the day is given to disposing of them. In many cases the officers have to keep house for themselves and this takes up considerable of their time.

GENTLEMEN— New York, May 22nd, 1886. I have found BOVININE of great value in my family, especially with the baby, who was unable to retain any food until we began the use of your preparation. I think it saved her life. Very respectfully, C. H. PINKHAM, President Bank of Harlem.



CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 3rd, 1887. I have been prescribing Bovinine in hospital and private practice, for the past two or three years, in cases of malnutrition or wasting produced by typhoid fever, tuberculosis and allied conditions, and find it of marked benefit in sustaining the strength of the patient. I usually combine it with milk. D. A. K. STEELE, M.D., President of the Chicago Medical Society and Professor in the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

BASE BALL The Famous PORTLAND STARS, Of Portland, Maine, VS. NATIONALS, Of St. John. THE ABOVE CLUBS WILL PLAY ON THE GROUNDS OF THE ST. JOHN C. and A. Club Wednesday AND Thursday, August 22nd and 23rd. Admission, 25c. Grand Stand 10c. Extra.

Game Called at 3 P. M. Each Day. A. O. SKINNER, President C. & A. Club. TO TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN CHEAP TELEPHONES.

THE ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY are about opening a Telephone Exchange in this city, and are making arrangements, which will be completed in a very short time, for giving the public telephones at much less rates than have heretofore obtained in this city. A Company also propose starting a Factory in this city for the manufacture of Telephones and other electrical apparatus, thus starting a new industry. The ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY ask the public to send mail a representative of their company shall call upon them. This company is purely a local one, and cordially solicits your support in our endeavor to introduce a new, better and cheaper Telephone than any yet offered the public. ST. JOHN TELEPHONE CO.

LET US GO TO THE MEDICAL HALL and have a Nice Cool Glass of OTTAWA BEER, GINGER ALE, SODA WATER, or the REFRESHING drink of the day, BUFFALO BEER. R. D. McARTHUR, ST. JOHN, N. B. P. S.—Season Tickets, which entitle you to 25 glasses, for \$1. R. D. M.C.A. JUST RECEIVED: A CHOICE LOT Havana Cigars. TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, 84---King Street---84 Vessel Property BY AUCTION. At Chubb's Corner, TODAY (Saturday), 18th inst., at 12 o'clock. 16-64 Shares Brig. "Plover," Being the mortgaged interest of George E. Fenety, Esq., by mortgage dated 31st January, 1887, from Samuel Schofield. Built 1838. Re-masted 1887. Terms liberal. Particulars at sale. GEO. W. GEROW, Auctioneer.

HATS. HATS. MANKS & CO. Would ask the attention of buyers to their Stock of Men's Fine Felt Hats, Of Latest Styles. BOYS' SCHOOL AND DRESS HATS, in Straw, Cloth and Felt—all grades; CHILDREN'S Fine and Low Grades of STRAW SAILOR HATS, MIDDY CAPS, Etc., Etc., And a Full Assortment of ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE. 57---KING STREET---57.

McCAFFERTY & DALY, King Street. MIDSUMMER SALE. Clearing Out all our Spring and Summer Goods. DRESS GOODS from 10 cents per yard; MEN'S SHIRTS AND DRAWERS from 25 cents; MEN'S AND BOYS' TWEEDS, from 12 cents; PARASOLS AND SUNSHADES at half price; TRIMMING SILKS, SATINS, BROCADES, WATERED SILKS, PLUSHES, VELVETEENS, reduced 25 per cent.; DRESS GIMES, New Styles, 60c., for 45c.; do. do., \$1.00 for 75c.; LISLE GLOVES, TAFFATA GLOVES, PURE SILK GLOVES, at greatly reduced prices; ALL-WOOL GREY FLANNELS, 21 cents; 100 PAIRS BLANKETS at special low prices to clear. All Our Stock Proportionately Low.

McCAFFERTY & DALY. Rudge Bicycles, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, \$55, \$75 and \$115. We have just received another supply of these World-Renowned Machines. The St. John track record for one mile in 3-17/8, was made on an ordinary Rudge, No. 1, roadster. T. H. HALL, 46 and 48 King Street, Sole Agent for New Brunswick.

GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS. July 28th--Opening Today: 4 Cases Single and Double Guns, Flobert Rifles, Revolvers, Breech Loading Double Guns, Etc. CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 and 62 Prince William Street. JAMES ROBERTSON, Maritime Saw, Lead and Varnish Works, and Iron, Steel and Metal Warehouse. Manufacturer of LEAD PIPE, LEAD SHOT, WHITE LEAD, PUTTY, COLORED PAINTS, LIQUID COLORS, VARNISHES and JAPANS, and SAWS of every description. JUBILEE CHISEL TOOTH, MILL, GANG, CIRCULAR, SHINGLE, MULAY, CROSS CUT and BILLET WEBS. All my Goods guaranteed equal to any made in the World. FACTORY--CORNER OF SHEFFIELD AND CHARLOTTE STREETS. Office and Warerooms: ROBERTSON'S New Building, Corner Union and Mill Streets. St. John, N. B. WILLIAM GREIG, Manager.

Eccentric - HATS - Eccentric We have the Original and only ECCENTRIC HATS, IN A VARIETY OF QUALITIES AND COLORS. A SOFT HAT that keeps its shape almost as well as a Stiff Hat, and far more comfortable. D. MAGEE'S SONS, 7 and 9 Market Square, ST. JOHN, N. B.

LET US GO TO THE MEDICAL HALL and have a Nice Cool Glass of OTTAWA BEER, GINGER ALE, SODA WATER, or the REFRESHING drink of the day, BUFFALO BEER. R. D. McARTHUR, ST. JOHN, N. B. P. S.—Season Tickets, which entitle you to 25 glasses, for \$1. R. D. M.C.A. JUST RECEIVED: A CHOICE LOT Havana Cigars. TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, 84---King Street---84 Vessel Property BY AUCTION. At Chubb's Corner, TODAY (Saturday), 18th inst., at 12 o'clock. 16-64 Shares Brig. "Plover," Being the mortgaged interest of George E. Fenety, Esq., by mortgage dated 31st January, 1887, from Samuel Schofield. Built 1838. Re-masted 1887. Terms liberal. Particulars at sale. GEO. W. GEROW, Auctioneer.

SEALD TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary. The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island, the construction of locks, etc. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal, construction of piers, etc. A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind, that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits. In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the firm; and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$20,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, etc. The respective deposit receipts--cheques will not be accepted--must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipt sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders. By Order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary. Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 22 August, 1886.

VOL. I THE A. SALVATION The Work of and His Views as to Christianism. Within a mission be in England, the remainder missionaries, p them, will com inces. The Salvation back seven years who has received daughter, begs its head and judge, long att vice and posses both European converted under list Moody. tian. His first vert India; his the missionary did not get ne While he was accidentally s and made up h army could lo to learn more Experience impressions. signed his offic Gen. Booth. way gave his him, and the g the army into b Commissioner usual mission plished nothing the native dr better. Final costume along the people--an 600 converts. Said Comm "Some of those methods say, ' putting on the grading the Eu them to do the find out it is no the heathen an the Cross. I have you done reach the heath bring them dow it, for heaven's sake.'" The growth been very rapid opened as fast found to take Gen. Booth se workers. In Tucker will sail dian 20 will lea Adj. Van All Mary Langtry, wife of Adj. among them, ar selected from t volunteered for Coombs' recent Capt. Young months in this stationed in Toronto. Lieut. Lewis home is in Wes Cadets Leavin of St. John. Capt. McPhe Glasgow, N. S. Cadet Knight and Cadet Ca training home. Sister Mary T From this list that have been missionaries wi health, moral fi ership will dete month, those w farewelled at Wh England. The country and dur will be occupie and when they r at once upon a "They volun Cooper, yester be laid in India. The Trick At some of th vation army, visi Cry before they quenters of the scription, so a n at the meetings the doorkeeper, War Cry and ev it up to the bar keeper, "I've gu was found out, War Cry had to She Com Madam Jy Mechanics' Inst September 10.