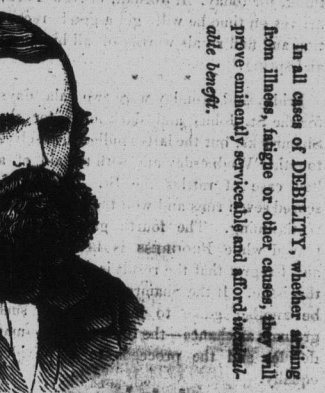


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VOL. II, NO. 75

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

SOME ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

BUT NOT THE KIND WHICH ADORN THE BRUSHING BRIDE.
The flowers that bloom in the Spring have nothing to do with the case—the relations between a Grand Master and his brother are not of that nature.
Major Andrew J. Armstrong is district paymaster and superintendent of works of the Department of Militia and Defence in New Brunswick, and is an officer of eminence fitted for the post. It is this understanding that his salary has, a long ago, an increase of salary, amounting to \$100 a year, was allowed him.

Everybody was glad of this, for the major is not only a good officer, but a good fellow.
The major is also Right Worshipful Grand Master of the Orange Grand Lodge of New Brunswick. As everybody knows, this is an eminently loyal institution, devoted to the Queen and her successors of the Protestant faith. It has no ulterior object, its primary obligation is the oath of allegiance, and its principles are purely defensive.

With these premises understood, it would be supposed there should be a perfect harmony between the major's position as a militia official, and his position as head of the order in New Brunswick. The members of Lodges 1 and 27 say there is not, and so do sundry others outside of these lodges.

Lodges 1 and 27, while legally "in the district," are looked upon by some of the brethren as being virtually out of the pale. They do not meet in the Orange hall, but have a "little Church-Round-the-Corner" of their own in the Market building. There they do all sorts of things without consulting their superiors, and the other night they went so far as to pass resolutions condemning the head of the order in New Brunswick himself and his fellow-worker, County Master James Kelly.

The delving did not fall. The policemen loafed at the corners as usual. The gin mills of Prince ward kept open to all hours in conformity with immemorial usage. Nothing happened except that the morning papers were brightened with an item of more than usual interest.
There was a good deal that the papers did not tell, which is necessary to a proper understanding of the question.

At the last meeting of the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick, Grand Master Armstrong submitted his annual report. It was a voluminous document, consisting of some twenty pages, and dealt exhaustively with the state of the order and the progress of the cause in various parts of the protestant world. While the committee on the address was preparing to report, Rev. A. McDougall, then master of Lodge No. 1, and now Grand Chaplain, took the floor. Apologizing for taking time when he supposed the matter was cut-and-dried, he begged to remark that while the address dealt with all kinds of strange and distant lands, it was peculiarly and painfully silent on the vital topic of the Jesuit question.

The reverend gentleman is a terse and vigorous speaker, and in the discussion that ensued, there was, as he and others supposed, a clear understanding in the matter. The resolution then passed that the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick considered the grant to the Jesuits a dangerous precedent, and that the Governor General be asked to disallow the same.

A few weeks ago Right Worshipful Brother Armstrong and Worshipful Brother Kelly attended the Grand Lodge of British America, at Toronto, as delegates from the subordinate body in New Brunswick. At that session, Worshipful Brother and Alderman Wm. Bell, of Toronto, moved an amendment censuring the Orange members of parliament for not supporting the motion of Colonel O'Brien opposing the grant.
This brought politics into the matter at once. The Right Worshipful and Honorable Mackenzie Bowell arose and almost wept as he treated his brethren to do nothing so rash and inimical to the government followed suit, and then the Right Worshipful Brother and Major Armstrong took the floor. He held it for 45 minutes, taking the ground that Brother Bowell was right and that there should be no censure.

Bell's amendment was carried by a majority of three, Brothers Armstrong and Kelly voting against it.
The delegates returned from Toronto so full of zeal for the order that they soon after established a Preceptory of Royal Black Knights, which is the high-church of Orangemen, despite the fact that Queen's Preceptory already existed here and was in working order. Scarcely had they done this and been installed in the principal chairs of the new body, when the thunder-bolt was launched from "the Little Church-Round-the-Corner."

For though the delegates had caused it to be understood that they had acted in the spirit of the resolution of the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick, and were supposed to have voted for Bell's amendment, the contrary was found to be the case. Brother

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

THE DUTY OF THE AUTHORITIES IN THE BOSTON CASE.
The City Police are not equal to the emergency, and a Special Police will be raised, headed by Detective, who can be sent where it is most needed.
A great and appalling crime has been committed, and a startled community cries out for its detection and punishment. It is of its kind more terrible than the acts of Jack the Ripper, and it is even more difficult to explain. The Whitechapel murderer has pursued his work among out-cast women with savage barbarity, but he has at least had the courage of what may be termed his convictions. He has taken the chances of being captured. That he has not been seen since, more to the stupidity or cowardice of the London police than to his own agility, great as it may be.

But the St. John assassin, in person, the back-eyed daily paper term of "Island" seems wild fatter, takes no chances. He works with almost certain security, armed with the most potent weapon at the command of man. One can guard against the ordinary methods of assault, but as against poison, the strongest is defenceless. With out wishing to be too pessimistic, it seems almost certain that the murderer will never be discovered. There is scarcely one chance in a hundred, but if there were more than one in a thousand, the effort should be no less earnest and immediate.

The danger is too great to permit of a false step or temporizing. For candy is not the sole or most convenient vehicle for poison, and none can tell where the next blow may fall.
The apparent absence of motive adds to the mystery. It is not the work of an immediate personal enemy. The candy sent to Rev. Dr. Macrae was not intended for his wife, but for him. Yet the sender of it knew so little of his movements as to be ignorant of the fact that he was absent from the province.

Then, too, a like attempt was made upon Rev. J. deSoyres, rector of St. John's, and Rev. T. J. Deinstadt, pastor of the Esplanade Street Methodist church. Neither of these had anything in common with Dr. Macrae, the Presbyterian, to create a common enemy. Indeed, on the questions likely to excite anger among any class, their opinions varied. They varied in their views on the Jesuit question, on the liquor laws, and on other debatable topics. They had nothing in common, save that they were ministers of evangelical Protestant churches.

The method adopted was the same in each case. A box, which, from its very size and shape, would have excited suspicion in some minds, was sent to each of the clergymen through the mails. It was mailed in the city, and each package was directed by the same hand. The writing is not that of an ignorant person. Mrs. Macrae, suspecting nothing, ate some of the candy, and died with all the symptoms of strychnine poisoning. The others were more fortunate. A marvellous instinct prevented the loss of more lives.

It is not unusual for clergymen to receive all kinds of packages through the mail. Mr. de Soyres, therefore, was not surprised when the candy came to his house. He laid it on his study table and mechanically bit a piece in two. Detecting a bitter taste, his suspicions of a trick were aroused, and his life, with that of others, was saved. In the case of Mrs. Deinstadt, the escape was even more remarkable. She suspected nothing, and was about to give a piece of the candy to a child—the most natural thing possible—when, by an instinct which no one can explain, she felt a presentiment of danger and refrained. So the additional horrors of wholesale murder were averted.

The problem what is to be done is the most serious one which has ever faced the authorities in the history of crime in this province. The one thing which is painfully apparent is that our police are wholly unfit to grapple with the matter. This is said in no unkind spirit towards the chief and his assistants. It would apply with almost equal force to any city this side of New York. It is out of the police line, and the authorities should recognize this fact at once. Unless the personnel of the Boston regular detective force has been improved within a year or two, there is not a man on it who could be safely trusted with such a case. It is one thing to deal with the ordinary murderer or criminal, and another to compass the mystery of a crime so subtle and extraordinary as this. A man of special abilities, not necessarily a big or bold man, is needed for the task. With no special admiration for the private detective in abstract, it is submitted that there are men in the employ of one or more agencies who are eminently qualified for such a task.

To secure the services of such a man is a pressing duty. It will cost money, of course, and there may be no results; but if there is any chance whatever, it is in taking such a course at once. Every hour of delay means danger, not only that the

Imperial Trusts company of Canada, of which Sir Leonard Tilley is president and Mr. Henry S. Howland, of Toronto, vice-president, has its branch office for the maritime provinces at 120 Prince Wm. street, St. John. The company invites correspondence and will provide pamphlets containing full information. Mr. F. S. Sharpe is branch manager.

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GO TO THE POST OFFICE.

IT IS BETTER THAN TRUSTING THE STREET LETTER BOXES.
Why the Letter That She Longed for Never Came, or Came a Day too Late—A Bad System That Ought to be Abolished, and the Sooner the Better.
The letter-box is gone from the doorway of Parker's drug store, Market square. Nobody stole it. It was removed by the post office officials, at the request of Mr. Parker.

He objected to having the public fooled by dropping their letters into the box under the impression that the collector was sure to collect. He knew as a matter of fact that there was no certainty about it, and that mail matter of importance might lie there to the serious loss and inconvenience of the senders.

The merchants of the vicinity have had no confidence in that letter-box for the last year or so. They take the trouble to walk as far as the post office at night, in order to make a sure thing of it.
So does anybody else who wants to be sure that his letter will be forwarded by the mail for which it was written.

It is said that no less a person than the inspector of post offices himself had occasion to post a letter at a street box, not long ago. It related to a matter in which a prompt answer was expected and required. Not hearing from his correspondent, after a lapse of three days, the inspector telegraphed him, and found he had not received the letter. Investigation showed that the box had not been visited by the collector.

The Paisley system of numbered double boxes, the inner of which is removed and its receipt at the post-office checked, is as near complete as a system can be. It is found practicable in as large a city as Toronto, but on some pretext or other it was abandoned in St. John. Under the system now in vogue, the collecting is supposed to be done by a contractor, who entrusts the work to a boy. There is no check either on the number of boxes visited or the number of letters collected from any box.

Once in a while, somebody from the post office drops a letter into this box or that, and when it reaches the office on time, it is presumed the service is being faithfully performed all over the city.
When the existing contract expires, a new one should be made, either with the present contractor or anybody else. The system is as extravagant as it is unsafe. The post office could and should do better, at less than half the price now paid for inefficient service. When that is done, the public may learn to trust the street boxes. At present, when haste is an object, there is every reason why they should be avoided.

REMEMBERED THE UMBRELLA.
One of the Reasons Why Harry Doherty Makes a Good Hotel Clerk.
All the travellers were sorry when it was reported that Harry Doherty intended to leave his place behind the desk of the Royal and run an hotel of his own at St. Stephen. They were not sorry for Harry, because they thought there might be a future for him in the busy border town. They were sorry for themselves. They had been so accustomed to seeing him that they were afraid the Royal would seem lonesome after he had gone.

Harry has a right to be regarded as a fixture there, and now all the travellers are glad that he has decided to stay. He has been around the Royal, old and new, ever since Mr. Raymond was in the business. His history goes even further back to the days of Macintosh, in the old Stubbs Hotel. He has grown up in the business until he has learned all there is to know about it. It is a tough question about railroads, steamboats or hotels in this county that he cannot answer off-hand, and he never forgets a fact.

In the summer of 1877, after the fire, when the Royal on King square was packed like a box of sardines, a gentleman from Montreal registered there. He had with him an umbrella, which in the innocence of his heart he left lying carelessly around the office, where scores of people were passing in and out every hour. Naturally enough, he lost it, and just as naturally he reported the loss to Harry, who made a vigorous but unavailing search. The umbrella had gone for all time, the owner philosophically accepted the loss and in the course of time wholly forgot the matter.

Not long ago, Harry took a vacation, and chanced to be a fellow passenger with the man who had hailed from Montreal. During a lull in the conversation, Harry asked in a most natural manner: "By the way, Mr. —, did you ever get any trace of that umbrella you lost?" "What umbrella?" asked the astonished traveller.

THE SINFUL COUSINS LAUGHED.

Because the Ancient Mariner Gave the Order to Prey at His Wedding.
A brave sea captain of my acquaintance, after various vicissitudes and a chequered career on the briny deep, having amassed a comfortable fortune, and approached perilously near the age of 40, decided that all work and no play would probably make Jack, if not a dull, at least a discontented boy. He searched the scriptures and found that it was not good for man to live alone, so he decided to forsake the incognito sea and settle his affections upon a sickle goddess.

In his native village there lived a damsel, whose dark eyes had already pierced his susceptible soul till it was riddled with holes, so he plucked up courage, proposed and was accepted. Neither of them had any object in putting off the happy day, so immediate preparations were made for the wedding.

Now, this valiant mariner considered himself a member of the Church of England, but he had been on shore very little since he had attained man's estate, and his knowledge of her ceremonies was rather confused. To add to his troubles, he possessed a number of pretty, but mischievous young cousins, who amused themselves by making chaos out of confusion in his mind on the dreaded subject of the marriage service. He visited the parson, and begged him pathetically to make that service just as plain as he could, "but all vain, the wicked cousins predominated largely, and by the time the eventful evening arrived he was thoroughly convinced that the ordeal before him was a sort of cross between a naval engagement and a presentation at court.

All went better than he had anticipated, however, for to his great joy the clergyman told him to "repeat after me." All he had to do was listen and follow suit. So he manfully promised to honor and cherish, and following closely at the parson's heels, and growing more confident each moment, until, having endowed his bride with all his worldly goods, the clergyman finished abruptly with the pious exhortation, "Let us pray." "Let us pray," shouted the bridegroom, in a voice that might have been heard above an ordinary hurricane.

And three sinful cousins in the front seat tittered aloud at the success of their wicked machinations, while even the clergyman experienced a slight difficulty in swallowing before he finished the service: " * * *

Fishing Out of Season.
Fishing parties are the popular amusement of the hour in Moncton. I suppose it is a little late in the season for practising the gentle art, but we have the advantage of doing our fishing without leaving the house. Sometimes the plumber assists, that is, of course, where the family is in affluent circumstances; but usually the mode of procedure is merely to open the kitchen tap and catch the finny spoil, as it appears. Of course luck varies. Sometimes a morning's fishing is rewarded only by a succulent eel and a few minnows. Sometimes the fishing party captures its prey already dead, very dead indeed, and so goes away as not to require hanging. But the excitement is the same, and people are beginning to keep very quiet about it now, lest the water company should charge them for fishing privileges. So it is best not to grow too arrogant about the advantages one enjoys in the railway hub.

A Home Run.
With their characteristic enterprise, Messrs. Hunter, Hamilton & McKay scored at Thursday's ball game. Just before play began Mr. Jas. H. Hamilton, on behalf of the firm, presented each player with a silk handkerchief and souvenir of St. John.

multitudes of articles lost by people from all parts of the world, but he had remembered this particular incident so clearly as if it had happened a week before.
It is no wonder Mr. Raymond did not want to lose him.

HOMAGE AND PARTRIDGES FREE.
A Man Who Does Not Need a Certificate, but Ought to Have One.
Five candidates lately passed the examination for captain's rank, at Yarmouth. The examination is a severe one, and there were several who failed at it. As some are not to be allowed to have command of a vessel until they have satisfied the board of examiners of their competency by a long and searching examination, the public have an idea that all captains should be so treated. But they are not. Some have been running their vessels for several years with no license. Of course, if a man owns a scow or a yacht, even if he knows not the starboard watch from the "Waterbury," he has a perfect right to call himself "captain," and take himself out sailing, but that is one thing, and the commanding of the steamer *Evangeline* is another.

All the passengers for the Western Counties railway and the S. S. *Yarmouth* take the *Evangeline* at Annapolis for Digby, so that the office of captain of this boat is not by any means a sinecure. Providence advised Progress to go to Annapolis last Saturday, and Progress went. There was Captain Corbett, with his hands full of partridges, which he stowed away in the baggage car of the W. & A. train, for Halifax, and there was the captain of the S. S. *Parisian*—who, by the way, is a marine examiner, and who had just come up on the *Evangeline* from Digby—who graciously accepted the partridges, much to the relief of the captain of the *Evangeline*. It is very probable that Captain Corbett is well qualified to take command of anything at all in the shape of a vessel, but just out of fairness to the struggling crowd of aspirants to master's rank, and to show that he has no contempt for the rules and regulations by which the bold mariners are regulated, he ought to suspend operations long enough to pass the examination. Then he could go on with his boat and wouldn't have to spend money for partridges, etc. His passengers, too, would enjoy the trip from Annapolis to Digby very much more when they could sit and look out over the beautiful hills and pass over their captain's vast knowledge of navigation, and could give themselves up with perfect resignation to his all-saving edicate.

FROM EVANGELINE'S HOME.

Valuable Relics Secured by the American Abroad in Nova Scotia.
There were two of them on the Windsor & Annapolis morning express, a few weeks ago, and they were gazing out of the car window, exchanging rapturous exclamations as to the majesty of Blomidon and the vastness of the meadows of Grand Pre.

To these romantic souls, brimming with romance and Longfellow, every farm-house, however glorious in new white paint, was a possible Acadian relic, and the very cattle in the fields were surely descendants of those which had been blest with the gentle ministrations of Evangeline.

A certain conductor, whom Progress need not name, seeing that his fame is world-wide, is all kindness and attention to these American tourists, especially if, as in the present case, they happen to be ladies. To all who are so fortunate as to travel under his care, he is always courteous itself, but on the American tourist, astray in a strange land, he looks with special and active compassion.

Noticing the ardor of these ladies, the conductor jumped off the train at Grand Pre station, and gathered a couple of liberal handfuls of the late autumn dandelion, or hawk-bit, fresh with dew.

As the train moved out from the station, he strolled up to the eager tourists, and dropped the flowers in their laps.
"Why, what are these?" queried the pleased recipients.
"Keep them," said Joe, as he moved off with a tender smile; "they grew right round the heartstone of Evangeline herself."

Now those hawkbits are a worshipped relic in some remote New York or Washington home. The thought is a touching one.

When to Tap Them.
Take the children to church. It is pleasant always to see young children in the place of worship. Somebody has said, it is like seeing the young trees in a maple grove. There is the promise of sap in them: they will be ready to tap by and by.—*Intelligent Intelligence.*

The Season Closed.
The base ball season closed Thursday. The St. John's played their best ball and got there. The New Brunswick league pennant, and three out of four from the Shamrocks, undoubtedly placed them at the head of the lower province base ball community.

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IT WAS A BEASTLY BORE

A HALIFAX WHEELMAN MEETS AN UNCULTURED COW.

He chooses a Horn of the Dilemma, which is not the Horn of his Adversary—An Adventure Which Terminated in a Marriage That Surprised Both Parties. The enthusiastic Halifax wheelman, who had the little disagreeableness last week with an "improvised" country cow, is understood to wish that the matter should not get into the papers. In deference to this not unnatural desire on his part, we carefully refrain from giving him away. He was out of town on a holiday tour, and was pleasantly surprised to find good roads in the neighborhood of one of those secluded settlements which seem to have caught something of the slumberous air of Nova Scotia's capital. His surprise at finding the road so passable is probably due to the fact that he has lately been inquiring into the expenditure of the road moneys. However that may be, and it is a point on which the Herald and the Chronicle will perhaps differ with their customary pleasantness, a little ahead of him on this surprisingly good road, our enthusiastic wheelman saw a cow. There was nothing objectionable in that. The objectionable part of the affair, as it turned out, was that cow saw him. Now, the cow was in the grossest ill-humor that morning, and never having had the advantages of city life, she didn't know how to disguise her feelings. She took note of the advancing wheelman on his bicycle, and resented in the fact that she had never seen anything like it before. It is more than probable, judging from the ignorant creature's conduct later on, that she took the man and his wheel for a phenomenon one and indivisible, in which case his excitement and consternation ought to be judged leniently. After a brief inspection, during which the Halifax man pedaled forward in heedless serenity, she lowered her head with a most ill-bred and noisy remark, and charged furiously upon the now thunder-stricken wheelman. Now, in such an emergency, it is probable that a citizen of any other than a military city would philosophically run away. But our wheelman remembered the illustrations of some of his fellow-citizens on a certain occasion when their services were needed in the North West, and thus stimulated he advanced to meet the foe. Before the meeting actually took place, however, our wheelman swerved nimbly to one side, and dashed triumphantly past the furious cow. After this achievement he felt justified in continuing his journey, as fast as he could, even if it did look like running away. Certainly, he couldn't be expected to await the convenience of a mere casual cow. But the cow was not thus to be evaded. She was bent upon the solution or destruction of the phenomenon. In the race that now ensued, our wheelman held his own, at first, without any difficulty. But in a few minutes he came to a bad piece of road. Whether it was sand, or mud, or ruts that checked his course, the eagle eye of the press has not yet been able to determine; but his speed was so much retarded that the cow began to gain upon him rapidly. After a plucky struggle with his adverse circumstances he had to acknowledge himself beaten. The inconsiderate animal was now close on his heels, as it were, and he had scant time to take counsel. He saw a gate at the side of the road, and rode his wheel straight at it. He couldn't conveniently spare time to check himself, so when he reached the gate the wheel stopped with a certain abruptness, while he himself went right on over, without pausing to consider dignity, or even comfort. As for the cow, when she observed this sudden division of the phenomenon, she appeared dumbfounded. She stood still, gazing now at the prostrate and gleaming wheel under her nose, and now at the equally prostrate Halifax wheelman in a stone-heap on the other side of the fence. The surprise took all the heart quite out of the foolish animal. So subdued was she, in fact, that when the wheelman bruised and bleeding, and with all the beauty of his countenance for a time obscured, took courage to get up and throw a stone at her, she incontinently retired; whereupon the wheelman went boldly forth, and rescued his wheel. What became of the cow, and what were her thoughts upon the whole affair, we have been unable to learn. The wheelman went home, and it is understood that he considered the affair a beastly bore. Well and Cheaply Done. Merchants who want engraving done should not fail to have it well done. The engravings in Progress are done by an established concern and its work is above criticism. Progress is its agent for the maritime provinces, and all orders sent to this office will be executed promptly and satisfactorily, eight days being all the time that is required for the filing of any order. Pimples, pustules, rash, eczema, all humors and all diseases of the skin, piles, ulcers, sores and wounds, chapped hands, roughness of the skin, are quickly healed and cured by the use of Baird's French Ointment. Sold by all dealers.—Advt. Ladies desiring Butterick's Celebrated Patterns will find them, together with all the latest Periodicals, at 95 King Street. Give us a call. A. W. D. Knapp.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

I notice that Marshal P. Wilder's book, The People I've Smiled With, has at last reached the city, and is for sale at the bookstores. The gifted author of this unpretentious volume possesses in a remarkable degree the face and the brain of an actor; but— "Curtailed of this fair proportion, (Checked of feature by dissembling nature, Deformed, unfinished," —too sensitive to parade his misfortunes in the glare of the footlights, and too proud to convert them into sympathetic capital, he had to seek another channel in which to display his abilities and earn a livelihood. So he took to parlor and concert readings. His success was more than satisfactory, but it was not sufficient to secure for him the much sought after and better paying commissions in the gift of Ward McAllister's noble 400. But the form of a cripple covered an indomitable will that was bound to succeed. He knew that while his countrymen might loudly and proudly boast of their republicanism and jeer at "the effete society of the old world," yet if he could but gain the ear and the praise of that much derided body, every parlor in America would be open to him and his purse would grow correspondingly large. He crossed the Atlantic and sought an interview with the Prince of Wales. It was refused. He tried again and again with a like result. The lackeys of the court turned away with a smile of ridicule from the ugly little fellow who, without any legitimate excuse, would dare to trespass on the time of their master. Still he was not discouraged. In his lexicon there was no such word as "fail." He followed the prince to his club and accosted him. "What do you want?" demanded the prince, vexed at his importunities. "Just to tell you a story," was the modest reply. "Proceed then." The story was told, another and another followed, England's heir apparent burst into fit after fit of immoderate laughter as he listened to the grotesque tales the young man narrated, and watched the facial grimaces that accompanied them. The next day the story was all over London. Wilder sprang at once into popular favor; he was lionized and invited everywhere, and he had gained his point for he returned home to find that "the smiles of a butterfly aristocracy" had open the gates his own unaided exertions could not. Now he describes in a very taking manner, in the above book, the celebrated people, including nobility, actors, managers, and other lights, whom he met and with whom he conversed during his professional travels. Some critics have objected to the title, as apt to convey the idea that those meetings were more bibulous than convivial, but I think that it merely shows that the little joker was in the pack. Another book, Leander Richardson, editor of the New York Dramatic News, has written a novel, entitled Lord Dummersey, in which it is alleged he endeavors to idealize the character of Maurice Barrymore, of the Madison Square company. I have not yet seen the work, and may have something more to say about it when it comes to hand. So far, however, the critics have "slated" it with a good deal of energy. A still more interesting book, to me at least, than either of the above, is the one promised from the pen of Charles Townsend. It will deal with the art of play-writing, and is to be dedicated to Allen Forman, of the Journalist. "An actress of ample experience, pronounced dramatic instinct, and heroic proportions," is Nym Cruik's description of the English actress, Helen Barry, now starring in this country under the direction of J. M. Hill. Wilkie Collins, like Thackeray, Dickens, Reade, Howells and Bret Harte, had a great ambition for dramatic authorship and like them failed at it. The mere evolving of plot and painting characters will not suffice to make a play; construction and action are just as necessary. Edouard Mahe, the Parisian critic, will deliver several lectures on "Ethics of the Drama" in America during the coming winter. The elder Dumas wrote in Madame Patti's album: "Being a man and a Christian, I love to listen to your singing, but if I were a bird I would die of envy."

Eye and James Whitcombe Riley to make \$21,000. On Oct. 21 they start out together for another season. The report that Loudon McCormick and his wife, Maud Miller (daughter of Joaquin Miller), are in destitute circumstances is denied by them. "Old Homestead" began its second year in New York on last Thursday. Geo. M. Wood and Walter J. Brooks are preparing for the use of the Wood-St. John company a new version of Roger la Honte. Thomas E. Shea has secured Dominick Murray's well-known "Escaped from Sing Sing." Jay Rial has signed J. H. Gilmour for the Grand Opera house, San Francisco, Stock company.

To the gentleman whose somewhat antiquated feats of magic were noticed in this column two weeks ago, and who so lost his temper on the head of it that he made several mentions of it at a subsequent performance, I desire to say that the theatrical criticisms of this paper are not for sale and to remind him that while he was venting his wrath on Progress and its humble scribe the people knew that one honest, conscientious opinion of his show had been given by OWEN T. CARROLL.

- HOTELS. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICKTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats. HAWARDEN HOTEL, BEST \$1 HOUSE in the MARITIME PROVINCES. Corner Prince William and Duke streets, ST. JOHN, N. B. WM. CONWAY, Proprietor. Terms, \$1.00 per day; weekly board, \$4.00. ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor. ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 23 to 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. Terms, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts. W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor. HOTEL DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N. B. FRED A. JONES, Proprietor. BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIMS, Proprietor.

PORTRAITS

Cabinet to Life Size in Photography, India Ink, Crayon and Pastel, BY



23 CARLETON STREET, Near Mechanics' Institute.

"STANDARD TIME." Those having watches, clocks or time-pieces of any kind not giving entire satisfaction, may have them repaired and made perfectly reliable by bringing or sending them to W. THOMAS GARD'S, No. 81 King Street, who employs none but personally reliable workmen, and attends the work. Jewelry made and repaired in first-class style. A splendid assortment of watches, clocks and jewelry always on hand. Diamond and precious. Orders from out of town solicited and promptly attended to on the premises. Eyes tested free of charge, and Spectacles fitted to suit all sights. Send stamp for test book. Address: W. T. GARD, No. 81 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE Province of New Brunswick of The Commercial Union Assurance Co. (Limited), OF LONDON, and Phoenix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn. A. C. FAIRWEATHER, CHAS. J. TOMNEY, Barrister-at-Law, General Agent. Sub-Agent, BARNHILL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Shorthand LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of shorthand and stenography, and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturday excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to HARRY PEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John's Academic College and Shorthand Institute. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

IT PAYS ADVERTISERS TO KEEP POSTED.



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Boys' Clothing!

JAMES KELLY, Tailor and Clothier, No. 5 MARKET SQUARE, Would call special attention to the large and well assorted stock of BOYS' CLOTHING HE HAS NOW IN STOCK. The sizes range so as to fit boys from 5 to 14 years. The goods will be disposed of at LOW PRICES. CALL for BARGAINS! All good Stock; no shoddy Cloth. Just the thing for boys going to school. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

NOVELTIES

ROBES AND COSTUMES AND REGIMENTAL SKIRTINGS.

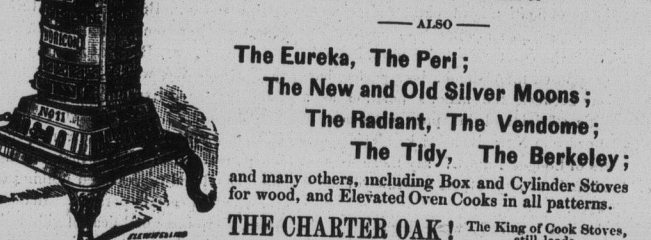
M. R. & A. have opened to-day a very Choice Selection of French DRESS GOODS, including all the Latest Novelties in Robes and Costumes.

FLANNEL TEA GOWNS, FLANNEL WRAPPER PATTERNS, ALL IN THE New Dress Goods Room.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON. Heating Stoves!

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. WE have them in many styles; all sizes, and at right prices. If in need of a STOVE of any kind, for any purpose, it will pay to call and see what we have.

The well-known "HORICON," as represented herewith, is to the front as usual. Three Sizes.



The Eureka, The Peri; The New and Old Silver Moons; The Radiant, The Vendome; The Tidy, The Berkeley; and many others, including Box and Cylinder Stoves for wood, and Elevated Oven Cooks in all patterns. THE CHARTER OAK! The King of Cook Stoves, still leads.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. St. THE NEW CROCKERY STORE, 94 KING STREET.

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

Picture Framed

GORBELL ART STORE, 207 Union Street. Finest English and American Studies Rented at reasonable rates. Mantel Mirrors and Fire Screens made at short notice.

ACTUAL RESULTS.

PAYMENTS made by THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York, during the Year 1889, in which the Insured have received during their own life time the full amount of their Policies and large Profits besides.

No.	Number of Years Insured.	NAME.	RESIDENCE.	Original Policy.	Amount Paid by Company.	Net Payments Made by Insured.	Profit to Policy Holder.
94,301	20 years	John Webb, jr.	Cincinnati, O.	\$10,000	\$15,000	\$8,303	\$6,766
43,800	23 "	E. B. Ely, jr.	So. Amboy, N. J.	2,000	3,067	1,291	1,776
138,164	16 "	J. H. King	Albany, N. Y.	2,000	2,825	1,142	1,683
95,335	20 "	W. F. Milton	New York City	15,000	21,379	14,691	6,688
155,133	15 "	N. H. Wolf	New York City	10,000	13,129	9,780	3,349
95,990	20 "	A. King	New York City	5,000	6,957	4,753	2,204
96,110	20 "	L. Howland	Mechanicsville, N. Y.	5,000	7,140	4,922	2,218
96,683	20 "	W. H. Sherman	Troy, N. Y.	3,000	3,974	2,160	1,814
96,237	20 "	S. C. Kendall	Milford, Mass.	1,000	1,475	846	629
97,977	20 "	A. Reed	Trenton, N. J.	5,000	6,666	3,504	3,162
202,899	10 "	A. Horton	Pawtucket, R. I.	5,000	5,699	3,226	2,473
64,134	23 "	A. E. Riege	Brooklyn, N. Y.	5,000	7,794	3,533	4,261
				\$68,000	\$95,174	\$58,151	\$37,023

As investments the above Policies average four and one-half per cent. compound interest, besides carrying insurance. These profits would have been still greater if the dividends had not been used in part to increase the death losses as is necessarily the case on yearly dividend policies.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES

Paid During the Past Fourteen Years by the Three Largest Companies: The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, 23,746,908; The New York Life, 7,683,660; The Equitable, 5,853,014.

As these three companies do more business than all of the other American companies combined, the position of the MUTUAL LIFE is readily seen. This company has no stockholders. Every dollar of profit over the net cost of insurance goes to the surviving policy-holders. New business troubled during the past four years. Full particulars may be obtained at THE NEW BRUNSWICK GENERAL AGENCY, 99 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. HERBERT WRIGHT, General Agent. SPECIAL AGENTS: E. J. SHELDON, S. H. GALBRAITH, ROBERT MARSHALL, J. B. McALPINE.

N. B.—This great Fund, steadily and solidly growing, and still steadily disbursing, now amounts to one hundred and thirty millions of dollars, safely and profitably invested. It constitutes the assets of the greatest financial institution in all the world; The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Those who live insured in it live well to that extent, and those who die insured by it die to live enshrined in the grateful memories of their loved and best beloved.

REGIMENTAL SKIRTINGS.

A very Choice Selection of French... including all the Latest Novelties in...

Stoves!

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. Well-known "HORICON," as represented herewith, is to the front as usual. Three Sizes.

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Amount Paid Company. Net Payments Made by Insured. Profit to Policy Holder.

Table with 3 columns: Amount Paid Company, Net Payments Made by Insured, Profit to Policy Holder. Rows include various amounts like \$15,000, \$8,303, \$6,766.

Interest, besides carrying insurance. To increase the death losses as is...

POLICIES

23,746,908. 7,683,660. 5,853,014. William Street, St. John, N. B. J. B. McALPINE.

"LOST" There were six that went out in the morning of the From the sweet old home on the farm...

SCROOGS' THIRD WIFE.

It was a matter of not a little surprise to the gossips of Camptown that Peter Scroogs, after having worried two wives into the grave, by alternate abuse and neglect...

It happened, therefore, that the good ladies of Camptown were in unusual haste to pay Mr. Scroogs' third wife's visit...

"I am sure, Peter," she replied with all calmness, "that I am far too much ashamed that a husband of mine should make so big a spectacle of himself to feel at all like laughing. If it would do any good I would gladly cry, but that would only please you, and it hardly seems worth while to inflame my eyes for so foolish a reason as that."

astonished. The idea of any woman's daring to brave his wrath in this cool fashion for a moment seemed to deprive him of the power of speech. He gasped an instant before he could find breath to continue, and although his denunciations were only the more fierce for this interruption...

It is hardly necessary to tell how he cursed and kicked and threatened and commanded, or how utterly in vain were all these demonstrations. He was in and there seemed no prospect of his getting out until such time as it pleased the wife of his bosom to set him at liberty.

Through the afternoon Mrs. Scroogs kept clear of the room wherein her lord and master lay in duress. She was dimly aware that from time to time he made noisy demonstrations, but to those she made no response. Late in the day, having arrayed herself in all her finery, she tied an apron over her best gown and proceeded to the prison chamber.

"Now, my love," she replied placidly, "I have invited company to tea. Miss Sharp is coming, and Miss Gubble and Miss Nettle. We shall be very awkward for a table, and it would be very awkward for both you and for us if you let them know that you are there. Don't you think that it would be better for you to keep quiet until they are gone?"

"Used Up,"

"Tired Out," "No Energy," and similar expressions, whenever heard, indicate a lack of vital force, which, if not remedied in time, may lead to complete physical and nervous prostration.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to vitalize the blood, build up the tissues, and make the weak strong.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 25c; six bottles, \$1.50. Worth 50c a bottle.

He insisted that as a preliminary measure it should be emptied to the bottom, a measure to which his wife objected strenuously that he wholly failed to notice the curious sparkle in her eye when he at last looked over.

"I hope you will not think it strange," she said placidly, "that the supper is set quite in the top of this chest. The truth is, it is a little wicker with my husband. He thought one thing and I thought another and we had a wicker, you see."

"I would do to elope in," Mrs. Candor suggested. "If you ever want to elope from your husband you can be moved out in this chest."

TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

Are the SELLING AGENTS for THE NEW YORK BAZAR perfect fitting PAPER PATTERNS. The Sheets, with ALL the NEW FALL STYLES, are GIVEN AWAY FREE, at FAIRALL & SMITH'S, KID GLOVE AGENCY, St. John, N. B.

time were heard at the door, leaving her husband in a state that may be imagined by any one who has ever been in a like case. What may have been the reflections of Peter as he lay during the long afternoon in the chest, his knees bent up, his head aching from the confinement and his whole soul so aflame with rage that he could hardly breathe, it would not be wise to attempt to imagine.

"I don't like to talk of these things," she said in a voice of so much sweetness that her husband nearly betrayed himself by cursing her on the spot, "but of course it is these things that really true I ought to know that I've no doubt that if Peter should come to bed with me I should faint or something, and I want to get sort of accustomed to it so that I may keep my wits about me to get out of my way."

The good wife tripped springing into the banquet-room, where the maid had been busy in clearing away the remains of the feast, and with the assistance of the servant set upon a table a dainty repast for one. Then she dismissed the maid and unlocked the chest.

"Your supper is ready, Peter," she said, as calmly as if she were sitting in his chair by the side of the domestic hearth. "Mary has had very good luck with the scones to-night, and they will just suit you."

"I don't like to talk of these things," she said in a voice of so much sweetness that her husband nearly betrayed himself by cursing her on the spot, "but of course it is these things that really true I ought to know that I've no doubt that if Peter should come to bed with me I should faint or something, and I want to get sort of accustomed to it so that I may keep my wits about me to get out of my way."

minable, and after that they lingered yet longer, and still yet a while to tell their hostess what a good time they had had.



SHE HELPED HIM OUT TENDERLY.

and how glad they were that she seemed to be able to live with that monster of a husband of hers.

"I am so glad you have let us talk plainly to you," Mrs. Candor observed before she took her departure. "It is well for you to understand just what your husband is."

"Oh, I shall certainly keep my promise," answered Mrs. Scroogs, and her guests departed.

"I don't like to talk of these things," she said in a voice of so much sweetness that her husband nearly betrayed himself by cursing her on the spot, "but of course it is these things that really true I ought to know that I've no doubt that if Peter should come to bed with me I should faint or something, and I want to get sort of accustomed to it so that I may keep my wits about me to get out of my way."

RAILWAYS. NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY. "ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.

Passenger trains will leave INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 10.40 a.m. - Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

Montreal, 10.30 p.m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 10.00 a.m. Parlor Car attached. 12.20 p.m. Sleeping Car attached.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY! St. Stephen and St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

Colonial Railway. 1899--Summer Arrangement--1899. ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, 1899, the following trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

BUCTOUCHE AND MONCTON RAILWAY. ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, trains will run as follows: No. 1. Lv. BUCTOUCHE, 7.30. Lv. MONCTON, 10.16.45.

THE SURE GO! The Latest and Prettiest New York Special. THE STYLISH HAT SEASON! Ladies' Hats Trimmings in the Most Elegant and Fashionable Styles. 200 UNION STREET. MME. KANE.

PROGRESS.

W. K. REYNOLDS, Editor. Subscriptions, \$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.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 5. CIRCULATION, 6,000.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK. HOPE YOU WILL LIKE IT.

Within a comparatively short time, the duties of the business department of Progress have increased to such an extent as to make constant and pressing demands on the time and attention of the publisher.

THEY SHOULD GO. A growing evil, for which there appears to be no present remedy, is the disfigurement of our streets and squares by unsightly telegraph poles. It is very well to talk of our increased facilities for telegraphing, telephoning, electric lighting and other things, but there is such a thing as having civilization at too great a cost.

IS IT SUBTERFUGE? Three months ago, CHARLES WATTS, the secularist, offered to meet in public discussion any minister of Halifax, or any one whom the ministers of Halifax would endorse.

THE GOOD PEOPLE OF HALIFAX, though they have taken time enough to consider the matter, do not seem to have grasped the purport of Mr. WATTS' offer. As we understand it, from the preamble to the resolution, he does not require an endorsement of Mr. BRADEN or any other minister.

Real, vital, practical Christianity—that religion which is embodied in the everyday life of the good man, and has its foundation in the teachings of CHRIST, has nothing to fear from the attacks of a thousand men like WATTS. It will bear discussion, and shine brighter for it. If it would not, it might well be considered an idol of clay, which were better broken.

to the civilization of the nineteenth century. Whether it would be advisable to meet a practical debater and perhaps a sophisticated reasoner, like WATTS, on his own chosen field, is another matter.

Whether it would be advisable to meet a practical debater and perhaps a sophisticated reasoner, like WATTS, on his own chosen field, is another matter. The majority of clergymen, unable to rebut his assertions on the spot, might fail to confer themselves with glory, and, for that reason, probably, no attempt was made to confute him in St. John.

A LATTER DAY FAD. "Nationalism," which is a sort of half-and-half socialism, dating its origin from a book called "Looking Backward," written by one EDWARD BELLAMY, is giving employment to the lungs and pens of a number of amiable cranks in various parts of the United States.

Advocates of the Scott Act may find food for thought in the Transcript's statement that there have been 216 arrests in Moncton this year, against 157 in the corresponding period last year, and that "it is notorious that liquor is sold as freely as under the license system."

THE MONCTON TRANSCRIPT rises to defend "boiler-plate" matter in an editorial paragraph which has five typographical errors in the first four lines. It would seem that, with some papers, "boiler-plate" is an improvement on original composition.

How to Please the Printer. When you sit down to write a good story for PROGRESS, remember that the postage on newspaper manuscript is only one cent for four ounces, and that it is not necessary to economize by beginning close to the top edge of the page.

WHY FILL THE BILL. Walter L. Sawyer, formerly of PROGRESS, is now assistant editor of that excellent weekly, the Boston Times. All who know him will be glad to hear that he has such a snug berth, and may be sure that he will fill the bill in his new position.

AT HER GRAVE. Fair Lily, low Amid the blossoms of the vale Death-stricken to the gloom Of summer-youth, while autumn winds assail Thy sister-blossoms; unless shall overflow The pent up fountain the full heart must burst. Therefore these tears we shed and these befall.

Those spirit-gleams That thro' the windows of Time's clay-house pour In clear and radiant streams, Fresh from within, contain a boundless store Of life and love that are no idle dreams.

THIS IS THE GOK THAT ROSE IN THE MORN THE DAY IDEAL SOAP WAS BORN HE HAD RISEN EARLY TO TELL TO MANKIND THAT WONDERFUL SOAP TO SEEK AND TO FIND. USE IDEAL SOAP. All grocers sell it. THE WORLD IS WASHING UP IDEAL SOAP. Made only by Wm. Logan St. John N.B.

SUNDAY HITS AND HINTS. Winnipeg is gathering heaps of trouble for itself by agitating for a local option law. The Quebec landslide has done some good. The obstruction stopped a runaway horse the other day.

THE REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT has lasted something more than a century in the United States, and in the hope of its admirers bids fair to continue for ages to come.

THE CHESTNUT CROP this fall promises to be the biggest for many years, and the happy time of gathering it is at hand. Telegraph, 30th.

YOUNG PULLETS hatched in March and April ought all to be laying this month. Later hatched ones if not laying by November, will probably if left to themselves not lay before spring when eggs are down to fifteen cents per dozen.

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH PROBATION might work in Portland, Me., if it is given time enough. There were only seven cases of intemperance before the municipal court the other day, and only one of them was a common drunkard.

FOR CHOLERA, cholera infantum, summer complaint, cramps and pains in the bowels, there is no remedy that can be more relied upon than Kendrick's Mixture, for children or adults.—Adv.

YOU CAN GET ALL THE NEW NOVELS at McArthur's, 80 King Street.

Yarns About Yarns AT "THE PRETTY STORE."

THE KNITTING SEASON has once more rolled around, and with it many inferior makes of YARN have appeared, being represented "Just as Good" as the more reliable brands.

BARNES & MURRAY A Well-Known and Thoroughly First-Class Article is always Desirable Stock.

THE JEWEL RANGE, The New Model Range, And the PRIZE RANGE,

Are Goods of which this may truthfully be said. However, every one sold sell many more, for the user will advise their friends to buy no other.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 King Street, (Opposite the ROYAL HOTEL.) P. S.—JOBBER PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

THEY MEET AGAIN. At Moncton, Dr. Carlton and the Hon. D. L. Hanington have once more faced their enemies in the public arena—modern Daniels in a den of lions, and like their great prototype, they have reduced the lions to a state of armed neutrality.

THE EDITOR SECURED SOME. The republican form of government has lasted something more than a century in the United States, and in the hope of its admirers bids fair to continue for ages to come.

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NEW RIBBONS, IN - White, Ivory, Coral, Sulfan, Cardinal, Buttercup, Apple, Myrtle, Mexique, Langtry. FANCY. Silk Flashes, Black Gimp, Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Filling Albums, Hook and Eye Taps, Smallwares, Etc. DOWLING BROS., 49 Charlotte Street. NEW Dry Goods Store, EAST WATERLOO, near Union Street. TOWELS, TABLE LINENS, FLANNEL BLANKETS, JERSEYS, JERSEY COATS, TWEEDS, COATINGS, ULSTERINGS, WATERPROOFS, etc. T. PATTON & CO. Sturgeon Oil! A FEW BARRELS EXTRA FINE. J. HORNCASTLE & CO., Indian town.

NEEDED Expected

M SUITES are... \$46.75... \$44.50... \$44.50

Suites will find them in this City, certainly less

JOHN ACADEMY OF ART. 54 KING STREET. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Matter of the Maritime Bank of the Dominion of Canada (in Liquidation).

PERSONS AND CORPORATIONS, Creditors of the Maritime Bank of the Dominion of Canada.

MOORE'S and Cucumber Cream. For Cleansing and Beautifying the Skin.

ICE Soda! The Best Drink in Town. ROCKETT'S or a Glass. THE ROYAL

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

THE BASE BALL AND TURF GOSSIP OF THE SEASON.

Notes and Comments on Local Clubs and Events... P. A. A. sports last Saturday.

The next annual meet is to be held in September... August 28th of the month.

If a penny saved is a penny made, the Halifax men went home comparatively wealthy.

They also took the elegant little tin horns, which they carried all the afternoon.

Yet the best thing of all was the admirable good nature shown by both sides.

When the "winding up" meeting of the association was held, out of 100 members only about half a dozen put in an appearance.

Not speaking of Wagg's ability as a ball player, he knows all the points of the game.

Recklessness in the management of a ball team doesn't pay. Neither does having men on the team who know too much.

Had Jordan not been there, it would have been a great day for the Watsons.

The noticeable feature about Jordan was the way in which he seemed to gather force as he went.

engage Arthur McHugh as a trainer for the season.

Boone, beat the New England record at Canton, Sept. 26th, doing a full mile in 2.07.

Nothing short of a benefit to Donovan would have drawn a much larger crowd than saw the game of the Shamrock's grounds.

Moncton ball cranks are in the soup. They hadn't patience enough to build up a good nine like other cities.

When the "winding up" meeting of the association was held, out of 100 members only about half a dozen put in an appearance.

Not speaking of Wagg's ability as a ball player, he knows all the points of the game.

Recklessness in the management of a ball team doesn't pay.

Had Jordan not been there, it would have been a great day for the Watsons.

The noticeable feature about Jordan was the way in which he seemed to gather force as he went.

The Halifax men made a very fair showing where there were no St. John men against them.

Boone, beat the New England record at Canton, Sept. 26th, doing a full mile in 2.07.

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STEAMERS.

FALL ARRANGEMENT. For Washademoak Lake - Oromocto.

Afternoon Service. Steamer OSCAR WILDE will leave Indian town for Oromocto every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY.

Steamer CLIFTON. COMMENCING THURSDAY, June 12, the above steamer will leave Indian town for HAMPFORD every THURSDAY morning.

EXCURSIONS. COMMENCING THURSDAY, June 12, the above steamer will leave Indian town for HAMPFORD every THURSDAY morning.

STEAMER "BELLISLE" WILL LEAVE "HEAD OF BELLISLE" every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning.

UNION LINE! Change of Time in Leaving Fredericton on Saturdays.

SATURDAY EXCURSIONS! "Out of the Hurly Hurly" or Pleasant Hours in an Odd Corner.

FOR special benefit of Ladies, Children, Invalids and those who may desire to spend but one day from the city, cheap Excursion Tickets, good to return on day of issue, will be sold to BROWN'S, KINGSTON, OAK POINT and HAMPSTEAD WHARVES, and to Intermediate Stops.

Face for the Round Trip, to Fredericton and return by rail and steamer... \$2 50.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. COMPY. (LIMITED.) FALL ARRANGEMENT. 3 Trips Per Week. 3 MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY.

COMMENCING 2nd OCTOBER and until further notice, the S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO will leave Bay of Fundy Wharf, St. John, N. B., at 7-4.5 A. M., local time, on the above days for DIGBY and ANAPOLIS.

DIGBY AND ANAPOLIS, connecting with the W. C. Railway for YARMOUTH and intermediate stations, also with the N. E. A. Railway for HALIFAX and intermediate stations, returning same day.

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