

If You Want Engraving Done
GET FIGURES FROM
"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU.
Promptness, Satisfaction and
Reasonable Prices.

PROGRESS.

If You Have Houses To Let
Advertise in PROGRESS.
This paper goes to the Family and
is read from the first to the
last column.

VOL. II., NO. 101.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

WILL SETTLE THE DOCK.

BUT WHETHER TO SUIT MR. LEARY
REMAINS TO BE SEEN.

New Patches on the Old Structure of the Common Council—The Fight in Kings-Neck and Neck in Queens—How Ballots Played April Fool in Victoria Ward.

So the "fight is fit," and contrary to the expectation of some, there are not 18 supporters of the Leary dock scheme in the common council. Just how many there are for and against it, will be shown when the next vote is taken. In the meantime, giving the dock men McKelvey and Likely, about whom there appears to be some doubt, it looks very much as though the vote would be a tie. Should this be so, the re-election of Mayor Lockhart will clinch the dock scheme.

The triangular fight in Kings ward was about as interesting as any in the city. It was considered that Ald. Barnes was safe beyond peradventure, and it was believed by him and his friends that unless there were a good many liars in the ward, Ald. Blackadar was pretty sure of another term. Nevertheless the men who had put Mr. James Straton forward claimed very loudly that he would lead the poll, and it is but justice to them to say that they tried their best to bring about such a result. They gave him no less than 95 plumpers, which included one individual who told him he would plump him because PROGRESS told the truth about his candidature. He got 160 votes which was four more than his opponents allowed him. Ald. Blackadar got 188, which was exactly what had been figured beforehand. Ald. Barnes got 218, which was in excess of the calculation.

The ticket "Barnes-Blackadar" was the only one issued by these gentlemen, and neither of them was willing to sacrifice the other to help himself. Blackadar, however, did get three unsolicited plumpers.

The only surprise in Kings was when a prominent employer of labor, who was counted on as sure for Barnes and Blackadar, walked into the poll, picked up a Straton plumper and voted it. His friends insist that he made a mistake.

The triangular fight in Queens was very quiet, but was none the less a determined one. Ald. Robertson was sure of re-election, but he did not relax his vigilance on that account, and led the poll by 383 votes, about half of the number on the revised list.

So far as anyone could judge, Ald. Jack was likely to be re-elected. He had started with his list early in the year, and on the day before election had seen all but 200 of the 968 voters in the ward. From a great many of these he had pledges of support. The non-payment of taxes reduced the list about 33 per cent, and undoubtedly to Ald. Jack's disadvantage. In the meantime, Mr. W. Watson Allen came forward, and while looked upon at the outset as a weak man, developed surprising strength from day to day. Ald. Jack was personally as popular as ever, but he had not worked and voted to suit his constituents. He was very busy at the polls, and wore a glossy plug hat, despite the heavy snow drifts. Mr. Allen was also busy, but reserved his plug hat to wear when he became alderman, and his dome of thought was decorated with a plain Derby.

Mr. Joshua Turner, who represented Mr. Allen, was unkind enough to challenge a lady who came to vote for Ald. Jack, but she voted, and gave Mr. Turner her opinion of him, into the bargain.

When the poll was closed, it was found that Allen and Jack had 292 votes each. Everybody supposed there would have to be another election. In anticipation of such an event Ald. Jack was confident of defeating Mr. Allen. Mr. Allen was also confident of defeating Ald. Jack. So they were both happy.

A little later, when it was found that the presiding officer, Mr. E. T. C. Knowles, had the casting vote, only one of them was happy, and that was not Ald. Jack. Mr. Allen was declared elected.

Ald. Allen and his friends claim that he had a majority without the casting vote. On the first count, the clerk made him out nine ahead, but as the tallies did not agree, another count by the clerk made a tie. Six others, however, who had kept count, made Allen ten ahead. The ballots, in the meantime, had been scattered or destroyed.

Ald. Jack has to thank his friends and supporters for the 90 plumpers they gave him.

In Prince ward, everybody guessed that Morrison, and probably McKelvey, would be elected, though some had hopes of Nelson. The latter gentlemen had been nominated at the last hour, and had made no canvass. Under these circumstances, he took a very good vote, indeed, and would have taken more had not many been led to suppose that McKelvey was opposed to the Leary dock.

Mr. S. H. Chapman, or rather Lieut. Chapman, late of H. M. 50th foot, the educationalist and Crimean veteran, was not nominated, but he was a candidate just the same, as was announced by large

posters around the polling place. The common clerk had refused to receive his nomination, because he was assessed on only \$400 income. Mr. Chapman insisted that he had \$1,000 worth of property, and decided to run without nomination. If he received a majority of votes, and his seat was refused, he proposed to bring the matter before the supreme court by a *certiorari*, cause a *quo warrant* to issue against the aldermen *de facto*, sue the assessors and common clerk for damages, and cause a writ of *walligotagus* to be served on the mayor. This interesting programme has been abandoned, chiefly owing to the fact that Lieut. Chapman received only two votes.

Lieut. Chapman's defeat is probably due to the fact that he was over-confident. He was sure of first place, and said so. This led the voters to consider him so safe that there was no danger, and they therefore voted for their favorite candidates as men for second place.

Had Lieut. Chapman been elected, it was his intention to have tendered the hospitalities of his house to his friend, the Governor-General, Lord Stanley, with whom he is intimately acquainted, the two having had cordial relations at Preston, Eng., years ago.

With Lieut. Chapman out of the council, there will not be a new catch-basin at the corner of Elliott row, or an electric light in anybody's back yard.

The defeat of Ald. Vincent in Dufferin was not unexpected by his friends, but they fought hard against it by giving him 125 plumpers, only to find him 16 votes behind Mr. Likely at the close of the poll. He took a solid Orange vote, and Mr. James Kelly did his best in what he knew was an up-hill fight.

Two things had much to do with Ald. Vincent's defeat. One was that when on a ticket with Mr. Millidge, last year, he dropped his colleague and made a combination with Ald. Kelly. This lost him a good many Protestant votes, outside of the Orangemen, but he would have been all right if he had not voted against the appointment of "Danny" O'Neil as an assessor, which cost him even more votes on the other side. By his defeat the opponents of the Leary dock lose a staunch supporter in the council.

The re-election of Ald. Kelly was never doubted by anybody, and the fight was between Likely and Vincent. When James Kelly and James Wolfe went to the polling booth to represent Ald. Vincent, they found Danny O'Neil installed as the representative of Messrs. Kelly and Likely. They had some interesting encounters. One old lady, who was brought in by the Kelly-Likely combination, had such a rough experience that she wanted to go home without voting. She was expected to vote for all three of the candidates, and in deciding just how this could be done, the representatives all laid hands on her, and the two Kellys, Wolfe, Dunlap, the policeman, and a lot more politicians got mixed up in a heap, and order was only restored by the polling officer ordering everybody out of the room. This was done, and the woman was finally persuaded to vote for Kelly and Vincent.

One young man who cast his ballot in that ward probably doesn't know who he voted for. He was approached by a politician with a request to vote for Vincent, which he promised to do provided he could vote for Likely also. He was assured that he could, and was given a Vincent plumper. He had a Likely plumper in his hand at the time, and laid the two ballots on the box. The officer told him that he couldn't put in two ballots, and the politician said "certainly not," and picked up the Likely plumper. The other ballot went into the box, and the voter seemed really glad to get away with voting for anybody.

Polling officer Willet hasn't a very exalted opinion of the Northern division after Tuesday, especially that part of it sent to protect him. When the time came for counting the ballots, the stove was red hot, the little close room crowded with husters and the perspiration was sticking out on Mr. Willet and his assistants like beads. Then he made the reasonable request that a few of those present go outside and let him have breathing room. Nobody seemed to want to go, and officer Laskey couldn't make them. This made officer Laskey very mad, so he went outside to the shop where the air was cool, and hustled a few unoffending voters out into the street. Then he was satisfied.

The clock in Lansdowne polling place was set to neither standard nor local time, but had a time of its own which was 20 minutes faster than the time ball. The presiding officer had no watch and so, it is said, he opened the poll at 8 by the eccentric clock and 7.40 by the clocks around town. When the error was discovered it was pointed out that matters would be evened up by closing by the same clock, at what was equivalent to 3.40 city time.

It didn't make any difference to anybody,

QUIET BUT WIDE AWAKE

MEN WHO PREFER PLAIN BALLOTS
TO EASTER CARDS.

The Contest for the Mayor's Chair Next Tuesday—Mr. Lockhart in Confidence while Mr. Chesley is Quiet but Determined—Probable Surprises in Store.

Considering that there are only two working days between now and the election for mayor, there is a marvellously quiet state of affairs. A good many people seem to see nothing more in the contest than a fight between two men, and refuse to become enthusiastic over either of them. There was many times the interest in the Barker-Everett election last year, even though that contest was purely a personal one, and the Leary dock scheme was undreamed of by the public.

This year there is a tangible and vital issue before the people. Mayor Lockhart offers for re-election, not only as a man favorable to the Leary scheme, but as an ardent advocate of it and an active worker with those who have determined that it shall be carried. He not only wants harbor improvements, as do also the most of his opponents, but he wants them made under the direction of Mr. Leary, of New York, or his assigns. Should the council be equally divided on the subject, as now appears possible, the re-election of Mr. Lockhart means the adoption of the Leary scheme as quick as a vote can be taken on it. Looked at in this light, the contest involves a vital issue upon which the electors are called to vote. If they want the Leary dock they have only to return Mr. Lockhart. If they don't want that particular dock they will say so by electing Mr. Chesley. As they are all of age, and ought to know which course is best in the interests of the city and of municipal morality, PROGRESS has no advice to offer. They pay their taxes and can take their choice.

Mr. Lockhart, meanwhile, is very confident that he can sweep everything before him. He claims that every Catholic in St. John will vote for him, that he is solid in Carleton, can have a majority in the old city and has great hopes of Portland.

So far as can be learned, Mr. Chesley and his friends are not making predictions yet, but some of them are pretty hard at work in what they call the infected districts.

There doesn't seem to be any "boodle" launched out by either side as yet. Probably there will not be. Perhaps it is considered that those who are subject to this "influence" are all right anyway. Perhaps the voters who were grieved for the aldermanic elections were given a double ration for the mayor's election as well.

Besides, it's rather early yet. There are two clear working days before the ballots begin to drop, to say nothing of Sunday, which is sometimes the best working day of all for that kind of business.

Each of the candidates has had meetings and all of those meetings have been very encouraging to those who attended them. But everyone knows that meetings don't count for much in an election of this kind. The men who can work the wards are the men who tell the tale, and five ballots safely in the box are worth ten hurrahs before the election.

Despite the quiet with which the campaign has been conducted, there will be some pretty lively work between now and Tuesday night. Nothing can be safely predicted at present. It is one of the elections in which they may be some pretty big surprises on either side. Portland, Carleton, and the old city are all, to a certain extent, unknown quantities.

Neither of the candidates is likely to be defeated through any false modesty in asking for support.

Judge and Counsel.

Will Mr. Robert J. Ritchie, police magistrate of the city of St. John, explain by what precedent he appears as a practising lawyer in a disputed will case? It is the general impression that such a course is hardly in accord with the proprieties. No compromising situation may be the result of this particular instance, but supposing a case in which the outcome of a probate matter was perjury or forgery, would Mr. Ritchie hear the preliminary examination or elect to remain a counsel in the trial? The law provides for a sitting magistrate, but there is no provision for a judge *pro hac vice*, where the magistrate is interested in a criminal case. Mr. Ritchie ought to be able, with economy, to live on his \$2,500 salary, without dabbling in outside lawsuits.

For the Dock or the Bell Buoy?

A large pair of shears for cutting bolts, etc., is being manufactured for Ald. Lewis at one of the city foundries. The job was sent to another concern, which was unable to undertake it, and so sent it to the foundry. Whether the shears are intended for the dock or the bell buoy is a question not answered. The alderman appears to be making preparations for a busy summer.

Get Paper Hanging done quickly and reasonably apply to Wilkins & Sands, 266 Union street.

PLEASANT AND POPULAR

SOME MORE OF THE MEMBERS WHO
ADORN THE LEGISLATURE.

Men who Vote with the Government, but Have Opinions of their Own—Messrs. Murray, Burchill, Douglas, LeBlanc and Ketchum, and their Good Points.

PROGRESS was in greater demand than ever in Fredericton last week. The six portraits published were faithful likenesses of well known members. Some people in St. John thought PROGRESS had made a mistake and substituted a custom house officers picture for that of Mr. Hetherington, but they did not know the member for Queens. They had never seen him when making his famous session speech in the provincial assembly. If they had they would not have imagined there was a mistake.

The five gentlemen who look out from the columns of PROGRESS today come from all quarters of the province. Restigouche

PLEASANT AND POPULAR

SOME MORE OF THE MEMBERS WHO
ADORN THE LEGISLATURE.

Men who Vote with the Government, but Have Opinions of their Own—Messrs. Murray, Burchill, Douglas, LeBlanc and Ketchum, and their Good Points.

PROGRESS was in greater demand than ever in Fredericton last week. The six portraits published were faithful likenesses of well known members. Some people in St. John thought PROGRESS had made a mistake and substituted a custom house officers picture for that of Mr. Hetherington, but they did not know the member for Queens. They had never seen him when making his famous session speech in the provincial assembly. If they had they would not have imagined there was a mistake.

The five gentlemen who look out from the columns of PROGRESS today come from all quarters of the province. Restigouche

content to simply do as he was told when the government changed its policy, but voted in the interest of his constituency. He has not lacked success in political or mercantile life, and has a fair share of the world's wealth to his credit. He is not a frequent nor a fluent speaker, but he can be exceedingly forcible when he pleases.

Mr. Ketchum is another merchant member of the legislature, the colleague of Dr.



G. R. KETCHUM.

Atkinson, who accompanied him to the capital four years ago on a government ticket. Among business men Mr. Ketchum is known as a square man. He makes a good representative, and, it is said, prefers to grind other axes than his own.

Mr. LeBlanc, of Kent, reads "Hon." before his name this session, having in the



J. P. BURCHILL.

and Northumberland claim Messrs. Murray and Burchill; Charlotte, Mr. Douglas; Kent, Mr. LeBlanc, and Carleton, Mr. Ketchum. They all happen to be government supporters, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that they have voted with the government thus far. It does not follow in these days that because a man votes with the government that he is an out and out supporter. He may malign the administration at the hustings, condemn it in his most vigorous fashion, and yet vote for it in the house. PROGRESS imagines that the political positions of Messrs. Murray and Burchill would be defined more correctly by "North Shore" than "Government" or "Opposition." They may vote with one party or method when it pleases them, but they always vote for the North Shore. Both Burchill and Murray are party leaders in a certain circle that is very fond of a joke, the for-



HON. MR. LEBLANC.

interim accepted the shoes of Mr. Turner who retired for reasons enough to fill a page of PROGRESS. His position is more vulgarly defined sometimes as the "fore-castle" member of the executive. He is one of the quiet men of the house, taking no part in many discussions and but little in any.

Next week a portrait and sketch of Mr. Tweedie will appear.

WHERE WILL HIS MARGIN BE?

A Question in Arithmetic for the Journalistic Member of the House.

The one man in the local house who earns his salary is the official reporter, McDade. For him there is no recess. So long as the speaker or the chairman is in his place the reporter's pencil is busy, and long after when the members are dreaming, he is racing with the telegraph operator pouring copy of their long speeches into the morning newspaper offices. This session, so far, has been particularly trying and expensive. Up to last Sunday evening 105,000 words has gone over the wires while the outside figures of his contract called for only 4,000 words a day, or about 55,000 words in all. When Mr. McDade pays one quarter of a cent a word for that to the Western Union, and about \$100 for assistance, and publishes 300 copies of the debates, PROGRESS would like to know what he will have left of \$800. This is a question in arithmetic for H. Thaddeus Stevens.

There is no excuse for such parsimony as this. There is not a newspaper man in Canada who would do the same work for the money. Unfortunately for McDade, he thought this would be like other sessions and leave him a living margin. When members will persist in making long speeches, and grumble if they are not given a decent show, they should see to it that the telegraphic bills fall on someone better able to pay them than the official reporter.

She Wanted a Boat.

During the heat of the contest in Kings ward, Tuesday, one of the canvassers for Barnes and Blackadar bethought himself of a lady living in the suburbs of York Point, who might throw a vote for his men. Seeking her out, he blandly enquired, "Shall we send a coach for you to vote for the aldermen, Mrs. C—?" Pointing to the street, in which mud and water contended for supremacy for about the depth of a foot, she screamed, "Coach, is it? Ye'd better be after sending a boat. I won't vote for either of them!" but the canvasser had retired. Mr. Straton did not hear about this incident in time to send a boat.



WILLIAM MURRAY.

mer being assigned the prohibition section of the house and the latter the third party, the platform of which it is suspected is identical with that of the equal rights party.

Mr. Murray is a Campbellton lawyer and one of the jovial good fellows of the house. When he speaks, which is seldom, he talks to the point, leaving no person in

POLICEMAN MCGRATH.

His Punctilious Activity in Securing the Election of Ald. Busby.

Policeman McGrath was around the poll in Victoria ward, in the interests of Ald. Busby, last Tuesday. When a woman, sent for by one of the other candidates, entered the room the policeman intercepted her, succeeded in getting her ballot, and gave her a Busby one in its place. If there is any doubt about the right of a police officer to vote, there can be none as to the impropriety of his displaying a premeditated activity in interfering with voters, even if his candidate does supply the police officer with coal, under a sham contract. The attention of the chief of police is respectfully called to the case of Policeman McGrath.

Who Cast the Ballot?

Lieut. Chapman got badly left in Prince ward, because he told everybody he would lead the poll, and believing him, voters plumped their favorites for second place. There were two ballots cast for Mr. Chapman, and as one of them was by himself, the question is, who deposited the other? Nearly every voter in the ward claims that he was the man, and Lieut. Chapman finds it difficult to determine which one of the lot tells the truth.

To get Paper Hanging done quickly and reasonably apply to Wilkins & Sands, 266 Union street.



WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

doubt as to his meaning. Mr. Burchill also has a fashion of giving his opinion in short metre. The opposition call him the "honest man" from Northumberland, and are not without hope that some time in the future he will throw in his lot with them.

Mr. Douglas, of Charlotte, is another representative of an independent frame of mind. He is probably the most popular member in his county today. He was not

ROOMS.
1890.
with 5-8 Borders to match.
NS, in White and Kern.
SKINNER.
FOR THE RUSH,
ity will be Busy.
now, and May day
our tenants.
and Decorative Painter.
TION CARDS.
ectors of the City of
Saint John.
at of a large number of citizens, I
to announce that at the coming civic
a candidate for the position of
Mayor
respectfully soliciting your support,
our obedient servant,
JOHN A. CHESLEY.
ectors of the City of
Saint John.
GENTLEMEN,—
tion of many of the citizens I have
a candidate for the office of
Mayor
tion to be held on the 8th day
line to honor me with your con-
to discharge the duties of the
of the City.
W. A. LOCKHART.
ors of Dukes Ward.
GENTLEMEN,—
day in April I shall again solicit
DERMAN
Trusting to be favored as in the
respectfully,
SAMUEL TUFTS.
ors of Kings Ward.
GENTLEMEN,—
day in April again offer
DERMAN,
favored with your support,
respectfully,
S. G. BLIZARD.
27th, 1890.
LET.
E STORE on King Square
y Mr. E. L. Mulholland,
ing Square, adjoining H. T.
ER'S CHAMBERS, with
steam heated. Apply for
AYORS OF THE MARQUESS
China Tea Store.
ed up to suit tenant. In-
Quebec, N. B. 5-8 41
ER'S CHAMBERS, with
steam heated. Apply for
AYORS OF THE MARQUESS
Bayard's Building, Prince
3-8 81
DEN STREET, at pre-
Tro-man, Reg. barrister.
y be seen Friday after-
WILHE. Hampton.
ERS in Masonic Hall, at
of Ardley Everett. For
W. WATSON ALLEN,
Prince Wm. and Princess
1-2-3

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

What Came of the Visit to Fredericton—An Old Time Bill for Expenses—How Accounts are Swelled in Such Cases According to Methods Now in Vogue.

XIX.

Next morning we were up betimes, and after breakfast sallied forth to see the lions. To our minds the town presented rather a prosaic tinge. Members had not begun to move about—indeed scarcely the inhabitants had yet thought of turning out, for there were not more than a dozen people on the whole length of Queen street. We began the "lions" by inquiring for the jail, for we thought it just possible that by the time we got through we might be required to form some acquaintance with the interior of that interesting institution. After "doing" the Jail and feeling somewhat reassured—or that it was not such a bad looking place after all, we made for the Cathedral, then in the course of construction—the roof not being yet on—and felt somewhat better than on looking at the Jail. But the real Mecca itself—viz: the Province Building, was the thought uppermost in our minds, and at eleven o'clock we crossed "the bridge of sighs," and entered its portals, carrying heavy arctic coats on our feet, and our hearts in our mouths, feeling pretty much like persons attending the Queen's drawing room for the first time with the grand chamberlain going before, and so into the presence of Majesty itself. On entering the sacred precincts we encountered Mr. Needham, the librarian,—for be it known that the library and House entries blended, as you passed through the main hall of the old building. That functionary looked upon us suspiciously, as much as to say by the expression on his countenance "what business have you here?" We soon relieved him of his embarrassment by informing him that we were the representatives of the fourth estate from St. John. This information produced a talismanic effect upon our interlocutor. Furthermore not only so, but one of us was commissioned by the Courier and the other the Morning News. Enough. In place of being ushered into the gallery—twenty by thirty in size,—we were politely shown into the lobby by the Sergeant at Arms, Mr. Gardiner, after being handed over to that official by the librarian, the place of honor reserved for distinguished visitors, and seated ourselves upon richly upholstered arm-chairs. And so, for the first time in our lives, we really felt that we were somebody after all. A good beginning, then, you will say. But neither of us—when we began to come to our senses and get our breath in its normal condition—could understand, in the first place, why the Sergeant-at-Arms carried a sword, or why the Speaker wore his hat when in the chair. In fact, we haven't been enlightened up to this day, but no doubt it is constitutional, which nomenclature covers a multitude of political mysteries. But what struck us most on entering the chamber was to find that there were but three members present while the Chaplain was saying prayers, unless it might have been for the reason that all the absentees were good religious men, and did not require the prayers of Dr. Brooke, the Chaplain! In the course of the morning the House filled up, when the Speaker was seen to emerge from a side room, clothed in silk gown, with bands on his neck and a shining beaver on his head (this was John Wesley Weldon), preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms, with drawn sword—altogether a scene most imposing, and to our unsophisticated visions and plastic brains very impressive. The next rare thing that attracted our attention was in the small boys (pages) running about among the desks, flitting from one to another with notes in their hands, which hon. members would accept and give their own, as it were in exchange. I remarked to Seeds in a whisper, "Why, in the name of common sense, are they required to keep up their correspondence in this fashion—why don't they get up and deliver their messages verbally?" Before we left Fredericton, however, we found out what this all meant, and that the missiles in the hands of the boys were invitations from private families to members to dinner or supper, or a game of whist, at a set time, a new way of cheating her Majesty's mails. Every member seemed to take snuff, as this nasal commodity was going the rounds continually, and formed one of the contingent items in the House expenses.

But now came the grand ordeal through which we innocents had to pass, and for which we came all the way to Fredericton. In the course of the afternoon we were summoned by the Sergeant-at-Arms to go up stairs, and into the Committee Room, a dingy, low ceiling apartment, where were assembled the Finance Committee, composed of W. J. Ritchie, Chairman; (present Sir Wm., Chief Justice of Canada), John R. Partelow, (the great political gun of the day), James Brown, James Boyd, and two other gentlemen whose names I have forgotten. They were seated about a long pine table, Ritchie at the head. The accounts of the Queen's Printer were placed in our hands. We examined them, talked together privately, and I suggested to Seeds, sub. rosa, wherein I considered considerable saving might be made, if a certain course were adopted, to

which suggestion my fellow collaborator assented, and he being the senior I asked him to act as spokesman, but he declined, as he was "unaccustomed to public speaking." On handing back the accounts to the Chairman, I remarked that as they appeared to us the work having been done, we could not see how the charges could very well be cut down; but, said I, a change in the system would be advisable for the future—and but ere I could finish the sentence I was brought up all standing by one of the committee—

"Nar—nar—nar—non o' that. We want'narn of yer advice—You coom here to oxomine the accoonts—nair mair, nair lees—when we want ye 't tell's what to day, we'll ax ye."

I was thunder struck at this interruption, and felt a "breach of privilege" had already been committed, and the pains and penalties in connection therewith, the old jail, and thought of my poor family at home. Seeds was quite complaisant under the circumstance, and no doubt was glad that he had not assumed the office of spokesman. I trembled all over, not knowing what to do—for I found out by this time I had certainly put my foot into the wrong place. Mr. Partelow, with a twinkle in his eye, cast a smile upon me which meant, "Don't mind him—I'll see that no harm comes of you," while the Chairman (who, at this period of his political career, was one of the greatest radicals in the province, and justly so—for he saw how things were worked at headquarters, and was bent upon reform) threw in, "Why not? Let us have the suggestion."

"Nar—nar—nar"—ejaculated our censor from the land of brown heath and shaggy wood, land of the mountain and the flood. It being Ritchie's first session, and feeling no doubt it might go hard with himself as well as us, he did not insist. So we left the accounts as we found them, and all our trouble in going to Fredericton was barren in results.

On leaving the committee-room, Mr. Partelow, being the great financial man of the province, told us to make out our bills, including all expenses, and he would pay them before we left Fredericton.

Accordingly, we set to work that evening to calculate our expenses, which we did in this fashion:

Trip from St. John, up and down, \$3 each way, \$6—for two.....\$12.00 Expenses on the road for two..... 2.00 Three days' board, at \$1..... 6.00 \$20.00 So far so well. But Seeds and I differed in respect to one point, or rather pint. During each day, at dinner time, I had a pint bottle of porter, the cost for which amounted to 3s., or 60 cents (Seeds drank nothing stronger than water) and when I declared to my friend that these 3s. should go into the bill, he resisted, on the ground that it did not properly come under the head of necessary expenses. I was determined that it should go into the bill, for why should I be obliged not to drink port in Fredericton, when I could get and always had it at home? There was no getting over this argument ad judicium, and so the porter carried the day, and went into the bill.

Next morning we presented our Bills to Mr. Partelow with great misgivings that he would draw his pen over the porter. He merely looked at the total, gave a check for the amount and we parted. No doubt, the hon. gentleman regarded us both with pity, if not contempt, for our simplicity, or rather greenness, in not knowing how to make out bills in such cases. But unfortunately for our pockets we were conscientious, and dealt with the public money as we would with our own.

According to the more modern scale, our Bills which amounted to \$10.00 each, should have been made out in this fashion:

Passage up and down..... \$ 6.00 Expenses on the road..... 4.00 Three days Board at \$2 each..... 12.00 Time—\$10 per day, 5 days absent..... 100.00 Contingencies, \$5 each..... 10.00 \$132.00

I have no doubt that time is charged in every bill for travelling expenses, then why should not our time have been charged, for it was equally valuable to us? But, no, we went upon the principle that our business was going on just as well in our absence, and therefore, why should we ask for \$10 a day—time?

Mr. Seeds has long since crossed the dark river—one of the most worthy, upright citizens that St. John has ever produced. He was quiet and unassuming, but honest, honorable, and straightforward in all his dealings and intercourse with his fellow men.

THE THYCKE FOGGE PAPERS.

The Sage Reminiscence on the Gladsome Season of Easter, and so forth.

No. IV.

Four or Five of Us strolled into the palatial mansion of Our friend the Hon. Thyckke Fogge an evening or so ago, and found that worthy exponent of every subject known to mankind, gracefully reclining in his own particular chair, surrounded by the fragrant mist of the best three-for-a-quarter domestic to be got in the city, carelessly fondling a spoon which in some mysterious way seemed to have an affinity towards a goblet rare and chased, which stood and steamed at the Senator's elbow, and with a far away look in his eye which invited comment.

We, after duly helping ourselves as is Our custom, enquired of Our Honorable friend what was the reason of this pensiveness, and thus he answered Us.

"My dear young friends, there are certain seasons of the year when, as one grows older, one feels thoughtful, becomes both retrospective and introspective, as it were, in short a man thinks of things more seriously than when he was a gay young racker, pounder, and high-roller generally, like most of you"—here he was interrupted by a decidedly negative murmur from All of Us, except Second, who was very much engaged taking an observation—

"Now, continued the Sage, Easter tide and Christmas time are to me seasons that put me in the thinking mood, and as you came in I had my thinking cap well fastened on. The object of my thoughts? you ask, well how many people remember their thoughts. The season and its celebration ran through my mind, for old freethinker and agnostic that I am, I respect the ideas of other people. I care not if the present celebration is merely a relic of paganism, symbolizing the return of spring, mixed up with a reminder of an old Jewish feast, with Christian annex. The great mother church chooses to make it one of her great events, and she has been and is followed to a greater or less extent by the other denominations. In connection with the thoughts of the time came one as to what some of the departed members of one of our leading churches would say, could they voice their notions of the change in the musical department of their sanctuary. I fancy some of them would strike a very discordant chord on their harps at the sight of a procession of white robed choristers swinging up the aisles of old Trinity.

Dear little souls In clean linen stoles Swinging their censers and making a smell, but then they may not have censers, which might have a mitigating effect. I fancy from what I have heard that the style of the cassock and surplice worn by the fifteen boys and twelve men who will claim the ears of the congregation on Easter morn will be such as to afford a sight for gods and men, for instead of putting these necessary chorister uniforms in the hands of some one capable of making them, they were built by volunteer contract, and the result in several cases has, I understand, been something awful, one garment having gone through five hands before being completed.

Another thought ran through my mind. When I was many years younger, in a fit of temporary sobriety, I joined a temperance body known as Chalky Cliff lodge, and in those days it was a prosperous and harmonious institution, although I am free to confess that it was not unusual for the members to smash the constitution all to pieces on occasions. A friend of mine lately joined this same lodge, but owing to force of circumstances and the fact of somebody having a birthday, he felt compelled to disregard his obligation to the body and inconspicuously got full. As he is rather a clever fellow and somewhat given to writing and speaking, it struck me that he could a tale unfold and give to the world his experience as a temperance man under some such title as "Twenty days on a keg; or Dry leaves from a Fool's Diary."

By this time Most of Us were asleep, so the Senator informed Us that he had no further use for Us that night, and that we had better get home and sober up.

PUSS IN THE CORNER.

The Old Game Played Again by the Scott Act Lawyers of Moncton.

Did you ever play "puss in the corner" when you were young? Well, I did! and, by the way, Artemus Ward did, too, on one occasion, and a very nice time he had; but I did not intend to compare myself with him by any means. If I remember aright, the game consisted of a rapid exchange of situations on the part of the players. Sometimes the transfer of corners was effected with such breathless rapidity that the participants bumped against each other in passing, or fell against the wall in their haste, when the game often ended in lamentations loud and bitter.

Now, some of the late proceedings of the powers that be, in Moncton, remind me very forcibly of a game of "puss in the corner." To begin with, the Scott Act, which represents the coveted corner, has anticipated the flowers that bloom in the spring by coming to life with renewed vigor, and the amount of excitement that hoary-headed failure has managed to create is amazing, when one considers what a chestnut it is.

One thing that helps to account for the

new impetus given to this flagging industry is the fact of the extraordinary change of position which has taken place on the part of the lawyers who are engaged in the game. If it is hard for the average mind to picture Mr. George P. Thomas in the role of a Scott Act Prosecutor, how utterly impossible must it be for the man of only ordinary ability to imagine Mr. David Grant defending the prosecuted parties? Verily these legal gentlemen have indeed exchanged corners! and the outside public are still standing in open mouthed astonishment, and trying to recover their breath. I really think they must feel a little awkward themselves under these altered circumstances. How could it be otherwise? Just fancy Mr. Grant carefully refuting all his own arguments of last year, condemning those very temperance people whose doctrines he literally swore by but six short months ago, and then when you have allowed your jaded brain sufficient time to grasp the idea, turn to the other side of the picture if you are not too tired, and refresh your flagging energies with the great moral spectacle of Mr. Thomas prosecuting Scott Act offenders and contradicting himself—that is the self of last year of course—at every turn. Oh it is a very refreshing mental exercise to try and place all this before one's mind at once, only the panorama is almost too extensive and the scope afforded too wide.

How lucky those farsighted lawyers have been. They both made quite a snug little sum out of the Scott Act last year, and they are going right along and doing the same thing this year, only on different sides, it seems like an interchange of characteristics between a lion and a lamb, a metaphysical problem for Moncton folks to solve.

When a man talks in a way you don't understand, about something which he doesn't understand, them metaphysicians," so I don't understand it at all. I had better stop now and try to study it out.

THE LEGACY OF LENT.

The Recent Hush in Worldly Contention, and What It Teaches.

There are legacies of knowledge, legacies of freedom, legacies of institutions from the past. Some of them have been much handled and mishandled. Some of them are little more than ecclesiastical ornaments or bric-a-brac. Others are still full of significance. So there are spiritual legacies of the past; and Lent is one of them. To be sure, as often observed, it has very little spiritual significance, and may be reduced to a mechanical, routine form of service. A large section of the Protestant church pays little regard to it, and can furnish very good grounds for giving up a service the observance of which ceased to be beneficial. Nevertheless the main interest of Lent for us is that it is a legacy which is related to the spiritual and moral life of the world, of retirement from this rapid whirl, to get a new poise which can come only through deeper calm. Any withdrawal from the life of the world for monkish self-perfection is a form of pietistic selfishness. The office of religion is not fulfilled in this way. But to withdraw from active service and contention of life for a season, be it a week or a day or even an hour, that we may prepare ourselves better to enter again the arena, has in it the essence of a sound philosophy. We may or we may not keep the Lent of the Church, but we all need to seek some Lent for the soul.—Christian Register.

JOYFUL EASTER. The word Easter speaks to us of the time when the ancient Germans styled their fancied goddess of the spring Ostara, or Eostra, to whom the month of April was dedicated. From her the month was called, as near as our letters will form the word, Easter-month. Her festival coincided very nearly with the Christian Easter, and finally was merged in it.

This lovely feast needs no effort of the imagination to justify it. The grateful warmth, the brilliant sunshine, the singing of birds, the hum of insects, the emerald-green of the grass, the swelling buds, the opening flowers, the labors of the farm and garden resumed, all that we see and all that we hear attune the heart to joy. The time has never been when this glorious and universal resurrection of natural life has not brought rapture to the long-suffering sons and daughters of men. All the records of our race attest it; all the organized religions have sanctioned it.—Youth's Companion.

YOU WILL WANT

Spring Cleaning

- WHITEWASH BRUSHES, ALL SIZES AND PRICES. WINDOW BRUSHES; WHITING and DRY COLORS; Furniture Polish, "CHICKER"; FURNITURE VARNISH; SAPOLIO SAPOLINE; CARPET SOAP; OX GALL SOAP, etc., etc.

F. E. CRAIBE & CO., Druggists and Apothecaries, 35 KING STREET.

The City Market Clothing Hall IS NOT BEHIND TIME, BUT ALWAYS TO THE FRONT.

FIVE CASES OF NEW SPRING CLOTHS!

Scotch and English Tweeds and Suitings. 150 PANT PATTERNS, in the LATEST STYLES, to select from. A First-class cutter and good workmanship and every Garment warranted to fit or no take.

150 Dozen NEW TIES, ALL THE LATEST SPRING STYLES. The best ever shown. Try our ALL-WOOL PANTS, worth \$3.00, for \$2.00; only 300 pair left. 250 pair Boys' Pants, extra good value. A fine assortment of GENTLEMEN'S WATERPROOF COATS; A FULL STOCK OF GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

T. YOUNGCLAUS, Wholesale and Retail - 51 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Wood and Slate Mantel Pieces

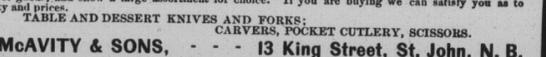


ARTISTIC OPEN FIRE PLACES, TILE HEARTHES, TILE FACINGS, REGISTER GRATES, BRASS ANDIRONS and FENDERS, OPEN FIRE PLACE FIXTURES of every description.

Our assortment of goods in the above lines is very extensive, and we solicit an inspection of same from Builders, Architects and all others interested. Our facilities for the manufacture and importation of these goods are such That we can safely guarantee our Prices beyond Competition.

EMERSON & FISHER, Manufacturers and Importers, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

ENGLISH CUTLERY.



OUR SPRING STOCK OF CUTLERY is now open for inspection. We import only the best makes of goods, and show a large assortment for choice. If you are buying we can satisfy you as to quality and price. TABLE AND DESERT KNIVES AND FORKS; CARVERS, POCKET CUTLERY, SCISSORS.

T. McAVITY & SONS, - 13 King Street, St. John, N. B.

THE NEW CROCKERY STORE, 94 KING STREET.

China Tea Sets. I have just received and am now showing the FINEST assortment of CHINA TEA SETS ever offered in this City. Prices as Low as ever. C. MASTERS.

Ornament is not a luxury, but one of the minds necessities, which is gratified by means of the eye. Where the architect ends the decorative painter commences, bestowing here some brilliant colors and there some soft predominating tint.



House Painters, Wall and Ceiling Decorators and Paper Hangers. ESTIMATES GIVEN.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU

PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. St. John, N.B. SAMPLES, & PRICES FURNISHED, CHEERFULLY.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 Prince William Street.

Kindly remember us when you are selecting your purchases. We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all, of FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, PLATED WARE. We invite you to call and see our stock. 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Paints and Oils. CHAMPION SAFES!

A FULL LINE OF BRUSHES and PAINTERS' REQUISITES. FIRE PROOF; BURGLAR PROOF. Lowest Prices! Best Terms! Send for circular to E. B. ELLIOT, 139 Granville St., HALIFAX, N. S.

EVERY CHILD A M...

A little kingdom I possess Where thoughts and feelings dwell And very hard I find the task Of governing it well; For passion tempts and trouble A wayward will misleads And selfishness its shadow On all my words and deeds How can I learn to rule my kingdom? To be the child I should, Honest and brave, nor shrieve, Of trying to be good? How can I keep a sunny smile To shine along life's way? How can I tame my little kingdom To sweetly sing all day? Dear Father, help me with this task That catcheth out my fears Teach me to lean on thee, That thou art very near, That no temptation is unseen, No childish grief too small Since thou, with patience I trust, Dost soothe and comfort me I do not ask for any crown But that which all may wear Nor seek to conquer any world Except the one within me Be thou my guide until I die Led by a tender hand, Thy happy kingdom in my heart And dare to take command

MISS GAYFORD!

"That's a remarkably handsome man for a groom," said dryly. Dick Dimsdale turned to in a smart livery who was hunter up and down the driest merriest of all English scoundrels the grounds of an old countess air was crisp and fresh, and brick mansion, the brown and the wide windy sky background to the animated-coated horsemen. There I breakfast at Dormer Grand young mistress stook at watching her guests mount "Handsome?" repeated with a queer laugh. "O, too, do you? I can't say in him myself. But Miss staying at the Travers's who for the hunting last year, a same groom, Weston, with "I must say he looks up set up and gentlemanly. be a 'sub' in a cavalry reg Lady Dormer, with a good At that instant there was stir among the group of which betokens the appearance of a woman in the well-made girl, whose dark lips were set off by the smoothes, came laughingly down She was at once surrounded by younger men, with each of whom she seemed to be on terms. And yet it was no less a groom as the other allowed to swing the Irish saddle.

"By Jove! isn't that ratted Dimsdale to himself, actually whispering to that I know young women who pretty free-and-easy now it! they surely don't flirt boys?" and the gallant of his annoyance. He was men who are loth to believe the worst—especially of women. "Isn't Evelyn lovely?" mer, with the supreme one noted beauty can afford other. "Fifteen thousand no father, mother, or tire and eyelashes which may countess any day. Take advice, go in and win. And Capt. Dimsdale the know how. At any rate he self he would not fail for a Mounding his hunter trotted after the heiress, forestalling Lord St. Leg had not yet been brought stables. His pertinacity for it was he piloted the Gayford across country the Some how or other, men of Dick Dimsdale. So shady stories were about women, on the other hand ally popular. "Handsome fair cynics used to say, looking not to have enemy his debts, what of that? I man had little financial one was to know only p their tailors' bills, why, we have to take to the play, as to Hurlingham with? Even pace in the—th Dragon evolution with the rest officers."

So thoroughly, indeed, dale swum with the tide, on the verge of ruin; and revolted at the prospect of fetters, he determined in to make the running with he argued to himself, ferred red coats to black, moreover, were notorious! Why, therefore, should decent chance of making the beautiful Eileen's c girl of twenty-two from could hardly have heard of dilloes—those social ba made men fight shy of a With women, at any rate a favorite.

As yet, however, he had way. He had been nearly heiress under Lady Dormer roof, and more than once had administered to him smothering. But Dick Dim be put off by such trifles like, and, to do him justice, marked aversion was an a perience for him. Perhaps he argued to himself; so keep a fellow off as long surrender presently at hand. But even Dick, divided own faculty, could hardly if anybody in the house not himself. True, the young Earl much like a bi as Dimsdale argued to

Clothing Hall
SPRING CLOTHS!
LAUS,
CHARLOTTE STREET.
Antel Pieces
REGISTER GRATES,
and FENDERS.
EMERSON & FISHER,
79 Prince Wm. Street.
RY STORE,
SETS.
MASTERS.
THORNE,
Street.
ION SAFES!

EVERY CHILD A MONARCH.

A little kingdom I possess,
 Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
 And every wish I find a task
 Of governing it well;
 For passion tempts and troubles me,
 A wayward will misleads,
 And selfishness its shadow casts
 On all my words and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,
 To be the child I should,
 Honest and brave, nor ever tire
 Of trying to be good?
 How can I keep a sunny soul
 To shine along life's way?
 How can I tune my little heart
 To sweetly sing all day?

Dear Father, help me with the love
 That casteth out my fear;
 Teach me to lean on thee, and feel
 That thou art very near,
 That no temptation is unseen,
 No childish grief too small,
 Since thou, with patience infinite,
 Dost soothe and comfort all.

I do not ask for any crown
 But that which all may win,
 Nor seek to conquer any world
 Except this one of mine;
 Be then my guide until I find,
 Led by a tender hand,
 Thy happy kingdom in myself,
 And dare to take command.

—Louisa M. Alcott.

MISS GAYFORD'S GROOM.

"That's a remarkably handsome young man for a groom," said Lady Dornier.

Dick Dimsdale turned to look at a man in a smart livery who was leading a lady's hunter up and down the drive. It was that merriest of all English scenes—a meet in the grounds of an old country house. The air was crisp and fresh, and the quaint red-brick mansion, the brown-branched trees, and the wide windy sky, made a typical background to the animated group of pink-coated horsemen. There had been a breakfast at Dornier Grange, and now its young mistress stood at the hall door watching her guests mount.

"Handsome!" repeated Capt. Dimsdale, with a queer laugh. "O, you think so, too, do you? I can't say I see anything in him myself. But Miss Gayford was staying at the Traverses when I was there for the hunting last year, and she had this same groom, Weston, with her then."

"I must say he looks uncommonly well set up and gentlemanly. Why, he might be a 'sub' in a cavalry regiment," replied Lady Dornier, with a good-natured laugh.

At that instant there was that bustle and stir among the group of assembled men which betokens the appearance of "the prettiest woman in the house." A tall, well-made girl, whose dark hair and scarlet lips were set off by the smartest of "pink" coats, came laughing down the hall-steps. She was at once surrounded by all the younger men, with each of whom Miss Gayford seemed to be on the closest terms. And yet it was neither Lord St. Leger nor any of the other guests who was allowed to swing the Irish beauty into her saddle.

"By Jove! isn't that rather hot?" muttered Dimsdale to that infernal groom! I know young women with money are pretty free-and-easy nowadays, but hang it! they surely don't flirt with the stable boys?" and the gallant captain whistled his annoyance. He was of the order of men who are loath to believe anything but the worst—especially of women.

"Isn't Eileen lovely?" cried Lady Dornier, with the supreme generosity which one noted beauty can afford to show another. "Fifteen thousand a year, Dick—no father, mother, or tiresome relations, and eyelashes which may make her a countess any day. Take an old friend's advice, go in and win—you know how."

And Capt. Dimsdale thought that he did know how. At any rate he promised himself he would not fail for want of trying.

Mounting his hunter promptly, Dick trotted after the beirress, in the hopes of forestalling Lord St. Leger, whose horse had not yet been brought round from the stables. His pertinacity was rewarded, for it was he who piloted the beautiful Miss Gayford across country that day.

Somehow or other, men fought rather shy of Dick Dimsdale. Several vulgar, shabby stories were afloat about him. With women, on the other hand, he was perennially popular. "Handsome Dick," these fair cynics used to say, "was too good looking not to have enemies. And as for his debts, what of that? Every nice young man had little financial difficulties, and if one was to know only people who paid their tailors' bills, why, whom would one have to take to the play, and to drive down to Hurlingham with?" Everybody went the pace in the—th Dragoon Guards, and naturally 'dear Dick' performed that familiar evolution with the rest of his brother officers."

So thoroughly, indeed, had Capt. Dimsdale swum with the tide, that he was now on the verge of ruin; and so, much as he revolved at the prospects of matrimonial fetters, he determined in his desperation to make the running with the Irish. Girls, he argued to himself, proverbially preferred red coats to black, and Irishwomen, moreover, were notoriously impressionable. Why, therefore, should he not stand a decent chance of making himself master of the beautiful Eileen's cheque-book? A girl of twenty-two from county Meath could hardly be heard of his little pecuniary dilator—those social backslidings which made men fight shy of him at the clubs. With women, at any rate, he was always a favorite.

As yet, however, he had made very little way. He had been nearly a week with the beirress under Lady Dornier's hospitable roof, and more than once Miss Gayford had administered to him an unmistakable snubbing. But Dick Dimsdale was not to be put off by such trifles as a girl's dislike, and, to do him justice, Miss Gayford's marked aversion was an almost unique experience for him. Perhaps it was her way, he argued to himself; some women like to keep a fellow off as long as they can, to surrender presently at discretion.

But even Dick, blinded as he was by his own vanity, could hardly help seeing that if anybody in the house-party interested Miss Gayford, it was Lord St. Leger, and not himself. True, the girl treated the young Earl much like a brother; but then, as Dimsdale argued to himself, these

friendships all ended in the same old story. By some means or other, St. Leger must be got out of the running. Dick could not let this chance slip. Only that morning he had had a letter from his major, requesting the settlement of a gambling debt to the tune of £2,000. This, of course, must be paid, but how was he to raise the wind? Now, any of the tribe of Israel would advance him that sum if he were publicly announced as engaged to Miss Gayford, one of the biggest heiresses of the day.

But Fate was against the gallant captain's matrimonial projects. Coming home that afternoon with Miss Eileen, in a dark lane, he hazarded some love-making, and received a very serious rebuff.

"Confound that girl!" he muttered to himself, as he dressed for dinner. "She made me feel a thorough fool just now! She shall pay for that some day. I'll be even with her yet."

On Sunday morning, when the carriages came round to take the guests to church, only one of the party failed to put in an appearance, and that was Miss Gayford. A maid tripped down the stairs, and the mistress had a sudden attack of neuralgia, and was lying down; and Lady Dornier, counselling quinine, collected her guests and drove to church. No one noticed that Capt. Dimsdale was missing.

"Deuced odd," mused that young gentleman, as he wandered about the empty rooms and conservatories. "She looks as fit as a new pin at breakfast. I think I'll hang about and see what my young lady's up to."

Lady Dornier was very punctilious on the subject of church, and insisted on as many of her servants attending morning service as could possibly be spared, so that Dimsdale found the tables deserted when he strolled down to smoke a cigar in his favorite lounge-place. "It's beastly dull work," thought Dick, "spending a morning by oneself. A fellow ought to have an unattractively good conscience to be able to stand such of his own society."

There was not a single groom or stable boy about, so he strolled into the various loose-boxes, making a critical examination of their inmates. "I'll just have a look," he said, "at those two hunters of Miss Eileen's. The girl's no fool; she knows a good horse when she sees one."

Pushing open the door, he saw a sight which made him whistle under his breath. Miss Gayford, the great Irish heiress, was hiding a blushing face on the shoulder of John Weston, her groom.

"That will do nicely," muttered Dick, closing the door softly, and going out. "So that's why we don't care about peers or military men. Quite romantic upon my soul! I think I'm even with her now."

That night in the smoking-room he detained St. Leger after the rest of the men had turned in. The young Earl's face was a study as he heard Captain Dimsdale's whispered communication.

"It's a lie, and you know it," was all he said. "I shall inform Lady Dornier tomorrow of your behavior to one of her guests."

Dick Dimsdale went to his room tormented by doubts and fears. St. Leger, it was obvious, was so much gone on the girl that he would believe nothing against her. If Dick failed to prove his case, it would mean social ostracism forever; for not even his most ardent admirers would care to have a tame cat about who was known to be capable of showing such very sharp claws. The next thing would be to take terms with the girl herself. Surely no woman in her senses would refuse the shelter of his name under the circus stables! And the terms must be made at once—before St. Leger had had time to tell Lady Dornier of his dubious insinuations. At eight o'clock he scribbled a few lines on a bit of paper, and commissioned a housemaid to convey his message to Miss Gayford.

Half-an-hour later the heiress met him in the conservatory, where he had begged for an interview. She looked a trifle pale, but was perfectly self-possessed.

"You wish to see me?" she said coldly, without offering her hand.

"I do. The fact is, Miss Gayford, I want to give you a little friendly advice."

"I was not aware," replied Eileen "that I was in need of any."

"Well, opinions differ. Some girls would think they wanted help in your position. Do you know," he added, watching her narrowly, "that I happened to go into the stables on Sunday morning when the others were all at church?"

Miss Gayford's face turned whiter still as she whispered with clenched teeth: "So playing the spy is one of your amusements, is it?"

"My dear girl, don't get angry. The truth is, I love you, and I am willing to forget and forgive everything if you will consent to be my wife. No living soul shall ever know that story if you marry me."

"Thanks, awfully," replied the heiress, with an amused laugh. "Ever since I met you, Captain Dimsdale, you have persecuted me with your insinuating attentions, but you have never insulted me so much as by asking me to be your wife."

"Very well, Miss Gayford," retorted Dick, who had now lost his head completely. "I must tell you that, as an old friend of Lady Dornier's I feel bound to inform her of what is going on under her roof."

"Threats!" said Eileen, raising her eyebrows. "I am afraid you are expending your ingenuity in vain. And to spare you any future trouble, I beg to inform you that I told Lady Dornier the whole story last night."

"You told Lady Dornier?"

"That John Weston is my husband. I married him by special license more than two months ago."

"The deuce you did!" shouted Dick, who added, with mock courtesy: "I congratulate you, I'm sure. Hope the young man will prove satisfactory in his new line. I shouldn't have thought, though, that you need have gone to a stable for a husband."

"Since you have done me the honor," replied Eileen quickly, "of interfering in my private affairs, I may tell you that John Weston is a gentleman—his birth is as good as mine; but his father—one of the Irish landlords who have been ruined by the League—left him without a penny. The only thing which Jack understood thoroughly was horses, and he was just going to enlist in a cavalry regiment when I offered him the place of head-groom in my stables. He happens to be one of those men who would rather work honestly for a living than sponge on other people. Every

Now Showing in the Cloth Department
MORE THAN
160 NEW DESIGNS,
COLORS, Etc.,
—IN—
Ladies' Cloths
—FOR—
SPRING, 1890.

WE are prepared to MAKE UP TO ORDER in the Latest Style, all kinds of COATS, MANTLES, JACKETS, or COACHING CAPES.

Ladies have an immense variety of materials and colors, or designs, to select from, and we copy any late Foreign novelties in made-up garments imported as patterns from London, Berlin and Paris.

Prices reasonable consistent with First-class work and style.

Patterns of cloths and measurement forms for SELF-MEASUREMENT sent to Ladies FREE on application.

MANCHESTER,
ROBERTSON,
and ALLISON.

THE FATE OF WI-JUN-JON

Wi-jun-jon was an Assinaboine chief. He went in all of his Indian toggery to see the Great Father at Washington. He returned to the Yellowstone country outfitted as a dude of the year 1882. When Wi-jun-jon was on his way to Washington he stopped at St. Louis, and reluctantly yielded to the request of George Catlin, the artist, to be permitted to paint him. During the ordeal, for such it was to the Indian, he stood "sullen as death." As a model he was perfect, but it was evident that the struggle for self control was almost too much for him.

The artist remained in St. Louis the winter of 1881-82. Artist and Indian met in the spring. They were fellow passengers on the first steambot which ascended the Missouri, the Yellowstone, commissioned by the American Fur Company. Wi-jun-jon made his appearance as the boat was about to start. What a transformation! During his winter in Washington he had been a social lion. He had seen everybody and everything. He had been completely captivated by civilization. And here was the result. Every article of his Indian wardrobe had been discarded. He wore a suit of blue broad-cloth. On his shoulders he wore epaulets. His coat and trousers were trimmed with gold lace in profusion. Moccasins had given place to high-heeled boots. His hat was a tall beaver, and above it nodded a long red plume. The hat band was of silver lace. A broad blue ribbon around the neck supported a big silver medal. White kid gloves, a blue umbrella, and a fan completed the unfortunate Indian's outfit. Wi-jun-jon had learned to smoke cigars and to whistle "Yankee Doodle." Civilization had loosened his tongue. He was proud of his clothes, and of his accomplishments. He never tired of talking of what he had seen in Washington.

It was a great day among the Assinaboines when their travelled Indian returned. But the second day after his return the dismantling began. The flowing skirts of his broadcloth coat went first. With their

gold-lace trimming they made a pair of gaiters for Mrs. Wi-jun-jon. The rest of the coat returned chief bestowed upon his brother. The hand of silver lace disappeared from the hat and made its appearance around a squaw's leg. The third day found the chief in moccasins and buckskin leggings, above which a fine linen shirt, with studs and sleeve buttons, was displayed. In a week Wi-jun-jon had exhausted the stock of freewater brought all the way from Washington, and had given away everything he had brought with him except the blue umbrella. To that he clung. As he sobred up he began to tell in detail what he had seen. He described in his way the patent office and the models of machinery. He pictured the ascent of a balloon, a review of troops, the battle ship, the big guns, the steamboats, the stages. Every day he had a fresh story. At first the Assinaboines listened in great wonderment. Then they began to doubt. Before long Wi-jun-jon was openly denounced as a liar. But he talked on. The other Indians called him "lying medicine." But his words had no effect upon the chief. He continued to talk. Fear took the place of contempt. One of the tribe concluded that it would be a public spirited act to stop the tongue of Wi-jun-jon. In his Indian simplicity he argued that an ordinary bullet never had no effect upon such a romantic. He studied over various plans for getting rid of the talker. At length the suggestion came to him in a dream. He hung around the fur company's store at the mouth of the Yellowstone until he found the opportunity to steal the handle of an iron pot. This he took into the woods and battered until it was straight and round and would go into the barrel of a gun. When he was ready he charged his gun with the fearful missile and walked into camp. He found Wi-jun-jon telling one of his marvellous tales, slipped up behind, put the muzzle of the gun almost to the talker's head and blew out his brains.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

NEUROUS DISEASES.

Some Interesting Facts About These Too Common Affections—Encouragement for the Sufferers—How Even the Worst Cases Can Be Cured, and the Patient Live to Good Old Age.

NEUROUS TROUBLES WHICH MAY BE EASILY CURED.

If the nerves get tired easily, the sleep is poor, and there is lack of brain force, don't think that the sure end is the insane asylum or the grave. Of course if these symptoms are not attended to in season, there is a very strong probability of serious results. One of the worst features of this nerve exhaustion is that there is not enough vitality left to resist fever, pneumonia, or other dangerous illness, and the apparently vigorous person is an easy prey for death.

That is an overpowering reason for taking care of the nerves. But it is not the strongest. Better a sudden, unexpected death than the living death in the insane asylum, which is too often the end of neglected brain and nervous diseases. In the first stages of nervous affections, Paine's Celery Compound is a positive cure. And it has often cured those whom friends and physicians had given but a few days to live. Mr. Richard D. Young, the well known performer of 100 William St., New York, is always glad to tell any inquirer how he was cured of insanity by Paine's Celery Compound. Others will tell you how it cured them of paralysis, St. Vitus's dance, and the most serious forms of nerve and brain diseases.

This medicine is a pure scientific preparation that strengthens the nerves and restores the brain to vigor. Use it and see how soon the return of strong memory, clear sightedness in business affairs, and energetic feelings, will prove the wonderful power of this grand invigorator.—*Advt.*

Weird Ornaments For Women.

"The proper brooch to have nowadays," said a leading jeweller recently, "is an orchid flower pin, and stranger, weirder jewelry never was devised. The orchids are copied of full natural size and it's like peering down into a tropic jungle where snakes' mouths are hissing and snakes' eyes are gleaming to look at the beautiful, dainty, unearthly forms in their droll browns and yellows, their vivid orange and pink and green tones. Sometimes a long forked tongue is run out gleaming with diamonds, and again the stem is a coil of emeralds about to spring. It's only women of rare and strange beauty who can properly wear orchid flower jewelry. The homely clover head with diamond dew-drops is safer for the many, or the large flowered forget-me-not, or blue back-lors' buttons.

The Jumbo of Oysters.

At the Baptist ministers' weekly conference yesterday the topic was "Heaven—is it a place or a condition?" In the course of the discussion the Rev. Dr. Hartman said: "I think that our occupation of heaven will be greatly changed in the future. If the gate of heaven is but one pearl I would like to see the oyster from which it came. That story is old enough to have become a little fishy."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Haird's Balsam of Horehound promptly relieves and cures obstinate coughs, croup, hoarseness, and all affections of the throat and lungs. It gives immediate relief.—*Advt.*

He Was the Man.

A young man led a blushing female into the presence of the Rev. Dr. Carpenter.

"We want to be married," he said.

"Are you the Rev. Mr. Carpenter?"

"Yes," replied the genial minister, "Carpenter and joiner."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Any child will take McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup; it is not only exceedingly pleasant but is a sure remedy for all kinds of these pests. Look out for imitations. Get McLean's, the original and only genuine.—*Advt.*

Enjoy Sleep Awake.

Bridget—Enjoy sleep, is it? How could I? The minute I lay down I'm asleep, and the minute I'm awake I have to get up. Where's the time for enjoyin' it?—*Ex.*

A Doubter.

The Man with a Scheme—It's a big thing, to tell the truth.

The Man with the Money—Then why don't you tell it.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Knew How She Felt.

"I feel ejected!" exclaimed Mrs. Fangle.

"You mean dejected," said her husband with a superior air of wisdom.

"No; I mean ejected—I feel put out, you know."—*Judge.*

Like Easter Lilies.

Like Easter lilies, pure and white,
 Make them our hearts, O Lord of Light!
 Like Easter lilies, let them be
 Sweet pledges of love to Thee!
 —*Youth's Companion.*

ROBINSON'S PHOSPHORIZED EMULSION

Prove that conservative and common sense principles, observed in the fields of speculation, produce better results than in any other line of money employment. Buy and sell on margin. A method of dealing in stocks is that of buying and selling on margin. "A man who buys and sells on margin, makes the biggest profits, and generally speculates on 1 per cent, but those who think this too little protection can deposit as much margin as they desire.

We also buy and sell all speculative articles and commodities for cash.

On 1 per cent. margin \$100 controls 100 shares, and you can buy and sell through us from 10 shares up to 1000 in same way. \$500 invested in stocks often returns profits equaling the interest on \$100,000 in one year. We have many customers who draw splendid returns from capital of \$250, \$100, \$50 and \$25.

We deal in all the active New York stocks, in grain, provisions and petroleum. Ten shares (or equivalent) up to 1000, or any amount between, can be bought or sold.

We charge no interest, make immediate settlements, furnish latest market news, and give customers the benefit of our private wires to New York and Chicago.

Write or telegraph your orders. If you are not posted, write or call for our market pamphlet, free by mail. References to leading banks, bankers and business men of Boston.

No discretionary orders received.

Special attention to Orders by Mail.

C. S. WILLIAMS & CO.,
 28 CONGRESS STREET,
 26 Congress Sq., 66 Devonshire Street,
 and Quincy House,
BOSTON, Mass.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

RAILWAYS

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c.
 "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.

Commencing April 7, 1890.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, at 10.15 a. m.—Flying Yankee for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points North. Buffet Parlor Car St. John to Boston.

10.55 a. m.—Accommodation for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

4.10 p. m.—Fast Express, via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West, Houlton, and Woodstock.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL.
 10.45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate points.

10.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Fredericton, etc.

FULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.
 RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM
 Montreal, 7.35 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached.

Bangor at 6.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 7.35 p. m. Sleeping Car attached.

Yankeeboro at 7.15, 11.00, 11.45 a. m.; 12.10 p. m.

Woodstock at 6.00, 10.40 a. m.; 6.30 p. m.
 Houlton at 7.00, 11.40 a. m.; 6.30 p. m.
 St. Stephen at 7.05, 9.00, 11.55 a. m.
 St. Andrews at 6.30 a. m.
 Fredericton at 6.05, 11.20 a. m.; 12.30 p. m.
 Arriving in St. John at 5.45, 18.45 a. m.; 11.15, 12.20, 7.00 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE.
 10.10 a. m., for Fairville and West.
 10.30 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

Trains marked run daily except Sunday. Daily except Saturday. Daily except Monday.

F. W. CHAM, Gen. Manager.
 A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY!

St. Stephen and St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON and after THURSDAY, Oct. 3, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

LEAVE ST. JOHN at 1 p. m., and Carleton at 1.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p. m.; St. Stephen, 6 p. m.

LEAVE ST. STEPHEN at 7.45 a. m., St. George, 9.50 a. m., arriving in Carleton at 12.25 p. m., St. John at 12.40 p. m.

FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER STREET, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m.

BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water Street, where a truckman will be in attendance.

FRANK J. McPEAKE, Superintendent.
 St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889.

Intercolonial Railway.

1889—Winter Arrangement—1890

ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, (Sunday excepted) as follows—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
 Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.30
 Accommodation for Point du Chene..... 11.10
 Fast Express for Halifax..... 14.20
 Day Express for Quebec and Campbellton..... 16.20
 Express for Sussex..... 16.25

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 o'clock and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.20 and take Sleeping Car at Montreal.

The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 16.20, will run to destination on Sunday.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
 Express from Sussex..... 8.30
 Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 11.10
 Fast Express from Halifax..... 14.20
 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 16.20
 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave..... 23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Brettonche and Moncton Railway.

On and after MONDAY, 18th November, Trains will run as follows:

Leave BRETTONCHE, 8.30 | Leave MONCTON, 15.30
 Arr. Moncton..... 10.30 | Arr. Brettonche, 17.30

C. F. HANINGTON, Manager.
 Moncton, 14th Nov. 1889.

TICKETS

TO

MONTREAL and All Points West
 BY SHORTEST ROUTES.

Baggage Checked to Destination.
 Travellers' Insurance Tickets for Sale.

FRED. E. HANINGTON,
 TICKET AGENT, Intercolonial Depot.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,
 28 to 32 GERMANS STREET,
 ST. JOHN, N. B.

Modern Improvements. TERMS, \$1.00 per day.
 Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts.

W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

HOTEL DUFFERIN,
 ST. JOHN, N. B.

FRED A. JONES,
 Proprietor.

DELMONT HOUSE,
 ST. JOHN, N. B.

The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day.

J. SIMS, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL,
 FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

VICTORIA HOTEL,
 ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL,
 ST. JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

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, Chatham, and other places.

This week there has been nothing but church bells, showing that two denominations at least have been keeping Holy Week as it should be kept by them.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

MACAULAY, BROTHERS & CO., 61 and 63 KING STREET.

We can only call attention in newspaper space to the fact without any attempt at description, that we are now showing one of the most complete and elegant assortment of DRESS MATERIALS ever put forward at one time.

Ginghams, Sateens, Prints, French and English Wool Fabrics, IN ALL STYLES FROM PLAIN TO LARGEST PLAIDS.

PATTERN ROBE DRESSES, SILK DRESS GOODS in every New Make and Color. BLACK DRESS GOODS are a Special Department to which we give our best attention.

Our prices in Dress Department will be found moderate for qualities. Samples by Mail on application. MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

Ladies' Muslin Ties; DANIEL Chatelaine Bags; Bordered Veilings. RIBBONS; HDKFS.; FRILLINGS. London House Retail.

Jos. Kid Gloves; Lace Collarettes; Novelties in Fey. Goods. Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

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

This being a new departure our goods are all new and prices low. C. FLOOD & SONS. SEND 50 CENTS FOR ONE of our New HARD RUBBER FOUNTAIN PENS.

Sent to any address by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents. A perfect working Fountain Pen, thoroughly appreciated by writers.

LADIES' CLOTH WATERPROOF CLOAKS. Latest Spring Styles and Patterns. LOWEST PRICES. Headquarters Ladies' Dress Shields and Combs. AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 Charlotte St. Exclusive Rubber Store East of Boston.

BAIRD'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUND. Gives immediate relief. Causes easy expectoration, relieving CROUP, ASTHMA, CONGESTION, &c. It allays Irritation promptly, and is an excellent Tonic for the Throat. Sold everywhere.

A Danger Signal! A Cold in the Head may be aptly termed a danger signal warning you that if neglected that dangerous and disagreeable disease, Catarrh, is sure to follow, perhaps leading to Consumption and the grave.

Wm. Lucas, Dempsey Corners, N. S., writing for a second supply of Nasal Balm: "On Sept. 21 I got two bottles from you, and it has done me more good for Catarrh than all the other numerous and costly remedies and treatment I had tried."

Wm. Clark, baggage master, W. & A. Railway, Annapolis, N. S., writes: "Please send me another bottle of Nasal Balm as my first bottle is gone, and I believe, had I used it according to instructions, it would have cured me; as it is a very much better, in fact feel like another person."

Wm. Chas. Hanley, postmaster, Spry Bay, N. S., says: "I submit the following to the public that any one who may be afflicted may be benefited by the same remedy. Two bottles of your Nasal Balm has restored to perfect health a four year old child of ours suffering from Catarrh."

Robert C. Woodman, Digby, N. S., writes as follows: "Enclosed find \$1 for another large bottle of Nasal Balm which you will please send me by first mail. The bottle I sent for some time ago benefited me very much more than any other preparation I ever tried."

Mrs. M. Ray, Canoe, N. S., writes: "I have used Nasal Balm on several occasions with the children for cold in the head, and always find it effects a rapid cure."

Hanford Wolhamper, Bloomfield, N. B., writes: "I wish to inform you that I have been a sufferer from Catarrh for a long time, and have continually tried so-called remedies and Catarrh cures, but all to no purpose. At last I heard of Nasal Balm and was induced to try it. To my astonishment I found relief from first application, and now after two weeks use feel myself perfectly and thoroughly cured."

James H. McLeod, Mink River Road, N. S., says: "I have tried other remedies for Catarrh, but received no good from them. Your Nasal Balm is certainly the best remedy I have tried and all you claim for it. The fact that it is pleasant and convenient to use adds greatly to its value, but its chief worth lies in being a certain cure for that unpleasant disease—Catarrh."

Abraham Grant, Grand P. O., Westmorland, N. B., writes: "My daughter has used one bottle of Nasal Balm, and it has helped her Catarrh wonderfully. It gives general satisfaction in this neighborhood."

If Nasal Balm is not kept in stock by your dealer it will be sent post-paid on receipt of price (50 cents for small and \$1 for large size bottles) by addressing FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

Advertisement for 'THE ORB OF DAYS' and 'WASHERS' with various household items like 'Improved Wagon', 'Dowsell', 'Washing Machines', 'Wringing Mops', 'Chop Tea', and 'Licenses'.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark, of St. George, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Clark.

ELECTION CARDS. To the Electors of the City of Saint John. Mayor. At the request of a large number of citizens, I beg leave to announce that at the coming election, I will be a candidate for the position of Mayor.

ADJUDICATION. To the Electors of the City of Saint John. Mayor. At the solicitation of many of the citizens I have decided to again be a candidate for the office of Mayor.

ASSESSORS' NOTICE. THE BOARD OF ASSESSORS OF TAXES for the City of Saint John, in the present year, hereby require all persons liable to be rated, forthwith to furnish to the Assessors, True Statements of all their Real Estate, Personal Estate and Income.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP. MR. WILLIAM WELSH has entered into Co-partnership with MR. SAMUEL C. HUNTER and MR. JAMES H. HAMILTON, of the firm of HUNTER & HAMILTON, Dry Goods Merchants, 97 King Street, in this city, and the name of the firm will, from this date, be WELSH, HUNTER & HAMILTON.

TO LET. OFFICES IN PALMER'S CHAMBERS, with separate vaults, and steam heat. Apply for particulars to THE LIQUIDATORS OF THE MARIAGE BANK OF THE D. OF C., Bayard's Building, Prince William Street.

ERBINE BITTERS. Cures Sick Headache. Purifies the Blood. Cures Indigestion. The Ladies' Friend. Cures Dyspepsia. For Biliousness. Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

To attempt to criticise the work of that king of fiction and of pathos, Alphonse Daudet, seems at first sight nothing short of presumption, and yet in the book before me, Jack—Routledge and Sons, London, and New York—there is much room for criticism, both favorable and adverse.

Jack is Daudet's latest book, at least the latest of his works that has reached us, for of course, the translation takes some time. It is profusely, and artistically illustrated, by Myrbach, and comes in holiday form.

Much credit is due to the translator, "Laura Ensor," for the breadth and clearness of style which characterise the story, Jack, being far away the best French translation that, in my limited experience, I have ever read; there is not a trace of that peculiar jerkiness of diction, and abruptness of dialogue, which is so apt to mar all translations, especially those from the French. In its smoothness, and grace of expression, this book might readily be mistaken for the work of one of the masters of English literature, so little of its original force has it lost in that process which usually has the effect of diluting a powerful story, till one wishes they had read it in the original, or else left it severely alone.

Jack is a sad story from first to last; the pathetic chronicle of a boy's sad life. The story of a noble nature cramped and dwarfed by cruel circumstances. The scene is laid chiefly in Paris, and the actors, with few exceptions, belong to the lower middle classes, and "Jack" is just simply "Jack" "with a K spelled, and pronounced, as in English." He has no father, poor child, and his mother is so exquisitely dainty and refined a little person, so childish, so simple hearted, so overflowing with weak passionate, misdirected love, for the unhappy "Jack," that to speak of her as a member of the demi-monde, seems almost harsh. She is a curious mixture of Mrs. Copperfield, and Mrs. Nickleby, and if ever a French David Copperfield saw the light of day, "Jack" was that unlucky youth.

His mother's anxiety to place him beyond the reach of her influence and her life is the one strong point in her weak character, but even that effort is misdirected, and results in his being placed in "The Gymnase Morouval," a species of military academy, beside which the historic "Dutcheboys Hall" sinks into insignificance, kept by a mulatto, a sort of Spanish creole, whose method of education closely resembled the method employed by West Indian overseers in managing their slaves. As the author says, "The mulatto trained his pupils as he would have conducted a sugar plantation."

Surely Alphonse Daudet must have had Snake in his mind when he drew the touching picture of the wretched little king of Dahomey, blackest and most miserable of the unhappy pupils at the Gymnase Morouval, all of whom, except Jack, were half-breeds, brown, tawny, or yellow "children of distinguished foreigners." The resemblance between these two waifs must be more than accidental; the life of servitude, the final break for liberty, the forlorn wanderings, and finally the wretched death of the poor little king, make a picture too harrowing for contemplation, and it is a relief to turn to the more lengthened but less repulsive sorrow of Jack's own life. And what a life it is; one long series of disappointments, at first bravely and silently; then stolidly and indifferently borne.

Like Mrs. Copperfield again, Jack's mother falls in love, and just as you might expect from a woman of her nature, with the last person in the world that she should have fallen in love with, a selfish, bombastic idiot who calls himself a poet, encased in selfish indifference as in a shell, but whom she loves and serves with dog-like devotion for the rest of her frivolous life.

I don't think she married him. Marriage does not occupy a large share of attention in a French novel, but she casts in her lot with his, and is his devoted slave forever more.

And "Jack?" Well, when "Jack" can endure his life at the gymnase, no longer he runs away. And after a weary tramp of twenty-four long miles, falls fainting at the threshold of his mother's charming cottage in the village of Etoilles, the dove-cote in which she is living a life of pastoral simplicity with her idolized poet; and here follow the last few weeks of happiness that "Jack" ever knows, and from this little paradise he goes forth once more into the world—this time as an apprentice in an iron foundry. The delicate, sensitive child, with his refined nature, and his love of all things beautiful and bright, is condemned by his mother's beloved poet, and with her full consent, to the life of a working man.

But once in the whole course of his repressed and contracted life does the poor lad pluck up courage to rebel, and that is when his one friend, M. Rivals, protests against the fate in store for him. "You will see Madame," he cries. "The day will come when you will be ashamed of your child. He will one day stand before you, before his mother! as before a stranger of higher rank than himself, not only humbled, but degraded." And then poor "Jack" speaks; the idea of anything coming between that idolized mother and

himself is the last straw. He advanced into the middle of the room, and steadying his voice:

"I will not be a workman," he said in a determined manner. But alas, for the poor lad's determination. A few words from his mother holding out the lure, that he might be independent, and one day be her protector and his resolution melts! his fate is sealed.

Of Jack's life of an apprentice there is little to say, and from his terrible degrading, loathsome afterlife as a stoker, one turns disgusted. It is the end that calls forth our indignation and disappointment. Through kind M. Rivals, Jack is being lifted above the life of a clod, he has now the old man's charming granddaughter for his promised wife, he has made a little home for his mother who deserts him at the last moment to go back to her poet, when Cecile, Cecile who was more than life to him, breaks with him under the mistaken idea that she is acting for his good, and under this final blow Jack sinks. Never strong, taxed beyond his power of endurance by work for which he was utterly unfitted, the poor lad dies quietly and uncomplainingly as he had lived, dies in a charity hospital with the heart-broken Cecile's hand in his, and his poor frivolous mother is just too late to hear his last words.

A powerful story! and one so immeasurably superior to the usual French novel, but yet I trust not a true picture of French life, there is so little that is objectionable in it, and so much that is terribly true to nature. What can be more touching than Jack's pathetic efforts to find out his father's name? And how exquisitely delicate is the shadow picture which is all we ever see of *Bon Ami*. But yet, from the first cover to the last, there is not a touch of humor, a gleam of fun. The book is like its own illustrations—all in sepia, lighter, and darker, that is all.

A marvellous story! but one that leaves you dissatisfied. It haunts you in spite of yourself, and comes back to you again and again. You lay it down and resolve to banish it from your thoughts. You will not read any more, but it is stronger than you, and so you read it to the end and cry "Oh why did they kill Jack? Could they not let him live and be happy at last? And you close the book with a long sigh and a softly-breathed prayer," God grant that there are few boy's lives like "Jack's."

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

BANKER AND BLUEBERRIES.

Unexpected and Important Information Derived from an Acadian.

He was a young banker, who had recently been torn, not exactly from the arms of his sorrowing relatives, but from all the delights of civilization, as they are interpreted in a populous city; and transplanted to an obscure country town, a sort of back number town, with both covers, and the title page gone. But he was a cheerful youth withal, and inclined to make the best of things; so after a time he began to enjoy life in his own way; he kept a good horse, and a trim dog cart, and often managed to get a good deal of fun out of the simple minded natives. Occasionally he "struck a snag," or rather a native who somehow managed to get some fun out of him, as the following tale will show.

One morning, "when the summer days were long," our gay young friend was taking a drive before going to the office to begin his daily toil, and on the way he encountered a gentleman, of Parisian extraction, but Canadian birth, who was coming into town with a load of pails, filled with the succulent, and luscious blueberry. Now, the autocrat of notes and silver scented some fun in the breeze—though not quite the kind of fun which ensued—and so he promptly pulled up his prancing steed, and thus accosted the blueberry merchant.

"Hullo! what have you got there?" "Huh? Oh I got de blueberry!" "De blueberry? What's that?" "You never saw de blueberry?" "No! What do you do with it, what is it for?"

"Well," said the Acadian slowly, expecting carefully between his horse's ears, and emphasizing each word, with his right forefinger solemnly patted into the palm of his left hand. "You take de blueberry, and you bile her! and bile her! and bile her! and she make a h— of a soup! Good day; good day. Get up dere!" and before our witty friend had recovered, the Frenchman had disappeared in a cloud of dust, and the banker has not tried to take in any of the simple minded natives of Acadia since.

AN OLD ROMANCE.

A bar of an old fashioned waltz, A glance at a faded dress! What is it that takes in my heart These echoes of tenderness.

When that was the waltz of the hour, That dress in its pride and glow Of shimmering azure and pearl, A seven of summers ago.

Soft eyes used to gaze in my eyes, Soft fingers would clasp my own, And a soft voice fell on my ears In a tremulous undertone.

The face and the fingers I touch, The voice in its music is pure, But Romance is a delicate moth Which lives just the sweet of a year.

—Douglas Sladen in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

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

AMHERST, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Amherst on the streets, by George Douglas.]

APRIL 3.—Rev. H. H. Pitman was in town on Friday. Mrs. John Brown, of Halifax, has been spending a few days in town.

Sub-collector Black, of Piquash, was in town a day or two last week. Mr. and Mrs. James Morrison expect to spend Easter at Mrs. Morrison's home, at Pettitford.

Mrs. George Nelson, who has been visiting her mother and sisters in town, has returned to Turro. Mr. Barry Baker and bride have returned from their extended tour to the Southern States.

Mrs. Oxenford Chase was the guest of Mrs. Henry Dunlop while in town. Senator Dickey arrived home from Ottawa on Sunday morning to spend the Easter recess. He returns on Monday.

Col. and Mrs. Clarke, of Halifax, who have been spending the last nine months in parts of England and Ireland, returned home by the last steamer, and Mrs. Clarke is now in town, making her sister, Mrs. Dickey, of Grove cottage, a visit. She expects to return to Halifax on Saturday.

Mr. Roger, of Messrs. Douglas & Co., has returned, after his long absence. Mrs. D. W. Douglas has returned from Boston, after a stay of some weeks, much improved in health.

Mrs. Dennison, wife of one of the ship railway engineers, has heard the tidings of the death of her mother, Mrs. Campbell, of Argyle, Scotland.

Miss Fannie Dunlop returned on Wednesday morning from New York, where she has been visiting since October. URCAR.

SACKVILLE.

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

APRIL 3.—Miss Campbell, of Moncton, has been visiting her friends at Acadia Grove. Miss M. Ayer, who has been spending a few days in St. John, returned last night.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Robinson, of Digby, have been in Sackville for a few days. Mrs. G. J. Trueman, of one of her enjoyable parties on Monday evening for her sister, Miss Heaslip, of Amherst.

Mr. Chas. Pickett is spending a short vacation in Boston. Mr. H. J. Gilbert has gone to Montreal on business.

Messrs. Chas. Fawcett and F. S. Kirkpatrick are in Halifax. Capt. E. L. Anderson and wife have gone to New York, where the captain takes his ship. Mrs. Anderson will accompany him on his long voyage.

Mr. H. A. Powell, M. P. P., spent Sunday in Sackville. Hon. Senator Botsford returned home for Easter holidays.

The dance given by the band on Thursday last was a most enjoyable affair. With the exception of half an hour intermission for refreshments, dancing was kept up from 10 p. m. to 1 a. m. The gay light of Heaven's day saw some of the party retire. TORSY.

ST. GEORGE AND PENNFIELD.

APRIL 2.—The cutter *Drean* arrived here last week. It is unusually early for a vessel to come up our river, but to admit her against the ice had to be cut away, as she was completely stuck in. Capt. Pratt promises to return here on Easter Monday, to attend a court which is to be given on that evening.

Daily services are being held in St. Mark's church this week, and all well attended. Mr. Ludgate Russell is here from the far West, on a visit to his parents. He is one of the St. George boys who have been fortunate here, being in a good and lucrative position.

Let's long shadows being nearly over, there are matrimonial whisperings in the air. The members of our band are soon to reorganize and give open-air concerts each Friday evening during the summer months.

Mr. James Dods, of Epps, Dods & Co., is going to move into part of the Wilmot house, on an early date. Mrs. G. MacGee has been seriously ill with congestion of the lungs, but is now convalescent.

Capt. Charles Johnson, of Rogersville, was in town extended tour through the upper provinces, is a very seriously ill from pneumonia. GRANITE.

RICHIBUCTO.

APRIL 2.—Messrs. John Curran, of New Mills, and Charles Cole, of Moncton, were in town last week. Mr. W. A. Black was in town in Wedford.

Mr. John Rush returned a few days ago from his visit to St. John and Halifax. Rev. Father Richard, of Rogersville, was in town on Friday last.

Rev. J. H. Cameron, of Bass River, occupied the pulpit of Chalmers church last Sunday evening. Mr. A. H. Gardner, of St. John, was in town a few days ago.

Mr. Geo. V. McInerney returned from Fredericton on Saturday last. Rev. Mr. Aaron, inspector of customs, was in town last week.

Miss Caldwell, of Dalhousie, who has been visiting Mr. O. and Mrs. Smith, of Kingsport, for the past six weeks, left for home last Thursday.

Miss Kate Beattie, of Kouchibouguac, is in town this week, the guest of the Misses Grier. Mr. Samuel H. Thomson, of Moncton, was in town Monday.

Misses Janie and Agnes Hains, of Moncton, are in town visiting friends. ROSENA.

KINGSTON, KENT CO.

APRIL 1.—Miss Etta Davidson, of Moncton, and Mr. Blaikie, of Nova Scotia, who have been visiting at the Centre, have returned in Wedford.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Todd, of Calais, Me., and Mrs. Oakes, of Wolfville, have been summoned home on account of the serious illness of their mother, Mrs. A. I. Smith.

Rev. Father's sons, Mr. D. Smith, of Boston, and Mr. A. M. Smith, of the Merchant's Bank of Boston, Dr. R. P. Doherty, of Moncton, was in town last week.

Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Bass River, occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's church last Sunday morning. Miss Jessie Main has returned from visiting friends in St. Stephen and St. John.

Mr. Sam Girvan has returned from his trip "up north" and is in town. Miss Jean Smith has been suffering from an attack of bronchitis. PICKLES.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's store.]

APRIL 2.—Mrs. John Hickman, who was taken very ill the latter part of last week, is much better. Miss Peters went to St. John Monday, returning last evening.

Mr. W. Chandler spent Monday and Tuesday in St. John. Miss Buck of Bathurst, is in town, visiting her friend Miss Tuck.

Mr. Wm. Campbell has arrived home from King's college to spend his vacation with his parents. Mr. B. B. Teed went to Sackville today.

Judge Tuck was in town on Friday. Judge and Mrs. Fraser have so far recovered that they were able to bid adieu to Dorchester and their many friends here, and left for Fredericton yesterday, accompanied by Mr. E. Byron Winslow. HORZ.

MARYSVILLE.

APRIL 2.—Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hat, Master John Hat, and Mrs. F. S. Williams, returned home on Friday from an extended trip to Boston and New York.

Mrs. Woodruff of Boston is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Alfred Howley. Miss Miles returned on Tuesday.

Mrs. Robinson, of Newcastle, and Miss Phillips, of Fredericton, spent Friday in town, the guest of Mrs. E. A. Tapley. Rev. Mr. Downey is holding special services in the P. E. Church here on an excellent basis.

Quite a number of Frederictonians attended rink last evening. The ice was in excellent condition, and the music was greatly enjoyed. The rendition of "Little Annie Rooney" was so much approved that it was repeated by request. SCHUBERT.

MUSQUASH.

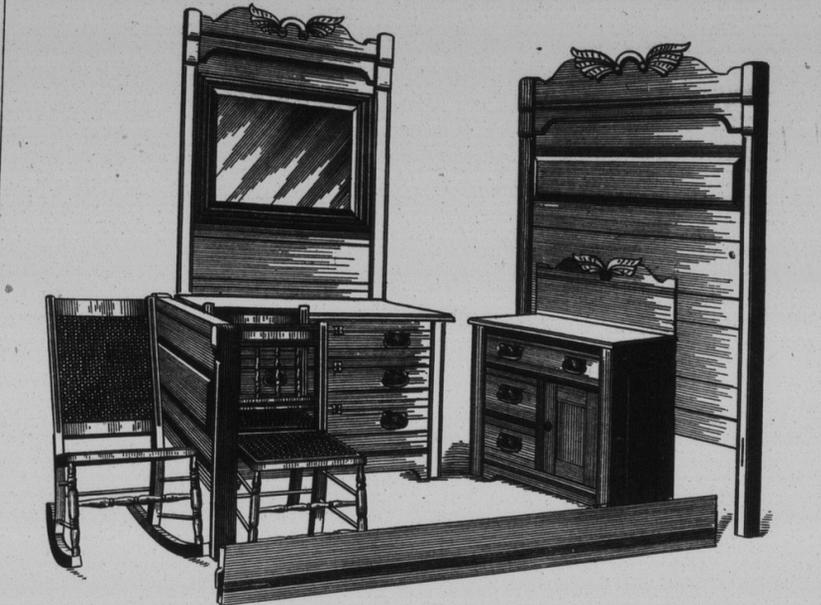
APRIL 2.—Miss Amy Carman has returned from St. John, after spending a few weeks with her friend Miss Seely, Gernain street.

Mr. L. B. Knight and family have returned to their summer residence, St. Andrews. Miss Hattie Knight has returned from Calais, after a few weeks visit to Mrs. Seymour.

Miss Eliza Anderson, of St. John, is here, visiting her friend, Miss Eliza Spike. Miss Eliza Spike leaves for Dakota, her future home, this week. VERA.

HAROLD GILBERT, - - 54 KING STREET.

A Handsome Hardwood Bedroom Suite for \$27.00, \$28.00, or \$29.00; 24 x 30 Plate Mirror; 7 Pieces well Finished and well Made. The Suite includes a Table not shown in Cut.



\$27.00. \$28.00. \$29.00.

PLAIN LIGHT FINISH. PLAIN LIGHT FINISH WITH DARK PANELS. ALL DARK IMITATION WALNUT.

The Carpet and Furniture Warerooms: 54 King Street, St. John.

Cable Repeats Ready for Spring Trade!

MY STOCK OF FINE GOODS was never so complete as at present, and my customers will find it to their advantage to come early and choose their SPRING SUITS.

DON'T WAIT FOR THE RUSH! Goods were never Cheaper; never Better!

JAS. KELLY, - - TAILOR AND CLOTHIER, No. 5 MARKET SQUARE.

KERR'S Confectionery.

New and Specially Fine CHOCOLATES, CREAMS & CARMELS CARNIVAL MIXTURE. Cream Chips, ASSORTED FRUIT AND LIME FRUIT TABLETS.

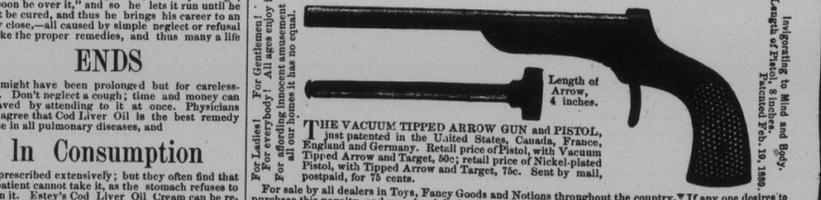
70 KING STREET, 28 DOCK STREET, Opposite VICTORIA HOTEL. Opposite BARRY & McLAUGHLIN'S.

FERTILIZERS.

Imperial Superphosphate, Potato Phosphate, Bone Meal.

WE ARE OFFERING THE FOLLOWING PRIZES THIS SEASON: To the farmer obtaining the best results from an acre by the use of our POTATO PHOSPHATE. \$100 in Gold. To the farmer obtaining the largest crop of Buckwheat from an acre by the use of IMPERIAL SUPERPHOSPHATE. \$25 in Gold.

THE HARMLESS PISTOL.



THE VACUUM TIPPED ARROW GUN AND PISTOL, is patented in the United States, Canada, France, England and Germany. Retail price of Pistol, with Vacuum Tipped Arrow and Target, 50c; retail price of Nickel-plated Pistol, with Tipped Arrow and Target, 75c. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 75 cents.

D. J. JENNINGS, Wholesale and Retail, 167 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

The Following Goods Just Opened are offered at the very Lowest Prices for Cash only, at

PITTS' DRY GOODS STORE, 179 UNION STREET 179.

GREY FLANNELS, from 12 1/2c. per yard; WHITE AND UNBLEACHED SWANSDOWNS; CRETTONNES AND TURKEY FURNITURE COTTONS; TICKINGS, COLORED CANTON FLANNELS; BLACK AND WHITE AND MEDIUM GREY CAMBRICS; FANCY REVERSIBLE ENGLISH CAMBRICS; DRESS GOODS, COARSETS, RIBBONS; LADIES' and CHILDREN'S CAMBRIERE HOSIERY; also HEAVY MAKE ALL-WOOL HOSE; BLACK AND COLORED MITTS, etc., etc.

Mantel Mirrors in English Plate, Beveled German and all sizes of Cheap Glasses. SHOP PLATES.

MIRROR PLATES for Shop Windows a specialty. GORBELL ART STORE, 207 Union Street.

F. E. HOLMAN, - - - 48 KING STREET, Desires to call attention to his large and varied stock of WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES, Etc., WHICH IS NOW COMPLETE IN EVERY GRADE.

Samples mailed to customers outside the city.

HOLY WEEK IN The solemn and impressive... Which the People O In no other part of the Roman Catholic religion... South America... From the... to Cape Horn, every continent recognizes the... alone, and supports its bis... clergy by direct contribu... revenue raised by taxation... In most of these countri... more or less... But train... countries where the law to... ligions at all. In fact it... the practice of any other... of the State. Yet even th... not rigorously enforced... There are so few perso... than the Roman Catholi... the laws would not, at the... great hardship. Out of... nearly three million the... testants is barely five... the dissenters from the St... only about one in a hund... lation... Under such circumstan... supposed that the observ... feasts and fasts of the ch... eral, and that the transe... the success of popular ent... other matters of that sort... church calendar far more... most other countries of th... the fact. How completel... can prevail in a commu... anywhere else has been s... as in the capital of a... country during one of the... of the church year... An excellent example... observance of Holy We... Calloa, of which I have b... spectator... At noon on Thursday... Friday a stillness creep... along without the sound... ringing of a bell. No ca... beasts of burden are to b... streets. No loud talki... permitted, nor even play... instruments within the h... throughout the cities and... at half past, while... men-of-war are braced... inclined cross... At night, to brighten... dusky avenues and stre... resplendent relief the b... from the churches. The... are closed, and the pe... mourning, form an endles... in and out of the plac... During a residence in... churches on Holy Thursd... of them, before us in the... fifteen or twenty monks... robes, seated in a square... books before them; som... and others, not destitu... appeared to enjoy the lux... as well as of seeing... By their side was a... chanting to the accompa... piano. Beyond and all... of light flowing from t... candles wrapped the m... wreaths of brightness... high domes and arches w... equal to that of midday... All up the long flight... chance were lines of stat... in and out between innu... of rare flowers. Higher... became dazzling in the... cross, and still higher... crowned the high altar, r... reflected by the gold an... ation until the whole lo... ing sea of sunshine... This effulgence broad... startling picture. With... set a long table, load... and decorated with Poru... it were seated thirteen... representing the Saviour... at the Last Supper. d... dressed in magnificent... ed robes, which were... back of the chairs for... Each of these images... at the back of the th... one evidently represent... We moved away from... the broad aisles. At... shrine, draped with whit... within which an image of... dressed in laces and silk... broidery, looked with ey... see upon the devotees k... whispering their prayer... Then we gazed upon a... bearing His cross, bowe... of it into a kneeling pos... in a tunc of blue silk... ing from the neck, supp... to be a large tassel... their babes stepped b... tassel on the hand of t... themselves with the sa... then made the sign of t... little ones... On either side of the... from them by open c... many chapels, which w... illuminated, and decorat... images, bouquets of flo... hundreds of gilded ob... could not perceive the si... them were draperies, w... and gold, hanging up... altars and shrines, the... appearance of a sumpt... bazaar... In each of the church... Thursday night, lay an... death, with contorted f... and feet stained red, an... in the most costly app... satin, delicately trac... Men, women and chi... the exposed hands, an... with earnest devotio... clouds of incense float... from the swinging cens... brightness with a haze... In the great cathedr... the cathedral which is... sepulture—only a few o... lighted, and the long... aisles, with their b... and arches fall of shad... an almost superstitio... change it was to find... streets once again, an... pure air, with the heav... work of flashing beaut... During Good Friday... silence brooded over

**WELSH,
HUNTER
& HAMILTON,
97 King Street.**

**NEW
SPRING GOODS.**

We beg to call the attention of the Ladies to our large and very carefully selected stock of Dress Goods, Satens and prints for the present season.

These Goods are of excellent quality, and of the latest and most fashionable designs and colors.

DON'T YOU KNOW?

That PHILODERMA is an Elegant Toilet article for the cure of Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, or any roughness of the skin; that its sales are enormous, and when once used you will never be without it. If not, buy a bottle from your druggist and

YOU WILL KNOW!

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

MONCTON.

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

April 2.—Holy week is scarcely a time for social enjoyment, consequently there is little news. The more devout amongst us are to be seen daily wearing their way to St. George's school house between the hours of ten and half-past in the afternoon, clothed in humility and penitential garments, while the ungenerous and hardened go about their usual avocations with customary stolidity.

I have heard rumors of Miss Weldon's return at Easter, and I hope that, in due season, she will redeem her reputation and prove a true prophet. Miss Weldon has been away from us for three long months, and we are all anxious to see her back again.

Among the old friends who left us for a time, but cherished a sufficiently warm feeling towards the smoky town to return, it only for a short time is Mr. R. B. Jack. He is looking very well in spite of having spent nearly a year in the land of codfish, and his many friends have given him a most cordial welcome. I do not know whether he is whether he is intention to remain in Moncton or whether he is merely on a visit. At present he is visiting friends in St. John and Fredericton, but I fancy Moncton will be his headquarters during his stay in New Brunswick.

Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor left town on Saturday for Picton, where they will visit Mrs. Taylor's former home.

Miss Bliss left us on Thursday, to pay a short visit to her home in Westmorland, returning on Monday.

I am afraid that Mrs. Newhouse, of Mexico, who has been spending a few weeks in town with her sisters, the Misses McCreedy, will be leaving us again soon. Mr. Newhouse was expected in Moncton last week, and I fancy he will take her back with him.

The many friends of Mrs. L. B. Botsford, formerly Mrs. Blair Estabrook, of Moncton, will regret to hear that she has been very seriously ill nearly all winter with malarial fever, the climate of the Southern States having proved too trying for her rather delicate constitution. I believe she will spend the summer in Canada, and regain her strength in the bracing air of her native land.

Mr. Percy B. Chandler left town yesterday to pursue his medical studies at either Boston or New York. I am not sure which. Mr. Chandler will be greatly missed in Moncton, where he has made many warm friends, who wish him all possible success.

Dr. Smith, accompanied by his mother, sailed from Halifax, last Saturday, for Scotland where he intends spending the next three months. Dr. Smith is a graduate of Edinburgh, and will doubtless spend many pleasant hours renewing old friendships. Indeed, to quote rumor once more, he is popularly supposed to intend not only renewing friendships but cementing ties of a more tender nature, and returning a member of the noble army of martyrs—I mean married men. But for the truth of this last piece of information of course I cannot vouch.

By the way, I threw out mysterious hints last winter, concerning a wedding of a most romantic nature, which was to take place in the spring, and I intended to quote rumor once more, he is popularly supposed to intend not only renewing friendships but cementing ties of a more tender nature, and returning a member of the noble army of martyrs—I mean married men. But for the truth of this last piece of information of course I cannot vouch.

Captain John Wright, long and favorably known in Moncton, has been in town for a few days past, visiting his sister, Miss Ellen Wright.

Mr. G. B. Sangster, who has been spending the winter on his orange plantation in Florida, is expected home at the end of the week. Mr. Sangster will be accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Harry Brown, who has been with him during the winter.

Mr. Harvey Atkinson returned on Saturday from a trip to the Eastern States. He was accompanied by Mr. Atkinson, who has been spending some months in the Sanitarium at Battle Creek. Mrs. Atkinson's friends are much pleased to see her so greatly improved in health.

Mrs. J. L. Harris gave a small, but very enjoyable party at her home on Queen street, last evening.

Miss Campbell left town on Thursday to spend a short time with friends in Sackville.

Mr. A. H. Jones, son of Oliver Jones, of Moncton, has returned to Moncton to assist his father in his extensive business. Mr. Jones has been in the employ of a St. John firm for some years, and on the day of his departure he was the recipient of a complimentary supper, and an address from the managing committee of the Y. M. C. A., of which body he was an active member.

Mr. R. A. Borden, who has been spending a fortnight in the United States, returned yesterday.

Judge Fraser passed through Moncton yesterday, on his way home, after his serious illness at Dorchester. He was looking wonderfully well.

A party of Moncton men on pleasure bent left town this morning to visit the sugar camps in the mountains. The ex-mayor was among the number.

Mr. H. R. Emerson, of Dorchester, was in town on Monday.

Mr. C. A. Steeves paid a visit to Fredericton last week.

The Moncton children are having a gay time just now, and an exciting one. You cannot walk down town without being wailed half a dozen times by your own little friends, who are peeping in at the friends who pipe out breathlessly, "Don't you want to buy a ticket for St. George's concert?" There is a prize offered for the largest number of tickets sold, and the dear things are working their poor little feet fairly off in their anxiety—not so much for the prize—as for the honor and glory of coming out ahead.

TRURO, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fulton's.]

April 2.—Mrs. F. A. Lawrence gave a small drive party last Friday evening. A very enjoyable evening was spent. The lady's first prize was taken by Miss Pratt and Miss By. Miss Shesgreen. The booby prizes were shared by Dr. Manchester and Miss Hyde.

Miss Pratt comes from Northern New York and is visiting her sister Mrs. Smith at Government farm, Bible Hill.

There was also a small party at Mrs. Bent's, Prince street, the same evening, which was quite a success.

Mr. Watt of Montreal is in town. He is the guest of Mr. Tom McLellan.

Miss Lydia Page, who has been very ill all winter, is improving.

Miss Robbins is still very ill, but is considered out of danger.

Mrs. C. E. Cutten has returned from Boston. Several of our young ladies who have been attending the Ladies' College, Halifax, have returned home for Easter. Among them I notice Miss Mary Black, Miss Mary McCreedy, Miss Mary Black, Miss Maude Archibald, and Miss Celia Dickie.

A few of the young friends gathered at Dr. Hyde's to welcome Miss Lora and her friend, Miss Maude Robertson, of St. John.

Dr. Manchester is still with us. The new conveyance will make its first appearance on the 10th. It is in a case of this kind that we feel the need of a good opera house.

Senator McKay is at home for Easter. Miss Aggie McKay still lingers in Boston.

Mr. Arthur Cook returned on Friday to Boston, and I understand this will be his last trip home for some time, as he has accepted a position in Boston and will return there shortly.

Mrs. Rufus Black, and her daughter, Miss Emma Black, who has just recovered from a severe illness, sailed yesterday for Havana.

Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Muir were passengers by the same steamer.

ST. STEPHEN.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. Smith & Co. and G. S. Wall.]

April 2.—I hear that Mr. Frank Bixby is preparing to go to the Western States, where he will select a future home. Mr. Bixby has many friends here who regret his departure.

Mrs. Arthur Moran, of St. George, is here visiting her parents.

The Presbyterian society give an entertainment on Thursday evening in Mrs. W. H. Clark's pretty parlors.

Miss Nellie Smith entertains the Calais Drive Club on Thursday evening.

Mr. Haviland, of New York, lately of St. Andrews, spent Thursday and Friday in town, and was the guest of ex-mayor Grimmer.

Mr. John D. Chinn, who has been visiting friends in Calais, returned to her home in Portland, Maine, on Friday last.

Mr. Morton Gardner, has returned to Calais, having been absent in the West for some months.

Mr. F. W. Andrews is visiting Boston.

Mr. John D. Chinn arrived from Boston on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. James N. Clark has invited a number of lady friends, to enjoy a drive with her, on Friday, from 2 till 5 o'clock this afternoon. Mrs. Clark is a Calais lady, and is giving this afternoon of what is called the fund for the soldier's monument.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Gardner gave a most delightful drive with dancing party, at the River City Hotel, on Tuesday evening last. Most occupied the first part of the evening. Dancing began at eleven o'clock, and was vigorously kept up until morning, when the guests bid their hosts a reluctant adieu.

Mr. Duncan Stewart spent several days in St. John last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Clark have changed their place of residence, and are now occupying a pretty cottage on King street.

SHEDDIA.

[Progress is for sale in Shediac at A. Stone's store.]

April 2.—During the past fortnight, quite a number of parties have been given, the largest of which was by Miss Mabel Smith, who entertained in her usual good style.

Mrs. Deacon and Mrs. C. C. Hamilton entertained friends at tea last week.

Master David White gave a party to a number of his school-fellows a few days ago. From the reports I hear, the little folk spent a most enjoyable evening.

Among the arrivals in town lately, I noticed Messrs. D. M. McManis, M. P. T. Lery, and John and Mrs. D. M. Gardner.

Mr. W. G. Russell has returned from Ottawa, where he spent the week.

Mrs. Evans, of Sackville, and her daughter Gertrude are visiting Mrs. W. A. Russell.

Miss Mary Harper has returned from a three weeks' trip in Moncton.

Mrs. E. J. Smith has returned from a visit to St. John.

Mr. S. Black, who has been suffering from a relapse of grippe, is able to be out again.

Rev. Mr. Baird spent last Thursday and Friday in Moncton.

Mr. Harrington, temperance lecturer, delivered a lecture to a large audience in Tall's Hall on Thursday last. During the evening selections were given by the Shediac life and drama band, which made its debut on this occasion. The boys are to be congratulated on the manner in which they handled the instruments.

YARMOUTH.

[Progress is for sale in Yarmouth at the stores of E. I. Vickery and Harris & Horsfall.]

April 3.—Miss Annie Robbins has gone to New York on a visit.

Miss Annie Robinson has gone to St. John to finish her studies in painting.

Miss Roberta Lovitt, who has been away to St. John and Halifax, has returned home.

The ladies of the O. L. H. Society are getting up a concert which is to take place shortly. "Mother Goose melodies will be the chief feature. Foo.

S. D. Moses arrived home from England on Monday, via St. John.

Messrs. L. D. Dennis, C. H. Dodd, and M. P. Cooke came Yarmouth Wednesday from their annual English trip.

Miss Alice Clements is home again from Boston.

Mr. E. H. Ross, of the P. O. department in Halifax, has come home for a few weeks to recuperate.

Miss Douse, of Bangor, is visiting Mrs. W. H. Moody.

The Quadrille club has been keeping lent, but will start again (full force) on Easter Tuesday at Mrs. Percy Hamilton's.

Henry Jones is home from King's college for his Easter holidays.

Hon. L. C. and Mrs. Baker are home again from Halifax.

DIGBY, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Digby at Mrs. Moore's.]

April 2.—Rev. Dr. Ambrose's Lenten sermons are very instructive, and attended by a large congregation.

Society seems to me quiet at present, with the exception of a social held at the residence of Mr. James Farnham, in honor of Mr. W. Stewart, one of the sub-contractors of the "Missing Link."

On Friday morning last, an old and respected resident, Mr. James Hutchinson, brother of Mrs. Edmund Burnham, of this town, passed quietly away.

Mr. Haze Vantassel is recovering from a relapse of grippe.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
Established 1810.

—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—

Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsillitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Indigestion, Cholera, Spasms, Diarrhoea, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Tooth-ache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Sprains in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Retail price by mail 25 cts.; 4 bottles, \$1.00. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.



Star Chop Pekoe Congou,-- a pure English Breakfast Tea.

It is understood that the Baptist denomination intend to purchase the residence of Mrs. Charles Dakin, adjoining their church, for a parsonage. A.

April 3.—Mrs. O. S. Weeks passed through town on Saturday, en route for Moncton, where she intends visiting her friends.

Miss Edith Jones and her mother, who have been spending some weeks at Mr. R. S. Munroe's, left for their home in Weymouth, on Thursday.

Mrs. Henry Dakin, who has been confined to the house for some time, is out again.

I see Mr. H. A. P. Smith has returned from his successful shooting expedition.

We are likely to have a tennis club this summer, the starting of which has been left to the young ladies. For once I am ashamed of my sex and hope as they have left the brain and drudgery part to the ladies, they will at the least "come down with the dust."

Judge Cowling is, I believe, spending a few days with Mr. Geo. Corbit.

The many friends of Rev. Mr. Brown were delighted to see him again.

Miss Janet Bacon, who for the past two years has been under a course of training at the St. John hospital, took her nurse's diploma last month, with honors, and is now at home enjoying her well earned rest.

BATHURST.

April 3.—Mr. Roger Lawlor and Miss Sharpe, of Miramichi, are visiting Mrs. I. P. Keary.

Mr. Theophilus DesBrisay, Q. C., returned on Monday from St. John.

Mr. Herbert Crosskill, of Boston, still continues to linger in our midst.

Mr. Joseph Mellis, of the Union Bank, leaves today for New Glasgow, where he has a position in the bank of that place.

Mr. J. T. Carter died at her residence on Friday, after a rather long illness, and was buried in the cemetery belonging to Saint George's Episcopal Church on Sunday afternoon. The deceased lady was formerly a Miss Purdy of Westmorland, and her death will occasion much regret among her friends and relations of that county. She has been for many years a resident of Bathurst and is generally respected and esteemed.

Mr. Thomas Alier, who has been spending the winter months in Jersey, was in town for a few days last week. He left yesterday morning, via the Carajuet Railway, for his home in Shippegan.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Cook and Mr. David Brown, of St. John, are among this week's visitors.

Mrs. T. Burns has been very ill lately, but is now much better.

Master Harrie Mullins is the proud winner of a cricket's medal for this year. This is his first season as a cricketer, and he deserves much credit for carrying off the medal from many older players.

Mr. Will Draper is back from New York where he was called some time ago by the serious illness of his mother, who has since died. Tom Brown.

April 1.—If rumor proves correct, Miss Sophia Jacobs will soon return to our town, where she will be a most attractive addition.

Miss Lettistraw, New Glasgow, is the guest of the Misses Wood.

Mr. Herbert Crosskill, of Boston, still continues to linger in our midst.

Mr. Joseph Mellis, of the Union Bank, leaves today for New Glasgow, where he has a position in the bank of that place.

Mr. J. T. Carter died at her residence on Friday, after a rather long illness, and was buried in the cemetery belonging to Saint George's Episcopal Church on Sunday afternoon. The deceased lady was formerly a Miss Purdy of Westmorland, and her death will occasion much regret among her friends and relations of that county. She has been for many years a resident of Bathurst and is generally respected and esteemed.

Mr. Thomas Alier, who has been spending the winter months in Jersey, was in town for a few days last week. He left yesterday morning, via the Carajuet Railway, for his home in Shippegan.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Cook and Mr. David Brown, of St. John, are among this week's visitors.

Mrs. T. Burns has been very ill lately, but is now much better.

Master Harrie Mullins is the proud winner of a cricket's medal for this year. This is his first season as a cricketer, and he deserves much credit for carrying off the medal from many older players.

Mr. Will Draper is back from New York where he was called some time ago by the serious illness of his mother, who has since died. Tom Brown.

April 1.—If rumor proves correct, Miss Sophia Jacobs will soon return to our town, where she will be a most attractive addition.

Miss Lettistraw, New Glasgow, is the guest of the Misses Wood.

Mr. Herbert Crosskill, of Boston, still continues to linger in our midst.

Mr. Joseph Mellis, of the Union Bank, leaves today for New Glasgow, where he has a position in the bank of that place.

SKINNER'S CARPET WAREROOMS.
1890. SPRING 1890.

NEW LACE CURTAINS,
In White, Ecru and Colored, from \$1.50 per pair upward.

SPLENDID CHENILLE CURTAIN only \$7 pr. pair.

A. O. SKINNER.

LANDLORDS! DO NOT WAIT FOR THE RUSH,



When Every Painter in the City will be Busy. Have what work is to be done begun now, and [May day will find you all ready for your tenants.

A. G. STAPLES, Plain and Decorative Painter.

Mr. J. T. Carter died at her residence on Friday, after a rather long illness, and was buried in the cemetery belonging to Saint George's Episcopal Church on Sunday afternoon. The deceased lady was formerly a Miss Purdy of Westmorland, and her death will occasion much regret among her friends and relations of that county. She has been for many years a resident of Bathurst and is generally respected and esteemed.

Mr. Frank Hall is at home from Hampton, for a week's vacation.

The Misses Gates have gone to the "Hub" for a short visit.

Mr. Raven is soon to take his departure from among us.

Funerals is progressing finely. Mr. Gur Kinnear, Sussex, who intends taking one of the leading parts, is expected in town today.

JONES.

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

April 2.—Miss Minnie Travis and Miss Nellie Peters, paid a visit to the city on Tuesday.

Mrs. Nora M. Barnes, who was visiting her sister at Fredericton, has returned home.

Miss Ada Currie is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Frost.

Mrs. Frederick Whelpley, has gone to Fredericton, and is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. T. Whitehead.

Miss Bartlett left for Fredericton this afternoon to spend the Easter holidays with friends. X.

CHATHAM.

April 3.—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gilvan are in town visiting their father, the Hon. T. F. Gillespie.

Miss Overton has returned from her visit to Fredericton.

Mr. Short has placed his "Dyspepticure" on the market.

Someone has said that half the crankiness and ill-temper in the world is the result of indigestion and dyspepsia.

Mr. Charles K. Short evidently came to this conclusion some years ago, for he turned his attention to its cure. He made a special study of the annoying complaint and practiced his cure on some of his obliging and afflicted friends. When he had cured all within his reach he came to the conclusion that he had a good thing. St. John people have known this for years and Short's Dyspepticure has been a boon to them.

The writer, while fortunately not a victim to the complaint, has frequently purchased this remedy for out-of-town friends who could not get it in their own town. Today, the eighth anniversary of his business start, Mr. Short begins to advertise Dyspepticure and to place it on the Canadian market. Hereafter these few appended broken lines will be as familiar to maritime readers as a well-known baking powder announcement. They are:—

Dyspepticure not only aids Digestion, but positively cures Indigestion and Chronic Dyspepsia.

Mr. Short has copyrighted the name name "Dyspepticure" and also a little pamphlet which is long to send to any person suffering from the complaint.

A Fifty-Cent Kiss.

"Papa," cried a seven-year-old, "I want some money to get—"

"Don't go any further," he interrupted, throwing down a coin.

The child came slowly up to him, after pocketing the money, and barely touched his cheek with a kiss.

"Humph" ejaculated the parent, "from the kiss you give I should judge that you don't appreciate it very much."

She caught hold of his hands, and looking squarely into his eyes, solemnly said: "Do you expect a ten-dollar kiss for fifty cents?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make this knowledge to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NORRIS, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Like His Compilment.

Miss Pert (who has fallen on the pavement)—Oh, dear me! I believe I have sprained my ankle.

He Rescuer—I shouldn't wonder. I noticed, when you fell, that it was very neatly turned.—Time.

Filled the Bill.

Elegantly attired Spinster—I see you advertise for a cash girl?

Merchant—Yes, ma'am; but—

Elegantly attired Spinster—Well, I have fifty thousand in my own right. What's wanted?—Judge.

Sign Writing done promptly by Wilkins & Sands, 266 Union street.

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.—PEARLS' obtained the only GOLD MEDAL awarded solely for Toilet Soap in competition with all the world. Highest possible distinction.

If You Want
GIVE
"PROGRESS" E
Promptness,
Reason

VOL. II, NO.
LOCKHART IS T

A VERY SLOW PRO
MR. CHESLEY IN

One of the Elections in
People Did Not Vote
out Organization and
Enthusiasm—The Res

PROGRESS congratul
Mayor Lockhart, on t
than one half of the cit
did not think it worth t
last Tuesday, and that
ly returned by a majori
who did vote. He has
and his \$1,600 for ano
proved beyond doubt th
one man whom the peop
for mayor than he is hi

From first to last the
be dignified by such a
most tame and dispiri
erion that was made w
hart and his friends, an
the credit—if that be t
any organization that
worked and had their
The friends of Mr. Les
labored and voted for
were reinforced by per
mayor, who party w
any case, by party w
"liberal victory" when
for anything, by peopl
like Lockhart less, but
by people who think t
once elected to an offic
any circumstances, hav
All these things were
Mr. Lockhart's electio
of themselves, have ele
been for the negative fa
because Chesley was th
date.