

PROGRESS.

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PRICE THREE CENTS.

IT IS A FARCE!

Another Stage of the Investigation.

CHIEF CLARKE CLEAR OF IT.

The Peculiar Way in Which It Was Conducted.

THE INVESTIGATION WAS CONTINUED ON SUNDAY.

Right Bower Rawlings Fined \$12 for Abusive Language - The Chief Takes His Part - How the Turkeys Became His - John Scott Tells His Story.

The chief of the police has finished his investigation into the conduct of the force and has placed the evidence and his own conclusions in the hands of the director of public safety.

Whether it will be dealt with or pigeon-holed is a matter for future consideration.

PROGRESS gave some idea of how the alleged inquiry was being carried on in its last issue, but the complete ridiculousness of the affair was not given to the public. In fact, at that time no persons save the witnesses had any idea of how perfect a farce was being acted, and how thoroughly the investigating authority was beating about the one issue—the charges against Sergeant Covay.

The examination was conducted in great part by that model of propriety and good language, that apostle of truth and foe to bribery, Captain Richard Rawlings. He was, as PROGRESS has stated before, the counsel for the defence and clerk of the court at the same time. He took the evidence and was in a position to take down and omit any evidence that he pleased. When the statement of the witness failed to coincide with his own views, it was difficult for him to control himself. This was especially the case with the witness Bowen, who enraged the captain-clerk beyond bounds by his refusal to answer certain questions that had nothing to do with the case and by his persisting in his first statements about Covay and his relations with Mrs. Woodburn.

It did not seem to be the aim of Chief Clarke to confine the investigation to the charges against Covay, but he extended it over a much wider ground. Despite the fact that he has laid great stress upon his statement that all offences back of his regime should be closed books, he has not hesitated to inquire and get information about those who were in authority and on the force before he was.

To give an example of the perfect farce the investigation became, an officer—one of the oldest and best on the force—who has never been associated with Covay, and has not for many years traversed the Lower Cove beat, was called to tell what he knew about the charges and about Covay. Despite his repeated statement that he knew nothing about the business, that he even did not know Covay intimately, that he had not been in that section of the city for many years before Mr. Clarke took charge, yet an expression of his opinion was insisted upon. "Every man has an opinion," said the chief. "Do you think Covay would get drunk when on duty?"

"I know nothing about it," said the officer, "but I should think he would not."

"Take that down, Mr. Inspector; take that down," said the chief, quickly. "Officer—does not think that Covay would get drunk?"

What kind of evidence is this? Placed in a nutshell, the main facts of the case are these: Sergt. Covay has been charged by Mrs. Woodburn with accepting money and presents from her in return for information given her of premeditated raids upon her saloon. She has given her evidence and is prepared to swear, not only to the above facts, but also that the same officer, while on duty, became intoxicated in her house, and was taken care of there until he became sober. She does not give her own evidence alone, but produces another witness who will swear to the same facts. She has named policemen also, who will bear out her story, and one of them at least corroborates it very strongly. The evidence of the others is simply negative. They do not want to know anything about the business; they are not compelled to talk, and they will not talk.

Chief Clarke declares that he has no wish to go to the penitentiary, and that is where he could be placed if he held an investigation under oath. What nonsense! Who expected him to put the oath to a witness? But with a police magistrate upstairs, and with a desire to come at bottom

facts, the solution of the problem would appear easy.

The unwillingness to assume the responsibility in the affair is one of its most curious features. The police committee shifted the responsibility upon the place where it belonged, Chief Clarke, but that gentleman instead of acting promptly and coming at the facts in a few hours, or days at the outside, has taken nearly a fortnight to consider the matter, and then shirked the responsibility by handing over the whole business to the public safety committee, of which boss John Kelly is chairman.

In the meantime his right hand and chief clerk and counsellor has been getting into trouble. He has been arrested for abusive and insulting language and fined by the court for the offense. He was found guilty despite the fact that he swore without flinching that he did not use the words charged to him. He has now to answer a charge for perjury.

When Capt. Rawlings gets the opportunity he can explain to the public all about those gilt turkeys; PROGRESS understands that he has claimed that the butcher never sent him a bill for one of them; that which he said was to be paid for by another party; and Mr. R. Nixon declares it is said that the 22 pound gobbler in the market was won by the gallant captain on a bet.

In spite of Rawlings' conviction and fine he seems to have risen in the estimation of his superior officer. Chief Clarke was, in fact, exceedingly grieved and angry with Weatherhead and Birchall who made the information against Rawlings. He tried to smooth the matter over when they consulted him, as required by the police law, before taking out a warrant against their superior officer, and said that he would make the matter all right. They did not depend upon that, for Rawlings' influence with the chief appeared to exceed theirs, and they took out the warrant.

Chief Clarke rated Birchall soundly for his course—Weatherhead having gone on his vacation leave that morning—and stated that while he had succeeded in getting the warrant he would take it out of court in morning. But he did not. Capt. Rawlings contributed twelve dollars to the city revenue instead.

In the face of this, when the hour for the evening oration came around, and all the force assembled in the guard-room, with the city entirely unprotected, the chief assumed the platform and delivered his speech. According to it, Capt. Rawlings had risen in his estimation, and was regarded as a worthy and efficient officer by him.

It was only a few evenings before that he stood in the same position and informed the force that one of the officers present had been misrepresented to him, and that he had suspended him on a previous occasion. He was glad now to testify to his worth.

This same officer proved to be William Weatherhead, who was a few moments afterwards called into Clarke's office and informed that just as soon as there was an opportunity he should have a "raise." Weatherhead, in his natural elation, repeated the promise, and there is a very audible smile going the rounds of the force just at this time.

This charge against Rawlings will recall some things to the members of the police committees of old Portland. One of them in particular was Rawlings' unbounded charge against policeman Robert Hamilton who, overcome by fatigue, overslept himself one evening and arriving late was charged with drunkenness by the captain and suspended. Hamilton walked to the sidewalk where several of the council stood, gave the satisfactory proof that he had no liquor upon him and then awaited the result of the charge. He was cleared, of course, and Rawlings was reprimanded. If Chief Clarke has not heard these anecdotes about his right bower, there are plenty in Portland who can give him sufficient facts to warrant him in being careful.

THE CHIEF OUT OF HUMOR.

He Objects to the Officers Chatting with the Press.

Chief Clark was not in very good humor Saturday evening. He had seen certain information in PROGRESS concerning police matters that was not given by him. So just before the men left the guard room to go on night duty, the chief delivered an oration. It was a very fair effort, but as only the captains, sergeants and detectives on the force agreed with the chief, there was no applause to speak of.

He wanted the men to understand that they had no right to give information to the newspapers. In fact, he wouldn't have it. If the newspapers wanted information, they could come to him for it—possibly, Capt. Rawlings, Sergt. Covay or Detective Ring. These parties would, without doubt, give information that would satisfy the chief. This is the source from which the *Star* and *Globe* got their information regarding the charges made against Sergeant Covay.

EVEN ON THE SABBATH DAY.

Important Conferences in the Police Station Sunday Evening.

The investigation was a long and tedious affair. It kept Chief Clarke pretty busy. Also his clerk, Capt. Rawlings. The chief was anxious to "get at the bottom of the matter" as soon as possible. He got there much sooner than some people expected. But this was only done by "investigating" night and day. When Sunday came, the chief's labors did not cease. He was "investigating" still.

A representative of PROGRESS wandered into the police station Sunday evening, about 8 o'clock. Every gas jet in the place was lighted, yet the guard room presented a deserted appearance. There was only one policeman there. But there was a great deal of whispering and talking.

Chief Clarke and Alderman Kelly were in the chief's private office, and the door was shut.

Capt. Rawlings, Sergt. Covay, Detective Ring and Alderman McGoldrick were in the captain's private office, and the door was shut.

The investigation was going on.

Capt. Rawlings has a private office. There was a time when the guardroom was large enough to accommodate both the officers of the force and the men. That was before the giant from the North End came over. Now the officers and men have to be kept in separate rooms, in order to avoid a pitched battle.

That there is a lack of harmony in the police force, no one will deny. This has been caused by the military discipline introduced by the new captain and his friends. The police force is composed of a fine body of men. Many of them feel as big as they look, and when they are abused by a man of Capt. Rawlings' stature and abilities, they find it hard to keep still.

When Capt. Rawlings had charge of the Portland force, this same difficulty was experienced. He delivered an oration at every opportunity, and he always made great preparation for it. Other orators who want to make an equally good effect should adopt Capt. Rawlings' method. He got a good supply of North End syrup on board, and then proceeded to address the men.

He finished one of these addresses from the floor. The captain was stretched out flat on his back, and a policeman stood over him.

Perhaps Capt. Rawlings has adopted this same recipe to prepare himself for orations before the southern division. Josh Ward, on Dock street, sells liquor, and the captain knows what it tastes like. He has sampled it since Chief Clarke assumed control.

JOHN SCOTT TELLS HIS STORY.

He Did Not Write The Letter, But Had Talked About The Matter.

It was a trifle past one o'clock last Saturday when John Scott, "at present working in Armstrong's foundry, Lower Cove," walked into PROGRESS office. He asked for the editor, and when he found that he was talking to the right man, introduced himself.

"My name is Scott—John Scott, of Armstrong's foundry. I would like to see that letter you have printed in this morning's PROGRESS."

"That is easily done," said the editor, and in less time than it takes to write this Scott was looking over the three pages of the letter which had his name signed to it. He looked at it again and again, and as he handed it back, remarked with emphasis, "Well, that is all right, but I never wrote it. What I want to find out is who has been using my name without authority."

"Do you mean to say that you did not write that letter?" asked the editor.

"No, I didn't. The first time that I saw it was in the paper this morning, when the boy brought it to me."

"Who did write it?"

"That is what I would like to find out," answered Scott.

"How about the facts in the letter. Are they correct?"

"Well, I didn't come here to say anything about the facts in the letter. I wanted to see the letter before I contradicted it in this evening's *Globe*."

"Yes, but we want the facts, and are going to get them if we can. Do you deny them as well as the authorship of the letter?"

"Well, it is just this way, Mr. Carter. If I have to tell about this matter, I am prepared to swear to the truth, but unless I am put upon the stand I prefer not to say anything about it. There are times I suppose, when some men say more than they should; let other things that they never intended to speak about, and it may be in this way that I have been mixed up in this matter."

"Is there any friend or any person you know who would be likely to know as much as you do about the matter?"

"There would be only one man."

"Did you not talk over the matter with

him lately and mention the facts contained in this letter?"

"I might have, but I do not remember it."

"When this letter reached the office Thursday afternoon," said the editor, "we started out to hunt up some information about you. We did not know you and had never heard of you. The first man that we asked was intimately acquainted with you. We told him that we had a letter from you on the Covay matter, and asked him what you would be likely to know about it. He said that you and he had been talking over that very matter a short time before, and that the question of sending the facts to PROGRESS had been discussed. He said, further, that you were a decent, hard working fellow, and was engaged in Armstrong's foundry at good wages. Now, do you know who that man is?"

Scott hesitated a moment, then glancing at the others present, he said, "There is only one man who could tell you that, but—could I see you privately for a moment?"

"Certainly," and moving out of hearing of the others, Scott said, "If I mention his name, I do not want it mentioned. He is my best friend, and if he has had anything to do with this letter I will drop the matter right here."

Upon being assured that the name would be private, Scott said, "Well, that man is Is he the man you asked about me?"

"The very same person," was the reply.

"Are you sure that you gave him no authority to use your name?"

"Not that I know of, but since he told you these things, I will not go any further in the matter."

"I won't contradict it, but I would like you to do what is right for me in next week's paper."

"You can depend upon that," was the reply.

Scott said a good deal more which it is not necessary to publish. It would not be fair to him to give his reasons for not wishing to testify against Covay unless he was forced to. It is sufficient to say that from a business point of view his reasons were sound.

Shortly after 2 o'clock the same afternoon Mr. James McIntyre walked into the office, inquired for Scott, and learning that he had been in the office and had gone, he also departed hurriedly. An hour or two later Scott came in again and stated that he could not get clear of McIntyre (whose saloon was mentioned in the letter) who was following him about wanting him to contradict that he had anything to do with writing it, that his friend had assured him that he knew nothing about it, and he had denied that he wrote it in the *Globe*. He also stated that Rawlings had asked him a number of questions at the police office, but that he had told him nothing except that he did not write the letter and denied that he (Scott) was drinking on Sunday.

NO PERSON SMILED.

At Bishop Courtney's "Don't you Know" Joke.

Bishop Courtney, of Nova Scotia, addressed an impassioned appeal to the young men, Thursday evening, in Trinity church to live so as to be physically, mentally, morally and spiritually strong. His lordship has very evidently lived up to his own standard, for he looks as if he were very strong himself—physically speaking of course. His discourse proved to the satisfaction of his audience that he was mentally strong, and they were quite willing to take it on trust that he is morally and spiritually vigorous. The bishop is a most imposing looking man, and the two magnificent seal rings which sparkle on each of his nervous white hands, are calculated to impress the beholder with a large idea of his spiritual and temporal power, as they flash before the dazzled eyes of the beholder, with each of his lordships animated gestures.

The writer may be mistaken, because we are all liable to fall into errors, but his own impression is that Bishop Courtney got off a joke, and expected us all to laugh at it, in a decorous manner, as became the sacred edifice in which it was perpetrated, a sort of genteel snigger, not, of course, a regular "haw! haw!" which would have seemed out of place. But if he did, he was disappointed, for it would take a large quantity of nitrous oxide to make the Church of England Institute laugh when they are assembled together in a solid phalanx, and each member can see just what the other is doing.

The bishop told the young men in his audience that they ought to know something about their faith, to be able to answer questions when the bulwarks of Christianity were assailed, and not waive the subject aside as did the bishop of Peterborough recently, with the intelligent and satisfying remark, "We don't know anything about these things, don't ye know." Huxley says we don't, don't ye know."

His lordship's rendering of "Don't ye know" in true bank dude style was inimitable, and would have called forth rounds of applause on the stage or the lecture platform, but nobody even smiled, and the service went on peacefully to the close.

THE RECTOR ASSIGNED,

NOT HIS FIELD OF LABOR, BUT HIS GOODS AND CHATELNS.

For The Benefit of His Creditors—Sussex Shaken to Its Centre—The Unshaken Confidence Reposed in His Ability to Pay Gave Mr. Little Plenty of Credit.

The town of Sussex has been shaken to its centre. Its people have lost the firm grip on faith and confidence in men and things that they have always had heretofore. They have felt lately that a punishment has come upon them, an undesired punishment, for it is in this light that many of them regard the "failure and assignment" of their rector, Rev. Henry W. Little.

That worthy gentleman has not been in Canada for a year, and yet he has succeeded in making himself known in a number of ways that are not likely to be forgotten in so short a time.

His impression upon the people of Sussex is deep and lasting. Whether he will remain to efface it and leave affairs in their usual smooth and quiescent condition is for them and the bishop to answer.

When Mr. Little came to Canada he went to Fredericton, and remained for a considerable time in that city of churches. He was in most comfortable quarters in the Queen hotel, and made himself generally agreeable and useful. He found Canada quite civilized, contrary to his expectations, and many of the preparations that he made were therefore quite unnecessary. As a preacher he was regarded in the cathedral city in different lights. Some of the people thought him second only to the Metropolitan, while others were not prepared to go to such length.

The rectorship of Sussex was vacant, and the needs of the people, coupled with outside influence, secured the position for the visiting English clergyman. No person expected him to fill the place of his predecessor, either in the church or in the hearts of the people, but all things considered at that time the choice was regarded as acceptable to the bishop and the congregation.

People with good memories are recalling just at this moment the terms of his address of acceptance to the people. He did tell them how large his bank account actually was or how great an amount he had invested, but he certainly left the impression that he was above the ordinary needs of most clergymen, and "Expected to spend two dollars for every one he received from them."

It was a new experience for the parish. His former rector had worked hard in his extensive field, and spent every dollar that he received for actual necessities and in good work, and to have a new comer declare that he would spend twice his income among them was enough to throw the steady-going parishioner off his balance.

It would appear from recent developments that more than the steady-going parishioners lost their footing. Almost every important and unimportant store-keeper in the place put his best foot forward to secure such a good customer as the new rector.

They had no trouble in securing him, for he patronized all of them. He made no invidious distinctions. Grocer, druggist, furniture, dry goods, books, and livery people were all given a share of his generous patronage and are all included in his list of creditors!

The reverend gentleman lost no time in getting a house furnished, and he went about it in a fashion that would have made any prosperous business man weaken. Nothing was too good for his house, in fact there were some articles in the Sussex warehouses that were not good enough, and they were ordered through the courtesy of the local merchants from larger cities of population.

In a reasonable time the rectory was furnished in a fashion to make the ordinary parishioner lift his eyebrows in surprise. And yet it was not strange, for the rector had an independent income and could afford to have everything about him fitted up in a comfortable fashion!

The implicit trust and faith of the people in Mr. Little's credit speaks well for the general financial promptness of other clergymen.

No stranger of any other profession could have gone into Sussex and even by talking loudly about his invisible resources have obtained \$50 of credit without references. It was different with a clergyman, with one who had come to lead the people, to teach them to be honest, and straightforward, to abhor evil and do good, to do as they would be done by, to be, according to Bishop Courtney's extreme idea, the ambassador and representative of Christ—not to be criticized.

He was received as every minister loves to be received, with open arms. There was no cold reception but the warmest kind of a hearty welcome, not only from the church members but from those of other congregations. More than ordinary pains were taken by all creeds and classes

to make the new rector, who was a stranger to the country, feel the genial warmth of a Canadian welcome.

It is not the intention of this article to comment upon or criticize the parochial work of the new incumbent. It appeared, however, that he had and has some leisure moments in which to consider the general social condition of the province and to look into the affairs of the neighboring denominations. The public received the benefit of his conclusions on the temperance question through the press before very long, and the meeting of the synod afforded him an opportunity to make some remarks about two other denominations which the friends of the church would much rather have been left unsaid.

In addition to the consideration of these questions Mr. Little has found time to inquire into the question of African Exploration, and just now is assisting in the work of a mission on the St. John River.

Meanwhile the bills which he incurred in Sussex were not paid. The merchants there, as in any other place, like to get their money sometime and while the gentleman's profession did protect him from importunities for a time, still it is not in the nature of things that even a minister could get clear of paying his bills. So it was that bolder counsels prevailed, and one merchant who was more hardy than the others even threatened to sue for his account. One of the church officers hearing of the affair became responsible for the payment of the bill, and now the other creditors are wishing they were in the same luck, for shortly afterwards the reverend gentleman placed his property in the hands of trustees and made an offer of so much on the dollar!

It was a thunderbolt from a clear sky. The people would not believe it until they had indisputable evidence of the fact.

Mr. Little's liabilities amount, it is said, to nearly \$3,000. The only excuse made for his singular course, PROGRESS understands, is the unexpected failure of returns from some books which he had written and expected to publish.

INDEPENDENCE COSTS MONEY.

The St. John School Board Will Probably Pay for its Secretary's Independence.

There was quite a breeze at the meeting of the Exhibition Association when the education bills came up. There were two of them—one of \$55, representing the expenses of the provincial booth, and one of \$175, representing the St. John expenses. These bills were largely for putting the booths in readiness for the exhibition, which was the source of no particular profit to anyone but the association, and therefore it was claimed that they should be paid to that extent at least.

The bill for \$55 was promptly thrown out, and insult was added to the refusal by refusing even to allow the finance committee to sit upon it. The St. John bill endorsed by Chairman H. J. Thorne, was refused to the finance committee.

It will now be in order for the provincial press to rail concerning the selfishness of St. John. Quite a lively discussion took place over the bills, one director discovering a marked similarity between the education exhibit and the government horse exhibit.

No doubt the education department will smilingly pay their bill, and the finance committee cannot consistently pay the other, so the St. John school board will have to ante up.

The province can congratulate itself also that the efforts of Mr. John March saved it from paying both bills. Early in the year, the department of education sent out circulars asking the schools to co-operate in a provincial educational exhibit, and proposing that after the matter was displayed, it should form a permanent exhibit in the museum for that purpose in Fredericton. The various sections of the province represented sent their work, except St. John, which was controlled by secretary March. The province being unable to control St. John, it was next in order for Mr. March to reach out and try to control the province. But the Exhibition Association having no more authority to create him educational commissioner than it had to make him commissioner for the Trinidad or Manitoba exhibits, he retired in good order to the shelter of the St. John booths, where he was supreme. This was the row hinted at by the chairman, but it was not much of a row. Had the St. John exhibit, like that of the rest of the province, been under the control of the department, the government would have had to pay all the bills; but as the cost of independence is only a couple of hundred dollars, and as that is nothing in this age of the city of St. John, the school board will be most happy to pay it. What is bothering the board more is what to do with the great mass of matter exhibited. Mr. March has been understood to say that it shall not go to Fredericton to form a part of the permanent exhibit. So of course it can not go there; there is no place for it here, and what is to be done. PROGRESS would suggest that the upper stories of the Victoria and Winter street buildings be converted into museums, where they are fit for nothing else.

These papers from 20 to 50 cents a box, at McArthur's, 60 King street.

THE GARNERING TIME.

Fair is the world, now autumn's weather,
And the sluggish sun lies long abed;
Sweet are the days, now winter's nearing,
And all winds feign that the wind is dead.

THE FATES DECIDED IT.

"Who'll ask him? I will. I'm not afraid
Of Mr. Arthur St. Claire, if he is the principal
Of Rolliston Academy."

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life her first impulse was to scream, but the thought of being laughed at by the others gave her sufficient command to check it, and gave a backward glance just in time to catch sight of a tall man in the act of crouching behind the furnace.

She was not the least afraid now, and grasping the mirror more firmly, walked up the stairs with considerable dignity, as if she were a young lady of the highest rank.

"I have heard already, Mr. St. Claire," was the reply. "Allow me to congratulate and extend my best wishes to both yourself and Miss Atherton."

"Miss Atherton! But what has Miss Atherton to do with it, I'd like to know?"

"Why, she isn't she?" Lute told me that you were to be married soon."

"Mildred Atherton, my wife!" and the long, loud laugh that followed made the horse jump.

"Why, she is my own cousin, and is to teach French in the academy the next year. Josie (tenderly), it is you I want, and only you. Will you come and make my life happy?"

"I love you dearly, and want you to be my own little wife. Can you love me a little?"

A soft little hand stole through his arm and the bright brown eyes shone with happiness as she answered:

"Yes, Arthur."

Then she told them how she had suffered all that long, long day, and how she hated herself for her rude, hoydenish manners, and how dark everything had seemed when Lute had told her of Miss Atherton.

"But I'm glad it happened, Arthur, for if it had not I should not have known how much I loved you. At least not so soon."

"Little darling! Of course, I loved you and wanted to marry you, for didn't I look in the mirror on All Hallows' Eve?"—Ex.

The Louisiana Lottery.

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Girls and Girls.

The summer girl has disappeared. The autumn girl is here, and with her comes the streets. The fall girl will appear.

"Marry! I'm!" I wouldn't marry Arthur St. Claire if—if I wouldn't any way, there!"

"Oh, come now, Josie, I prophesy you will be Mrs. St. Claire before two years."

"Lute!"

After that Josie most persistently avoided Mr. St. Claire, and he as persistently endeavored to speak with her, but no matter where they met, Josie always had an excuse for not staying in his presence longer than was necessary.

One evening, however, she found herself obliged to talk with him. Leaving the post office she came directly upon that gentleman as he was going to the academy, so they couldn't help walking down together.

St. Claire was very pleasant and talkative, and before she knew it she was chatting with him merrily enough. No allusion whatever was made to the adventure on All Hallows' Eve, and Josie was obliged to own that she certainly didn't think of it once during the walk.

"Well, I dislike him as much as ever, of course, but he can be real nice when he tries," she apologized to herself.

The school year was nearly finished, and during this time Josie and St. Claire had become quite friends. At times, to be sure, Josie would try to be dignified, but failed in a most bewitching manner, for she was naturally about as dignified as her own little kitten.

One day Lute came running into Josie's room.

"Oh, Josie, look out of the window and see if she isn't nice looking! There they go, down Farley street. They look well together, don't you think so? About as distinguished looking couple as one generally sees. How much Mr. St. Claire seems to think of her!"

"They say he just worships the ground she walks on. Her name is Mildred Atherton, and Mrs. Walker just told me she heard they are to be married next June."

"Why, what's the matter, Josie? You're pale as a ghost! Are you sick? How

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." Diseases common to the race compel the search for a common remedy. It is found in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in the home, one feels, in such cases, a sense of security nothing else can give.

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Mens' very heavy tap-soled leather Bal. Boots for \$1.50, this boot is considered cheap at \$2. Youth's very heavy tap-soled Bal. Boots for 95c, from 10 to 13, worth \$1.25; Boys' very heavy double solid leather Bal. Boots, only \$1.00; Mens' very heavy working Bal. Boots, only \$1.25; Mens' very heavy solid leather Brogan for \$2c.; Indiana Button Boots and Slippers, 25c.; Children's very heavy solid leather work Boots, only 50c.; Misses' spring-heeled button grain Boots, \$1.00; Children's ditto, 50c.; Boys' very heavy Bal. Boots, 6 to 10, with laces, 95c.; Boys' Bal. Boots, from 11 to 5 inclusive, only 75c.; Boys' Bal. Boots, from P. E. Island Tweeds, \$2.50; Mens' very heavy P. E. Island Tweed Pants, only \$1.50; Mens' ditto Vests, only \$1.25; Boys' P. E. Island Tweed Suits, to measure, \$5.00; Mens' P. E. Island Tweed Suits, made by a scientific cutter, only \$12.00 and \$15.00, worth \$18.00; P. E. L. Blankets, \$4.75 per pair, worth \$6.00; Womens' very fine Kid Boots, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.85; Mens' Leg Boots, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25 and up; Very heavy all-wool Tweeds, 50c., 60c., 75c., and up. Special discounts every Saturday and Monday for the Workington. We do better than we advertise.

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DID YOU SEE THAT

the best Frame-Cutting Machine at the Exhibition was secured by the

GORBELL ART STORE, : : 207 Union Street.

This Machine will do the work of two ordinary machines, and is the completest machine made.

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DO YOUR CLOTHES FIT YOU? IF NOT,

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PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU

PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, Mason Building and Catalogue Work, Engraving, St. John, N.B. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. SAMPLES & PRICES FURNISHED, CHEERFULLY.

ENAMEL LETTERS.

D. M. RING, THE BUSINESS SIGN PAINTER, Has secured the Agency for New Brunswick, of Enamel Letters and Nickle Numbers, from the Canadian Letter Co. PRICES AWAY DOWN. 10-11-41

ISAAC ERB, The Sun. 1891. Some people agree with THE SUN's opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind. Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not THE SUN's fault if it has seen further into the millstone. Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read THE SUN. Daily, per month, \$ 50 Daily, per year, 6.00 Sunday, per year, 2.00 Daily and Sunday, per year, 8.00 Daily and Sunday, per month, 70 Weekly Sun, one year, 1.00 Address THE SUN, New York.

Wanted—Farms for Sale. AS I am expecting to spend some of the coming winter months in England, in the interests of New Brunswick agriculture, I am anxious to have an extensive list of Farms to put before the public there, so that intending emigrants may, if possible, be attracted to this province. Persons having property for sale are requested to communicate with me at once, personally or by letter. A small fee charged for registration. WM. H. FOYCE, (Late of Norfolk, Eng.), REAL ESTATE AGENT, FREDERICTON, New Brunswick. 10-18-31.

CITY OF ST. JOHN, N. B., WATER RATES, 1890. ALL PERSONS assessed for Water Rates for the current year are hereby notified that unless the said rates are paid immediately into Chamberlain's Office, City Hall, Prince William Street, EXECUTIONS, District or Sequestration Warrants will be issued to recover the same, according to Acts of Assembly. FRED. SANDALL, Chamberlain.

LADIES' AND MISSES' Rubber Cloaks, ONLY - 95 - CENTS - 95 - MENS' AND BOYS' TWEED AND RUBBER COATS. All kinds of Rubber Goods and Light Hardware. FRANK S. ALLWOOD, 170 UNION STREET.

Every humor of the skin and scalp of infantile children, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDY, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humors Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies have failed. Cure your children's years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA 75c.; SOAP, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

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DYSPEPTICURE not only aids Digestion and cures indigestion, but positively does cure the most serious and long standing cases of Chronic Dyspepsia. DYSPEPTICURE BY MAIL. (Large size only.) Dyspepti- cure will be sent by mail to those who cannot procure it in their own vicinity. Many letters have been received from distant parts of Canada, and the same has been true of other countries. Cure can be obtained; many letters have come from nearer places that either have no handy store or where the remedy is not yet well known. To meet these demands and at the same time make Dyspepti- cures quickly known in places where, under ordinary circumstances, it might not reach for some considerable time, the large (\$1.00) size will be sent by mail without charge to those who order a large bottle of Dyspepti- cure (special mailing style) will be forwarded, postage prepaid, to any address. CHARLES K. SHORT, St. John, N. B.

Every Druggist and General Dealer in Canada should have a supply of this valuable medicine on hand at all directions. Wherever introduced it soon becomes a standard remedy. The following Wholesale Dealers, the reputation of which is world-wide, having largely superseded every other blood medicine in use.—Advt.

Washington Star.

PROGRESS.

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NET ADVERTISING RATES. One Inch, One Year, \$15.00; One Inch, Six Months, 8.00; One Inch, Three Months, 5.00; One Inch, Two Months, 4.00; One Inch, One Month, 2.00.

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

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

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, German Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 1.

CIRCULATION, 8,500.

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

THE FARCE CONTINUED.

The COVAY investigating farce has been continued to another stage, probably the last one. The inquiring authority has beaten about every bush but the right one, has busied himself with time-worn accusations that were disposed of years ago.

Such vacillating and unsatisfactory methods naturally lead to the pertinent inquiry: does Chief CLARKE wish to obtain any evidence against COVAY? Is he not lamer by influences that should be entered into the government of the police force?

We can afford to laugh at the nonsensical statement that if he held an investigation on oath he would be liable to heavy punishment. Mr. CLARKE knows very well that when this paper demanded a proper investigation into the charges against COVAY that he was not meant to be the presiding officer.

It what we have heard is correct, if the statement of from one to six officers of the force can be relied upon the chief does not aim to get at the bottom facts in regard to the COVAY matter. The failings of other men have been of far greater importance than the serious offences of the roundsman COVAY.

There is not the shadow of a chance that under the present circumstances justice will be done in the matter. The investigation has been a farce from the beginning and will be a farce to the end.

There has been considerable comment upon the statement of JOHN SCOTT that the letter which appeared in the last issue of this paper was forged. We are bound to accept the statement as correct, but while we do not think that SCOTT wrote the letter, we do believe that the writer, whoever he was, obtained the facts directly or indirectly from SCOTT, and that they are substantially correct.

The press of Toronto is busily engaged at present in discussing civic reform. The recent vote of the citizens was virtually an expression of want of confidence in the present administration and one result has been the resignation of the chairman of the board of works.

SOME CIVIC REFLECTIONS.

The press of Toronto is busily engaged at present in discussing civic reform. The recent vote of the citizens was virtually an expression of want of confidence in the present administration and one result has been the resignation of the chairman of the board of works.

It would be interesting to know what the voters of this city think about the public works that have been carried on here the past year. If we are not mistaken, there would be a decided lack of confidence expressed. It is extremely doubtful however, if such an expression would have any effect upon the authorities.

Even our mayor, who depends for his position and civic income of \$1,600, upon the votes of the people, does not seem to go to any considerable trouble in consulting their tastes. We are sometimes inclined to wonder what we pay him \$1,600 for, whether it is for his labor or to assist him in defraying the cost of expensive entertaining in connection with his office. With

only these two reasons it would probably be a very difficult matter to account for such an expenditure.

If our mayor was really the fountain head of authority, if he had any power and knew how to exercise it rightly, if he had anything to do beside the signing of certain documents then no taxpayer could envy him his salary. Our mayor has practically no power, he can do nothing without the approval of the council, and yet we pay him \$1,600 for presiding at a score of council meetings and his official signature.

In the days of JONES and GRANT the money was not mispent. They were men who had an interest in the city, who suggested improvements and helped to carry them out. They used their eyes when walking about the streets, and did not fail to remember that while the people gave them no power to act, yet they were there to watch and protect their interests.

How would it do to follow the good English custom and make the mayor's chair a seat of honor and not of ennoblement? We would have better mayors, or none at all, if there was no salary with the position?

PEN AND PRESS.

Mr. John Boden, of the editorial staff of the Daily Telegraph, and Mr. Alfred Pond, of the business department of the same paper, left by the steamer Cumberland on Monday last. They will visit New York before they return.

The Canadian Grocer is one of the handsomest trade journals in this country. The fall number is a perfect beauty. Mechanically it is very handsome, and the letter press has evidently been prepared with much care.

That model newspaper, the New York Sun, retains all its brightness and vigor. Without the exchange editor is barren and sad; with it he is the happiest mortal in the office. Seriously, if any man would keep abreast of the times, let him read the New York Sun.

Miss Helen Leah Reed, whose success in winning the Sargent prize at the close of her studies at the Harvard Annex has made her name well known, has become literary editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser.

Miss Reed's relatives and friends in St. John will be pleased to learn of the substantial acknowledgment of her talents. There is a better opening for bright, educated women in the journalism of today than in any other profession that we know of. The press takes notice of everything, and there is no more reason for a man reporting a wedding than a woman a prize fight, a ball game, or a horse race.

The Montreal Times, with deliciously unobtrusive humor, goes for "Geoffrey Cuthbert Strange," picks up that helpless lamb of the press by the nape of his neck, shakes him vigorously and "leaves him for dead," with a smile of intense satisfaction. He is not a man to be trifled with.

The correspondent who writes the "Monsieur" column in the Montreal Times, is a little lower down in the same column, when one stumbles over a paragraph headed, "Sabbath Desecration," in which the editor waxes indignant over the scandalous conduct of a Montreal "gamin" in knocking a Sunday school teacher who ventured to remonstrate with him on the impropriety of fishing tommy cods on Sunday, particularly when the said Thomas-cods were ten inches in length. "Evidently," says the editor, more in sorrow than in anger, "there is some work yet ahead of the S. S. and other religious institutions." So the Monsieur says are bad after all, are they? Perhaps it is not so much to be wondered at then that, "some people prefer dogs to children," for one thing is certain about the dogs, they never under any provocation fish for tommy cods on Sunday, nor would the most depraved rascal among them be caught telling a Sunday school teacher to "get out to himself" when he advised them against the illegal acquisition of a bone.

At the last meeting of the "Old Musical Club," the election of the board of management for the year took place. There were quite a number of changes, Mrs. Thomas Walker being elected president in place of Mrs. G. F. Mathew, who had resigned her office. Rev. J. M. Davenport will be vice-president. Miss Clinch still remains secretary, and Mrs. W. S. Carter and Mr. Ludlow Robinson take Mrs. Gilchrist and Mr. I. Allen Jack's places in the committee of management. The next musical to be at Mr. Ludlow Robinson's, Rockland Road, on the third Tuesday in November, when a miscellaneous programme has been asked for. So far this season I have heard nothing of the other Choral Club, but hope it has not fallen through. The choir people have such a list of things to attend to now, with the Oratorios coming off, etc., that no doubt they do not, or rather have not found time to attend to the club yet. I hope we shall hear of it later.

It was too bad Monday evening was so unpleasant; it interfered very much with the Oratorio practices, and we have such a short time to do a good deal of work in. Mr. Morley was detained in Halifax, so Mr. Ford kindly consented to conduct for the evening. I believe the Philharmonic were to have been present, but were prevented, no doubt, by the state of the weather. The second rehearsal of the work, which was held on Friday evening instead of Thursday.

I was very sorry to hear that Mr. William Christie is suffering with throat trouble, and is in danger of losing his voice. Mr. Christie's many friends will, I am sure, join me in expressing sympathy for him in his trouble. Mr. Christie took a prominent part in the opera Dorothy, and will be very much missed in musical circles should he really lose his fine voice.

The work decided on for production in Christmas week by the St. John's church choir is Saint Sae's Christmas oratorio. Copies are expected very shortly, and work will be commenced on it next Tuesday evening. A new member for the choir, who will prove a decided acquisition, has been engaged. No doubt the St. Andrew's people will miss Mr. A. H. Lindsay very much, but their loss will be St. John's church's gain. Among the music to be sung on Sunday in that church is a very well written Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, by W. A. C. Crankshaw.

The grand exhibition concert came off too late for me to notice in this week, as also did the Arch of England Institute service, which took place in Trinity church.

From what I hear I fancy the St. George's (Carleton) congregation will have to hunt around for a new organist, as Master Fred Blat is thinking of taking a course of musical study elsewhere.

A musical friend from Halifax tells me that Mr. Morley's organ recital in that city was enjoyed very much.

Mr. Harry Neville, the well known violinist, made his first appearance before the St. John's choir on Thursday evening. Mr. Neville will be a welcome addition to our concertos, etc., and I hope his successful establishing a class for the study of the violin.

St. Sainer's sacred cantata, "Jehovah's Daughter," was finely rendered by the choir of St. Paul's cathedral, bygone, on Sunday evening, Sept. 28th. The treble notes were sung by ladies, and the music was much enjoyed by a congregation which packed the church.

CANADIAN LITERARY CRITICISM.

It may properly be said that Canada is deficient in good criticism, and that such literary works as we possess have not been very adequately spoken of. So accomplished a writer, however, as Dr. George Stewart, may bring us some remedy, if he has not already done so, in such articles as that on French Canadian literature, in a late periodical, (The New England Magazine) revealing an unusual mastery of the subject in hand, a fine discrimination, but almost a stiffness of restraint, as if he continually feared to overstep the bounds of prudence. Here, I think it is easy to err, and fall into the spirit of a lukewarm criticism—now too prevalent in some parts—where a generous enthusiasm might better recommend us. Did we wish to catch the ear of our neighbors, or win their approval, the deprecatory, self-convicting tone, is scarcely the one to our purpose.

Our republican neighbors do not fail of effusiveness where anything that concerns themselves is in question; and the national philosophy will be in keeping with the national temper. For self-concept in it they will have a contempt to match it. It is not true that our literary and poetical belongings are, all things considered, contemptible; though some writer in the Week, has of late coolly averred that the less said about it the better. I could, from the poetical books of Canada, compile a richer anthology than did Griswold, who had from which to select his garb, the earlier productions of some of the standard poets of America.

Mr. Harte, however, in his article in the same number of the magazine, has not erred in the same direction; and the believers in something possibly good out of Nazareth will be glad to have somebody cry for them. They may have a thrill of pride, even, looking over the goodly array of names and faces in this article, which is as remarkable for its omissions as for the peculiarity of its claims. We will admit that Toronto has some reason for considering itself the hub, and three parts of the periphery, when we remember that Goldwin Smith is there, a writer whose pen touches near the point of perfection in prose, and whose character is equal to his reputation. Nor are we displeased at hearing our admired poet, Lamplman, so well described, and so warmly praised; however injudicious and unnecessary claims may be made for him.

The recognition his verse has won is by intrinsic merit, for he has a subtle eye and hand, and through his delicate etchings of Canadian scenery, that poetic essence, better felt than told, is strongly diffused. But this may be enough. We doubt if Mr. Lamplman himself wishes to be considered as the leader of a sect, or the founder of a school any more than did Keats, who, in point of fact, has exercised an influence second to none but Wordsworth upon the poets of this age. Mr. Lamplman has unquestionably left his power and even verbal resemblances might be traced. As to this matter of poetical pre-eminence, it must still be a debatable one, and we cannot suppose that Mr. Harte has disposed of it in ex cathedra and summary fashion. We have frequently seen the claims of today set aside tomorrow, and as it hath been, even so may it again be, so let us not be too positive. Questionless, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Scott, and Mr. McKensie, are worthy of high praise; but why is Mr. Roberts so remote, so little of kin, that he should not be named among these with equal warmth and amplitude of characterization? We may have reason to complain here that Mr. Harte has not been equal to his opportunity, and cannot be pronounced free of the suspicion of injustice. It is well to remember that there are no judgments so resolutely attacked and deliberately reversed in the process of a little time, as those which are founded on partisanship, or on some prevailing literary fashion; and no writers, in the end, are more humiliated than those who have been busied in setting up one and pulling down another, according as it has pleased themselves or their friends. Mr. Roberts has a well-based reputation, little dependent on criticism for its continuance, and when the circular temple of Canadian poetical fame is really established, we really believe it will not be too small to contain a niche equal in elevation to that of any of the poets by whom we are now being instructed or amused.

There seems to be a tendency in some quarters to decry writings, upon the ground of their too great reflectiveness of earlier masters; so that, if it can be alleged of some one that he smacks of this or that writer, it must be supposed to detract greatly from his individuality and intrinsic worth. For instance, if it could be said of anybody that he is a compound result of Swinburne, Tennyson and Longfellow, his case must be hopeless; for if the poets in question were not, of course their compound had never been. Still somebody may be curious to see what the compound, in like, and various publishers, getting wind of the matter, help it along, to the great disgust of the critics. The fact seems to be that, in literature, as in the inward life, "we are a part of all that we have seen," and especially that we have loved and admired; and it is impossible that the bookish man, who writes, should not be affected by his style by all the

books he dwells upon with that tender reverence one gives his favorite masters; and so will Gray and Dryden be modelled upon the classics, and bristle with allusion; and so will any poet, who reads, have traces of the world of books behind him, and the felicities of their styles he has appreciated. Does Milton's great indebtedness detract from him? Is Tennyson less, that he resolved Keats and Shelley, with others, in his spiritual alchemy? And surely it is folly to allege, as it seems unnecessary, that Mr. Lamplman bears no such traces of the past; or that his eye sees less truly because some of the glamor they raise who charmed his youth is still about him; or that his line is less noble or masterful, that they gave him some of the inspiration and skill by which it is drawn. PASTOR FELIX.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

New Brunswick. New Brunswick hills are fair to view, Its lakes and streams how grand, The waving fields of ripening corn, Are seen throughout the land.

The marsh, the trees, the winding course Of "Kasis" lovely stream, A picture shew that charms the heart, Like pleasant, lovely dream.

The varied scenes of hill and vale, That bound thy shores, St. John, Enchant the eye, with rapture fill, All those who sail thereon.

The Jemseg's deep and narrow way, Abounds in rural charms, Of lovely trees, and quiet nook And sloping fertile farms.

It leads to lake of grand extent, Where mines of coal abound, And gardens yielding rich produce, Beside its shores are found.

Unnumbered lakes of beauty rare, Where sportsmen ply their skill, Surround our homes on every hand, Adorning dale and hill.

With finny treasure in her bays, And plenty on the main, In peaceful, free and happy homes, Her hardy sons sustain.

In forests fair to view, are seen, Great wealth of various wood; To meet the numerous wants of man; For commerce, fire and food.

Her ships sail over every sea, Are found in every clime, For strength and beauty unsurpassed; In sailing "sun to time."

Her sons are ready, true and brave, And answer duty's call, To keep our shores, to guard our shores, Firmly, whatever befall.

Her daughters fair, as fair can be, Brighten this pleasant land, Of tender heart and cheerful mien, And thrifty, skillful hand.

The Sabbath day is honored here; To God, we bow our knee; His word we read, His name we praise, Triune, eternally.

Enigma. I am built of eight letters; the student who looks From me to the sky, from the sky to his books, Will find that four syllables fashion my name, All in length and in number of letters the same, My women in full he will instantly reach. Part first is the name of a woman renowned In biblical lore, and with reverence crowned. A woman who added one miracle more; To the list that the mothers in Israel count o'er. Part second is that which the boys of old Rome All longed to possess, and abroad at or home When they found it would strut with an air of such pride.

The answers were moved their assurance to chide, Complete, I am known, as a beautiful town, In a land in which kings have some reason to find. When Sirius rages, and dogs run about With their tails at half mast, and their tongues lolling out.

I sit with Hygeia, inhaling the air That invites to my fountain the proud millionaire, And dancels of fashion, whose luminous eyes— And diamonds—lord Needy beholds, and he sighs, Now solve me my riddle, ye virgins of wit; For a task so momentous, but few men are fit.

Revenge. I saw a dreadful shape! It swelled, and rose Up from the ground, and lightened in its ire; I saw its eyes distend with greenish fire; And, lo! the bulk of matted brows disclose A serpent wreath, that galled and crimson glow; At every bound, a hiss! The face a hue Livid and purple in distortion show; The knotted sinewy fingers clutched a blue Bright barb of steel, that mercilessly glow; He made as if for me, with gridding tooth, And flourish of mad anger, while my heart Paused, as blood to frost did swiftly change; Then he went past me, and I heard a groan, As through his victim struck the unerring dart, While laugh'd the spectre—"Hail! I am revenge!"

CHATS WITH CORRESPONDENTS. An unusual number of society items have found a place in the waste basket this week, because the writers have neglected to send their names with them. People who insist upon this course are simply wasting paper and postage.

Felix.—The contest that your inquiry about will probably be open for some time. Publishers do not rush them as a rule, but it would be better to write and inquire.

Fair Play.—Though yours was not a society item, your name is necessary. We have no knowledge that any juvenile thief was shielded because his "name was respectable." If you have any statements to make Chief Clarke will be glad to hear it.

Pertinent Personal. Judge Palmer of the New Brunswick Supreme Court is frequently mistaken for General Sherman when he visits New York.—New York Press.

Few St. John people have seen the great fighter politician and would-be presidential candidate. No doubt they are satisfied now since they know who he is mistaken for. If the resemblance extends to acts and actions, as well as looks, General Sherman must indeed be a remarkable combination.

Mr. F. W. Barbour, son of Mr. Robert Barbour of this city, was recently elected president of the senior class in Boston school of dentistry. This is a honor that seldom falls to a Canadian student, and will give great pleasure to Mr. Barbour's many friends in this city.

Anti-Dyspepsia from HOT A. BURROW STEWART & CO. HAMILTON, ONT. SHERATON & FANCY ARTICLES. For the H. FANCY ARTICLES. C. E. F. 101. At T is the question have caught the a pound of our

THOMAS R. ON THE BENCH.

HE HAS A LIVELY DAY AT THE POLICE COURT.

Drunks, Pugilists, Children in Knickerbockers, and Women with Colored Eyes and Striking Attitudes Appear Before Him—An Elephant on His Hands.

Quite a number of persons found the police station an attractive spot Wednesday morning. Something of interest could be found everywhere. The number of spectators was large, the legal profession well represented, and there were enough officials with and without uniforms for all purposes. And Hon. Thomas R. Jones was the presiding magistrate.

He was kept busy all the morning, and if he did seem tired about noon, it was not for want of variety in the proceedings. For he had prisoners of all kinds to deal with. On the bench was a rather hard looking collection, some charged with being drunk, and others with fighting. They were easily disposed of, and if their looks were against them they proved to be more conscientious than some well dressed and better appearing people who took the stand later on, and made statements so contradictory that the spectators were astonished.

Then there were prisoners, and lots of them, that made the guardroom look more like a school-yard than anything else; prisoners in knickerbockers, who lounged about the room, laughing, talking and making themselves perfectly at home; prisoners only knee high that were brought to court a hold of their mothers' hands, and hadn't yet mastered the art of walking down stairs. And these prisoners proved large sized elephants on the hands of the court. It did not know what to do with them. Chief Clarke told of the offences committed by these youngsters; how they had been around back yards and places stealing all they could get their hands on, and had proved more troublesome to the police than anything else they had to deal with.

The magistrate was fully aware of this but was at a loss to know what to do with them. It very forcibly reminded him of fact that for 20 years he had done all he could to have a provincial reformatory for such criminals as these, but had not been successful. What could he do with them? They were mere children, six and seven years of age, and he couldn't send them to jail. Even if they were older, the jail was no place for such offenders. After serving a term among more hardened criminals, they would be worse than ever when they came out. If on the other hand they were placed in a reformatory and made work, they might become useful citizens.

The prisoners were not in court. They were down in the guard room, apparently having an awfully good time. As to their being put in a reformatory, some of them would have to have somebody to undress them and rock them to sleep every night. The court was very much like the man who bought the elephant. When the prisoners were secured it had no place to keep them.

If these youngsters are let loose in the streets again most everybody can afford to smoke cigars. They sell them at the remarkably low figure of 50 for eight cents, and when captured had hundreds of them that they were unable to dispose of at this figure.

In the afternoon all the youngsters were marched upstairs and arranged in a row on the bench. There were ten of them, and it was evident that they had an idea that the court had no place to put them, for such giggling youngsters never sat before a judge. With their hats in their hands, they nudged each other and seemed to consider the whole affair a huge joke. The magistrate apparently did not know what to make of it, when he saw the little fellows in their blouses and large sailor collars, some of them brought in by their parents and litted on the bench, where they swung their short legs to and fro. Then when their names were called out, and they stood up, the smaller ones were invisible to the magistrate, and Detective Ring had to point to the spot where they were standing, to give him some idea as to where he could address his remarks.

The magistrate repeated his address of the morning, and tried to impress upon the boys the danger they would be in if they kept on in their thieving career, but he soon saw that they failed to be impressed. They were too young to understand what he was saying. The magistrate then turned his attention to the parents present, and gave them some advice as to the care of children, after which he dismissed all the boys with the exception of two, who were old enough to know better and had encouraged the smaller ones in their pilfering. After promising them a long term in jail if they ever appeared before him these were let go also.

Two women from Brussels street furnished a lot of amusement for the court and spectators before the boys came up. One of them had a black eye, which she said was due to the lively use of the defendant's fist. She gave a very graphic account of the affair, and gave so many illustrations of the manner in which the defendant dealt the fatal "thump," as she called it, that when she brought her fist down on the railing of the witness box the magistrate was forced to remark that he had that down, whereupon there was a rather audible titter from all parts of the

room. It was a very mixed up case. The motions of the plaintiff and the appealing and incredulous looks bestowed upon Sergt. Owens as the witnesses for the defense gave their evidence was a great piece of acting, while the devotional attitude she struck when the magistrate said that one was as bad as the other and dismissed the case, would have made an elegant picture for a stained glass church window.

A NOTE TO THE GIRLS.

"Astra's" Lament at the Task Assigned to Her.

Sorrow and tribulation unutterable have overtaken your devoted friend "Astra," girls. And this is the way it happened. The editor of PROGRESS descended upon her head like a wolf on the fold and disturbed the peaceful calm in which her days were spent, with the following announcement:

"Do you know, Astra, that there is an awful accumulation of unanswered letters lying around this office?" I felt sure of it but I started danger in the middle distance; the chaos of trouble wavered in the air, so I said with an affectation of deepest surprise.

"No? Are there really?" "Yes," he said crisply, "There are, and what is more, they have got to be answered and you are the person to do it." I didn't think so, but "it wasn't for me to contradict," as Mark Twain would say, and the editor proceeded.

"There are letters asking questions on every imaginable subject, and most of the said subjects are entirely out of the line of the male portion of humanity, so we will start an "Answers to Correspondents" column, and you will have to take charge of it. You need not mind this week, but begin next. Good morning," and he was gone.

Now girls what am I going to do about it? There is no use in protesting, "physicians are in vain," so I suppose I must do it. Only as you love me don't ask any questions about things I don't understand, please, and between this week and next "priez pour elle." ASTRA.

The Magazines. The Atlantic Monthly for November is as usual rich in literary attractions. First comes an instalment of Frank H. Stockton's new serial, "The House of Martha," followed by a delightful dreamy study called, "Along the Frontier of Proteus's Realm," by Edith M. Thomas. A gem of purest water in two verses, by A. R. Grote, called, "The Hidden Grave." A clever sketch by Francis C. Lowell, called "A successful Highwayman of the Middle Ages." A bright and readable chapter on "Maryland Women and French Officers" by Kate Mason Rowland. Oliver Wendell Holmes' charming "Over the Teacups," being a writer's thoughts on writing, and containing a warm eulogy of the stylographic pen as a medium of composition. "The Legend of William Tell," by W. D. McCrackin. "Christ in Recent Fiction," "The Contributors' Club," and "Books of the Month," besides an instalment of "Felicity." Fanny M. D. Murrless' serial story, "Maryland Women and French Officers" is an amusing sketch of society at the time of the revolution.

The New England Magazine is making itself very attractive to Canadian readers. Its September number was pre-eminently a Canadian number, and the interest which that number aroused will be held by the fully illustrated article in the new November number, on "Fifty Years of a Canadian University," by J. J. Bell, M. A. Queen's University, Kingston, which celebrated last year its fiftieth anniversary, is the subject of this article, which is enriched by pictures of the old and new homes of the university, a view of Kingston, and portraits of Chancellor Fleming, Principal Grant, and the leading professors. It is an article which will have interest to many in Canada besides the graduates of Queen's University.

The Doll Had a Name. Smart little girl has a stick of wood dressed in doll-clothes. Mother of Smart Little Girl—Is that an effigy? Smart Little Girl—Yes, that is Effie G. Nolan.

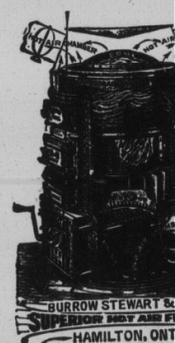
A Caw-kus or a Crow-kus. Niggs, pointing to a black-winged convention in the pasture on a wet day: Boggs—See, there's a caw-kus. Niggs—Hum. Maybe it's a crow-kus.

A Clerical Invitation. Dear Bro.: Pain would we meet you, glad would we greet you, at our association. Soon comes November (10th, 11th and 12th), and I bid you remember that you have a warm invitation. If fair be the weather, and roads hold together, the brethren must not disappoint us; for ch-yf-ld's love at each bountiful table, with the pure oil of love to assist us. So, for the "seclusion, pray make calculation, and of your brothers be heedful; and the half we call better, if she come come, why, let her—our wives and our sisters are needful.

Another Way to Get "Progress." Messrs. Coles, Parsons & Sharp have a new idea. They are sure that advertising in PROGRESS pays, because they have tried it again and again, but they want to know exactly how much it pays. Their offer in another part of this paper certainly possesses the charm of novelty, and it is safe to say that the number of those who purchase will not be lessened when they learn that the purchase of certain stoves in the warerooms of this enterprising firm, carries with it a subscription to PROGRESS.



Anti-Dyspepsia from HOT A.



What SCHOFIELD & CO. has been in constant use since it is available as a time-saver. Rev. C. G. McCULLY writes that of many personal friends he reads with the pen. So rather than be without it. Send for Latest Circular.

GRO BO 73 SY FANCY ARTICLES. For the H. FANCY ARTICLES. C. E. F. 101. At T is the question have caught the a pound of our

MRS. GEORGE DINN. A SURE REMEDY Laboratory: 17 Riedel. E. C. Abbott, 200, 28 East 14th Street, N. Y. being well, was advised to try forward one dollar's worth (monthly) worth of your Pills (money and no one should be without the W. B. Godey, Gates Ave., Brooklyn, enclosed) having used them and A. B. Chamberlain, Elmira, N. Y. derived from the use of your Pills. Price twenty-five cents per box.

mixed up case. The... the appealing... she bestowed upon... witnesses for the... deance was a great piece... evotional attitude she... strate said that one... er and dismissed the... e an elegant picture... arch window.

THE GIRLS. The Task Assigned to... tion unutterable have... ted friend "Astra,"... the way it happened... ess descended upon... in the fold and... sism in which her... following announce-

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Magazine is making... Canadian readers... r was pre-eminent... ber, and the in-... er aroused will be... ated article in the... t, on "Fifty Years... ty," by J. J. Bell... iversity, Kingston... ear its fiftieth anni-... of this article, which... of the old and new... a view of Kingston... ellor Fleming, Prin-... leading professors... will have interest to... s the graduates of

d a Name. ck of wood dressed in... is that an effigy?... at is Effie G. Nolan.

Crow-kus. k-winged convention in... kus. a crow-kus.

at "Progress." ns & Sharp have a... re that advertising... use they have tried... they want to know... s. Their offer in... per certainly... vely, and it is... of those who pur-... ed when they learn... rtain stoves in the... rprising firm, carries... PROGRESS.



Anti-Dyspeptic Bread is made from Grits (in 5lb. bags).

HOT AIR FURNACES



SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 KING STREET.



ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Sole Agents.

GROCERIES

BOTTOM PRICES.

73 SYDNEY STREET.

FANCY FURNITURE!

For the Holidays, we will make up to order.

C. E. REYNOLDS, 101 Charlotte Street.

At T, after work, after the day's labor you look for it.

179 CHARLOTTE STREET.

MRS. GEO. WATERBURY'S CELEBRATED DINNER PILLS!

A SURE remedy for Indigestion and all Bilious and Liver Complaints. Laboratory: 17 Richmond Street, Saint John, N. B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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

Dr. and Mrs. Osborne, of St. Andrews, spent this week in St. John, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Street, King street.

St. John—West End. Mrs. Wilnot, who has been quite ill, is this week much improved in health.

St. John—North End. The Misses Tapley arrived home from Boston on Tuesday.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Fenety and by James H. Hawthorne.]

Oct. 29.—Weddings and anniversaries of weddings have certainly been the order of the day this week.

Mrs. Forrester, a beautiful costume of cream crepe embroidered in gold, and cream silk dress on train; gold ornaments.

Mrs. Douglas Hazen, yellow silk, on train, ostrich tip same shade in her hair.

The party had a most enjoyable time, and dancing and amusements were kept up until a late hour.

TURNER & FINLAY, 12 KING STREET.

Ask to See the GREY FLANNELS. ALL-WOOL BLANKETS. DRESS MATERIALS, 25c. to 30c. ALL-WOOL Fancy: Plaids, At only 30c. STRIPED SHAKERS, 7c. to 10c. yd. - MEN'S - Underclothing (ALL WOOL), 50c., 75c., 95c., \$1.15. Bl'k and Colored Velveteens.

Hart, of this city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Roberts, assisted by Rev. F. Alexander.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. EVENING WEAR!

We are now exhibiting our EXTRAORDINARY COLLECTION of this Season's Importations, in CHENILLE EMBROIDERED GRECIAN NETS, PLAIN COLORS and BROCHE SILK BENTINSEL and CHENILLE SPOT RUSSIAN GALINES.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. 61 and 63 KING STREET.

OPENING THIS WEEK: Ex. S. S. CARTHAGINIAN. REPEAT ORDERS OF Plaid Dress Goods, Mantle Cloths, Silk Velvets, Surah Pongee Silks, Faille Francais Silk, and Satin Mervilleux. IN DRESS LENGTHS.

RUBBER GOODS.

LADIES' NEW CLOAKS: JUST OPENED. AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT. OUR 9c. DRESS SHIRTS ARE BEAUTIES, JUST SEE THEM. RUBBER BOOTS,—WOONSOCKET BEST MAKE—ALL SIZES. SOLE AGENCY IMPROVED INSOLE CO. BEST INSOLES IN THE WORLD.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

PIANOS. GREAT PIANOS. CLEARANCE SALE

20 First-class Grand, Square, and Upright Pianos, 40 ORGANS, \$40. SUITABLE FOR PARLOR, CHURCH, AND PUBLIC HALLS.

This is a great chance to get a first-class Piano or Organ at a bargain, as all must be sold by November 1st.

Gurney Standard Range. Model Grand Range. New Silver Moon. Art Countess.

WHAT does a woman like better than a good cook Stove; one that never gives trouble; that never gets out of order; that cooks the same at all times; keeps the kitchen warm—one that no fault can be found with. Such an one is a GURNEY STANDARD, or the MODEL GRAND. For the hall, office, or store, the NEW SILVER MOON or the ART COUNTESS are all that's desired.

RIGHT in your way we are. We want to be in the road—everybody's road. Our location at 33 Charlotte Street, makes it handy for all. What our aim is in this business is to please everybody. We know it can be done, and that we can do it.

VELVET SLEEVES TO GO.

SOME OF THE NEWEST THINGS IN FASHION WORLD.

Clinging Skirts Hold Their Own—Velvet the Popular Trimming for Plaid—The Evening Dress Wear and the Cozy Fur Coat.

Fashion has issued her edict against velvet sleeves, and so, like the down trodden heathen Chinese, the velvet sleeve must go and become a thing of shreds and tatters, as far as popularity goes.

Always have the plaid skirts cut bias, and have the basque made of plain material in the prevailing tint of the plaid, with plaid sleeves. If you should have the basque of plaid, be sure to have as few seams in it as possible, a stretched bodice is the correct thing if you are sure of it and can depend on your dressmaker, such a bodice is fastened under the arms and on the left shoulder with invisible hooks and eyes.

Velvet is the popular trimming for plaids, as it seems to combine particularly well with such goods. In colors, brown is very popular, and there is a decided preference for a golden tinge. Cadet blue, of course, holds its own, and heliotrope is still a favorite shade, especially for tea gowns and evening dresses.

Speaking of evening dresses, gold and gold lace will be more than ever a feature of the evening toilette of the coming season; gold lace in delicate vandyke patterns will be used for trimming, the points, of course, turned upward; white nets will be spotted with gold and also with silver; embroidery and black nets similarly decorated will also be much worn.

A very noticeable feature in evening dresses will be the panier draperies over the hips in quite the old style. This is a charming fashion and becoming to all, except the very stout. It gives a picturesque look to any dress, and insensibly carries one's mind back to shepherdesses, crooks, ewe lambs, and lots of nice simple, pastoral things, far enough away from the modern ball room, though that is a very nice place too.

Evening bodices are, as a rule, laced in the back, and they fit well. They fit like the paper on the wall when the said paper was hung by a man, and one who understood his profession.

By the way, the boa, as well as the velvet sleeve, has had its day, and is now on its way to an early grave. The shoulder cape and the storm collar hold its place already, and I really think the boa was a fraud from the first. It looked very nice, but still it only kept your neck warm and tickled your ears, yea, and also the end of your nose, while the shoulder cape keeps you warm all over your chest and back; and the storm collar is simply too delightful for words to express half its charms; warm and cozy, soft and delicious, it clasps you in its tender embrace and shields you from the wintry blasts, till you almost imagine June weather has strayed into January. It comes above your ears and meets and shakes hands with your fur cap, and is altogether lovely. Where is the man who invented it? Or was he a woman? Never mind, I kiss my hand to him in loving homage.

Seal jackets have loose fronts and high medici collars. Indeed all the jackets, wraps and capes have this most sensible finish, and shells down one's back will be unknown this winter.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.]

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the book-store of W. W. Black and W. H. Murray, Main street.

Oct. 29.—"All is quiet on the Potomac," very quiet indeed, even to the verge of stagnation. Were it not for the revival now going on in town, and the intense ripple of excitement which has lately thrilled the upper circles of canine society, and shaken it to its very centre, I believe we should all be "napping and drooping" off to sleep.

When one comes to count up the number of ladies who are out of town just now, the result is appalling, one is almost inclined to cry, "All, all are gone from us," and to begin writing the list of our bereavements in a most depressing task.

Miss Harris leaves town today or tomorrow, to spend some weeks in New York and Boston. Miss Weldon will linger in St. John.

Miss Campbell left on Monday for St. John, and spent some time at the residence of her father, Mr. J. J. Taylor, at Edmondston.

Mr. R. A. Borden left town last Tuesday for Boston, on professional business. Mrs. Macalary, of New York, who has been visiting in Moncton, departed for her home on Wednesday night. She was accompanied by her son, Mr. Albert Macalary, who goes to New York for treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. J. DeWolf Spurr, of St. John, who have been spending some of their winter at Moncton, returned home on Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hanington, junior member of the law firm of Hanington, Tuck, Hewson & Hanington, has gone to Fredericton to spend some weeks at the Infirmary school. Mr. Hanington has been appointed commander of a company of volunteers which has lately been transferred to Moncton, and he is receiving instructions which will prepare him for his new duties.

The many Moncton friends of Mrs. Hubly, wife of the Rev. Mr. Hubly, will be sorry to hear that she is seriously ill at her home in Sussex.

Dr. W. Palmer, who has been granted a three months leave of absence, is in town visiting relatives. Captain Boyd is accompanied by his wife and son.

The Rev. B. A. Borden, principal of Mount Allison Ladies' Academy, Sackville, and Mrs. Borden spent last Monday in Moncton, the guests of Mrs. R. A. Borden. Principal Borden supplied the place of the Rev. Mr. Campbell, in the Methodist church, on Sunday, preaching a eloquent sermon both morning and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Cole's many friends will regret to hear of the serious illness of their little son. The trouble is some affection of the brain, always a thing to be dreaded in very young children.

Dr. Inch, president of the Mount Allison Institutions, paid a short visit to Moncton on Tuesday. Hon. L. H. and Mrs. Davies, of Prince Edward Island, were registered at the Brunswick on Saturday.

Mrs. Oliver Cummings and her sister, Mrs. Dimock, of Toronto, paid a visit to Moncton last week. Cecil Gwynne.

[FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.] So many of our young ladies are spending the autumn last in Moncton, that it is almost impossible to mention the names of all the guests of the Rev. Mr. Chapman.

Mr. Thompson Biles, of Somerville, Mass., formerly of Fredericton, arrived here on Monday, and on Tuesday carried off one of our most popular young ladies, Miss Jennie Gibson, only daughter of Mr. John Gibson.

HAMPTON.

[Progress is for sale at Hampton station by T. G. Brown, E. F. Frost, and at Hampton village by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.]

Oct. 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Allison Wishart, of St. John, were in town on Saturday, en route to St. Marlow, where they spent Sunday, returning on Monday morning.

Miss Jennie Raymond, who has been visiting in the city, returned home on Thursday.

Rev. C. H. Paisley drove to St. John early Monday morning and took the first train for Fredericton to visit his sister, Miss Jane Paisley, whose death occurred during that day.

Mr. F. M. McLeod, of Sussex, was in town on Friday.

Miss Carrie Caldwell paid a visit to her sister, Mrs. E. H. Fairweather, at Edmondston on Tuesday.

Dr. Jeanes, of H. M. S. Comox, now a Halifax, is spending a few days at the village with Mrs. Jeanes, who has been spending the summer here, the guest of his brother-in-law, Rev. Geo. F. Maynard.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. McLeod will leave for New York on Friday for a brief trip.

Mr. Ernest L. Philips, of St. John, was among the visitors in town on Tuesday.

Rev. Douglas Chapman was the guest of Rev. E. Evans at Lakeside for a few hours on Friday.

There was a very brilliant and fashionable wedding took place at St. Mary's church, in the village, on Wednesday evening, at 6.30, when Mr. James Edmond, of St. John, was united in marriage to Miss Carrie Caldwell, of Hampton village.

The church was crowded. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. A. Warford, assisted by Rev. E. A. Warford, Miss Gilbert, of Edmondston, Mr. Herbert Ring, Miss Hutchinson, the Misses Jack, Mr. and Mrs. George G. Gilbert, Mr. George Gilbert, Mr. Edgar H. Fairweather, besides a large number of guests.

The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Henry Gilbert. After the wedding the guests were entertained at supper at Mrs. Caldwell's residence, where a pleasant evening was spent. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and choice presents.

The happy couple left by the midnight train for Halifax.

SACKVILLE. [Progress is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's bookstore.]

Oct. 29.—Some fifty or sixty of our fairest and bravest young ladies were invited to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Rennie, on Thursday evening. Progressive euchre and dancing were the amusements. After playing euchre for a couple of hours the drawing-room was cleared for dancing, and before Mr. Rennie had time to say, "gentlemen, choose your partners for a quadrille, twelve merry hearts were skipping through the figures to the strains of the music."

Every one enjoyed the party immensely. I understand Cupid was there and his well aimed arrow hit every true heart. Mrs. Horace Fawcett was present in exquisite taste. Mrs. Horace Fawcett was proclaimed the belle among the married ladies, presenting an almost perfect appearance in a elegant gown of white satin, with pearl trimmings, and a crown of diamonds.

Miss Alice Estabrooks, pale blue with white net over dress. Miss Ayre, black lace, yellow trimmings, yellow feathers. The Misses Smith look well in white dresses. Mrs. Ryan, crepe de chine and white moire, mauve feathers. Mrs. Erith Atkinson, grey silk trimmed with lace, gold ornaments. Miss Biles, handsome dress of pale pink satin. Miss Jennie Black, black lace, low neck and short sleeves.

The Liver

When out of order, involves every organ of the body. Remedies for some other derangement are frequently taken without the least effect, because it is the liver which is the real source of the trouble, and until that is set right there can be no health, strength, or comfort in any part of the system.

Ayer's Pills.

For loss of appetite, bilious troubles, constipation, indigestion, and sick headache, these Pills are unsurpassed.

"For the cure of headache, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the most effective medicine I ever used."—R. K. James, Dorchester, Mass.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more effective than any other pill I ever took."—Mrs. B. C. Grubb, Burwellville, Va.

"I have found in Ayer's Pills, an invaluable remedy for constipation, biliousness, and indigestion, peculiar to mountain localities. Taken in small and frequent doses, these Pills

Act Well

on the liver, restoring its natural powers, and aiding it in throwing off malarial poisons."—C. A. Flint, Quilman, Texas.

"Whenever I am troubled with constipation, or suffer from loss of appetite, Ayer's Pills set me right again."—A. J. Kiser, Jr., Rock House, Va.

"In 1858, by the advice of a friend, I began the use of Ayer's Pills as a remedy for biliousness, constipation, high fevers, and colds. They served me better than anything I had previously tried, and I have used them in attacks of that sort ever since."—H. W. Hersh, Judsonia, Ark.

Ayer's Pills,

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

ASA BALSAM

It is a certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its forms. SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING. Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, neuralgic headache, toothache, and neuralgia, and the only cure is to remove the cause.

It is prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist.

And is sold by all Druggists for 50c a bottle, or six bottles for \$2.50.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

—AND— WEDDING CARDS. I HAVE in stock a splendid assortment of the latest and most fashionable designs in Wedding Invitations and Wedding Cards, with Envelopes to match.

Special care is taken in printing the above class of work, in a neat and artistic manner. Orders from all parts of the Provinces will receive immediate attention.

OUR STOCK demonstrates that we have the greatest variety of

RUBBER CLOTHING AND RUBBER GOODS!

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FURNISHED.

ESTEY & CO. AGENCY STANDARD RUBBER CO. 68 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

LADIES INCREASE YOUR COMFORT BY WEARING LEATHERBONE CORSETS. THEY ARE MORE DURABLE, THEY ARE MORE GRACEFUL, THEY ARE MORE STYLISH. TRY A SAMPLE PAIR, SOLD EVERYWHERE. MADE ONLY BY CANADA LEATHERBONE & CLONARD CO. MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

TO PAINTERS. TRANSFER GRAINING PAPERS, perfect imitation of the natural woods, OAK, WOOD, HUNGARIAN ASH, now in stock. Price, \$1.00 per Roll. Full instructions given.

F. E. HOLMAN, 48 KING STREET.

NOW'S THE TIME TO GET PICTURES FRAMED,

And JENNINGS', on Union Street, is the best and cheapest place. Don't Forget D. J. JENNINGS, - - 167 UNION STREET.

THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

Has made the greatest progress in this country during the same period of its history. Immediate Protection. Absolute Security.

FOR INVESTMENT POLICIES TAKE THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE.

MESSRS. VROOM & ARNOLD, Agents, - - ST. JOHN, N. B. T. B. LAVERS, PROVINCIAL MANAGER.

THE OBJECT OF this ADVERTISEMENT is to IMPRESS ON YOUR mind the FACT that

Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream! is the best Medicine you can take, if you are troubled with a Cough or Cold. For Whooping Cough it is almost an infallible remedy. It is pleasant to take, and for Consumption, Throat Affections, Wasting Diseases, it is far more efficacious than the plain Cod Liver Oil.

Be sure and get ESTEY'S. IT IS PREPARED ONLY BY E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist.

LADIES, ATTENTION! T. C. WASHINGTON has fitted up his parlors in elegant style, and is now prepared to serve his lady customers with the choicest Ice Creams and Sherbets.

Webster's International Dictionary. A NEW BOOK FROM COVER TO COVER JUST ISSUED. FULLY ABREAST WITH THE TIMES. A GRAND INVESTMENT FOR THE FAMILY, THE SCHOOL, THE PROFESSIONAL OR PRIVATE LIBRARY.

J. & A. McMILLAN, PUBLISHERS, WHOLESALE BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, PRINTERS, BINDERS, ETC., SAINT JOHN, N. B.

YOU can find the finest stock of hair goods in Canada, at the AMERICAN HAIR STORE, CHARLOTTE STREET, up one flight.

INSURANCE FIRE INSURANCE 86 Years of unintermitted success. THE PHOENIX INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD, ESTABLISHED 1812. 1 equal share of your Company. FRED. J. G. 48 Princess

550 BBLs. (now due) to arrive per Sch. Bos & Stella. Although very much superior to any other Oil in the market, prices are made as low as any. Send for samples and prices. J. D. SHATFORD.

GROCERS. W. ALEX. PO Grocer and Fru Family trade a sp

LARGEST STOCK, BEST A cheapest all-round grocery. W. ALEX. Corner Union and Waterlon, Pond streets.

BONNELL & Fine Gro AND FRU 200 UNION STREET. BONNELL'S EXTRA

R. & F. S. F 12 & 16 SYDNEY Flour and Gra OATS, FEED, BRAN CHOICE FAMILY AND PROVIS

OYSTER 75 Bbls. hand picked Malpe Richmond Bay OY 30 " xxx Grand River 35 " Chatham Oysters. For sale red 160 " North Side J. Wholesale and Retail. DRUGGIST

ICE CREAM DELICIOUS AN THE DRINK OF TH

CROCKETT'S Corner Princess and SATCHET P

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