

PROGRESS.

VOL. I, NO. 40.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

If you have Houses, Flats or Apartments to Let, advertise in "Progress." It will broadcast your special feature of this class of advertising, for which the character of its circulation ensures the best results. Give it a trial and satisfy yourself.

Notices of Houses, Flats or Apartments to Let, not to exceed Three Lines, about 25 words, in length, will be printed in "Progress" for 10 cents each insertion. More than three and less than ten lines, 25 cents. Patronize the people's paper.

NER'S
arerooms
STREET.

henille Curtains
that will astonish my customers. THE
EVER QUOTED.

INNER.
Own Annuals;

ograph Albums;
S;
VICES.

RTMENT AT
- 46 and 48 King Street.

HATS.

& CO.

buyers to their Stock of
Felt Hats, 25

STYLES.
Straw, Cloth and Felt—all grades;
of MIDDY CAPS, Etc., Etc.
ment of ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE.

REET. - - - 57.

CIGAR FACTORY
ES FACTS.

all Cigar Factories East of
uring 1888.

actories east Quebec city during 1888.

OBACCO than all Cigar factories east

ive a CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR for 5c.
our production every year, and today we
er factory in the maritime provinces.

HIGGINS,
N. B.

ER!

PILLOWS do not seem to realize the
being cleaned, especially in times of an
and poisonous matters exuding from the
h the family. Our STEAM CLEANSING
and leaves the feathers in a better condition

the merry gang. It was of no use. The
year forced the front along, and in a jiffy
the good-natured cops found themselves
come along by the boys, and still "March-
Through Georgia" rang out.

The officers' good nature didn't last
long, and when York Cross street was
reached, the students resolved that discretion
was the better part of valor and turned
into the back part of the town. The only
 mishaps were several torn collars from
which the policemen's grip had been
haken.

Since then the authorities and students
have had few meetings, and judging from
the 'Capital's' paragraph they must be
getting friendly.

Note Paper in any quantity at special low
prices, at McArthur's.

The calendar and the coal-bin are still
disputing whether this is winter or early
spring.

Sunday School Cards, large assortment,
at McArthur's, 80 King St.

Dispensing of Prescriptions.

Special Attention is Given to
this very important branch.

Medicines of Standardized Strength used.
By this means reliable articles will be supplied, and
in each case compounded by a competent person.
Prices low.

W. M. McVEY,
Dispensing Chemist, 185 Union Street.

RING-RIDDEN PORTLAND.

MORE OF THE EVILS WITH WHICH
THE PEOPLE ARE PLAGUED.

Reasons Why Justice Tapley's Act Will
Not Be Investigated—How Officials and
Aldermen Violate the Law—Further Facts
About Light and Fire Matters.

The general impression in Portland is
that the charges against Justice Tapley
will be investigated—some time after never.
Despite the circumstantial evidence that
when the court business was large the cash
receipts were small, and when the business
decreased the receipts increased—because
Justice Tapley was watched—nothing is
likely to be done. Justice Tapley is not
suspended, nor is he likely to be. It may
be assumed as a certainty that he will not
resign.

There is a reason for this thoughtful
consideration for Justice Tapley's feelings.
He is not only a native and to the manner
born, but he has relatives and connections.
These are numerous. They control many
votes. They have supported the Provincial
Secretary in the past and they have also
supported the Chesleys. They would with-
draw that support if the local government
or the city government showed any desire
to make Mr. Tapley explain matters.

When the Provincial Secretary gets
shelved in the Legislative Council or be-
comes sheriff of the city and county of
Saint John, the investigation may proceed.
By that time the Chesleys will have ceased
to rule Portland. In the meantime Mr.
Tapley is safe.

Mayor Chesley and his troupe do not
think they will get the bounce at the next
election. They have been so used to doing
as they pleased that it is hard for them to
realize that the people have anything to
say in the matter. No wonder.

John A. Chesley has just signed a re-
port on the scheme of union. It is assumed
that he did sign his name, though it is not
believed he had much else to do with the
work of the commission. He may have
spent four or five days of actual work, for
which he will get the respectable sum of as
many hundred dollars.

He had no right to act as a commis-
sioner. That is the opinion of the best
constitutional lawyers, but he did act just
the same. He was made a commissioner
by a trick, in the absence of Alderman
Connor and because the committee played
Judus to Dr. Gilchrist, who was also a
candidate for the place. Alderman Holder
has received his reward by having his seat
kept for him for the last nine months while
he has been a resident of another country.

This has also been a good thing for Alder-
man Murphy, as PROGRESS explained very
fully last week.

Boss Lon. Chesley is very unhappy over
the revelations of his little plans. He is
said to be anxious to find out who gave
them away. If he will open a Portland
directory at random he will probably hit on
some of the names he wants. The matters
discussed have been common gossip in the
city. There are too many after loaves and
fishes for such things to be kept secret.

The taxpayers have had some more ad-
ded to their burden during the past week.
A suit in the county court has been tried
and, as usual, a verdict rendered against
the city. This was an action brought by
Mr. Kane in connection with the electric
light station. The city was defended by
City Solicitor Gregory and Alderman Vin-
cent's partner, L. A. Curry. What busi-
ness had Curry & Vincent with the case?
If the city solicitor has not the time, or is
not competent to do the work for which he
is paid, another man should be put in his
place. There is no reason why the city
should support Curry & Vincent or any
other lawyers who are mixed up with the
city council.

It is as much a violation of the law for
Curry & Vincent to be employed by the
city as it is for Alderman Murphy to be
employed as an inspector. When the name
of L. A. Curry alone appears, the veil is as
thin as in the case of Contractor Collins,
who is Murphy's brother-in-law.

Does anybody know how much the elec-
tric light station will cost, apart from the
law suits and costs? Nobody does. It
has been a job, and a bad job, from first to
last. It has been apparently a game of
grab on the part of everybody connected
with it. It is a monument of ignorance
and impudence.

First of all, it was put up without any
idea of what it was to contain. An engine
was ordered, and nobody knew what size
it would be. When it arrived the building
had to be partly torn down, in order to
get it in. Then some more tearing away
had to be done in order to admit the
boiler. Then it was discovered that the
interior of the building was entirely too
small. When Alderman Murphy and his
assistants undertook to get up the engine,
they found that they had to dig a big hole
in the floor to allow the fly-wheel to re-
volve. They did so. Then they found
that the hole filled with water, and it was
necessary to tear up cement and brick-
work in order to make a drain. This is a

sample of the way in which the whole job has been botched and mismanaged.

Now that the chimney is up, it is found
that it is held together with the same worth-
less cement which was put on the floor of
No. 1 engine house. Next summer it is
probable that scaffolding will have to be
erected and the chimney gone over again,
if it is not blown down in the meantime.

The station is run without regard to ex-
pense. Electrician McEvilly gets \$700 a
year and has Mr. McLennan as a sort of
assistant electrician at a smaller salary.
Engineer Cleary gets \$490 a year, which
it must be admitted would be reasonable
enough for an engineer with any claim to
the title. Master-mechanic Quiplan has
been getting a millwright's wages, say
\$3.50 a day, and has been four weeks at
the job. Other millwrights have estimated
that a competent man ought to have done
the work in three or four days. Then
there is Engineer Malcolm Morris of No.
2, who is at work on the wires.

There is no record that Cleary holds or
ever held an engineer's certificate. He
was employed as fireman, oiler and helper
in Chesley's foundry, and shouted for Ches-
ley as "the friend of the workman" at
election time. He was discharged from
Chesley's foundry. He was also employed
in another foundry, from which he was dis-
charged. There were several first-class
men applicants for the position at the sta-
tion, but Cleary was Boss Chesley's choice.
He votes in Ward 2.

The engine broke down before it did any
actual work. A composition thumb-screw
controlling a relieving valve, was so
roughly handled that it broke away the
valve seat. Someone had used a wrench
or a hammer where fingers only were re-
quired. The result was that the screw had
to be straightened, the valve seat cut out
and a new valve seat made. When the en-
gine came in the first place, the bushing
was found to be of iron, and extra expense
was incurred to procure brass bushing from
a St. John firm.

Boss Chesley undertook, Tuesday night,
to show Cleary how the engine should be
started. He used so much vigor that the
carbons in the lamps from the station to
the Marsh bridge were overlapped and dis-
arranged, so that that McLennan had to
be sent out to replace them.

Perhaps the boss was thinking how he
would attack a fire when he gets to be chief
of the department. By the way, it should
be stated that when this little arrangement
takes effect, McGillick is to be chairman
of the fire committee.

Mr. McGillick will have a chance to
effect some reform, which do not appear to
occur to Chairman Chesley. During the
last week No. 2 team, with Morris as
driver, has been all over Portland on elec-
tric light service. It has been as far as
Bugtown and to other remote points of
No. 1 district. While it has been absent
No. 2 district has been protected by the
hose and horse, in charge of a new man
who has never driven out on an alarm, and
who would probably be somewhat mixed if
surprised by one while alone.

*Dual, Dual, Dual, Dual, 242 Union
St.*

Business Changes and Moves.

An artistic sign, "A. F. Deforest & Co.,"
replaces that of Deforest & March, on the
corner of King and Germain streets. It is
understood that Mr. March has retired
from the firm.

Messrs. Barnes & Co. will occupy the
Dunn building, now tenanted by Messrs.
Jas. S. May & Son, after May 1.

Another old printer, Mr. Geo. W. Day,
will descend from his lofty quarters in the
Pugsley building at the corner of Princess
and Prince William streets at the same time.
Since Mr. Day's new engine began opera-
tions some of Mr. Pugsley's tenants have
interviewed their clients on Chubb's corner.
Mr. Day's press is slow and the edition of
the denominational organ he publishes being
large his gas engine with its startling escape
pipe is heard at all hours of the day and
night. It will give Mr. Day much trouble
and cost him something to move.

Notes from King's College.

The following gentlemen have been
appointed a board of examiners for degrees
in divinity for King's college: Rev. F.
Partridge, D. D.; Rev. Canon Brigstocke,
M. A.; Rev. G. G. Roberts, M. A., and
the professor of divinity.

The board of governors have decided to
build a house for the professor of divinity.
It is to stand on the east side of the new
avenue, near Prof. Kennedy's. Plans have
been prepared, and it is expected that the
work will be begun early in the spring.
The interest on the money spent is guar-
anteed to the governors.

Give Credit Where it is Due.

The next time Pilot-James Mantle walks
out into the mud in the cold and dark hours
of early morning and says a half killed
fellow creature from death, and hugs him
nearly a mile to warmth and help, may the
Sun and other papers that note the occur-
rence give the right man the credit.

EVENINGS WITH SCOTT.

THE EVENTS FOR NEXT THURSDAY
AND FRIDAY.

Many of the Most Beautiful and Striking
Scenes in the Great Author's Popular
Works—Some Idea of the Entertainment
and Who Will Take Part.

Society must take a rest, Thursday and
Friday of next week, rest and enjoy itself
at the Mechanics' Institute, where graceful
matrons and beautiful maidens, portly
middle aged and beardless men, will unite
in the production of the most beautiful scenes,
and situations of that charming and well
known author, Sir Walter Scott.

The Tennysonian evenings were talked
about for months after they came off; the
Scott evenings will, PROGRESS thinks and
hopes, become as favorably stamped upon
the memories of St. John people.

It goes without saying that every true and
loyal clansman will be there. They them-
selves will suffice to make magnificent and
enthusiastic audiences, but in this the gen-
eral public may and will aid them as in the
past.

"Evenings with Scott" is so general a
term that PROGRESS will this morning give
the interested thousands some idea of the
shape the entertainment will take, and in
doing this will lay bare the secret of its
certain success.

It would not be a bad idea, however,
for those who propose to go and enjoy the
illustrations to refresh their memories by
glancing at some of Scott's best works.

No doubt the programme will, as in the
Lalla Rookh entertainment, be some guide
to ladies and gentlemen, but a very inade-
quate idea can be gained from it.

Read Scott, by all means, between now
and next Thursday evening and you will
not regret it.

Three of the scenes will be taken from
entire *Marmion*, one from *The Anti-
quary*, five from *Kenilworth*, one from *The
Talisman*, one from *Rob Roy*, two from
The Abbott and five from the *Lady of the
Lake*.

What an artistic and literary treat this
will be! And then, in addition, there will
be music, song and reading to fill in, as it
were, and keep up the enjoyment between
the scenes.

Speaking of the talent to which is assigned
this pleasant task, it is only necessary
to name one lady, Mrs. Gilchrist, and
briefly mention the fact that Mrs. W. H.
Tuck and Mrs. R. Chipman Skinner are
the ladies who have that portion of the
programme in charge.

Mr. Cleveland, who is not a stranger to
the St. John patrons of amateur perfor-
mances, will read selections from Scott, in
connection with the scenic display, and
Mr. George Robertson will also assist in
this manner.

The very difficult yet agreeable task of
the literary part of the programme has been
undertaken by Mrs. Thomas Temple, Miss
Murray, Mrs. Ellis, and Mrs. Murray
McLaren.

No person will doubt their ability to do
what they have undertaken. Mrs. Temple
has shown again and again that there is
seemingly no limit to her original ideas.
She invests everything she undertakes with
an unflinching interest which results in large
houses and big door money. That very
important part of the work, the arranging
of the scenery to the best advantage, de-
volves upon her, and, judging from previ-
ous triumphs of this nature, the audience
will have the rarest treats of artistic work.

The Institute has not only placed the
building at her disposal, rent free, but has
kindly loaned its scenery, and Mr. F. R.
Fairweather also assists in this way.

In fact, the citizens have taken a sub-
stantial interest in the illustrations. Messrs.
Turner & Finlay, at their own risk, im-
ported a large quantity of plaids distinc-
tive of the different clans, which will
heighten and make a true effect.

The services of the City cornet band are
also tendered, who, with their new instru-
ments, will be a great attraction.

FREDERICTON'S MAD BOY.

His Ma is Not Invited to the Wedding—
Johnny Beagle's Friendship.

Being's its composition day again and
I've got to hustle myself to keep from bein'
hit, now then I'm just tryin' to think of
somethin' to let my towerin' intellex loose
onto.

There is about 7,000 people livin' in
town. I think I said this once before, but
what I mean to say now is the left-on em
it appears to me is insurance agents. Ma
says branes is not necessary for agents but
check it. But they are very kind to me,
them agents. When ma takes me down
town they puts me on the head and says
what a noble intellex that boy has got—
and what a credit he was to ma. Pa says
he never 'knowed how poplar he was and
how he was looked up to as a leadin' citi-
zen and how many frens he had till come
to count them insurance agents. Why,
he says, it was surprisin' after he was sick
and begun to move around again how them
insurance agents would run towards him as
if he was a proddiged and embracin' of him
and grabbin' him by the hands and sayin'
what a welcome sight it was to view his
noble remains a minagin' round once more
among em. What a blessin' it was to his
dotin' family to have him swingin' his fame
leg round agin in the leadin' circles of
society and payin' up his premiums agin
so lifelike and nacheral. Still they couldn't
help feelin' anxious like and worried over
ma and as they said, for there was one
thing what laid heavy on their minds and
kep em awake nights, and that was they
dijl want to present pa with a bran new
polly for about five thousand dollars in
their company for the benefit of ma and us
ones in case pa was so unlucky as to be
writted up. Pa says he can't remember the
name of the kumpany which was losin'
sleep on his account, but ma says it is the
Mutual Cooperative Scoopem and Grabem
'sossiation, which Jonny Beagle was the
agent which rote to the government sayin'
custom officers shouldn't be in the insur-
ance business er else he'd go over to the
Grits and make a split in the party. But
pa says Jonny Beagle is always anxious
about him and inquirin' about his health,
and he says a man what does that is a troo
frend, but ma says frens comes high
when they costs you as much as pa pays for
Jonny Beagle. But frens is high in Fred-
ericton, I think agin for the turney
general paid about \$15,000 for Jim Crockie
a while ago, and I guess he'd sell him
reasonable now.

There was a big weddin' in the 'Piscopal
church yesterday. Ma is mad. Ma says
after bein' as respectable as she was all
these years it is hard to be trapped on at
her time of life. She didn't get an invite,
she says. What's the good of movin' in
the leadin' circles, she says. She got her
alpak dress all renovated, she says, and
sister got a new French mariner gown with
no roof on it, so they could see her yaller-
blasted neck and it was tuff to be sot on
after bringin' us ones up the way she did.

What's the use of tryin' to be respectable?
she says.

What's the use of callin' on the Governor
every Tuesday? she says.

What's the good of beatin' the grocer
man out of his bill all these years? she says.

What's the good of buyin' tennis bats for
sister and borrowin' sollaratus from the
nabors? she says.

What's the good of puttin' plumes on our
old mare and hirin' one of the millhands
for footman? she says.

What's the good of havin' pa put in the
dentist's list for the last six years? she says.

What's the good of bein' a "Smith" and
spellin' 'em with a "y"? she says.

What's the good of eatin' smoked herrin'
on a silver plate all these years? she says.

What's the good of goin' back on the
Baptists and joinin' the 'Piscopals as we
did? she says.

Why not get back again into the com-
mon ones, she says, and pay taxes and
groceries?

O, I tell you she was mad cos she wasn't
invited to that weddin', like the cabinet
ministers. But I ain't goin' back on the
'Piscopals for no weddin', cos maybe I'll
want a government office from the 'turney-
general some time, and then I'll have to be
a 'Piscopol or else I'll get left.

JIMMY SMITH.
Fredericton, Jan. 31.

Not on the Increase.

Scarlet fever is not on the increase in St.
John. The number of cases reported in
December was 64, while only 44 were
reported in January. Thus while the con-
tagion is unpleasantly prevalent there need
be no apprehension that it is increasing its
range. The board of health appears to be
doing all in its power to prevent the spread
of the contagion.

The Minstrel Dates.

HE DID NOT LOSE TIME

BUT TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS WIFE
AND MOTHER-IN-LAW

As Soon as the Minister Left the House—
The Crazy Antics of a Winter Street
Groom Who by Them Lost His Wife and
His Home.

Two women, an elderly lady and her
young and prepossessing daughter, left here
yesterday by a west bound train.

Little more than a month ago, the two
were enjoying the happiness attendant on
the preparations for the daughter's wed-
ding. The groom apparently entered heart-
ily into the spirit of the occasion. He
bought a handsome chamber set and other
useful articles. The mother of the bride
furnished her daughter liberally with the
money necessary for the purchase of a hand-
some trousseau. Everybody was gleeful.

The wedding day came, just a few days
before Christmas. The minister was sum-
moned and the ceremony was performed
without a hitch, in the comfortably fur-
nished home of the bride's mother in the
vicinity of Winter street. Having done all
that was required, as he thought, for the
happiness of the two young hearts, the min-
ister went home, and the newly-married
couple and the bride's mother were left
alone in the house.

Then a new order of things came about.
The bride has not known happiness since
that minute, and her mother shared her
feelings as only a mother can. Both have
been puzzling their brains to find out whe-
ther they had taken a maniac, a tyrant, or a
fool into the family.

While the marriage ceremony was going
on the groom conducted himself like a
gentleman. The moment the minister left
the house he acted like a crazy man.
Taking off his wedding garments, he strode
about the house in a way that thoroughly
frightened the ladies.

"Old woman," he said to his newly-
made mother-in-law, "get off to your
room; I'm boss here now. And you,"
turning to his bride, and evidently remem-
bering one part of the ceremony, at least,
"I'll make you obey."

The bride's mother, astounded by his
actions, asked what he meant. He knew
what he meant. He was boss, and de-
manded the keys of the house. He de-
manded a great many things, and said
much more. The women were in a state
of high excitement. They telephoned for
the minister, and the minister came. He
also was astonished. He told the groom
that he should live happily with his bride,
and coaxed him to do so. Yes, the groom
would make her happy. That's what the
groom said. He was a different kind of a
groom now from the one that stood before
the minister on his first visit. He wasn't
so meek, and didn't answer the minister's
questions as he did on the first occasion.
The minister didn't have any effect on him
whatever during his second visit.

Altogether, there wasn't much rejoicing
over the wedding. The rejoicing had all
been done before the event came off.

It had been mutually agreed during the
courtship that the pair should live with
the bride's mother, who had a very comfortable
home and was in good circumstances. The
groom did live there for a few days. He
invited the bride's brother to spend Christ-
mas with him. Then he wouldn't let any-
thing be cooked for the Christmas dinner.
This caused a scene.

Soon after this, the husband took every-
thing he owned from the house and is said
to have left the city. The unhappy wife
and her mother have broken up their home
and have gone to live with the latter's son,
who resides on the line of the New Brun-
swick railway. Whether the recreant hus-
band will live much longer depends alto-
gether on the Fool-killer. If he does his
duty there will be a funeral without any
mourners, right away.

"British-Americans" for sale at McAr-
thur's, 80 King St.

Preached With His Arm in a Sling.

Many of Bishop Medley's congregation
were surprised last Sunday to see him ap-
pear in the cathedral with his right arm in
a sling. Inquiry elicited the fact that on
the previous Tuesday, while descending
the steps of the post office, he slipped and
bruised and slightly sprained his right arm.
He was otherwise uninjured and on Sunday
evening preached with all his vigor, sim-
plicity and terseness.

Richibucto and Its Talkers.

The ritualistic guide at Richibucto appears
to be an eccentric genius. There are
enough anecdotes floating from that section
to fill a 500 page pamphlet. It is very fair
to presume that where there is so much
smoke there should be some fire—but that
doesn't hold in Richibucto. It is the only
place in New Brunswick where a man has
to shake his wife and tender himself. A
lockjaw epidemic is much needed there.

Out to the Carnival.

Mr. Mulhall, agent for Canada Railway
News company, started for the Montreal
carnival last evening.

THE BISHOP WOULDN'T CONSENT.

The Fredericton Cathedral Proves to be a
Free Church in More Ways Than One.

The action of His Lordship the Metro-
politan of Canada in refusing to allow the
cathedral at Fredericton to be closed to the
general public during a recent brilliant
marriage, has caused a good deal of favor-
able comment in the capital.

There cannot be much doubt that nothing
excites the curiosity of the average
Fredericton girl so much as a wedding, and
if it happens to be in high circles, why, the
pet bump of the weaker sex increases
proportionately.

Nothing appears to daunt them; they
must see the bride and groom. They take
a queer delight in their confusion; they
scan with eagle glances every visible particle
of dress and can tell you to a dot what the
material is, where it was purchased, how
much it cost and who made it. Every
thing a bride wears in Fredericton must be of
the very best, and above criticism, for
much of her future reputation depends
upon it.

Therefore the feast is most delicious, and
much more appreciated because it is rare.
Judge then of the excitement, of the indigna-
tion among the gentler sex of the flowery
capital, when the rumor spread that the in-
vitations to the recent marriage were quite
restricted and admission to the cathedral
would be by ticket.

The first was had enough—but to be de-
prived of the sight of a trembling and
beautiful young bride and a popular groom!!
why, rebellion was the order of the day.

But there wasn't any need for a society
outbreak. The good bishop remarked that
the cathedral was a free church and would
be while he was there. The dear old man,
popular and beloved as he is, clearly, rose
100 per cent. in the ladies' estimation and
they were privileged once again to stand on
the substantial seats of the ancient Episco-
pal edifice.

They saw all they could and next Friday
evening the orthodox nine days' gossip
will have ended.

But they were scared. An old time
privilege and custom could not be abolished
in this rude and unceremonious style with-
out their full and free consent. They re-
fuse to exempt brides from "the gaze of
the horrid, vulgar crowd," and will persist
in pleading with their choir friends to allow
them to see any where in that sacred nook,
or, if denied that signal privilege, balance
themselves on the seat backs.

IT WILL BE BUILT.

Bright Prospects for the Success of the
New Hotel Company.

Signatures to the amount of about
\$30,000 have been obtained by the pro-
jectors of the Marlborough hotel. The
names are chiefly those of solid men, who
subscribe for large amounts of stock, and
who will be able to push the project to suc-
cessful completion at an early day.

RIDER HAGGARD'S HOME.

HOW THE GREAT STORY TELLER BEGAN WRITING AND FAILED.

The Homes He Lives In and the Look of the Man—His Talk, His Manuscripts, and What He Has Been Paid for Them—The Ways and Work of a Famous Novelist.

Rider Haggard has youth, health, wealth, a happy home, fame, and working years before him, says a London letter to the New York Sun. At 32 he has the world at his feet. The public on both sides of the Atlantic are his staunch and loyal friends, and just so long as he can satisfy their capricious and insatiable appetite, just so far will fortune prove staunch to him. In personal appearance he is very pleasing; tall, slight, with broad shoulders, and the happy, all-conquering bearing of a practical athlete. He owns an additional charm in the expressive play of his features, the small head, well set on the straight throat; the large, full blue eyes, the finely developed forehead, and the close, prominent mouth, shaded but not obscured by the light brown moustache. His manner is at once frank, earnest and unaffected; he is visibly pleased with his success, but not over-elated by it, and not oblivious to its precarious nature.

The story of his short career is soon told. He was born at Bradenham Hall, Norfolk, in 1856, and when only a youth of 18 went out to Natal as private secretary to Sir Henry Butler. For two years he filled the office of master of the high court in the Transvaal, and during the Zulu war was elected lieutenant of the Pretoria horse. He it was who read aloud in the Volksraad the proclamation declaring the Transvaal British territory, and he it was who, jumping upon the table at the close of the proclamation, drowned all dissentient voices in his ringing shout, "Three cheers for the Queen." It is thus seen by what authority Mr. Haggard speaks on affairs at the Cape, and why he can afford to laugh at those captious critics who avow that his knowledge of Transvaal matters is derived solely from superficial reading. In 1879 he returned to England, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn Fields, occupying chambers in Elm Tree court, the Temple. The legend written above his letter box in those days of briefless fame, "Papers dropped through this hole will receive prompt attention," is still legible, and many are the MSS. passed through that open maw since the briefless barrister developed into the successful author, although Elm Tree court sees him but seldom now.

Mr. Haggard married Miss Marianne Louise Margitson, the only child and heiress of the late Major Margitson of Ditchingham House, Norfolk, and when in England divides his time between Ditchingham and his London home in Redcliffe square. Poverty and Mr. Haggard, therefore, have had little to say to one another. It is all the more to his credit that he has conquered the countless difficulties of literature without the incentive of money to work for. His town house is charmingly situated, and looking out upon a garden of several acres, the trees waving in a soft south wind, the sun shining and the sky a lovely blue, flecked with innumerable fleecy clouds, it is difficult to believe one's self in London, but rather in that fair southern county of Hampshire, where the New Forest stretches for many a mile, and the primeval trees rustle their dark boughs against a sky of illimitable azure.

This study of Mr. Haggard's is in many ways characteristic of the man. It is severely simple and utterly devoid of all superfluous accessories, though furnished with refined and decided taste. It is situated at the back of the house, and its three long windows overlook the already mentioned garden. A large, solidly constructed writing table occupies the centre of the room, upon which is placed a raised desk covered at the moment by the proof sheets of Mr. Haggard's new book, Cleopatra. At one end of the room a low mantelpiece and open grate are flanked on either side by bookcases reaching half way up the wall; above the chimney shelf hangs one of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's exquisite pencil sketches of a female head, and above this again a portrait of an Egyptian pharaoh in bold relief a sculptured head, the face wearing that ineffably calm expression, becoming a smile as it reaches the lips, familiar to us in the countenance of the secret sphinx.

In the drawing room, carefully locked behind glass cabinet doors, is the famous "potsherd" of She, the half, apparently, of a small water bottle of bulging shape and narrow neck, cleverly riveted together, and closely inscribed all over, inside and out, with cabalistic signs, easily translatable into every-day English. It is, in fact, the original "sherd" that so excited the "Lion" in the quiet college rooms, and that led to the marvellous adventures of Leo and the Baboon. As I held the curious modern relic in my hand and looked up into the smiling face above me, I could not resist the impulse that prompted me to say, "Ah, Mr. Haggard, surely you were the potter who turned out this ancient 'potsherd' from the wheel of your own fancy?" To which I received only the laughing, ambiguous rejoinder, "and do you think you could have made so good a one?"

In the dining room hang a beautiful collection of drawings in black and white by

Maurice Griffenhagen. The artist has entered thoroughly into the spirit of the author and reproduced his ideas with speaking fidelity. These drawings form the illustrations of an edition de luxe of She, shortly to be published. Mr. Haggard is a most prolific and rapid writer. He makes no second copy, his manuscripts going to the printers as they come from his pen. He wrote She in the incredibly short time of six weeks, as the manuscript copy shows, beginning it early in February, 1886, and finishing it late in March of the same year; besides which he was at that time reporting for the Times. I turned over the leaves of this manuscript copy with much interest. It is written on lined foolscap paper, and bound in strong morocco of a sombre hue. The penmanship is somewhat large and irregular, in many places hurried, but there are very few corrections or erasures, which is written from the original.

Mr. Haggard's progress has not been unmarked by trials and vicissitudes; his first book, Cetero and his White Neighbor published in 1882, was a complete pecuniary failure, the author losing \$250 (£50) by it, although on no book has he bestowed more time and care, searching through govern-

most atrocious manner. I have again touched upon the old charge of plagiarism in the preface to Cleopatra, and I have quoted a sentence from Emerson to prove my point, and to say what I could never say half so well, that every man is but a reproduction of some other man, and that the inventor's brain can alone dare to imitate, because it alone can detect imitation from invention. Yes, I have been asked many times to visit America, and, although I have a very real admiration for that great country, and although the American people are my largest and most partial public, still I do not think it at all likely that I shall visit America—certainly not for the present." While talking Mr. Haggard has a habit of jumping up suddenly and walking about restlessly for a moment or two, though never interrupting the conversation by so doing.

Mr. Haggard's favorite books are Dickens' Tale of Two Cities, Lytton's Coming Race, and above all "that one immortal work, a work that utters all the world's yearning and disillusionment in one sorrow-laden and bitter cry, and whose stately music thrills like the voice of pines heard in the darkness of a midnight gale, the Book of Ecclesiastes."



H. RIDER HAGGARD.

ment "blue books" for facts and data, and consulting all possible channels for authentic information. His next book and first novel, Dawn (1884), was launched with no little difficulty, though eventually he realized the munificent sum of \$50 (£10) upon it! Like its successor, The Witch's Head, it attracted very little attention, and has never become a public favorite. King Solomon's Mines was the next to appear, for the copyright of which Messrs. Cassel & Co. paid the author \$250 (£50). It made an immense hit, and after the Saturday Review boldly pronounced in its favor the sales increased daily, and Mr. Haggard's next venture was looked forward to with the deepest interest. She created an immense sensation; the sales amounted to over 30,000 copies in a few months. It was this book which thoroughly established Mr. Haggard's literary position, and by it he is said to have reaped a golden harvest, £10,000 being the modest sum mentioned. Allan Quatermain, Mr. Messon's Will and Maive's Revenge followed in due course, and of the latter one entire edition was sold within a few days of its publication. In speaking of his new novel, Cleopatra, Mr. Haggard frankly admitted it to be the one on which he has expended the greatest amount of study and research.

"It has always been a favorite epoch with me," he said, "and the Egyptian Queen a favorite character; and as I do not believe in any fiction that has not the touch of reality and life about it, I went to Egypt to write up my localities, my skies, my coloring, and my vitality; just as I went to Iceland to work up the local tone and spirit for a future book." It was easy to see that Mr. Haggard is decidedly anxious as to the success of Cleopatra, and if competent judgment is to be believed in on Cleopatra hangs the future establishment of Mr. Rider Haggard as a novelist, who aspires to something greater than the ephemeral success bestowed by tales of adventure, highly spiced, for mature palates.

In speaking of America, Mr. Haggard disclaimed having any personal grudge against the publishers of pirated editions of his works. "I do not so much object to the sharp practice which steals a man's brains without leave, though it is not agreeable to be so treated, but what I do object to strongly is that my American public have thrust upon them, not pirated copies only, but mutilated ones as well. This is a direct injustice to the author, but it is a greater injustice to the public who pay me the compliment of desiring my books. Probably I am at this moment the best abused author in England; certain papers never lose an opportunity of flinging a stone at me, and one journal in particular takes vicious delight in vilifying me in the

MARRIAGE IS A FAILURE WHEN IT DRIVES COMFORT OUT OF THE HOME

By Filling Every Room With Furniture That Can't Be Used and Fancy Work That Ought to be Used to Start the Fires With—"Freckles" Visit to a Club.

Ask any man, whose leisure hours are devoted to his club, that much worn and now almost ludicrous question as to whether he considers marriage a failure, and he will invariably answer, Yes. It is a fact; and if the women most interested in these men really wish for a reformation of things, they must first show a marked improvement in their own ideas of home comforts.

If they require any real practical suggestions I would advise them to gain admittance and thoroughly satisfy their curiosity as to the mysterious attractions of a first class gentlemen's club house. I can't say much about our own Union club, but, judging from its patrons, I form the idea that it is probably equal to one of New York's most exclusive clubs, which I had the honor of being shown through. I confess that the grandeur and elegance of its surroundings did awe me a trifle, but what most impressed me was the "homey" comfort that prevailed everywhere. Of course, woman like, I bestowed the greater part of my attention on the parlor, where everything seemed to say, "Use me, that's what I'm for and there's no possibility of my breaking, tilting over or clinging to you." Never shall I forget the enjoyment and blessed satisfaction experienced in walking around this room without the awkward dodging between rickety tables with their burden of tipsy little easels, wretched attempts at decorative art, and fragile samples from the china stores, cross-legged chairs, corner seats and all the other numberless articles that go to fill the modern drawing-room and test the language of the most pious men. The chairs and lounges were most inviting and it was a novelty to sink into their luxurious depths without the annoyance of a voluminous but unbecoming background of a poncee knot (in the days of hair-oil it was called anti-macassar) and a prickly pine pillow. Evidently the citizens were not suspected of carrying ladders about with them, for I noticed no yellow aprons strung across the windows, but the curtains and portieres were indescribably lovely. In fact, looking around this superb room one could not but note the display of excellent yet unobtrusive taste.

The escort smiled broadly when I inquired for the absent mantle drapery of plush, with the seam down the centre and ornamented with golden rod, pansies, violets, etc., sprouting in perfect harmony from the left hand corner. And where was the inevitable milk stool? (I wonder what asylum protects the discoverer of that kick-me-over-but-dont-swear-exasperator?)

"No, he said, 'we get a surfeit of the fancy work craze at our homes, so we come here to rest our eyes as well as our bodies.' There certainly were many beautiful things on which one might rest the eyes for any length of time—the choice pictures, statuary, excellent bric-a-brac, etc., that cost but little more money—to say nothing of the time, energy and patience spent on the trifles that require the greater part of a woman's life to replenish and keep them in order.

Now I am not a crank, or "crankness," nor am I quite destitute of a due appreciation of pretty things, but I do agree with the men that a thing ceases to be pretty when it becomes obtrusive and interferes with comfort; and this fancy work craze is interfering with comfort seriously. It causes us to sit on spindle upright chairs, or, if we do happen to secure a more comfortable one, it's an utter impossibility to find a resting place for the head between the array of sachet-bags, etc. It not only closes all the doors and windows (presumably from the dust), but it also denies us the best companionship in the world—a grate fire. Therefore, I have no liking for the woman who invites me to spend an afternoon or evening in her stuffy, furnace-heated room that has its fireplace barricaded by a huge Japanese fan or a fantastic screen that might almost convince members of the W. C. T. U. that they were afflicted with the D. T.'s.

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CARCASSONNE.

How old I am! I'm eighty years! I've worked both hard and long; Yet, patient as my life has been, One thought I have not seen...

One sees it dimly from the height Beyond the mountains blue: Pain would I walk five weary leagues— I do not mind the road's fatigues—

They say it is as gay all times As holidays at home! The fiddlers ride in gay attire, And in the sun, each glided spite

My God! said father, pardon me! If this, my father, offends! One sees some hope, more high than he, In age as in his infancy.

Thus sighed a peasant, bent with age, Half-dreaming in his chair. I said: "My friend, come, go with me, Tomorrow; then, these eyes shall see

Who has not known a Carcassonne? —From the French.

LARKIN AND MARIA.

"W'en folks set unse'ves up ter say 'at er darky hain't got feelin's des de same ez white folks, I tells 'em 'bout 'Ria in Larkin. Ain't none uv 'em gwine ter spite wid me den; no, sah, dey cayn't git roun' dat p'int."

"You see 'twuz dis er way," old Edward continued, complacently marking the interest his colored hearers exhibited in his remarks, as they sat around his cabin door one Sunday afternoon. "De ain't none er you young sprouts 'at knowed Larkin, do some er yo' maw's en paws do I speak."

"We all b'longed to Marse John Paxton den, 'twuz long 'o' de war, yew down in middle Georgia. He had so many niggers he hatter ax um sometime is dey his'n or do dey b'long ter somebody else."

"Larkin wuz des de finest young darky on de plantation. De wuzn't nuffin 'at anybody lay dey han's to 'at he couldn't beat um at. He wuz ahead w'en it come ter makin' shuck collars, en door mats, en brooms, puttin' 'im split bottoms in chairs, en mendin' shoes. Marse John say ter er gin 'at nobody 'cep' Larkin kin half sole his boots fur 'im."

"'Bout dis time Larkin shyn' his eye mighty 'spicious at de table in de big house. De wuzn't no doubt in my mind 'at 'Ria wuz willin', too, for she mighty reg'lar ter hang back wid 'im after meetin' broke up ev'ry Sunday."

"Well, sah, Marse John tuck us all by 'sprise one day. 'Twuz des after de fambly had eat er big watermelon in de dinin' room en er preacher wuz in dar wid um."

"Marse John 'fur Jim en Luke en Tobe en Dave en Larkin. Den he call fur 'Ria en 'fo' mo' women ter jine um. All de while folks laugh fit ter kill der-se'ves 'w'en dem niggers come slouchin' in de room, de las' one er 'em feard 'at dey gwine git de las' fur sompen wurr dey done."

"'Folks, de is gotter be some marryin' done on dis plantation—de is too many er you people livin' by yo'-se'ves. Des cast yo' eyes 'at mighty strange, w'en he say, 'er ain't nuber knowed 'w'at 'twuz ter hang er husband. En Tobe los' all his teeth wid age, en haint tried matrimony vit."

"Now, parson, git yo' book ready en w'en I count six, dese folks mus' choose der partners." Wid dat Marse John 'gin ter count, 'one, two, free, fo', five, six; 'den he holler out: "'Choose yo' partners.'"

"'En he hain't no mo' got de wod's out'n his mouf 'o' Larkin en two mo' niggers jump 'at 'Ria lak dogs at er bone. 'Ria scream lak you stickin' er knife in 'er, en jerked away 'fom um all 'at 'cep' Larkin, en put her head ergin his 'bress en kep' on cryin'."

"'O! Marster seem lak he feel kinder sorry fur 'Ria, fur he quit laughin' all at once, en order Dave en Jim ter stan' back. Den he say: "'Larkin, does you want to marry 'Ria?'"

"Now, I'm gittin' purty ol' en I need consider'ble married people, bofe white en black; but den two wuz certainly de mos' happiest I ever come er cross."

"Larkin look lak he do mo' wo'k en ever en 'Ria wuz de same way. Well dey live long dat way fur 50 year. Den come de trouble fur us all."

"Marse John got ter speculatin'—folks say he not satisfied wid 'at he had, en want ter git rich. He wuz erway in New Orleans fur er month after time. One day we all he'p 'at de plantation en de darkeys all gwine ter be sold ter pay off Marse John's debts."

"'O! mistis mos' 'strated, en Miss Lucile walkin' de flo' en cryin' lak 'er heart broke. De lan' en slaves hatter go; de wazn't no way gittin' roun' hit. Judge Bacon wuz pitted together by de law. But all dis didn't come up ter 'w'at we hatter went thoo w'en de day come fur us slaves ter be sold on de block at de court house."

"De wuz 'a pow'ful big croud 'fom all sides; des lak hit wuz er hangin'."

"'I'm tellin' you de trufe. I wuz more sorrier fur Larkin en 'Ria 'an I wuz fur myself. I reckon 'wuz dese dey take on so. 'Dar wuz er nigger trader 'fom Louisiana, ready ter buy six ur us; en he wuz wriggin' roun' in de croud, axin questions en lookin' at us. De folks in dat settlement wuz mighty lakkin' er money den times, en we know 'at some er us bound' ter be tuck away 'fom home."

"'Dey put Larkin on de block first one, en dey 'gin ter bid up 'im. Somebody start it at eight hundred dollars, den de trader say eight fifty. 'Twuz ergin de rules fur um ter open er mouf, w'id dey on de block; ter Larkin clean f'igit de bid, 'er, en she say, 'er bididin' hot en high on 'im, his eyes get plumb full of water en he 'tar open his shirt at de neck en twis' his hat 'twix' his han's lak 'twaz er rope—Larkin 'pear lak he gwine ter die wid er spasm."

"'En w'en de trader say 'leven hundred dollars,' Larkin des bend down to de 'im en beg—'im—'im."

"'Now, marster, do you buy me you mus' buy 'Ria, sub; she's my wife. Dar she is wid de red head cloth on."

"'De wuz consider'ble talkin' 'mongst de white people, en er farmer wid er plantation jinin' we all 'bid 'leven hundred en fifty. Larkin look 'at 'im pow'ful glad, den de trader say: "'Twelve hundred!'"

"Larkin look 'at 'im ergin en say: "'Ef you buy me, sub, fur God sake take 'Ria, too, sub. I wouldn't be no 'count 'doubt 'er, en she is er mighty faithful woman; ax 'er mistis, she tell you so'"

"'De auctioneer tell Larkin ter dry up; but twuzn't no use; ev'ry time de trader raise de bid Larkin beg 'em ter buy um both. 'Twixt um all en de 'citement, dey run Larkin up ter sixteen hundred dollars en de trader got 'im."

"Larkin jump off 'n de block en git on his knees 'o' de man en pled wid 'im ter buy 'Ria too. Dat trader des kick de po' darky lak he er chank er wood, en say: "'Git erway! Don't 'sturb me! I haint here to buy women; I des got orders fur men!"

"Larkin look lak he stark, ravin', 'strated. He went ter 'Ria en dey cry toger lak chilren."

"'Dey hatter tuck 'Ria ter de block by main 'fo'e, 'w'en hit come her time, en den she couldn't stan' up she so weak. Marse San Hanna, 'ol' miss' brer, bid her in en give 'er ter ol' miss' kase she sech er favorite wid de fambly; en he brought me, too, kase I didn't bring much; I wazn't ve'y stout en I reckon dey feared I gwine ter die."

"Marse Hanna bought de plantation too, en deeded it ter ol' miss, so de fambly went back dar ter live wid only er few niggers."

"So Larkin en 'Ria wuz parted. Dey tuck 'im way down ter Louisiana ter he 'p um make sugar cane."

"'Ria 'fuse ter live in de big house whar 'ol' miss waz 'er ter stay. She went back ter de same cabin whar her en Larkin used ter live. Way in de dead er night I hear dat woman rookin' 'erself en talkin' lak she speakin' wid 'aunts. She 'go 'bout de place 'dout talkin' ter anybody wid 'er head hangin' down."

"She got mighty thin en peaked; en 'ol' miss couldn't git 'er ter eat much. Den ter-se'ves she got down wid de brain fever en de doctor couldn't keep 'er 'fom dyin' 'er. 'Twuz er sad day fur us all w'en 'Ria was put in de ground."

"'De war come on den: en w'en 'twuz over, all de darkeys wuz free. Den hard times set in. Marse John told me I at liberty ter strike out fur myself er I want er bar, but I didn't leave um den, fur I wuz 'bout all dey had left."

"'Bout six month's after de surrender one evenin' to de dusk all de fambly wuz out in de ya'd. We seed er ol' raggedy darkey comin' up de big road. W'en he got ter de bars, he clomb throo um en den look up at de big house. Den he look at de row er cabins, whar de darkeys uster live, en he limp erlong wid his stick till he come to 'Ria's house."

"'He stopped at de do' en knock on 't'wid his stick. He stan' still er minute en listen, den he tap ergin. But nobody didn't open it; so he pull de ol' rusty chain out'n de hole, en push de do' open en go in. 'Twuz 'Purty soon he come out in front en count de cabins wid his finger; den he got back ergin en look in de do'. Den he tu'n roun' slow en tumble long up ter whar we all stan' in."

"'He tuck off his ol' hat en stan' 'fo' Marse John, bowin' en tryin' to steady hisse'lf wid his stick. Look lak his clothes 'bout to drop off'n his body, dey so ragged en he's so thin."

"'Marse John, has you forgot me? he say, tryin' ter smile."

"Marse John des shuck his head, en look at 'im ve'y straight, en tell 'im he cayn't 'member 'im."

"'I see Larkin 'w'at uster b'long ter you,' de ol' darkey say. Den we all shake 'im by de han', en ol' miss 'bear pow'ful put out kase he lookin' so sick."

"'Dey he'p 'im inter de big house, en give 'im er seat in er big arm chair in ol' miss' room. Den Miss Lucile en ol' miss make haste ter git 'im some wa'm victuals 't' eat."

"'Dey fetch 'im some coffee en light bread toast, en tell 'im ter eat hit en lie down en res' hisse'lf, 'at he is sick en mus' be careful wid hisse'lf."

"'But ol' Larkin wouldn't tech the toast nor de coffee. He stan' up en ax ol' miss: "'Miss Laura, whar's 'Ria?'"

"'Ol' miss tu'n her head w'at er ain't said nuffin. Den Larkin git ter shakin' lak he tuck wid chill, en he say: "'Marse John, whar is 'Ria?'"

"'Nobody wouldn't tell 'im nuffin 'bout his wife bein' dead; so he walk out do'—dey couldn't 'make 'im ter set still."

"Den dey all walk roun' 'hind de big house, whar de slaves all waz buried, en ol' miss put 'er han' on her arm, des lak he wuz er white man, en lead 'im ter 'Ria's grave, wid 'er name on de white sign at de house."

"'Ol' miss des look down at de grave, 'w'at had grass en flowers growin' on it, en 'gin ter cry, en Larkin know what she mean."

"'He des fall down by it en moan, 'en Marse John, en cough, lak he 'bout ter strangle wid his tears. Marse John en me hatter tote 'im 'twixt um in de house, en ol' miss fix 'im in his bed. He never left it. De doctor come, but he say 'twuz no use, de ol' man done broke down wid trampin' so far, en his heart broke, too."

"'He died de next day, en he wuz laid 'side 'Ria under de trees, 'hind de big house."—Will N. Harben in Atlanta Constitution.

Ten Thousand Dollars a Year. Robert Burdette the humorist, who has recently, so we learn, become a parson, once said to a young boy, "There's nothing like knowing your business clean through, my boy, whether you know anything else or not."

Vanderbilt pays his cook \$10,000 a year. He might have known how to cook fairly well and known a little of a thousand and one other useful employments, but he could not have gotten ten thousand a year salary for all that.

He was formerly impressed with the above idea from a remark made by a gentleman in our office a few days since. He said, "Any article of merchandise that has been on the market since 1810, and still sells like the old Johnston's Anodyne Linctant, must have extraordinary merit."

The manufacturers, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., have in their office and will send to any one, testimonials from old people who have used it in their family, when young, and whose children's children have used it very many years. This is not at all remarkable when we think of the amount of good this remedy will do; thousands of cases of pneumonia and consumption have been prevented by using this remedy for internal inflammation, such as colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis, as well as cramps and pains unremovable. It is totally unlike any other remedy used, and called liniment. It was a great mistake to call it anything but Johnson's Anodyne. The information on the large four page wrapper around each bottle is worth much to every family. Johnson & Co. send a pamphlet free to any one, containing much valuable information upon diseases and their cure.—Advt.

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

Betsy Ann's Bunnet. This quaint, true story from Duxbury shows a tender remembrance of spouse No. 1 under new matrimonial conditions: Sallie and Hiram were married after a brief courtship. He was 75 and she 76 years old. As he sort of apologetically said at the store, he was "rised of diggin' clams and shuckin' 'em out, an' makin' a chowder, and then settin' down alone to eat." So he sold his house and moved over to Sallie's.

The first thing to be put in place was an old sunbonnet, which he hung in the entry-way, sayin' to Sallie, "I couldn't be contented no way if I didn't see Betsy Ann's bunnet hangin' up there, Sallie."

"Well," says she, "I shall go straight up garret for Josiah's old hat which I was deuced enough to put away when I knew you were comin' home."

And she did so; and Josiah's old hat and Betsy Ann's "bunnet" hang side by side at the present day, as tender a tribute, perhaps, as flowers placed on the earth above a resting place.—Boston Transcript.

They Have Their Fears About It. Uncle Sam (calling up the stairway)—Good night, children. By the way, could you make room under the union blanket for another beddellow if I should adopt Miss Canada into the family?

Miss Florida, Miss Georgia, Miss Alabama, Miss Louisiana (shiveringly)—Yes, Uncle, don't you think she must be troubled a good deal with cold feet?—Chicago Tribune.

She Warned the Bed. Great (of an evening)—Well, it is getting late, and as you seem to have excused herself, I think I ought to tear myself away."

Host—"Oh, don't hurry. 'I shan't go up stairs for an hour yet."

"You will not?"

"Oh, no. After my wife retires I always allow plenty of time for the bed to get warm."—New York Sun.

If you want a flat, insert your need in "Progress," for only 10 cents.

IPSEY, DIXIE!

To most people it is far more interesting, and for us much more important, that you should UNDERSTAND that we are the SOLE AGENTS for that REMARKABLE 4-BUTTON FRENCH KID GLOVE "THE TANT MIEUX." It is placed upon our counters direct from the manufacturing tables of the makers, all middle and BETWEEN PROFITS ARE DROPPED, and you get the GLOVE AT FIRST HANDS ON A SIMPLE COMMISSION PROFIT. Hence the secret of their value. In point of actual wear EVERY PAIR is EQUAL TO "JOSEPHINE," yet they are only 64c. a pair. Sent free by post to any address. Remittances may be made in stamps.

FAIRALL & SMITH.

EQUITABLE TONTINE POLICY.

September 15, 1873, the EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY issued a policy on the life of a resident of New York thirty years of age. It was a life policy, its premiums payable in fifteen annual payments, and on the Tontine plan. The total premium for fifteen years amounted to \$5,364. Here is the result September 15, 1888: A cash value of \$6,567.70. This is a return in cash to the policy-holder of \$129.45 for each \$100 paid in premiums, and in addition to the protection furnished to his family of \$10,000 of assurance during the fifteen years. He has been taking a paid-up policy for \$15,860. This would secure a return in cash to the policy-holder's heirs of \$295.70 for each \$100 paid in premiums.

THE PEERLESS FOUNTAIN PEN.

Has all the requisites of a PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN. A FINE FLOW OF INK. ALWAYS READY TO WRITE. A trial of this pen will convince that it is a PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN in every respect. FOR SALE BY ALFRED MORRISEY, 104 King Street. Dispensing of Prescriptions. Special Attention is given to this very important branch.

It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips. It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise. It removes Tan, Pimples, Scaly Eruptions and Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and brilliant. An excellent application after shaving. PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Sample bottles free on application. Prepared by G. A. MOORE, DRUGGIST, 169 BRUNNELL ST. cor. Richmond.

TWEED WATERPROOF COATS With Sewed and Taped Seams. We are now showing the Latest London Styles in Gents' Tweed Rubber Coats, Made with above great improvements. ALSO—A Full Line of LADIES LONDON CLOAKS in newest styles. ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO., 68 Prince Wm. Street.

Take Care OF YOUR FACE AND HEAD MCINTYRE, AT THE ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SALOON, KEEPS THE BEST Face and Hair Washes IN THE CITY. Sample bottles upon application. Don't fail to give them a trial. D. J. MCINTYRE - - - 36 King Street. JAMES S. MAY. W. ROBERT MAY.

JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, 84 Prince William Street, P. O. Box 303. ST. JOHN, N. B. Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for all-class trade. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount for cash.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. HORSES and Carriages on hire. Fine Pitt-outs at short notice. THE LATEST SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS. SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO The New York Labor News Co., 25 EAST FORTYTH STREET, New York City.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing January 7, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 18.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston. PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 13.35 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations. 18.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM BANGOR at 16.45 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p. m., Sleeping Car attached. VANCOUVER at 12.35 a. m.; 12.00 noon. WOODSTOCK at 11.25 a. m.; 11.40 p. m. HOULTON at 10.15 a. m.; 10.40 p. m. ST. STEPHEN at 9.55 a. m.; 10.45 p. m. ST. ANDREWS at 10.20 a. m.; 11.50 p. m. FREDERICTON at 17.00 a. m.; 12.50 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 16.45; 10.00 a. m.; 14.00 p. m. LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 16.25 a. m.—Connecting with 8.40 a. m. train from St. John. 13.20 p. m.—Connecting with 3.35 p. m. train from St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked † run daily except Monday; †Daily except Saturday. †Daily except Monday. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

1888--Winter Arrangement--1889. ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express..... 7.30 Accommodation..... 11.20 Express for Sussex..... 10.35 Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 13.00 A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 7.00 Express from Sussex..... 8.35 Accommodation..... 11.20 Day Express..... 13.20 All trains to be by Eastern Standard Time. D. FOTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20, 1888.

TO TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS.

CHEAP TELEPHONES. THE ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY are about opening a Telephone Exchange in this city, and are making arrangements, which will be completed in a very short time, for giving the public telephones at much less rates than have heretofore obtained in this city. A Company also purpose starting a Factory in this city for the manufacture of Telephones and other electrical apparatus, thus starting a new industry. The ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY ask the public to wait until a representative of their company shall call upon them. This company is purely a local one, and we cordially solicit your support in our endeavor to introduce a new, better and cheaper Telephone than any yet offered the public. ST. JOHN TELEPHONE CO. A representative of the Company will be at the office of the Provincial Oil Co. Robertson Place, where those wishing to subscribe may sign subscribers' list.

BEST Violin Strings.

PERSONALLY SELECTED For Sale Cheap. MORTON L. HARRISON, No. 99 KING STREET. All the numbers of SEASIDE POCKET LIBRARY always in stock. Flour and Feed Store. Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat, RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS, From the best mills. Always on hand. R. & F. S. FINLEY, Sydney Street.

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Attorney, Solicitor, Notary, etc. OFFICES: COR. PRINCESS AND PRINCE WM. STREETS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Dress Wear.

HOWING: NEW FABRICS for SEASON 1889. ESS, SATIN, MERYILLEUX, FLUSHES, SPOT NETS, POINT D'ESPRIIT-NETS, in the new shades; LEADED NETS; GOLD DRESS-FRONTS; CINGS and ALLOVERS; And Checks; GLOVES, RIBBONS and LACES. BERTSON & ALLISON. A NEW RANGE,

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If so, we invite your attention to our Stock, which comprises BEST IN THE MARKET. Goods we sell to be presented, and ARE LOW. All interested in securing the best goods

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NEW FALL GOODS.

Just Received, a Large Stock of FALL GOODS For Overcoats, Pants, Suits, Etc., IN ALL THE NEWEST PATTERNS. Call and see our Cloths. JAMES KELLY, CUSTOM TAILOR, 34 Dock Street.

GO TO

Page, Smalley & Ferguson's, Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Gold Jewelry, Silver and Plated Goods CLOCKS and BRONZES, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc. 43 King Street. CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection. WILLIAM CLARK. JUST THE ARTICLE

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SWEET CREAM. CAN BE HAD EVERY DAY AT THE Oak Farm Dairy Butter Store, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET. EMPLOYMENT AGENCY, 115 Sydney Street, opp. Victoria School. MRS. H. M. DIXON, Stamping, Pinking and Fancy Work done to order.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor. WALTER L. SAWYER, Business Manager.

Subscription rates: \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail. Papers will be stopped promptly at the expiration of time paid for.

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

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

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

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 2.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

OF INTEREST TO OUR FRIENDS.

January, 1889, has been PROGRESS' most successful month. Never since it started has its circulation increased so rapidly and so widely.

Whether it was on account of the fine warm weather, the increased activity and numbers of the newsboys or the announcement made in our widely circulated city contemporary, the Globe, on account of the general excellence of the issue, this fact remains, that the street and news sales, last week, were far ahead of any Saturday since the illustrated edition.

Portland people claim the credit of booming PROGRESS. Portland newsdealers could have disposed of many more copies, Saturday night.

But look at this. February opens splendidly. Another live agent in Moncton has increased the sales of PROGRESS 100 copies in the "smoky city."

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One paper alleged that a cigar firm here, which started Boston with an urgent demand for workmen, sent out the first dispatch. Turning anxiously to another, the reader was relieved to ascertain that a telegram quoting the figures for a shipment of goods had been luckily ahead in the struggle.

This was amusing but unsatisfactory to the reader of the papers. He did not know what to believe about this important question. PROGRESS, with characteristic enterprise, has been at some trouble to unearth some additional first dispatches and herewith submits them to a yearning public:

Brantford, N. B., Jan. 30. Brantford Mfg. Co., Brantford, Ont. Have succeeded in building a box large enough to cover the engine. Chairman Light Com.

St. John, Jan. 30. S. L. Tilley, K. C. B. etc. Fredericton. Please send me an invitation. A. Litwaite.

Prof. Wiggins, Ottawa: When will it snow? Keewaydin Tobogganing Club.

A. G. Blair, Atty Gen. Fredericton: Have I been appointed Chief? Wm. Quenten.

This, however, is the authentic first: Anybody. Anywhere: For the infant's sake send us some news! THE DAILY LAZARETTE.

In the literary notes and announcements, on another page, appears a paragraph about the Royal Society, from which, by a natural oversight, the concluding sentence was omitted. We therefore take occasion to say here that no one will begrudge Messrs. MUIR, HALE and PATTERSON their election to that body. With half a dozen notable exceptions, it is a collection of sossils and incapables.

To that genial, popular aide-camp and gentleman, Major W. D. GORDON, PROGRESS extends its heartiest thanks for much of the necessary information contained in its complete account of the brilliant social event at Government house.

That was a nice scoop of the Telegraph's, of the union commissioners' report, Wednesday. Those are the only things that make life worth living to a newspaper man. It was a nice scoop, "Mac," a very nice scoop.

Enclosures at lowest prices at McArthur's bookstore, King St.

PUT IT IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Mr. Ramsdale is Forced to Pay Messrs. Macintire & Halpin's Taxes. Mr. Ramsdale, some three years ago, was the fortunate proprietor of the Grand Central barber shop in the basement of the Nelson building at the head of King street.

In November, 1887, he sold out the good will and furniture of the stand, and from that day to this Messrs. Macintire & Halpin have been the proprietors and artists of the concern.

Monday of this week Mr. Ramsdale had the questionable pleasure of paying the taxes of the present proprietors. He tried hard to escape getting the chamberlain's receipt for the fourteen or fifteen extra dollars, but there wasn't any way out of it.

When Mr. Ramsdale received \$800 for his property and the good will he lost no time in presenting himself to the assessors and informed them of the fact. They listened and said it would be attended to.

That satisfied Mr. Ramsdale and all went well until last year when his tax bill came in, and he found that instead of decreasing his taxes had jumped a few dollars in the twelve months.

Mr. Ramsdale had made a mistake. Instead of remaining in his office and writing his information to the assessors he had taken the trouble to go to their office and tell them. He lost money by it. He couldn't find any redress. The assessors sympathized with him, so did the appeals committee and so did the council; so, in fact, did Messrs Macintire & Halpin, who said they expected the tax bill and would have paid the corporation, but they couldn't regard Mr. Ramsdale in that light.

There appears to be a deal of injustice about the matter, but Mr. Ramsdale learned a lesson which his fellow citizens would do well to note: He won't give the assessors any verbal notice in future.

A Dirty Kitchen can be regenerated by the use of Ideal Soap. Umbrellas repaired, 212 Union street.

DORCHESTER.

JANUARY 30.—Miss Kinder, of Amherst, who has many friends in Dorchester, has been visiting her friend Miss Edith Wilbur. She returned to Amherst last week.

Miss M. B. Kerr, of Boston, is in Dorchester, intending to spend the remainder of the winter with her mother, Mrs. J. J. Kerr, at Maplehurst.

Mrs. W. D. Douglas, of Amherst, spent several days in town last week, together with her niece, Miss Nellie Davidson, at the residence of Mrs. Douglas' father, Mr. Joseph Hickman. Mr. Hickman has been in feeble health lately, but was able to be out driving Monday.

Miss Nellie Chandler spent two days in Moncton, last week, with Mrs. C. F. Haington. The Moncton Opera company was the attraction.

Miss Phoebe Chandler has returned home from Sackville, where she has been visiting her friend Mrs. Amos Atkinson. She performed the journey to Sackville on foot, covering the intervening twelve miles in three hours. Next!

WEIGHTY WORDS Canada's Daughters!

The Enormous Regular Sales of Thousands of Boxes of



For all Waters. IDEAL SOAP For all Waters. Is the best proof that the public know and appreciate its MAGICAL CLEANSING PROPERTIES and THOROUGH STERILIZING VALUE. Being of FULL WEIGHT it is a boon to RICH and POOR ALIKE.

A lady writes: "I find it saves time and material, as the clothes require less rubbing, no boiling, and wash a much purer color than with ordinary Soap. I recommend it to every housewife." Every bar weighs 16 oz. Cannot injure the most delicate fabric.

WM. LOGAN, Sole Manufacturer. MANKS & CO., HAVE OPENED:

FINE ENGLISH BLACK FLEXIBLE FELT HATS, ALL QUALITIES AND PRICES. 65c. to \$3.50 Each. Also: Late American Styles, Fine Finish; Heavy and Medium Cloth Caps. 57 KING STREET.

Supreme Court. TENDERS FOR Telegraph Poles

TENDERS will be received until noon of the 11th day of February next, for furnishing "The Western Union Telegraph Company."

1,250 Cedar Telegraph Poles, to be delivered on cars on the Grand Southern Railway, between Carleton and St. Stephen, on or before the 20th day of May next, of sizes and description as follows:

1,225 POLES 25 feet long, 7 inches in diameter at the top. 25 POLES 30 feet long, 7 inches in diameter at the top.

To be sound, straight, stripped of bark to within 2 feet of the butt, square at both ends and knots cut smooth. The poles to be subject to inspection. Bills to be paid between the 25th and 30th of the month following the delivery of the poles.

Tenders should be sealed and endorsed on the envelopes, "Tenders for Cedar Poles," and addressed to R. T. CLINCH, Supt. W. U. Telegraph Co. St. John, N. B., Jan. 29, 1889.

VICTORIA SKATING RINK! NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON.

Prices Season Tickets: Gentlemen, \$3.00; Ladies, \$2.00; Children, under 12 years of age, not good for admission after 7 p. m., 1.50. There will be a BAND at Rink on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and Saturday afternoon, on which occasion admission to non-subscribers will be 15c. each.

WANTED.

200 LADIES wanted to have their Corns EXTRACTED without pain, by PROF. SEYMOUR, at 21 Sydney street. Apply from 9 a. m. till 6 p. m.

200 GENTLEMEN wanted to have their Corns EXTRACTED without pain, by PROF. SEYMOUR, at 21 Sydney street. Apply from 9 a. m. till 6 p. m.

TO LET.

TO LET—Convenient flat; possession immediately; also, Shop, Rooms and Stable, City Road and Gilbert's Lane. Apply at 115 King street (east).

Mr. J. W. Y. Smith left for Bishop's college, Lennoxville, Monday. He went via St. John, where he will stop a few days.

Miss E. M. Dibblee spent Tuesday in Sackville, with Mrs. J. F. Allison, returning today. Rev. J. Roy Campbell is spending the week in Fredericton, where Bishop Kingdon is entertaining all the rural deans of the diocese, at the Queen hotel. He expects to be home by Saturday evening.

Rev. C. Wiggins, of Sackville, will perform Mr. Campbell's duties here during his absence. Attorney-General Blair is in town, arguing a case in the Equity court. Mr. Joseph H. Yeomans, barrister, of Pettaodiac, was in Dorchester yesterday.

SHEDIAK. JANUARY 30.—Two of our most popular young ladies, Misses Jennie Webster and Maggie Evans, have recently returned from a short visit to friends at Point du Cheque.

Miss Toombs and Miss Elder are here from Moncton, spending a few days with friends. Society is fluttering with excitement about what the fair sex shall wear at the coming party. I understand that several new dances are being practiced, and are to be introduced for the first time in Shediac.

Miss Mabel Smith has gone to Newcastle, to spend a week or so with her grand parents. Miss Fawcett, of Sackville, is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. A. D. McCully. Rev. Mr. McKenzie, the new rector of "St. Martins-in-the-Woods," has at length arrived. His last charge was at Alberton, P. E. I., and his popularity at that place should be sufficient guarantee of his continued success.

Misses MAY and Sadie Harper, daughters of D. S. Harper, left a few days ago for St. John to attend the Art school. These young ladies have shown rare talent in off-hand drawing, and promise to be artists of no mean order.

Just Look at This!

WOOL HOODS, Tam O'Shanter's, Toques, Fascinators, Hats and Feather Ruffs, AT PRICES TO ENSURE A READY SALE.

BARNES & MURRAY, 17 CHALOTTE STREET.

The New Crockery Store, 94 KING STREET.

Received Since the Holidays: FULL LINE OF TOILETTE SETS, IN ALL COLORS, PLAIN AND GILT. Prices Exceedingly Low.

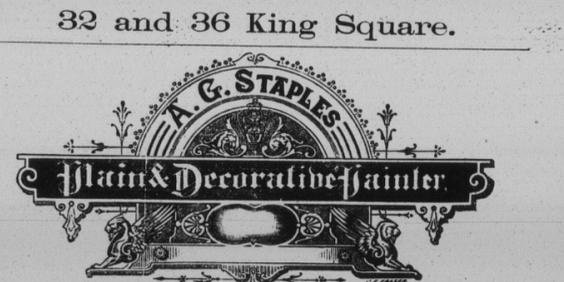
C. MASTERS. St. John

AND

Portland.

Residents of the above cities, who buy for Cash, can save Money by visiting

WALTER SCOTT'S Great Sale, 32 and 36 King Square.



WHAT LADY hasn't some cosy room in her house which is different from every other, which is her joy—her pride: made so by the skilful painter and his artistic designs and color blending. It is beautifully decorated, tinted perhaps or frescoed in either oil or water colors. She delights to show her lady friends there and hear and see their admiration.

But such work is best done when there is plenty of time. As spring advances the painter has more than he can attend to. Therefore, ladies, ask A. G. STAPLES (175 Charlotte or 141 Britain street), plain and decorative painter, to use his time and best skill to retouch your favorite nook.

A. G. STAPLES, Plain and Decorative Painter, Shop, 175 CHARLOTTE STREET; Residence, 141 BRITAIN STREET.

All descriptions of Home, Sign and Decorative Painting. A special feature is made of Decorative Paper Hanging, Tintin; and Frescoing in either Oil or Water Colors.

THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY ADVERTISES FACTS.

We made more Cigars than all Cigar Factories East of Quebec City during 1888. We paid more DUTY than all Cigar factories east Quebec city during 1888.

We have imported more HAVANA TOBACCO than all Cigar factories east Quebec city during 1888. And still we do not ADVERTISE to give a CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR for 5c.

Established April 21, 1884, we have doubled our production every year, and today we are making better Cigars than any other factory in the maritime provinces. BELL & HIGGINS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

IN AID OF FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY. Evenings with Sir Walter Scott. An entertainment will be given at the Mechanics' Institute, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS, Feb. 7 and 8, under the auspices of the Ladies' Committee—MUSIC, READING and ILLUSTRATIONS. A different programme each evening. Admission 50 cts.; reserved seats 50 cts. For sale at A. C. Smith's and by members of committee. Plan of hall at A. C. Smith's on Monday.

HORSE BLANKETS, For Fall and Winter. Surcingles, Halters, Etc., ROBB'S HARNESS SHOP, 204 Union Street.

SOCIETY EVENTS

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

The Story of an African Farm. The masculine pseudonym of "Ralph Iron" is a disguise under which Miss Olive Schreiner has sought to conceal her identity. It is not surprising that an identity so vigorous and brilliant was speedily dragged out of covert. The Story of an African Farm is no thrilling romance of adventure. There is no mark of an assagai from cover to cover; and its pages reveal no trace of elephant or lion, save for a carved lion's head in an old Dutch bedroom. The book is filled, nevertheless, with tremendous movement, with spiritual terror and anguish, conflict, victory and defeat, beside which the struggles of Zulus and the trumpeting of mad elephants show with a certain pallor and remoteness. I say this with all due respect and admiration for the enthralling tales which Mr. Haggard has given us—tales which, I think, should be forever acceptable to the palate of the healthy man or boy. But in such a story as Miss Schreiner's there are mightier issues at stake; the suspense becomes more breathless. This book has won a marked degree of popularity, but it has been quite overshadowed by the fame of Robert Elsmere, a novel which—with all its excellent literary quality, all its sympathetic voicing of the questionings of the day—seems amateurish in its philosophy and almost artificial in its attitude, beside the strenuous sincerity of Miss Schreiner's pages. In her depiction of the strange, barren life of a Boer household, this writer reveals life at the core. She probes inexorably to the roots of human desires and human motives. In her pages a remorseless logic, an inescapable keenness of vision, are combined with passionate humanity, tenderness, pathos and a certain religious exaltation. The landscape, the atmosphere, the accidents or material phenomena of this human tragedy are all unfamiliar to us, and strangely provocative. They are rendered with few and broad strokes, but with an intensity which makes them well high ineffaceable.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

The publication of Mr. Carman's Trilogy in commemoration of Matthew Arnold has been delayed till April, to allow of the appearance of Part I, entitled "Death in April," in the pages of the Atlantic Monthly. This section of the poem contains between two and three hundred lines, and never before has a Canadian poet been given such prominence in that most exclusive of magazines.

It is announced that Mr. Blackett Robinson, the well known Toronto publisher who, as proprietor of The Week, has done so much for Canadian Letters, will publish next month a volume of poems by Mr. H. K. Cockin. Mr. Cockin is editor of Toronto Saturday Night. His poems are of a popular character, easy in diction, full of swing and spirit, and concerned almost exclusively with human emotion and incident. From a knowledge of Mr. Cockin's work in the periodicals we are able to predict that his volume will appeal to a wide circle. Many of the poems are peculiarly adapted for public recitation.

The Trinity University Review, of Toronto, is making rapid growth in literary excellence and in breadth of interest. This is doubtless to no small extent due to the management of Mr. Carter Troop, of this city, whose promise we mark with great pleasure.

The Dominion Illustrated asks whether Mr. Craven Langstroth Betts, the translator of Beranger, is a New Brunswick man or not. Mr. Betts, though living in Brooklyn, still prides himself on being "a St. John boy." While speaking of the Dominion Illustrated it may not be out of place to reiterate that this periodical is one which has a most just claim on the support of all true Canadians. Never before have Canadians possessed a purely literary illustrated magazine that could be called in all respects first-class. At last this reproach is effectually removed, and Canadians should evince practically their appreciation of this fact.

Notes and Announcements.

A German paper has this witticism. It is an enthusiastic professor who is speaking to his students: "Yes, gentlemen, yes, that was a great time. Herder had written his Walden; Lessing was in full activity; Goethe had begun his brilliant career, and Schiller was about to be born."

There are three fellowships vacant in the English literature section of the Royal Society, and to fill these vacancies Messrs. Horatio Hale, of Clinton, Ont.; Geo. Patterson, of New Glasgow, N.S., and Charles Mair, of Prince Albert, have been nominated, and will, without doubt, be elected.

Letters on Literature is the title of Andrew Lang's new volume, which is to be published by Longmans, Green & Co. The book is made up chiefly of papers contributed to the Independent.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's Canadian paper, which is to appear in the Harper of March, prefaced by a portrait of Sir John Macdonald, is a complete review of the social, political and industrial condition of the dominion. It fills 30 pages of the magazine, space enough to make of itself a suggestive and piquant little book.

The Story of an African Farm. By Ralph Iron. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Mr. Howells' new novel, which will appear in Harper's Weekly in March, is to have the advantage of illustration. This is the first time Mr. Howells has been illustrated.

Dr. Birbeck Hill, the editor of one of the best editions of Boswell's Johnson, is making arrangements to bring out complete collections of the letters of both Boswell and Johnson, and a call is made on collectors of autographs or other persons owning unpublished letters, to send to Dr. Hill exact copies.

The new Century Dictionary is to be issued in sections containing about 6,500 words each. It is intended to furnish a complete equipment for literature, science, and the arts. Quotations are made from the works of about 2,000 authors. It is said that the new edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica has alone furnished 10,000 new words. There are about 6,000 cuts, and as many as possible of these were prof. from the articles to be illustrated.

Mr. George William Curtis is editing Motley's Letters, which the Harper Brothers are to publish in two volumes, and which promise to be a literary event. The letters are for the most part to his family and written from abroad, although an interesting part will be the correspondence of young Motley. His views of Bismarck, with whom he was on special terms of intimacy, but of whom he seems able to have formed an unprejudiced estimate, are described as having a timely importance. Mr. Curtis has prepared a paper on the letters which will appear in the body of the magazine next month.

Mr. J. A. Symonds in his Comparison of Elizabethan and Victorian Poetry, quotes Jenny Lind as saying apropos of Shelley's poetry that it would not sing. Its verbal melody was too self-satisfying; its complicated thoughts, changeful images are packed full of consonants; and, moreover the tone of emotion alters so rapidly that no melodic phrase is brief enough. She contrasted it with the largo of Milton and the simplicity of Heine, so well adapted to musical phrases. "I can sing Dryden," she said, "but not Shelley, Wordsworth or Keats. Tennyson, but not much. He chooses solid, sharp words, and puts them all together; music cannot compass them."

Boston will soon enjoy an authors' reading. At least, at the meeting of the International Copyright association, Wednesday week, a committee was appointed to arrange for such a reading to be given for the benefit of the association. The committee is: W. W. Goodwin, chairman; Alexander P. Browne, secretary; Thomas B. Aldrich, A. S. Hardy, Robert Grant, T. W. Higginson, Miss Sara Orne Jewett, Edwin L. Bynner, Mrs. James T. Fields, J. Boyle O'Reilly, Arthur Gilman, H. E. Scudder, Miss Lucretia P. Hale, F. J. Stimson and Miss Susan Hale.

MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Few of the general public have a good idea of the large amount of time and sacrifice of other engagements the average amateur devotes in pursuit of music. I am not now speaking of the soloists, but rather of the chorus—the one, of many, who goes to make up the necessary complement for the proper production of any musical work. Take, for instance, the male singers of this city who are members of the Oratorio society. In nearly every case they are also members of a church choir. To begin with, this necessitates the keeping of two evenings of the week for rehearsal, one for church and one for oratorio. Just now, too, there are the Amateur Minstrels actively rehearsing two and sometimes three times a week, which company is largely composed of members of the Oratorio society. There are as well the recitals in the Mission church, which engages another evening at least for performance, and also some odd time for rehearsal, not to say anything about small church concerts, which entail a certain amount of preparation. I heard a friend remark, the other night, that his wife was bewailing that she had a musical man for a husband, and he added that he thought she had some cause for complaint, as he had only been at home two nights that week, and the next week he had rehearsals as follows: Monday, oratorio; Tuesday, minstrels; Wednesday, rehearsal for recital; Thursday, minstrels; Friday, recital, and Saturday, minstrels! Of course, this is rather an exceptionally busy time, but the public should lay carefully to heart the fact that these amateurs expend a large amount of time, trouble and patience in giving recreation and amusement to this city, and should liberally support entertainments which have the object of giving high class music in the best manner possible, and especially all that are in any way connected with the Oratorio society.

As I announced last week, Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," will be performed by the Oratorio society, at Mr. Morley's organ recital, in St. Stephen's church, which will take place next Tuesday evening, the 5th inst., at 8 o'clock.

Wanted—A good concluding afterpiece. Apply to the managing committee of the Amateur Minstrels. A good price will be given for a suitable piece. This is a free ad., though it ought to cost a dollar a line. Decision is a very happy trait in a managing committee, so, gentlemen, when the first replies come in from the above ad., decide at once and stick to it. The Bankers' minstrels, of Boston, give their performance on the 8th of next month, and we ought to follow the Hubbites very quickly, to be in fashion—the Hub being the musical centre of the universe, or, at all events, alleged to be.

"She Wanted to be Calm." Fair Passenger (to her travelling companion)—Do you know, Mr. Sampson, that I feel very nervous? Mr. Sampson—What makes you feel that way? Do you anticipate danger? Fair Passenger (shyly)—No, I don't anticipate any danger, but we are approaching a tunnel.—The Epoch.

HE CAME BACK.

I. At the end of the lane by the white gate (Oh, the heat of youth is sickle!) He left his love, for a year to wait. Sing sickle, oh, so sickle!

II. "Will he ever return?" the maiden cried, (Alas, that heart is sickle!) And she sat her down and laid her sighs. Sing sickle, oh, so sickle! But he came as he said, all safe from harm, And stroiled down the lane in the June-time warm, With a good-by kiss in the deepening gloom. Oh, sing of a youth so sickle!

whether too short or too long, etc., etc. I don't think any one would go to hear one of Shakespeare's plays with a text book and watch every line on the book during the actor's most telling speeches, and so I think it would be better if the scores were closed during the solos and recitatives and I guarantee more enjoyment to the listener than if the book were open. Of course if one is going to a performance for the purpose of criticising, then to a great extent a score is necessary, but otherwise closed books are certainly in the best taste.

Messrs. Hill & Son, of London, Eng., are now constructing for the Town Hall, Sydney, N. S. W., what will be the largest organ yet built. It will contain 140 registers, 126 of which will be speaking stops, distributed among five manual and one pedal claviers. Beneath the respective manuals there will be 33 pneumatic combination pistons, ten combination pedals to great and pedal organs and four other mechanical pedals. The compass of this gigantic instrument is: Manual compass C C to c, 61 notes; pedal compass C C C to F, 80 notes. The unique feature of a 64 feet reed is an element of novelty, and can only be regarded as a curious experiment. The largest organ in the world hitherto is that at Riga, containing 124 speaking stops.

In the London correspondence of the Boston Musical Herald, the writer draws attention to the two musical high churches at the West end, viz., All Saints, Margaret street, and St. Andrew's, Wells street. The dedication festivals of both occur during the month of November, and by a curious coincidence the choir masters of both churches chose the same mass for the choral celebration, Beethoven's in C, without the slightest intention of clashing. Old St. Paul choristers will be delighted when I say that the note closes with the remark that both performances were good, and could not be excelled anywhere but at St. Paul's cathedral.

At one of Rubinstein's recitals at St. James' Hall, he was accosted by an old lady in the entrance-hall, just before 3 o'clock, and thus addressed: "Oh, Mr. Rubinstein, I am so glad to see you! I have tried in vain to purchase a ticket. Have you a seat you could lend me have?" "Madame," said the great pianist, "there is but one seat at my disposal, and that you are welcome to, if you think fit to take it." "Oh, yes; and a thousand thanks! Where is it?" was the excited reply. "At the piano," smilingly retorted Rubinstein.—Ex.

"Dear me," ejaculated Mrs. Tonhunter, after hearing her daughter execute a brilliant aria several sizes too big for her, "hasn't Almira got a magnificent timbre to her high tone?" "Timber!" snarled the crusty old uncle who always desired his niece to learn cooking; "Timber! lots of it! Why its the most woody voice I have ever heard."—Musical Herald.

Sir Arthur Sullivan was once asked where he was able to compose best, and under what circumstances his ideas flowed most freely. His answer surprised everyone. "There is no place," he said, "where I have so many inspirations as in a railway carriage. There is something in the rapidity of the motion, in the clanging of the iron, and in the whirl of the wheels, which seems to excite the imagination, and supplies material for a host of strange harmonies."—Ex.

It is singular that among all the commercial music publishers now-a-days nobody has ever written a set of Fairbanks' Scale Exercises! Don't give this idea a weight.—Ex.

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TO THE... Prof. Bry... of the T... Coast... Political... From work by Aberdeen... attention... following... author's co... Occupying... (tent from... have neigh... the south... that they c... more temp... they touch... with its se... from the A... bound tog... way. Its p... 000, is rap... Northwest... to the Brit... admittedly... Fifty year... of course t... to annex C... but if not... so late as 1... told that t... the Federal... would be to... against the... when the pa... nation, if... Many were... by which it... land that, f... accede to t... Napoleon a... share stat... formidable... has become... her northw... superior an... believed to b... climate, hav... est wheat-gr... ment. The... now far gre... be easy for... to defend a... ally weak as... demer from... Don, now the... Canada is sel... States. If t... about at the... Canadians r... rest of any... There are... in the growi... to England... jealousy, bet... proverbial b... and consider... in the Uni... fifty years... war of 1812... of the one p... other, imprin... in America b... of July hara... language of... city during t... remarkable... feeling shoul... chief branch... settlement o... tributed to... England and... science in Am... The greater... come to show... to it. But t... perhaps most... enabled the... another. The old m... Canada have... there is reason... were separat... Americans wou... into the Uni... so by force, b... present size... their doctrine... well-grounded... their experie... 1865, to the inc... community not... and thoroughl... body. Althoug... so great an ext... resource, they... present size... country. More... parties has misg... the addition of... political charac... Democrats fear... and Manitoba... Republica... equally suspic... French of Low... knows exactly h... affected by th... titude of voters... disturbing an... would be introdu... Hence, though ne... it would los... that it would g... in a prae... question in a... The geographi... ward the Uni... the increasing... subsist betwe... Manitoba and... their Southern... get that sooner... will come ab... to the extent... that there is lit... populations, save... Scotch element... in Minnesota, Dal... ington, where, esp... one finds far more... there is than in M... Smith has stated... city, the reason... has argued that... both to England... cannot, however... understand him... there is now a... country aiming... growth of Can... quickened by un... commercial lega... has lately been... political connectio... see how, otherwis... fair share in adjust... as might from time

TO TEACH EACH OTHER

THE MISSION OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

Prof. Bryce's Opinion of the Right Relations of the Two Countries is That They Should Continue to Develop Independent Types of Political Life and Intellectual Progress.

From American Commonwealth, the work by Prof. James Bryce, M. P. for Aberdeen, which is now attracting so much attention among students of sociology, the following chapter, in which some of the author's conclusions are stated, is extracted:

Occupying the whole width of their Continent from ocean to ocean, the Americans have neighbors only on the north and on the south. It is only in those directions that they could extend themselves by land; and extension by land is much easier and more tempting than by sea. On the north, they touch the great Canadian confederacy, with its seven provinces, also extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and now bound together by a transcontinental railway. Its population, already above 10,000,000, is rapidly increasing, especially in the Northwest, and although legally subject to the British crown and legislature, it is admittedly mistress of its own destinies.

Fifty years ago it was deemed a matter of course that the United States would seek to annex Canada, if possible, but if not, then by force of arms. Even so late as 1863 Englishmen were constantly told that the first result of the triumph of the Federal arms in the war of secession would be to launch a host flushed with victory against the Canadian dominion, because when the passion for war is once roused in a nation, it clamors for fresh conquests. Many were the arguments from history by which it was sought to convince England that, for her own safety she ought to accede to the wily suggestions which Louis Napoleon addressed to her, deliver the slave states from the grasp of the American republic, and then, with the sword of a conqueror, march into the North-West, and there, for her northwestern territories, between Lake Superior and the Rocky mountains, then believed to be condemned to sterility by their climate, have proved to be one of the richest wheat-growing districts of the continent. The power of the United States is now far greater than in 1865, nor would it be easy for England and Canada effectively to defend a frontier so long and so naturally weak as is that which separates the dominion from its neighbors on the south. Yet, nor the absorption of Canada by the United States, nor the absorption of the United States by the British Empire, is it likely to come about, and by the act of the Canadians themselves, rather than as the result of any external force.

There are several reasons for this. One is the growing friendship of the Americans to England. Considering how much commoner than love is hatred, or at least, jealousy, between nations, considering the proverbial bitterness of family quarrels, and considering how intense was the hatred felt in the United States towards England fifty years ago, rekindled by the unhappy war of 1812, it is not surprising that the one people and the arrogance of the other, imprinted fresh on new generations in America by silly school books and fourth of July harangues, inflamed fresh by the language of a large section of English society during the civil war, it is one of the remarkable events of our time that a cordial feeling should now exist between the two chief branches of the English race. The settlement of the Alabama claims has contributed to it. The democratization of England and the growth of literature and science in America have contributed to it. The greater respect which Europeans have come to show to American claims has contributed to it. But the ocean steamers have done perhaps most of all, because they have enabled the two peoples to know one another.

The old motives for an attack upon Canada have therefore vanished. But there is reason to think that even if Canada were separated from the British Empire the Americans would not be eager to bring her into the Union. They would not try to do so by force, because that would be contrary to their doctrines and habits. They have a well-grounded aversion, strengthened by their experience of ruling the South after 1865, to the incorporation or control of any community not anxious to be one with them and thoroughly in harmony with their own body. Although they would rejoice over so great an extension of their territory and resources, they are satisfied with their present size and progress in their own country. Moreover, each of the two great parties has misgivings as to the effect which the addition of Canada might have on the political character of the electorate. The Democrats fear that the people of Ontario and Manitoba would secure preponderance to the Republicans. The Republicans are equally suspicious of the Roman Catholic French of Lower Canada. Neither party knows exactly how the tariff issues would be affected by the admission of a new multitude of voters. Both parties feel that a disturbing and unprecedented element would be introduced into their calculations. Hence, though neither can feel certain that it would lose, neither is sufficiently clear that it would gain to induce it to raise the question in a practical form.

The geographical position of Canada toward the United States, and particularly the increasingly close relations which must subsist between her Western provinces, Manitoba and British Columbia, and their Southern neighbors, may seem to suggest that sooner or later political union will be about. It need hardly be said that there is little difference between the populations, save that there is a stronger Scotch element in Western Canada than in Minnesota, Dakota, Montana and Washington, where, especially in the two former, one finds far more Germans and Scandinavians than in Manitoba. Mr. Goldwin Smith has stated, with his usual brilliant lucidity, the reasons for expecting this, and has argued that it will be a benefit both to England and to Canada. It cannot, however, discover, nor do I understand him to maintain that there is now any movement in either country aiming at this object. The material growth of Canada would probably be quickened by union, and the material commercial league or customs union, which has lately been discussed, might lead to a political connection; indeed, it is hard to see how, otherwise, Canada could have her fair share in adjusting such tariff changes as might from time to time become neces-

sary. But the present tariff arrangements are unstable in both countries, and so far as a stranger can gather, the temper and feelings of the Canadians do not at present dispose them to desire absorption into the far larger mass of the United States, which they have hitherto regarded with some jealousy.

This is not the place for considering what are the interests in the matter of Great Britain and her other colonies. As regards the ultimate interests of the two people most directly concerned, it may be suggested that it is more to the advantage, both that, for the present, they should continue to develop independent types of political life and intellectual progress. Each may, in working out its own institutions, have something to teach the other. There is already little much variety on the American continent.

FOR MAID AND MATRON.

New Fashions and Ideas Described in the Society Papers.

An affection among young girls that still continues is learning to play the violin, which instrument, in the hands of an amateur, is worse than a cat under the rocker of a chair on which a fat person has suddenly sat down. And the "violin gown" is an evolution of the "fad."

The Princess of Wales has set the fashion for a new boot, which is intended for rough country walking, and is impervious to any amount of damp. It is very high, buttoning nearly up to the knee, of black leather, with an inner lining of stout water-proof tweed between the leather and the kid lining. The sole is about half an inch thick. It has already been introduced at Tuxedo, where it is found a great comfort in walking and tramping about in the snow surrounding the toboggan slide.

Mrs. Langtry has added lately to the endless list of boas one of white China crape, which is three-quarters of a yard wide and three and a half long. This worn in the house in the morning, and is knotted loosely around the throat, falling in long ends nearly to the knees.

Powdered hair becomes more and more the fashion. On brown-haired girls it is voted very becoming. This costume is simple, but charming: Both skirt and waist, of delicate heliotrope faulle française, are gathered full into a band, from which the skirt falls to the floor in straight simple folds. The waist, cut after the fashion of 40 years ago, exposes the soft, round shoulders in its prim circle, and is finished by a full lace bertha reaching almost to the waist line. Small puffs of the silk edged with lace are the only sleeves.

Mrs. August Belmont has the finest collection of sapphires in this country, though Mrs. Wm. Astor is credited with possessing the finest single one. When one of the younger Astors was married a dainty present was given her by her uncle. It was her wedding slippers; they were of white satin elaborately seeded with pearls, put in a white satin box, on the inside of which in pale colors were "lady slippers" and on the outside china asters. The sentiment was really very pretty, and the work was most artistically done.—Phila. Times.

There have been more "rosbuds" brought out at tea this season in New York than at formal, ceremonious and often ostentatious balls. Who shall say this is not a good social sign of the times? White is natural to the well-launched debutante, which she wears with as much grace this season as ever. Little Directorate gowns of white lace, with a broad silk sash tied high under the arms, are very popular. Some few of these are of white silk, brocaded in delicate colors, with sashes of the same. These are short in front, with small tails that spread wide, but scarcely touching the floor.

The accordion cloak is a lato importation, made almost double of camel-hair of two colors, such as Suede wool in many fine pleatings for the under front of a green camel-hair cloak somewhat in Irish peasant fashion, with its fulness in the back laid in accordion pleating, also the long sides that droop down on the Suede front. A passermenterie of the two revers of green neck and sleeves, and the sides fronted pleated lengthwise on the side fronts where they meet the Suede pleated fronts.

A lady sends from Paris the following notes of the costumes now worn by ladies on the boulevards: The favorite hat is very large, very flat, comme un plat; the trimming, which is of the same color, consists of a garniture of feathers covering the brim and carried around the neck, is fastened loosely on one side. This hat, which is of a light color, would be considered fast in New York or St. Louis. Next comes the fashionable veil. It consists of an immense piece of net, plain or spotted, with a deep border. The veil is fastened on the hat and then drawn in under the chin all around the neck with elastic—a style more adapted, I should say, to the French than the English face. Thirdly, there is the patchwork mantle, the body of one material and color, and the sleeves of another. I noticed in the Bois de Boulogne a mantle of light gray, the sleeves being of black, but as the bearer was young, stylish, and, for a Frenchwoman, good-looking, this effect was not so bad; but decidedly hideous was the effect on another Frenchman of a jacket in thick black cloth, the sleeves raised very high on the shoulders, being of astrachan. Boas are much worn by ladies in full dress, and are chiefly of feathers and chenille.

The latest "fad" is the making of "lucky rings." It is easy enough to manufacture one. Only a silver dime, the newer the better, and a pocket knife, are necessary. The centre of the dime is bored a hole, which is gradually enlarged until only the rim of the piece remains. This constitutes the "lucky ring." Good luck is supposed to faithfully attend the person wearing one. Young men make them for their best girls, and in some instances the girl returns the compliment, at the expense of much patience, and the blistering of delicate hands. If you want to be in the swing, wear a "lucky ring."

The minstrel is being revived in public favor in Philadelphia, and it is said that Erminie was the cause of the revival. It was danced in this opera, and attracted so much attention that society took it up. Now everybody is trying to learn it.

The style of hair dressing for 1889 is said to be a narrow fringe on the forehead, with a continuation of curls running from the top of the head low down on the neck. The hair will not be so much hidden by the hat as at present.

DIVORCE LAWS.

How They Stand in the Different States of the Union.

The question of divorce laws is one that is exciting a good deal of discussion just now, and the following enumeration of the difference in the divorce laws of the various states of the union will be found interesting:

The violation of the marriage vow is cause for absolute divorce excepting in South Carolina and New Mexico, which have no divorce laws. Physical inability is a cause in all states and territories except ten. Wilful desertion for one year is a cause in fifteen states and territories. Wilful desertion for three years is a cause in fourteen states. Wilful desertion for five years is a cause in two states.

Habitual drunkenness is a cause in all states and territories except ten. Imprisonment for felony is a cause in all states except ten.

Cruel and abusive treatment is a cause in all states and territories except New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia.

Failure of the husband to provide, no time specified, is a cause in nine states; for one year it is a cause in five states; and for two years it is all that is necessary in two states.

Fraud and fraudulent contract is a cause in nine states. Absence without being heard from is a cause in several states.

Other causes in different states are as follows: "Unmanageable temper," in Kentucky; "habitual indulgence in violent and unmanageable temper," in Florida; "cruel treatment, outrages or excesses such as to render their living together insupportable," in Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Washington Territory and Wyoming; "husband notoriously immoral before marriage, unknown to wife," in West Virginia; "fugitive from justice," in Virginia; "gross misbehavior or wickedness," in Rhode Island; "any gross neglect of duty," in Illinois; "refusal of wife to renounce to the State," in Tennessee; "mental incapacity at time of marriage," in Georgia; "three years with any religious society that believes the marriage relation unlawful," in Massachusetts; "joining any religious sect that believes marriage unlawful, and refusing to cohabit six months in New Hampshire; "parties cannot live in peace and union," in Utah; "settled aversion, which tends to destroy all peace and happiness," in Kentucky.

Another Learned Shoemaker.

Mr. John Mackintosh, author of *The History of Civilization in Scotland* who will write the volume *Scotland in the Story of the Nations Series*, is in many respects a remarkable man. He was sent to work on a farm in his native county of Banff at 10 years of age, and was subsequently apprenticed to shoe-making, at which trade he worked in various parts of Scotland for fourteen years. In 1859 he opened a small stationery shop in Aberdeen, "the story on the shop counter," he once wrote, "amid all the noise and bustle of a stirring thoroughfare, the three volumes of my history were written and the proof sheets corrected and revised, all being done while customers were coming in and out and constantly interrupting me."

Mr. Mackintosh's shop is passed daily by the professors on their way to the university, and at one time several of them were in the habit of calling occasionally and having a chat with the literary shoemaker. He was accorded the privilege, too, of using the university library. His history consists of four portly volumes, the last and best dealing with the moral and material advancement of the country. Mr. Mackintosh has been in the habit all his life of rising before 4 a. m. He says he finds the early morning hours the best for literary work.—Pall Mall Gazette.

An Incident in the Life of an Actor.

In his *Random Recollections of an Actor*, recently published by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers, Mr. Bolton relates the following incident in Sims Reeves' early dramatic career: I have before me said the Sims Reeves was a member of our company. He was playing the Squire in the pantomime of *Old Mother Goose*, and at the very moment when he was walking off the stage, singing:

My wife's dead, there let her lie, She's at rest, and I'm free, a man tapped him hurriedly on the shoulder and whispered: "You must come home directly; Mrs. Reeves is dead." You may imagine the shock. As soon as it was possible he hurried home and found it too true. He had not the time to fume, nor was his first wife in the profession, consequently he knew that he had been twice married. His first wife was much older than himself.—Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph.

What's in a Name?

A St. Paul lawyer was looking over some papers his German client had brought, and every signature had a menace in it as it stood: "A Schwindler." "Mr. Schwindler, why don't you write your name some other way; write out your first name, or something? I don't want people to think you are a swindler." "Well, my God, sir, how much better you dink dat looks?" and he wrote: "Adam Schwindler."—Pioneer Press.

Business is Business.

American Millionaire (year 1888).—What are the prices of American Capital.—Doorkeeper (United States Capital).—Seats in the Senate are five hundred thousand dollars; but I can give you a seat in the House for one hundred thousand dollars. Thanks: Hand this ticket to the usher. Keep the coupon in your hat to avoid mistakes.—Fuch.

The Dog Caught Napping.

The *Fairfield Journal* says C. B. Wellington's large dog went on the pond at Albion while the boys were skating, the other night, but did not go home with them and was found, Sunday, with his tail frozen into the ice. There was a large hole where his body lay and one paw had nearly melted through the ice.

Edible Bedding.

The champion absent-minded man of East Union, Me., is he who bedded his horse with shorts instead of sawdust the other night. He found out his mistake when his horse had eaten up his bedding, and it became necessary for his owner to arise in the middle of the night and walk him up and down the road for exercise.

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FUNNY THAT SHE GOT MAD.

An English Girl Who Dropped Her "H's" and an Animal Painter.

Charles Whymper, the well known engraver and animal painter of London, told the following story a few years ago:

"I dined at Alderman So and So's last night as a mark of honor his eldest daughter was assigned to me to take down to dinner. She's a bright girl, but the way she drops her h's is enough to make a man's hair turn gray. But I got along very nicely with her and Lady Bletherington on the other side, until the ladies were on the eve of retiring to the drawing room. The alderman had but recently moved out to Highgate, and I was talking about the beautiful scenery near the house, the views to be had from the windows, the fine air, and so on, when Miss - suddenly said:

"I think I get prettier every day, don't you? What could she mean? I didn't dare to answer her, so I said: 'I beg your pardon—what did you say?' " "I said I think I get prettier every day." There was no mistaking her words, so I said: "Yes, indeed, you get prettier, and no wonder, in such fresh air and—" "But just then she caught her mother's eye, and, with the other ladies, she left the room. As she went out she looked over her shoulder with such a withering scorn in her eyes that I knew I had put my foot in it somehow. Then it flashed upon me that I had misunderstood her; she had dropped an 'h' what she had said was not a silly compliment to herself—the sentence really was: 'I think Highgate prettier every day.'" Mr. Whymper was never invited to Alderman So-and-so's again.—San Francisco Argonaut.

One Way of Getting Even.

Two men in East Tennessee, Capt. Black and Col. Gage, were on their way to fight a duel when they were overtaken by a fellow who told them that John Black, the captain's son, and Eva Gage, the daughter of the colonel, had just been married. "The colonel," said Black, "this news ought to settle on little Gage's head." "Yes, I reckon it oughtly."

They accordingly went into a still house. Later in the day some one, in speaking to Black, said:

"Captain, I thought that you were mad enough with Gage to kill him?" "So I was, but my revenge is sweeter. That boy of mine is the no accountest human I ever saw."

The colonel, in speaking to the same man, said:

"I'm glad I didn't kill Black, for I've got him in a fouler way. If that gal of mine don't lead his son a lively life I don't want a cent. She's jest simply pizen."—Arkansas Traveler.

A Queer Old Fellow.

Of people who have curious ways of living, few can be more original than was the late Rev. Dunckley Thomas, who had engaged rooms in Mrs. Wilshire's house in 1881 and lived there till 1887. He never permitted her or her servants to enter his room except once a fortnight. He paid his rent weekly, and at each payment he also gave notice that he would quit in the week following. He never did quit, but he thus preserved his liberty unimpaird. Among his property, consisting of £8,000 or £10,000, he had a note of deposit of £1,500, which, whenever he became ill, he would always present to his landlady on the condition that if he recovered she should give it back to him. This occurred frequently. Mrs. Wilshire always returning the note. Finally Mr. Thomas died, and his executor sued her for the note, which the courts finally gave to her.—London Life.

A Bad Break.

An agreeable young man whom I often met was calling with due ceremony on a nice Auburn girl the other evening, when her brother Tom, just arrived home from college on the evening train, rushed into the room and embraced his sister. "Why, how plump you've grown, Edith!" he exclaimed. "You're really quite an awful!" "Isn't she?" exclaimed the agreeable young man, and then he felt a chill racing down his spinal column. "That is," he stammered, "I've no doubt of it—"

The brother looked carving knives at him and the maiden blushed furiously. "I mean—er—" he said, "I should judge so."—Leicester Journal.

What New Yorkers Feed Upon.

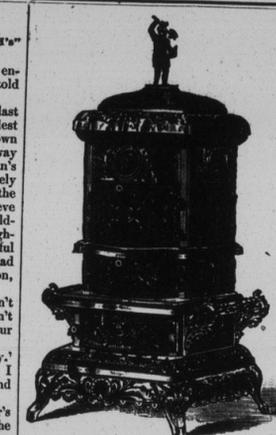
Infected meat and poultry is sold openly in the markets of New-York, and the Board of Health is powerless to act, because of a lack of funds to pay for inspectors. Poultry is delayed on the way, and in bad weather is sure to become unfit for food. The dealers in tainted meat doctor it up by soaking it in ice water and then drying it. It retails for a good deal less than good poultry, and yet the dealer makes a big profit. If the inspection was complete, the whole of this class would be dumped into the river, and good quality meats would have a fair show in the markets.—Farm and Home.

The Dog Caught Napping.

The *Fairfield Journal* says C. B. Wellington's large dog went on the pond at Albion while the boys were skating, the other night, but did not go home with them and was found, Sunday, with his tail frozen into the ice. There was a large hole where his body lay and one paw had nearly melted through the ice.

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BECAUSE every book-buyer, musician, theatre-goer, and sportsman reads it. Its motto is, "Criticism by the Competent," and every department is conducted by a specialist.

BECAUSE everybody who receives it reads every word. PROGRESS spends more money for original contributions than all the other papers in the Lower Provinces combined; has printed 125 original engravings during the last eight months, and is always adding new features to keep the public interested.

BECAUSE it states its circulation in plain figures every week, and guarantees them to be true.

BECAUSE, the paper being cut, and not more than three columns of advertisements printed on any page, every advertiser is sure of "good position."

BECAUSE it is printed on heavy white paper, tastefully displayed and made-up, and is, altogether,

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The Guaranteed Weekly Circulation is 5,000 Copies, and extra orders, attracted by the special features for which PROGRESS is noted, usually bring it far above that figure. From May to December, 1888, advertisers gained, in this way, a circulation of 44,000 Copies more than their contracts called for—for which, it should be noted, no extra charge was made.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.) Mrs. Harry Beckwith, Fredericton: Pink satin, pearl lace; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. Major Gordon, Fredericton: Crimson satin, tulle and steel trimmings, natural flowers. Mrs. Glaser, Sunbury: Navy velvet and satin (Spanish lace) ornaments, gold. Mrs. Melville Jack, Fredericton: Blue satin, cream lace, blue ostrich tips; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. Dr. MacLean, Fion: Salmon satin, cream overdress; ornaments, gold. Mrs. Fred Fisher, Fredericton: Pink maize silk, gold spangles, tulle drapery; ornaments, gold. Mrs. A. F. Street, Fredericton: Pink silk, black lace, ostrich tips. Mrs. Lelia Botsford, Fredericton: Green silk and tulle, gold embroidered. Mrs. H. S. Bridges, Fredericton: Blue silk with trimmings. Mrs. Hilda, St. John: Black satin and lace; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. Laura Wetmore, Fredericton: White satin with Eclair lace, ornaments, pearls. Mrs. Mary Johnston, Fredericton: Nile green silk cashmere; ornaments, gold. Mrs. Winnie Johnston, Fredericton: Pink silk cashmere. Mrs. H. A. Cropley, Fredericton: Black moire silk and lace; ornaments, gold. Mrs. Alice Cropley, Fredericton: Yellow silk and lace; ornaments, gold. Mrs. Campbell, Fredericton: Black satin trimmed with jet. Mrs. Campbell, Fredericton: Blue silk trimmed with ecru lace; ornaments, pearls and pearl neck-lace. Mrs. Smith, Sussex: Black silk with black ribbon and lace trimmings. Mrs. Florence King, St. John: Heavy white corded silk with pearl trimmings; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. Fred S. Hilyard, Fredericton: Heliotrope silk with spotted net covering. Mrs. Warner, St. John: White silk with Nile green trimmings. Mrs. Hall, St. John: White silk with jet trimmings. Mrs. S. Hall, St. John: Black lace with jet trimmings. Mrs. Montgomery, Fredericton: Black net with crushed strawberry; ornaments, garnets. Mrs. G. N. Abbott, Fredericton: Black lace over heliotrope; ornaments, gold. Mrs. Lugin, Fredericton: Black brocade satin, jet and buttons. Mrs. Annie L. Lugin, Fredericton: Crimson silk grenadine, lilac flowers. Mrs. Donville, Bathurst: Apricot silk; flowers, narcissus. Mrs. David Hart, Fredericton: Old rose satin and black lace dress, ornaments, pearls. Mrs. Allen F. Randolph, Fredericton: White silk with lace trimmings; ornaments, gold. Mrs. L. J. Gregory, Fredericton: Cream silk and lace, with ostrich tips. Mrs. Geo. F. Gregory, Fredericton: Brown moire antique, court train. Mrs. Mabel Gregory, Fredericton: Pale blue cashmere trimmed with lace. Mrs. Edith Gregory, Fredericton: White French muslin, lace trimmings. Mrs. Byron Winslow, Fredericton: Pale blue satin, court train. Mrs. John Allen, Fredericton: Mauve silk, with black silk, tulle train. Mrs. John Black, Fredericton: Nile green poplin, trimmed with pink plush and pink pearls; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. Hemming, Fredericton: White satin and tulle, with gold trimmings. Mrs. Akery, Fredericton: Cream satin, covered with lace. Mrs. Isabel Dever, St. John: Corsage and demi-train of white satin merveilles, trimmed with gold fringe and cord; petticoat of satin, draped with spotted tulle and ribbons. Mrs. Ada Dever, St. John: Dress of ecru crepe de chine, trimmed with silver fringe and cord; ornaments, silver. Mrs. S. J. Miller, St. John: White moire underskirt, with trimmings of ecru and ostrich tips; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. Josie McDonald, Fredericton: Ivory satin, with trimmings of moire and ostrich tips; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. Percy, Sunbury: Black lace draperies, gold jewelry and natural flowers. Mrs. Jack, Fredericton: White satin, covered with net; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. Campbell, Fredericton: Pale blue satin. Mrs. Botsford, Fredericton: Mauve silk, covered with white lace. Mrs. J. C. Macnutt, Fredericton: Cream satin and lace; ornaments, gold jewelry and natural flowers. Mrs. F. H. Edgcombe, Fredericton: Heavy ottoman cord train; trimmings, duchess point jacket and roses; bodice, decollete; ornaments, diamonds, ostrich tips in hair. Mrs. D. McEllan, St. John: Crimson brocade train, cream satin skirt, trimmed with old point lace; ornaments, diamonds.

HAND-OUT.

We want that money you have saved! The remarkable clemency of the present winter has materially decreased the cost of living, and the people have saved money.—Daily paper. We are after that money of yours with reasonable goods at half-price—and we think that we can take it from you, if you give us any kind of a chance. We call the goods seasonable, because while being strictly winter things it is altogether likely that they will be very seasonable before the present month is out. The reason for this we find in Wednesday morning's papers:— "The change in the weather this morning reminds us that is not 1st May yet, and denotes that it is altogether likely we will have six weeks of solid winter weather before the middle of March."

HAVE—A—CARE.

"Times like these," with all kinds of goods at all kinds of prices, it pays to keep posted. To avoid the experience of the lady who told us that she gave \$1.25 in one of the large stores for a pair of lined gloves that we were selling at 63c., and it was only yesterday she said: To avoid her experience, it is necessary to read advertisement. Ours are to be found in Progress, Globe, Telegraph, Sun, Gazette. We endeavor to let you know what's going on. If you do not read and take advantage of inducements, the fault is not ours, the loss is not ours.—It's yours.

HUNTER, HAMILTON, & McKAY.

Mrs. Fred Harding, St. John: White flulle franc and pearl ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. Jas. Holly, St. John: Garnet satin with colored and black trimmings; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. Carrie Holly, St. John: Amber satin with black Chantilly lace and jet. Mrs. Hilda, St. John: Black and orange of black Lyons velvet trimmed with white ostrich feathers, petticoat of white satin draped with black Chantilly insertion, and velvet stripe; diamonds, ornaments. Mrs. T. R. Jones, St. John: Black silk velvet and black crystal ornaments. Mrs. E. Jones, St. John: White striped tulle and white cashmere. Mrs. W. Lawart, Fredericton: Pink satin, with lace over-dress; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. Forgan, Fredericton: Cream silk with court train, trimmed with fancy-dressed silk, cream ribbon and lace; ornaments, gold. Mrs. Lottie Steves, St. John: Electric blue satin, with moonlight and cream trimmings; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. Charlotte Kilmer, Fredericton: Green and white striped satin, white lace; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. H. D. McLeod, St. John: Figured Velvet in shades of terra cotta, biscuit and blue, with drapery of embroidered tulle and black; train of gobelin blue corded silk; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. J. Parson, St. John: White China silk, front draped with black tulle and edged with white chrysanthemums; bodice draped with silk tulle and chrysanthemums; ornaments, gold. Mrs. J. P. MacFarley, St. John: White silk with bronze trimmings; ostrich tips, etc. Mrs. Jeannette Beverly, Fredericton: Dress cream embroidered, orange satin trimmings, natural flowers. Mrs. Daisy Stevens, Fredericton: Ivory satin, pearl embroidered front and sides, court train; no jewels, natural flowers. Mrs. Masson, Fredericton: Cream striped net skirt over cream silk, corsage of cream, brocade trimmed with cream lace and feathers; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. T. A. Shaker, Fredericton: Rose silk and pink gauze embroidered in silver and pearls, the gauze front draped with black tulle and edged with white flowers, jaquetnot roses, tied with silver thread; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. P. A. Shaker, Fredericton: White silk, trimmed with Indian muslin, and edge of pink sarak silk. Mrs. J. J. Fraser, Fredericton: White muslin, edged with Indian muslin, and edge of pink sarak silk. Mrs. J. J. Fraser, Fredericton: Dress of blue blue satin and brocade in shades of blue, with plain train, corsage and train of the brocade, with pearl trimmings; ornaments, diamonds and turquoise; sashes of silver blue in hair; red and gold tulle. Mrs. John Richards, Fredericton: Black silk, velvet court train; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. Richards, Fredericton: Cream sarak, satin demi-train, lace drapery; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. Thomas F. Raymond, St. John: Terra cotta Falles Francois and plush, trimmed with cord, Directoire style. Mrs. Boyce, Fredericton: Sage green plush waist and train, with pink brocade silk petticoat. Her youngest sister being her first ball; White silk and lace, trimmed with primrose ribbons and flowers. Mrs. James King, Hazen, Fredericton: Basque and train of black velvet, petticoat of Mikado satin, trimmed with black Chantilly lace; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. Burnside, Fredericton: Trained dress of black silk, with draperies of black lace, crimson feathers. Mrs. Harrison, Fredericton: Black silk, with jet trimmings. Mrs. Harrison, Fredericton: Pale blue, with silver trimmings. Mrs. Isabel P. Wetmore, Fredericton: Dress, cream sarak, bodice cut square; trimmings, cream tulle and moire ribbon, natural roses and sun-lax. Mrs. James East, Fredericton: Heavy ottoman, ostrich feather trimmings; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. Hoben, St. John: White China silk, V-shaped bodice, white roses satin. Mrs. Maussell, Fredericton: Ruby satin, petticoat, trimmed with gold-embroidered lace, corsage and train of black moire, with Spanish lace; ornaments, garnets. Mrs. Henry Phair, Fredericton: Silver-grey moire antique, with real white lace trimmings; ornaments, yellow topaz and old gold. Mrs. Fred Richards, Fredericton: Black, moire antique draperies and bodice, Brussels point lace; ornaments, diamonds and natural flowers. Mrs. Innes, Fredericton: Black silk dress, trimmed with lace; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. McPeake, Fredericton: Black lace and satin; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. Belle McPeake, Fredericton: White lace and satin trimmings; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. W. Long, Fredericton: Fawn-colored silk and brocade satin, white lace and natural flowers; ornaments, brilliants. Mrs. D. Douglas Young, Fredericton: White satin covered in black net with large chenille dot, moire satin, white feathers; ornaments, flowers, roses. Mrs. G. B. Barkin, Fredericton: Nile green silk, white trimmings, feathers. Mrs. O'Malley, Fredericton: Bodice and train of black velvet, skirt of yellow silk draped with black lace; trimmings, black and yellow ostrich feathers and lace; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. Callinan, St. Stephen: Skirt of white Falles Francois, demi-train, front draped with striped silk tulle; bodice of Falles, trimmed with gold lace and tulle; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. Alice Callinan, St. Stephen: Skirt of white silk, with overdress of white tulle dotted with silver, with bodice of moire, bodice of moire, white moire, trimmed with tulle and lace; flowers, white carnations and sun-lax; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. O'Malley, Fredericton: Pale blue China silk skirt, front draped with blue tulle with silver spots; bodice of moire, with black tulle and ostrich feathers; ornaments, silver. Mrs. G. Fred Fisher, Fredericton: Pink moire silk, with pink gold-spangled tulle drapery; ornaments, gold. Mrs. Blanchard Sewell, Fredericton: Pale pink silk with square train, bodice, low, trimmed with old Brussels lace; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. J. Douglas Hazen, Fredericton: Red silk princess dress with trimmings. Mrs. Frankie Tibbits, Fredericton: Dress of cream tulle, gold embroidered bodice. Mrs. James Tibbits, Fredericton: Black moire antique, court train, cream brocade petticoat. Mrs. George Tibbits, Fredericton: Orange and train of white satin, white feathers; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. Mary Brown, Fredericton: White silk dress completely covered with striped silver gauze; ornaments, pearls and gold. The principal attractions of this week were the ball at government house and the brilliant wedding which took place in the cathedral, Wednesday morning, the principal parties being Mr. Forrester, of the Bank of British North America, and Vesta, youngest daughter of Mr. Thos. Temple, M. P., of Fredericton. At a few minutes past 11 o'clock the bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her father. She wore an elegant dress, and a train and train being of white silver brocade, with the front of rich white Bengaline silk, handsomely trimmed with lace and orange blossoms. Her veil was of tulle, fastened with the traditional spray, and she carried a large bouquet of loose white roses and maidenhair fern, tied with white ribbon, the loops of which fell gracefully from the midst of the roses. The maid of honor was Miss Belle Dever, of St. John, and the bridesmaids were the ladies, Miss Hilyard, Edith and May, nieces of the bride, Miss Gardner of Newton Centre, Mass., and Miss Bessie Jack of Fredericton. They all wore dresses of white satin merveilles with yoke, front and sleeves of white net, tulle veils fastened with silverettes, and the three young ladies carried bouquets of loose pink roses tied with long pink ribbons; while those of the two little girls wore of cream roses with blue ribbons. Each wore a gold pin with pearl horsehoe setting, these and the bouquets being of the gift of the groom. The best man was Mr. Glaesbrook of St. John, and the ushers were Messrs. Jack Wetmore and W. C. Gellibrand, of Fredericton. The ceremony was performed by his lordship the metropolitan, assisted by the coadjutor bishop and Rev. F. Alexander, sub-deacon. The bridal party left the church to the jubilant strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march and drove to the residence of Mr. Temple, where a breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Forrester leave for their wedding tour at 9:30 o'clock Wednesday evening by special train to Fredericton Junction, to meet the western train for Boston. Before their arrival, they expect to visit Montreal during the carnival, also Ottawa and New York. Mrs. Forrester's travelling suit was a Directoire costume of amethyst cashmere, broadcloth ulster of the same shade, lined with satin, and hat, evening dress. A large number of invitations were sent abroad, the guests present being: The Metropolitan and Mrs. Medley, Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley, The Coadjutor Bishop, Judge and Mrs. Wetmore, Judge and Mrs. Fraser, Lt.-Col and Mrs. Maussell, Rev. F. Alexander, Mrs. Alexander, Miss Watson, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Allen, Mrs. J. K. Hazen, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Inglis, Mr. and Mrs. MacLean and Sewell, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Hilyard, Miss Ada Dever (St. John), Mr. G. S. Haggerty, Mrs. Stevens, Mr. Stephen, Miss Kate Beck, Dr. and Mrs. Coulthard, Mr. Stockley, Mr. F. D. Bristow, Mr. Jack Wetmore, Mr. W. C. Gellibrand.

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

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SPRING, 1889. SPRING WILL SOON BE HERE and HOUSEKEEPERS will want to KNOW where to buy their CARPETS and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS. Having made SPECIAL preparations for the coming season, I will be able to show all the LATEST NOVELTIES in WILTON, BRUSSELS and TAPESTRY CARPETS, with borders to match; LINOLEUMS, OILCLOTHS, MATTINGS, ART SQUARES, RUGS, MATS and CURTAINS. At the LOWEST PRICES and the BEST VALUES ever QUOTED in this city. Samples forwarded on application. Special quotations for CHURCHES, HOTELS and PUBLIC BUILDINGS. A. O. SKINNER, 58 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Commercial Buildings.

Commercial Buildings, KING STREET, No. 9. J. W. MONTGOMERY WILL OFFER THIS WEEK 500 MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS, with Collars attached, open fronts, fine line bosoms, for 75c.; cost to make \$1.25. 100 boxes of SILK FACE VELVETS in Seal Brown, Mid Brown and Golden, Myrtle and Olive Green, Garnet, Red and Cardinal, Prune, Navy and Black, new goods, all selling at half the usual price. BLACK FUR TRIMMING, all widths, from 25c. to \$1.00 a yard. MUFFS to make at 85c. A superior lot of fine BLACK and COLORED CASIMERE, at 35c. each, good value at 50c. TABLE LINEN, all widths and qualities, in white unbleached and Turkey Red. ALL-WOOL SCARLET FLANNEL, wide width, at 25c. a yard, worth 40c. A new lot of ULSTER CLOTH just opened. Prices right. J. W. M.

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Boys' and Girls' Own Annuals; GIFT BOOKS; Photograph and Autograph Albums; POCKET BOOKS; CHURCH SERVICES.

T. H. HALL'S, 46 and 48 King Street. A FULL ASSORTMENT AT

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Evans and Miss Maggie McKean returned from the upper provinces last Sunday morning. Mrs. Evans will probably receive next week. Mr. J. L. Harris and Mr. H. T. Stevens, the Short Line delegates to Ottawa, reached home this morning, none the worse for their fifteen hours' incarceration in a snow-bound train. Dr. De Bertram, of New York, is spending a day or two in town. Mrs. Benedict went to St. John, Monday. I believe she intends spending some days in your city. Mr. C. T. Hillson, of Amherst, is in town today. About 25 young people chartered the far-famed "toboggan" from the Commercial hotel, last night, and drove to Shediac, where a very delightful evening was spent at Mr. P. S. Archibald's, last Wednesday evening. The club's first meeting for the season took place at Mr. P. S. Archibald's, last Wednesday evening. Mr. H. L. J. Peck, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, paid a short visit to Chatham last week. Mr. George Taylor, general freight agent of the I. C. R., left town last Saturday for Ottawa. Mr. John Macgowan, of Charlottetown, has been in town for the past fortnight, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Harris. Mr. George J. Dibble, of Fredericton, paid a short visit to Moncton, last Thursday. Mr. H. A. Powell, barrister, of Sackville, was in town, Thursday. Mr. George Harris, eldest son of Mr. C. P. Harris, left town last Saturday for New York, from which port he will sail for the south of France. Mr. Harris intends taking quite a long continental tour, and will visit most of the principal cities of Europe before his return. His many friends join in wishing him a delightful trip and a safe return. I am happy to say that Mrs. and Miss Cooke have been restored to us at last. They reached home last Thursday, both looking too well and too happy to have their detained absence against their will. But be that as it may we are all delighted to have them back again, though I have heard that they are thinking of leaving us again this week, tempted by the attractions of the carnival. I must not neglect to mention a fashion that has become very popular lately in Moncton, especially among the upper classes, and which promises to rival the short veil, but, extraordinary popularity of the far famed "Grecian bend," only this fashion is an involuntary one, and consists of an abnormal swelling of the lower part of the face and throat, which makes a cravat inconvenient and a collar an instrument of keenest torture. Need I say that it is called "mumps" and is laughed at by all those who have not got it themselves? Positively it seems to have become epidemic and to be chiefly confined to grown-up people. So if my letter should fail to appear next week, it will be safe to conclude that Cecil Gwynne has fallen a victim. Mr. Charles Fawcett, of Sackville, was in town, Thursday. Mr. B. Chandler and Mr. S. Edgar Wilson, of Dorchester, were registered at the Brunswick, Friday. Mrs. Donald Bliss, of Westmoreland, who has been spending a few days with her sister-in-law, Mrs. John McSweeney, returned home, Saturday. Mr. John C. Brown, of the Kent North railway, registered at the Brunswick last Friday. Mrs. McKean is at Chipman, Kings county, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Williamson. The ladies of the W. C. T. U. publicly celebrated their thirtieth anniversary last evening. The programme was of a very interesting nature. Addresses were read by the president, Mrs. W. B. Knight, Mrs. Harvey Atkinson and others, concluding with an earnest appeal for more workers in the good cause. The musical selections by Mrs. Demier and Mrs. Snow, Mr. J. D. Steves and Messrs Steves and Snow were thoroughly appreciated.

MONCTON.

"Progress" is for sale in Moncton, at the bookstores of W. H. Murray and W. W. Black, Main street. JANUARY 30—Popular attention, in society circles, seems to be turning carnivalwards, just now, even as the proverbial—but, alas! not the literal—"sun-flower" turns to her god when he sets, and the hearts of the upper ten are hungering and thirsting for a trip to Montreal with a fervor which, I fear, very few of us display in thirsting after righteousness. And, as far as I can learn, a great many are going to have their desire gratified, for I think Moncton will contribute largely to the throng of distinguished visitors who will add to the attractions and crowd the hotels of Montreal during the coming week—for, you know, Moncton makes a point of never being behindhand in any good work; in fact, I should not be at all surprised if we should quietly and unassumingly build an ice palace and issue invitations to a winter carnival ourselves, next year. But this is a digression. I have not yet been able to obtain a complete list of those departing for the carnival, but will do so next week. Miss Black, of Amherst, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne. Miss Arnold, of Sussex, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Broad, returned to her home last Thursday. Mrs. Graham, of Brookfield, N. S., spent a few days in town last week, visiting her sister, Mrs. Payne. Mrs. Evans, of Cleveland, Ohio, is in town. Mr. Evans will be remembered as Miss Ontario Elliott, who left Moncton a bride a little over a year ago, who was one of the greatest favorites that ever left Moncton for a more favored spot, taking half the sunshine with her, and leaving desolation behind. Her friends are rejoiced to have her with them again, and hope she will make a long stay. We have a progressive, white-hot club in Moncton now. I believe it is confined exclusively to the

ESTATE McCAFFERTY & DALY.

Dry Goods at Your Own Price As we are obliged to give up Store on 1st MARCH, we are prepared to give the public the benefit of genuine Bargains. Dress Goods from 10c.; Trimming Silks, Satins and Dress Trimmings, AT HALF PRICE. All other Goods in proportion. Call early and satisfy yourselves. By order of the Trustee.

VOL... WHAT... The last... More... Who... The Tax... The last... He is right... on account... he threatens... personal v... He had... through w... a heap. I... The pub... that he is... not as citi... other man... functions i... criticism... such a posi... he continu... That he... can do... PROGR... which are... that he has... be explaini... or incompe... his position... case he is u... lic affairs... The scan... ley's brother... been allowe... with hay an... his own pr... It is possib... enjoyed the... brother-in-l... propose so?... This is n... Purly's con... in one of t... coats, perhap... These had... contract pri... him. He i... takes thou... that the pri... and claimi... nish subscri... contract he... house and h... hats which... under the c... to the depart... increased m... reached 46... of this and... hold his pos... Every per... this splendid... public. It h... the keeping... and his man... house. Fort... fortunately... bers of the c... confidence, a... told some o... until at last... about any, it... is such an ex... to keep. Th... full benefit... Doubtless... taking a walk... GRESS can... capacity as c... He should w... James Melic... over to P... alarm boxes... seems to kno... When The Y... 412 rang 12... like the "fif... of the fire ind... just as it did... day the fire w... was pulled, b... alarm on the... The chimney... has not yet b... do so if there... followed by s... observer pass... the worthless... upper courses... though it had... rather than a... ful job which... If it does fal... will injure ne... nor the coal sh... entirely too ex... cost nearly \$30... to have said th... Now that the... operation, why... benefit of it?... there and the... estrets every... Thursday, nigh... walks were slip... the only light... from an ocean... Even if the m... more—so much... —the Cheyleys