

FIRE WORKS.

BASE BALLS. Only 10 and 25 cents each.

and Union Streets.

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Goods, Double Widths, Newest

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Raw Silk, Plush, and Brocalettes.

Hall Stands, Baby Carriages,

NEWEST DESIGNS.

WM. BELL,

Importers

MISSION MERCHANT,

John, N. B.

ASS TEAS A SPECIALTY.

ERTSON

ish Works, Metal Warehouse.

Colored Paints, Liquid

Charlotte Streets.

Hats.

HATS, COLORS.

Market Square,

swick Railway Co.

EMENT OF TRAINS, IN

PROGRESS.

VOL. I., NO. 5.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1888.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

WE DON'T BELIEVE IT.

THEY SAY SOME LADIES SMOKE CIGARETTES.

A Professional Man Makes a Broad Statement and Says That From His Own Observation the Habit of Cigarette Smoking is Spreading.

The extraordinary assertion that scores of the fashionable ladies in this city indulged in cigarette smoking, was made to PROGRESS yesterday.

PROGRESS doesn't believe the statement, yet gives it for its worth. The slanderer was a married professional gentleman of high standing, and he sat opposite the writer and puffed coolly and contentedly at a Havana as he made the bold assertion.

"My authority for the assertion?" he repeated, laughing. "Well, of course, no names, but my own eyes and the confessions of a few of my friends are my guide to truth."

Then relapsing into seriousness, he said: "I tell you this habit is taking hold of the people. Day by day more and more of these poisonous cigarettes are being smoked and the women are helping the consumption along. To begin is so easy. Her brother or friend smokes cigarettes, leaves them around, gives her one in fun and laughs at her firm attempts, the persistence with which the smoke seeks every channel but the right one, and finally sends its victim away with a sick headache that lasts for hours. But the mischief is done. Half the women who once ally a cigarette between their lips will try it a second time—the others would not touch it again under any consideration. I have heard a few women argue that a woman has as good a right to smoke a cigarette as a man a cigar. I didn't dispute the assertion, but all the same any woman I have an interest in won't smoke 'Puritan' or any other brand if I can help it.

"Speaking professionally I know the habit is growing in St. John, and I think will continue to grow in spite of the anti-tobaccoists."

PROGRESS has the highest respect for its informant and would not hesitate to trust him, professionally, but it won't believe this statement unless the confessions are sworn to.

COLT STAKES.

Races to be trotted on the Fredericton Park Association's Track.

The Fredericton Park association has issued the following announcement:

The Fredericton Park association announces the opening of the following colt stakes, to be trotted on their track:

No. 1.—Open to foals of 1886, mile heats, two in three, to be trotted at the fall meeting of the association in 1888. Entrance \$15, to be paid as follows: \$5 to be paid with nomination, on or before 1st July, 1888; \$5 second payment, on or before 1st August, 1888; \$5 balance, on evening before race. \$50 will be added by the association to the amount of the entrance money, and \$25 additional will be given if the winner beats three minutes.

The whole amount of entrance money and added money will be divided—50 per cent. to the winner, 30 per cent. to second and 10 per cent. to third. Open to colts or fillies bred in the Dominion of Canada or the State of Maine, or owned therein prior to the 1st May, 1888.

No. 2.—Open to foals of 1887, mile heats, two in three, to be trotted at the fall meeting of the association in 1888. Entrance \$15, to be paid as follows: \$5 with nomination, on or before 1st August, 1888; \$5 second payment, on or before 1st May, 1889; \$5 balance, on evening before race. \$50 will be added by the association, and \$25 additional will be given if the winner beats three minutes or the record made in No. 1, if that should be better than three minutes. Other conditions the same as in No. 1.

No. 3.—Open to foals of 1888, mile heats, two in three, to be trotted at the fall meeting of the association in 1890. Entrance \$15, to be paid as follows: \$5 with nomination, on or before 1st October, 1888; \$5 second payment, on or before 1st October, 1889; \$5 balance, on evening before race. \$50 will be added by the association, and \$25 will be given additional if the winner beats the best previous record on the track for the same class, if that record is better than three minutes. Other conditions the same as Nos. 1 and 2. All nominations must give the name, date of foaling and the breeding of the foal named, and also the names of the breeder and owner and their addresses. Races will be governed strictly by the rules of the National Trotting Association.

The association would also announce that they will give two purses to be trotted for at the fall meeting in 1888, the first open to foals of 1886, and the second open to foals of 1884. Conditions governing these two races will be announced in good time before the fall meeting. Communications should be addressed to Secretary-Treasurer Flewelling.

An Unpleasant Remark.

A St. John newspaper man returned from Sackville, Wednesday, and called next day upon PROGRESS. He looked careworn and depressed.

"Are there any Methodists here?" he queried, gazing upon the occupants of the sanctum.

"Well, then, the sweet girl graduates of Sackville are the honest maidens in Canada."

servance of the Sabbath.

The Sabbath Observance society met this week and discussed the proposed advance of Sunday.

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN TOWN.

The First Framed Building Erected in St. John Still Standing on Chipman's Hill.

The first framed building erected in St. John stands on Chipman's hill today, the oldest structure in the city.

When John Colville came to Parrottown soon after the first settlers found their way here, log huts and camps were the only habitations of the settlers. He brought the frame of his house from New York and set it up on what then became known as "Colville's hill"—now Chipman's. The situation was more commanding than that at present.

The harbor tides washed the base of the hill and stepping stones were placed on the present site of the Western Union building to allow pedestrians to make the circuit and get on King street. The principal business street lay along the beach to which Water street now corresponds. The houses and huts were all on the eastern side of this thoroughfare, and stairs, where there were any, were on the outside of the building.

The second framed house in St. John was erected on Leinster street and was burned in the fire of 1877.

John Colville lived and died a bachelor. His will gave the house to Andrew Crookshank, grandfather of Mr. Otty Crookshank of this city, and up to the present the property has remained in that family.

Repairs have been placed upon the interior and exterior of the building from time to time, but the framework has not been touched and is as sound as a nut. Even the sashes of the windows and a great deal of the glass have never been changed. As an evidence of the care and method used in building in those days, the present occupants state that frost is unknown within its walls in coldest winter. Flowers grow and bloom in every room in defiance of Jack Frost. The house has been insured since the first insurance agent struck the city. Last winter a spark ignited the roof and caused some damage, but it being the intention of the present owner to allow the building to go down, no repairs were made or losses paid.

THE BOOM HAS COME TO STAY.

Facts that Show that the People Can't Get Along Without "Progress."

Four newsboys sold 503 copies of PROGRESS, last Saturday!

Fifteen or 20 others helped to bring up the grand total of sales!

Friends—and enemies—may judge by these two facts that the circulation of PROGRESS is in a very healthy condition.

As previously stated, the large edition printed May 19 was exhausted early in the forenoon of that day. The edition of May 26 was 400 copies larger than the previous one, but long before night every paper was sold. This week PROGRESS trusts that every one of its thousands of readers will be able to get a copy of his or her favorite paper.

George Swanton sold 170 papers, last Saturday, and took the first prize, \$1; Fred Chamberlain disposed of 160 copies, and got the second prize, 50 cents; Geo. Freeze captured the third prize, 25 cents, by selling 100 papers. Willie Ramsay, who was fourth in the list, found purchasers for 73 copies, which looks as though he had his eye on one of the prizes.

Add to all this the fact that fifteen news-dealers increased their orders during the week, and everybody will see that PROGRESS has reason to be proud.

And the best of it all is that the boom has come to stay!

Notes of New Books.

The Argonauts of North Liberty is one of Bret Harte's latest and best works. Published by Bryce, Toronto. For sale at C. Flood & Sons.

As interesting as any of the recent novels is Miracle Gold, which is published in the Canadian copyright edition by Bryce, and is for sale at C. Flood & Sons.

Breezie Langton is Capt. Hawley Smart's latest production. It is better than Saddle and Sabre and is well worth reading. For sale at Alfred Morrissey's.

Mr. McLellan's Two Sets of Books. The investigation of the affairs of the defunct Maritime Bank in St. John, has developed some startling facts. The evidence adduced yesterday justifies the suspicion that Mr. McLellan, the manager, kept two sets of books in order to conceal the true condition of the bank's affairs from the directors. One of the liquidators' checks shows that the deficiency of the bank, after deducting the value of assets, was over \$1,300,000.—Associated Press Dispatch, May 31.

Should be Looked After.

SHARP AND DECISIVE.

REV. H. P. COWPERTHWAIT TALKS QUITE TO THE POINT.

And Gives a Definition of Christian Perfection—He Holds He is in Strict Accord with Methodistical Doctrine—He Wants Names.

In the last issue of PROGRESS, you published some remarkable statements, made by two Methodist ministers of this city, concerning the "Holiness movement."

If these brethren had confined their remarks to the movement itself, perhaps I would not have taken any notice of what they said, but when they became almost personal, and hint at conference discipline for ministers who have joined "this movement," it becomes a different matter.

They know, or ought to know, that we are only preaching what Mr. Wesley said was "the grand depositum God gave to the people called Methodists, and chiefly to propagate which, it appeared to him, God raised them up."

They know, or ought to know, that we do not teach that "any man or woman can arrive (in this life) at such a state that he or she cannot sin." Such a statement is as reckless as it is untrue. And to call it so to do teach and preach, "twaddle," is to so stigmatize the distinctive doctrine of their own creed, and to go back sadly on their own ordination vows.

It would be better for these men, whoever they are, who have so unfairly criticized brethren who have done them no harm, to take the advice Gamaliel gave to the Jewish council at Jerusalem, concerning the treatment of the apostles, "Refrain from these men and let them alone; for if this council or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

Did it not occur to these "would-be censors" of their brethren, that calling names, or repeating names that others have used, is not a kind of argument likely to produce much conviction in intelligent minds? It savors somewhat of the persecuting days when the disciples were first called Christians, and John Wesley and his colleagues were called the holy club and Methodists, by way of contempt.

We are not "come-outers." Only in a few instances in the United States or in this dominion, have any of the Holiness people come out from their denominations, and the most of these have virtually been forced out. The advice of the leaders in this movement is to remain in their churches if they can, and exemplify the love and patience of the saints.

There is no need any way, of Methodists, who profess entire sanctification, going out of their church, for they are in harmony with their doctrinal standards. In fact they are only getting back to the experience of the fathers of the denomination.

The strongest opposition in the Methodist ministry here and elsewhere, to the present Holiness movement, comes, I think, from a few men who have at some time been identified with it. For some reasons, best known to themselves, they have withdrawn from the movement and now strongly antagonize it.

You have asked me, Mr. Editor, to give you a definition of the doctrine of Christian Perfection as taught by the Holiness brethren. The most concise definition I can give is found in the works of Rev. J. Wesley, vol. vi, p. 500:

"1. Christian Perfection is that love of God and our neighbors which implies deliverance from all sin.

2. That this is received by faith.

3. That it is given instantaneously.

4. That we are to expect it, not at death, but every moment; that now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

As explanatory somewhat of this definition, and supplementary, I also quote the following extract from a letter he addressed to Hester Ann Rogers, and found in page 174 of her Journal. He says, "You may obtain a growing victory over sin from the moment you are justified. But this is not enough. The body of sin, the carnal mind, must be destroyed; the old man must be slain, or we cannot put on the new man which is created after God (or which is the image of God) in righteousness and true holiness; and this is done in a moment. To talk of this work as being gradual, would be nonsense, as much as if we talked of gradual justification."

Of course this is but the barest outline of the doctrine, but sufficiently full to give a general idea of what it is.

The Methodist preachers who are identified with the Holiness movement are in thorough accord with this definition, and challenge contradiction at this point.

The Baptists and other brethren who have joined in this movement hold, as far as I know, the Wesleyan view of instantaneous, entire sanctification by faith, and the F. C. Baptists claim that the founders of their church experienced and taught the same doctrine.

I may say in regard to Rev. Messrs. Gill and Fowler, who had charge of the recent convention, that they were, a few

weeks ago, in Toronto engaged in similar work, and were cordially received by the chief officers of our church and many of our most prominent ministers in that city.

The Rev. Dr. Williams, general superintendent of the church, heartily united with them in the services, and gave the movement his unqualified endorsement. The same is true of Rev. Hugh Johnson, Rev. Dr. Potts and Rev. J. M. Wilkinson, in whose church the convention was held.

These American brethren had to come to St. John to be told that they were preaching "twaddle," and that their church at home called them, "Come-Outers," and that the bishops were against them, etc., and that all the Methodist ministers who sympathized with them and the holiness movement ran the awful risk of conference censure.

In conclusion, I would suggest that those two brethren who are so opposed to the Holiness movement give their names the next time they so freely give expression to their opinions.

COME IN, "CAP," BEFORE YOU GO.

A Portland Bar-Tender is Familiar with the "Guardian of the Peace."

When the liquor-sellers and their customers made up their minds that the Scott act should not be enforced in Portland, the authorities apparently decided that the traffic should be removed from the restraint of all law.

This was the position of affairs up to the time when PROGRESS entered the field: Every man who had the inclination and the ability to buy a quart of rum opened a bar and kept it open from Monday morning until Sunday night, and no one had the conscience or the courage—which was it?—to protest.

After PROGRESS demanded that, at the very least, Sunday liquor-selling should be stopped, the chief of police had a spasm of activity, and laid information against five saloon-keepers, who were fined \$8 each, this week.

It is to be hoped that Chief Rawlings will continue to do his duty; but candor compels the statement that if his intention is to enforce the law he sets a very bad example.

On Friday evening, May 25, Capt. Rawlings was seen to come out of a City road bar-room with two companions. The place was not a hundred yards from Fowler's edge-tool factory. The hour was 10.30 p. m. The chief stood on the sidewalk talking for some time. While he remained there, the bar-keeper came to the door and called out, "Come in again, Cap. before you go!"

Perhaps Capt. Rawlings went into the saloon to inform the bar-keeper that there is no liquor law in Portland; possibly he had been reasoning with the saloonist, telling him that a man ought not, in common decency, to keep his bar open more than sixteen hours a day; or it may be that the captain had gone in after a drink.

Whatever he did there and then, it would be well for him to make up his mind, now, whether, for the future, he will protect the people or the saloons—and to govern his associations accordingly.

PROGRESS respectfully, but earnestly, advises that Capt. Rawlings' visits to saloons should be of an official nature, and that bar-keepers who are called on by him should have occasion to wait upon magistrate Tapley the next day.

How the Companies Compare.

PROGRESS is able to give, this week, the most interesting statement that has been published here for a long time past, showing the distribution of the fire insurance in force in New Brunswick. The best companies lead the list of course. The companies and the net premium income received from this province are as follows:

|                                     |           |
|-------------------------------------|-----------|
| Commercial Union.....               | \$8,833   |
| Western.....                        | 28,600    |
| North British and Mercantile.....   | 25,740    |
| Imperial.....                       | 24,758    |
| Lancashire.....                     | 20,880    |
| Citizens.....                       | 20,758    |
| Liverpool and London and Globe..... | 19,820    |
| British America.....                | 18,910    |
| Glasgow and London.....             | 17,310    |
| City of London.....                 | 16,640    |
| Quebec.....                         | 15,793    |
| London and Lancashire.....          | 14,437    |
| Fire Insurance Association.....     | 11,560    |
| Royal.....                          | 11,437    |
| Edin.....                           | 11,229    |
| Guardian.....                       | 10,432    |
| Royal Canadian.....                 | 10,224    |
| Quebec.....                         | 10,224    |
| Northern.....                       | 9,512     |
| Hartford.....                       | 7,277     |
| Scottish Union and National.....    | 6,810     |
| National.....                       | 6,810     |
| Norwich Union.....                  | 6,115     |
| Phoenix.....                        | 6,098     |
| Phoenix of London.....              | 5,879     |
| Atlas.....                          | 5,774     |
| London Assurance.....               | 5,774     |
| Connecticut.....                    | 2,220     |
| Phoenix of New York.....            | 2,160     |
| Total.....                          | \$381,479 |

Home-like and Attractive.

Though the rooms and parlors of the Young Men's Christian association are generally considered very inviting, they are not up to the standard of Messrs. Irvine and Distin, who have an idea that their appearance is not as home-like and attractive as it might be.

They hit upon the happy idea of inviting about 10 ladies to assemble and talk over the matter. They did so Tuesday, and the result will probably be a public entertainment to aid them in carrying out their plans.

DOES HE SPEAK TRUTH?

A SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST CHIEF INSPECTOR MARSHALL

To the Effect that He Asked a Wholesale Liquor Merchant to Take Out a License After the Date for Making Application Had Passed—Statements and Denials.

The test case of the wholesale liquor merchants comes before Magistrate Peters today.

PROGRESS talked with several liquor dealers, Wednesday, and found them a unit on the question. They think that under the new liquor law they cannot get a legal wholesale license, one that will stand in a court of law, which they could produce in suits with customers and be considered as good and sufficient authority to sell liquor.

"What are the duties of the Chief Inspector?" asked one gentleman, in a laughing manner. "Is he supposed to come to me, days after the date for applying for license has passed, and coax me to take out a license? And further, has he power to grant me an extension of time in which to put in my application, and promise to say nothing of it?"

"Certainly not," said a gentleman standing near; "did Chief Marshall ask you to put in an application for a license?"

"No," replied the dealer, "but he went to the leading wholesale dealer in this city, when he found he did not intend to apply for a license, and coaxed his representative to apply, and, mind you, this was not before March 1st, but after that date. More than that, he offered to give them one month extension of the time, if they would make application."

PROGRESS made a few inquiries of this gentleman, and Thursday morning walked to the central station. Chief Marshall was found in his office. He received PROGRESS with his usual cheerfulness and urbanity. The few questions which PROGRESS asked were then put as follows:

"It is stated, Mr. Marshall, that after March 1st, the closing date for license applications from liquor dealers, you went to the representatives of the leading wholesale dealers in this city, and asked them to take out a license. Is this true?"

"Hesitating a moment before he replied, the chief said: 'I don't remember doing any such thing. I couldn't have done it. It is more than three months since I was in that establishment.'"

"Did you not, Mr. Marshall, say to these gentlemen that you would give them an extension in which to make their application, and nothing need be said about it?"

"No, no; certainly not," was the reply. Here was a direct denial to the statements made by the first speaker in this article. Somebody was lying unblushingly, but as it was due the chief that his character should be cleared, if possible, PROGRESS interviewed the gentleman to whom Chief Marshall was said to have made the offer, and, putting the questions straight, received quick replies, to the effect that Chief Marshall asked him to take out a license after March 1st, and that he offered him an extension of time in which to make the application.

The above statements are made by two reputable citizens and the chief inspector. Let the public judge who is telling the truth.

In the Hotel Corridors.

The Royal had a fine new burglar and fire-proof safe placed in its office Thursday. This is an indication that mine host Raymond expects to handle lots of cash this summer. PROGRESS hopes he may.

Clerk Harry Doherty leaves his post in the Royal's office the first of next week for a brief and deserved vacation in which he will visit Boston and seek on his return a few days' rest in country air.

The Victoria is always having some improvements placed upon it. The proprietor is bound to be ready to please everybody. In a week or two the office will look 100 per cent. better under the artistic touch of that skillful painter, Robert S. Craig.

A visitor would not recognize the Park now, it has been so much improved. Mr. White has taken the building for five years and he is bound to make it a successful and popular house. His terms are moderate and every room in the house has been refurbished and painted. Every person who has been a guest at the Park need not be told how large and airy the rooms are and how pleasant their location. As an evidence of the present popularity of the new house, Mr. White says he has had plenty of applications for boarders and many Americans have asked him for terms.

What the World Thinks of You.

Put down in figures the year in which you were born; to this add 4; then add your age at your next birthday, provided it comes before January 1, otherwise your age at last birthday; multiply result by 1,000; from this deduct 677,423; substitute for the figures corresponding letters of the alphabet, as A for 1, B for 2, C for 3, D for 4, etc. The result will give the name by which you are popularly known.

ROYAL DARKS IN SESSION.

A Meeting in Which Order Prevails, for the VIII of the Chairman is Law.

The regular meeting of the Royal Darks was held in their room at Spar cove, last Monday evening.

The room has been whitewashed and is gaily decorated with oil paintings. A platform has been erected for the president and treasurer and new chairs have been given to these officers by a friend. The chairs were painted, Monday morning, by Thomas Wright. It is expected that the paint will be dry in a few weeks.

After the president, Oscar Hector, called the meeting to order, seven members of the club jumped to their feet and for a few minutes the air was dark with motions. The president had to leave his chair and tap two or three members on the head with an axe-handle before he could obtain order. Mr. George Hines was then called up to the front and sang, "Keep your whitewashing for mother." The applause was deafening and could only be stopped by the president reaching for his axe-handle.

Cornelius George Washington Davis wanted to know if the club was going to allow the members to take his wood for hats and bases.

George Hector moved that Mr. Davis buy a new lock and keep his woodhouse fastened. Carried.

William Henry Ogden was ordered by the president to keep his fowl in his own yard and not let them go all over the neighborhood.

"Willie" said he couldn't look after the hens as he was busy every day. By request of the treasurer Willie warbled for the club, "The old hen house 'neath the hill."

Bob McKenzie moved that the club give an hour every meeting night to music. The president thought music was a good thing and asked the club to give their views on the matter. Several members did so and a committee was appointed to look after two song-books, a mouth organ and a banjo.

A letter was read from a brother at Loch Lomond asking the club to go out on the first of July. This letter was placed on the book and the club will think over it.

George Hines was again called on for music and, laying hold of the stove-pipe, sang very beautifully, "Meet me darling sister at the lake."

"Bob" Hector moved that the challenges that had been received be read over. After hunting the box and secretary's desk the president said, "they are gone." The janitor of the club was accused of building the fire with them, and after a long discussion he was bounced and Ira Stewart was appointed in his place.

The president then told the club that George Smith's place at the "Bog" had been burned down, and a letter had been received asking the club to help him. The secretary moved that the hat be taken around and each one give what he could. After the hat had been passed it was placed on the president's desk and was found to contain seven cents, a half fig of Black Jack and a jack-knife without any blades. The president said Mr. Smith did not use the weed and put it in his pocket. The jack-knife and six cents will be sent to Mr. Smith, one cent being given to the club, as the president said that seven was not a lucky number.

George Hines then sang, "When I have golden wings," accompanied by Oscar Hector on a tin whistle, and the secretary moved the meeting adjourn.

The Life of a Mainspring.

"The life of a watch's mainspring? Too uncertain for calculation," said a King street repairer. "Your time-piece was wound as usual at night, hung in its usual place, and at 2.30 a. m. its mainspring snapped and the works stopped. We can assign no reason for these breakages. There is very little wear on a spring, so slight, indeed, that very often one lasts the lifetime of a watch. For example, the mainspring in my own watch has been in use 17 years. New watches hang upon that show board, have hung there for months and perhaps years—all at once the springs in one or two of them break."

"I have often tried to ascertain the cause of this, and after considerable observation have come to the conclusion that the temperature has much to do with the snap of the mainspring. Frequently, when a cold day follows a warm period, a number of watches are brought in with the mainsprings broken. Again, a very hot day will produce the same effect. But although heat and cold undoubtedly have their effect upon the works of a watch, we may credit these agents with an undue influence. You can't average the life of a mainspring."

The Champion Mean Man.

"Oh, yes, I know him!" said one prominent citizen of another yesterday. "He left the Presbyterian church and joined the Episcopal because in the latter they have a bag instead of a plate and no one can tell whether he puts in a bank bill or a button; and he always sits near the door, so as to save the interest on the collection from the time it starts!"



OUR POLITICAL HISTORY.

INTERESTING SKETCHES BY MR. G. E. FENNY.

The Prohibitory Liquor Law Passed in New Brunswick in 1855—The Great Excitement That Followed—Break-up of the First Liberal Government—The Constitutional Action of the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Manservant—The People at the Polls—Formation of a New Tory Government, and Final Restoration of the Liberals to Office.

The elections in 1856 were not held all over the province on the same day, as at present. The time was fixed for each county as it suited the convenience and chances of the government. For St. John city and county they took place on the 24th and 25th June, respectively. Strange as it may appear, the provincial secretary, who a year or so before this was returned as a Reformer with his then colleagues, by large majorities, was now defeated by a majority of 94 in the city of St. John. This circumstance marks the capriciousness of public opinion, and challenges belief or doubt in the apothegm, eos populi eos dei. Rum was the talismanic influence that possessed men's minds. The constitution was as nothing compared with a glass of whiskey, or old Jamaica. All over the province the returns were largely in favor of the governor and the repeal of the liquor law. Seventeen of the old members (including Mr. Tilley) were doomed to stay at home.

When the new house met on July 17th, it being a special session called by the governor (the council need not be named as advisers, as his excellency was absolute) to repeal the liquor law. Hon. Charles Simonds was chosen speaker. The governor in his opening speech, stated his reasons for calling the members together at that time, viz.: that the (obnoxious) liquor law might be repealed. On motion of Mr. Gillmor (now M. P. for Charlotte) to introduce a bill, a discussion followed as to the right of the house to deal with any other business than that for which it was called together. The friends of the governor and his government were for repealing the liquor law and going home—while the opposition contended that the house had a right to deal with all matters that came before it, as in the case of the special session of 1854, when the legislature was called to ratify the reciprocity treaty, and did more when it turned out the old government. It was very evident, therefore, that the Liberal spirit aroused in the former house was active in the new, and anxious to bring matters to a focus; let the liquor law be revoked. The governor had appealed to Philip de la Riviere—it was time now the Liberals thought to address themselves to Philip sober—for it was shrewdly intimated that the new government would find themselves in a minority so soon as the great question of the hour was disposed of; but the government thought otherwise. If they could only breast the surges of the special session they knew they would have a lease of power for some time, while their chances of a long continuance seemed to them quite conclusive; and so, by resisting the tide that was making against them in the new house in preventing the introduction of new matter all would be well. In this they were successful.

On the 19th July, shortly after the reading of the journals, the address in reply to his excellency's speech was taken up, when the war began. Mr. Boyd (of Charlotte) as the mover, spoke long and loudly in defence of the governor's proceeding and justified it on the ground of imperious necessity. A large amount of revenue exceeding £40,000 had been sacrificed without any good accruing to the province. Bad blood, he said, was stirred up and evil passions were fomented through the workings of a law which was not only republican and revolutionary, but demoralizing and destructive—in fact, so un-English, that it was disloyal to the crown and British interests. In the absence of Mr. Tilley, the duty devolved upon the ex-attorney general (Mr. Fisher) to defend not so much the measure, as to criticise the conduct of the governor and his new advisers for the unconstitutional way in which he and they went to work for the repeal of the law. Nor, said Mr. Fisher, would the decision of that house, though likely to be favorable to the conduct pursued, settle the great and fundamental question underlying all other questions, viz: the governor's right to turn his back upon his advisers and throw himself into the arms of their opponents whenever he thought proper to set himself up in judgment upon any measure however good or bad. The governor, like the Queen, should feel himself to be in a position where he could do no wrong; and yet, he could very well understand where a governor might discreetly exercise the prerogative and dissolve the house, against the wishes of his council, as for instance, if parties were so evenly balanced in the house that legislation could not very well be conducted, and it was a matter of opinion and of judgment which side better represented the sense of the country. But in this case no such excuse existed. The dismissed government had a large majority in favor of all their measures, and quite a respectable majority for the liquor bill. Instead of the governor's name being mentioned in debate, or his conduct criticised, it ought to be regarded by both parties and the whole country as constitutionally sacred, and his ministry alone held accountable. What was the cry everywhere raised at the elections just terminated? "Vote for

the Governor." And he (Mr. Fisher) thought it a degradation of the high office, which should ever be a tower of strength, that the occupant's name should be dangled about from poll to poll in order to command votes. (At this point in Mr. Fisher's remarks a bright idea suddenly struck the Speaker, when he called the honorable gentleman to order, on the ground, he said, that it was unparliamentary to use his excellency's name in debate.) Of course the Speaker would have been right under ordinary circumstances; but when a governor goes out of his way and exhibits his own personal feelings in a great question, he throws himself out of court, or rather the favorable consideration of the high court of parliament, and thus, by his own conduct, forfeits the respect due to his exalted position. Mr. Fisher admitted that his remarks were unusual, and perhaps out of order, and he would refrain as much as possible from using his excellency's name, notwithstanding the provocation and the unconstitutional conduct of which he had been complaining. And although the hon. gentleman thenceforward studiously avoided the repetition of the governor's name, his arguments and facts went home to the mark with unerring aim, and he brought blood with every stroke. Nor did he spare the two gentlemen (Messrs. Wilmot and Gray) who were called in to turn out the former government for their anti-British pluck, and performing an unconstitutional act.

Other speakers addressed the house at much length. But the object of this article is answered by giving the spirit of the debate as briefly as necessity and space require. The battle of the constitution was fought over again, on this occasion, as vigorously as ever. Like "free trade" and "protection" in our house in former days, it was a running sore and would break out periodically, Mr. Isaac Woodward being the champion on the one side and Mr. R. D. Wilmot the champion on the other. The great leading constitutionalists were L. A. Wilmot and Charles Fisher, on the responsible government side, and R. L. Hazen on the other—not that the latter gentleman was opposed to a change for the better, but he was doubtful whether the change sought would be any improvement, and this may also be said, R. L. Hazen was upright in all his convictions and actions.

On the 22nd the house divided upon the address, and it was carried by a large majority. Liberals (the half-fledged) and Tories voting alike for it. The following paragraph from this address will convey an idea of its whole tenor:—

"We acknowledge with satisfaction the propriety of your excellency's having resorted to the sense of the people, and believe that so judicious an exercise of the power entrusted to your excellency by the constitution (!!) will not fail to be attended with the most beneficial effects."

We shall presently see the instability of public opinion, and how in a short time after this the people turned the tables upon his excellency and compelled him, as it were, to send for his old council to return to office. But in the meantime candid history forbids drawing a veil over the vacillation and tergiversation of intelligent men, by committing themselves to such unconstitutional ideas as those exhibited in this address. As stated over and over again the governor had no right to exercise the arbitrary power he did, while his council were sustained by a large majority in the old house. Nor does it alter the case one bit that the sense of the country was with the governor and against his advisers on the "run question."

On the 25th the government introduced a bill entitled "A Bill to Repeal the Act to Prevent the Importation, Manufacture and Traffic in Intoxicating Liquors, and Regulate the Sale Thereof." The bill passed after a brief discussion, was sent to the council where it also passed, notwithstanding a few months before this the council carried the measure by a majority of three. Finding, however, as it may be supposed, that the trap had sprung and caught the government, it was no harm for them to swallow their former doings, and let the liquor have free circulation once more. The object of the session having now been accomplished, his excellency on the 25th July prorogued the legislature in a speech of a dozen lines.

But the most amusing part of our legislative history, as an appendix to this liquor question, will be given in the next number.

Only Six Really Happy!

It is estimated that among the population of the city of London there are 2,428 husbands who have left their wives; 2,371 husbands who have left their wives; 4,730 divorced persons; 191,023 couples that live together in a state of incessant hostilities; 510,512 couples who are absolutely indifferent one to another; 1,050 couples who are apparently happy; 1,102 couples that are happy to a certain extent, and of couples that are really happy, 6.—N. Y. Sun.

THE KIND OF BIRD SHE MEANT.

The charming daisied had no appetite; Her health was delicate, her mother said! But at the table she put out of sight. As much as would have two longshoremen fed. "I eat no more than would a bird," laughed she; But when she rose and from the table went, The landlord frowned and bit his lip; said he, "I guess an ostrich was the bird she meant." —Toronto World.

TOLD IN FOUR LINES.

He slipped on a banana peel; The bump it made him wince; He fell on his head and took to his bed, And he has n't banana where since. —Identified Exchange.

"ONE OR A HUNDRED."

SEEK BY W. W. BREWER, PASTOR OF CENTENARY CHURCH.

A Brief Account of His Eighteen Years' Labors in the Ministry—The Extraordinary Success of His "Workers' Bands" Organized and Directed by Him.

The debt of gratitude which the dominion owes the mother-country is sometimes exaggerated and often under-estimated; but there are no Methodists in the maritime provinces who lack appreciation of the strength and standing which have come to their denomination by the addition of such talented, zealous and devoted Englishmen as Rev. Waldron Wesley Brewer, pastor of Centenary church.

Born in 1849, in the county of Cornwall, Mr. Brewer came of an ancient family that has always had representatives on the roll of the clergy. On the paternal side, his people, up to Wesley's time, were prominent in the established church, one of his ancestors having been Bishop of Exeter. His mother belonged to a Methodist family of like standing in that denomination, an uncle, Rev. Francis Truscott, being one of Wesley's first preachers. With such an

year in this place came to an end, he was unanimously requested to retain the charge of Centenary church for the third year—the limits of a Methodist minister's pastorate.

Almost coincident with Mr. Brewer's coming to this city, there is to be marked his discovery of new lines of usefulness, the result of which has been the development and growth of one of the most remarkable movements known to these times. In former years, Mr. Brewer had frequently occupied the lecture platform, appearing on one occasion before an Institute audience, and receiving always a most cordial greeting. Two or three years ago, however, he came to feel that a minister must be a man of one idea, and that lecturing interfered to some extent with his ministerial duties and must be given up. At that time, the need of aggressive work along evangelical lines became the uppermost thought in his mind. Because of this, Centenary church has since grown to be the head-centre of a movement which has already spread from Newfoundland to Manitoba, enlisted hundreds of Christians in active effort and brought thousands into the church. The general design of this movement is to systematize work which had heretofore been spasmodic; its particular objects are thus stated in the cards of membership:



REV. WALDRON W. BREWER.

Centenary Church Workers' Band.

OBJECT: Promotion of scriptural holiness; securing purity of heart and life; salvation of souls; Christian work and mutual improvement. Believing that I have the forgiveness of my sins and peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ; and that I have the witness of His Spirit with my heart, and that I am a child of God; I no longer mean to devote myself to the service of God for the promotion of His cause, and will endeavor to perform any duty or work, assigned me, circumstances permitting. (1 Thess. iii. 12, 13.) I unreservedly make this consecration, and voluntarily assume the Pledge set forth on the other side of the card, and when I desire to be released from its solemn obligations, I will return this Card to my Minister. (Deut. xxvi. 17, 18.)

Name..... Date..... "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii. 10.

Leader's Name.....

The reverse of the card reads as follows:—

"A Living Sacrifice—Your Reasonable Service."—Rom. xii. 1.

I Solemnly Agree, God Helping Me:

- 1. To observe regular seasons of secret prayer, at least in the morning and evening of each day. (Matt. vi. 6.)
2. To read daily, at least, a small portion of the Bible. (John v. 39.)
3. To attend the Social Means of Grace and at least one of the week evening services every week, if in my power. (Heb. x. 25, 26; Mal. iii. 16-18.)
4. To witness for Jesus always and everywhere, and bear testimony for Him on any fitting occasion. (Luke xii. 8, 9; Rom. x. 10.)
5. To labor and pray constantly for the salvation of souls. (James v. 20.)
6. To engage in no amusement where my Savior could not be a guest, nor do anything upon which I cannot thank God's blessing. (Matt. vi. 24; v. 18.)
7. To honor God with my substance, as He has prospered me. (Mal. iii. 10; 1 Cor. xvi. 2.)
8. To discontinue the use of ALL INTOXICANTS, etc. (1 Cor. x. 31.)
9. To promote the sanctified observance of the Lord's Day. (Gen. ii. 2; Ex. xvi. 23; Rev. i. 10.)
10. To speak evil of none. (Titus iii. 1, 2.)
11. To visit the sick, afflicted, neglected and strangers. (Heb. xiii. 2; James i. 27.)
12. To be friendly and sociable with all (Rom. xii. 10); and to bring others with me to the services of God's house. (Num. x. 20.)
13. To observe carefully all the General Rules of the Methodist church. (Acts ii. 42.)
14. To take Christ as my daily example in all things. (Matt. xi. 29, 30; Phil. ii. 5; 1 Pet. ii. 21.)

Out of this movement has grown the demand for the publication of Glad Tidings, the spirited and suggestive religious semi-monthly, in the editorship of which Mr. Brewer is assisted by Rev. Messrs. Evans and Marshall. The paper is a model publication of its kind and has reached a deservedly large circulation, the edition being, at times, 5,000 copies. No one who reads his earnest words can doubt that Mr. Brewer knows how to write to lay workers as well as talk to them. Indeed, though held by circumstances to a settled pastorate, Mr. Brewer has very strong leanings in the direction of evangelistic work. His fitness for it is shown by the success of the labors which, in connection with Rev. D. D. Moore, M. A., he carried on in Sheffield street. His capacity to direct it has also been proven by experience, and no one now pretends to doubt that his plan of Workers' bands has added immeasurably to the strength of the church. When it began, some questioned the advisability of the movement, but a year ago the official board of Centenary church recommended it to the district meeting; and at the last meeting of that board a committee appointed to look into the mission work done by the church commended that work and requested the boards of the other Methodist churches to

point committees to act with them in organizing the city of these lines. It is needless to say that public knowledge of Mr. Brewer's good qualities is not limited to his church or to this city. For three years he has been the Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick, F. & A. M. During the past week he has been elected to preach the sermon before the Theological union at Sackville, next year. Statements of the honors which have been conferred upon him, from many and diverse sources, might be multiplied indefinitely, were not the story of his career more strikingly written in another place—the roll of membership of Centenary church.

To a representative of PROGRESS, Mr. Brewer talked interestingly, a few days ago, of the method which, for him, gives the best results in the preparation of sermons. "As early in the week as possible," he said, "I get hold of my theme—for I am never anxious about a text. I carry it with me through the week and read all that comes in my way or that I feel I may need. Friday, I write pretty fully, talking aloud as I write—a strange habit, and one that I never knew anyone else to have. I may say that I find no trouble in writing, but great pleasure. After I have written the sermon, which I prepare as fully as I could read in five minutes, and this I take into the pulpit. I would never dare attempt to read a sermon, for I find that if I lose the eye of your congregation I lose my power."

PROGRESS is glad to believe that Mr. Brewer will never lose the eyes—nor the hearts—of those who have at any time sat under his ministry.

Eleven Gallons Apiece.

Mr. F. N. Barrett, of New York, who has been engaged for several years in compiling statistics concerning the liquor trade for the government, publishes in the Christian Advocate interesting statistics for the past five years. His estimates for the year 1887 show that after deducting the non-consumers, the amount consumed by each individual in the United States averages 11.1 gallons a year, costing \$50.25. He classes 90 per cent of foreign born women among the drinking population. The amount consumed in 1887 was 70,862,615 gallons, and the money spent for this by consumers was \$767,686,052. The Hungarians, who take a pint of whiskey costing fifteen cents for a single drink, and the Hoffman house bar, where the same sum is charged for a small drink of whiskey, were the extremes quoted.

Stranger, just arrived in town (stepping into bank)—I am looking for Mr. Gawn. He's an old friend of mine. I supposed he was still cashier of this bank. Has he left your employ?

President of bank (looking dejectedly at empty safe)—Yes, sir. He has left our employ. That's about all he did leave.—Chicago Tribune.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Church of England.

Rev. Tertius Poole, late curate of St. Paul's, Halifax, has been appointed minister in charge of St. Matthias mission.

Rev. Mr. Raven, rector of Dartmouth church, has gone to England on a visit to his relatives. He will be present at his sister's marriage before he returns.

The Metropolitan has appointed the Rev. J. de Soyres to preach the annual sermon in behalf of the Diocesan Church society at Trinity church, on the fifth of July next.

The Rev. W. S. Neales, who was unanimously re-elected secretary of the diocese of California at its late convention held in San Francisco, is son of Rev. James Neales and brother of the rector of Woodstock, and is rector of St. Pauls, San Francisco. Rev. Scovil Neales was ordained priest, by the Metropolitan, in the cathedral at Fredericton, Sunday. Mr. Neales is a graduate of the university of New Brunswick. Dean Alexander, and Rev. Canon Neales of Woodstock, assisted in the ordination.

The first ordination held by the bishop of Nova Scotia, took place Sunday morning, in St. Luke's cathedral, Halifax, when two candidates, Mr. Fullerton, B. A., of King's college, and Mr. Wollard, of St. Boniface college, Warminster, England, were admitted to the order of deacons. The candidates were presented by the archdeacon. Previous to the ordination a sermon was delivered by Rev. Dr. Partridge, of St. George's, appropriate to the occasion. The manner of the bishop is most impressive, and the two young men must have entered upon their life work with very deep and solemn feelings.

Roman Catholic.

The laying of the corner-stone of the Catholic University in Washington the past week marks the beginning of what is undoubtedly destined to be a great educational institution in this country. Eight millions of dollars is to be expended in the work, and it is expected that it will take 20 years to complete its construction. Several very large individual donations from wealthy Catholics have lately been made to swell the building fund, and these will doubtless continue as the work progresses. The university will be open to both Protestants and Catholics, although its management will be entirely in the control of the Catholic church.

Congregational.

Among those who delivered addresses before the Congregational Union of England and Wales, at its session in London, recently, was Rev. Frederick Hastings, formerly of this city. At the Colonial Missionary society's meetings, Rev. J. B. Saer, B. D., was one of the speakers.

In General.

Rev. A. F. McFarland is at Pittsburg, Penn., in attendance upon the general synod in the Reformed Presbyterian church.

---AT THE---

New Carpet Warerooms

SPECIAL SALE

FOR

NEXT WEEK.

SPECIAL PRICES

OILCLOTHS, LINOLEUM and CORK CARPET.

Smyrna Mats and Rugs,

LACE CURTAINS,

Curtain Poles (Straight),

AND

RAMSDALE'S PATENT BENT POLES

In Ebony, Walnut and Antique Oak.

Harold Gilbert, 54 King Street.

From under... Beside the... The sweet, aer... Above the... Of the grim... And men in... Listen, and... "God! The soft... Across the... As if some... Were mocki... "God! In his Red... How can it... Wrung from... "God! Father they... Batsushka... Wait till a... Rise in their... God said... —T. B.

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The philosopher

upon a dried fish



**BATYUSKA.**  
 From under gilded minarets  
 Beside the steel-blue Neva  
 I faintly catch, from time to time,  
 The sweet, aerial midnight chime—  
 "God save the Tsar!"

Above the ravelins and the moats  
 Of the grim closed forts  
 And men in dungeons for breath  
 Listen, and pray, and gnash their teeth—  
 "God save the Tsar!"

The soft riterations sweep  
 Across the horror of their sleep,  
 As if some demon in his glee  
 Were mocking at their misery—  
 "God save the Tsar!"

In his Red Palace over there,  
 Wakeful, he needs must hear the prayer:  
 How can it drown the broken cries  
 Wrung from his children's agonies?  
 "God save the Tsar!"

Father they called him from of old—  
 Batyushka! . . . How his heart is cold!  
 Wait till a million scourged men  
 Rise in their awful night, and then—  
 "God save the Tsar!"

—T. B. Aldrich, in Harper's Magazine.

**THE EARTH-SPIRIT.**  
 A RUSSIAN GHOST STORY.

Translated for "Progress" from a German Rendering of Goopl.

In the month of June, the roads round Kiev swarmed with students from the seminary, on the way to their homes. Those who had no parents wandered about, eating and sleeping in the open air. When they came to a village they left the main road, planted themselves in front of the best looking house and sang a psalm. The owner, generally an old Cossack, listened to them, leaning his head on his hands, then would sigh deeply and say to his wife: "Woman, what the students their sing must be very edifying. Give them what eatables you have." Immediately a great basket of provisions, black bread, lard, perhaps even a hen tied by the legs, was transferred to the student's sack, and all of them, grammarians, rhetoricians, philosophers and theologians, went on their way rejoicing.

In such a way, one summer, three students left the high road in order to seek food in the nearest village. They were the theologian Haliava, the philosopher Thomas Brutus, and the student of rhetoric, Tiberius Gorobetz. The theologian was a tall fellow with broad shoulders and very strange character. He had the habit of appropriating everything that came into his hands, and together with this peculiarity he possessed a gloomy temper, so that when he was drunk he hid himself in the thickest wood, causing often deep anxiety to the authorities of the seminary. The philosopher Thomas had a totally different disposition. He was lively, smoked his pipe, and after he had well drunk, would hire musicians to dance the *Tropak* by himself. The rhetorician Tiberius, finally, had not yet attained to the privileges of brandy and tobacco. He wore his hair short, a proof that his character had not yet had time to develop itself. Still, to judge by the bumps and bruises on his face, with which he frequently appeared in class, he showed promising signs of becoming in time a valuable member of the church militant.

It was already late as they left the high road. The sun had set and the heat of the day lingered in the sultry air. The philosopher and the theologian walked together in silence, smoking their pipes; the student of rhetoric amused himself by striking off the heads of the thistles with his staff. More than an hour passed and there was no sign of a house. The last colors of the sunset had faded in the horizon, and only a faint afterglow tinged the western sky. The students at last perceived that they had lost their way. After the philosopher had sought the path with his feet in vain, he exclaimed, "Where can the road be?" The theologian considered for a time and answered: "In truth, the night is a dark one!" The friends marched further, but the ground became more and more rough. They shouted, but their voices were lost in the stillness of the boundless steppe. "The devil! what shall we do?" said the philosopher. "Nay, what?" replied Haliava, "we must halt and pass the night in the fields." But the suggestion did not please the student of philosophy. He was accustomed to consume every evening, before going to rest, five pounds of bread, with four of lard, and his stomach was insufferably empty.

"O no! Haliava, that is impossible," he cried. "Lay ourselves down like dogs, without a supper! Let us push on a little more and perhaps we may reach a house, and drink a glass of brandy before sleeping."

At the word brandy the theologian spat on the ground and exclaimed: "It is true; we must not stop here!"

Once more the companions resumed their march and soon to their great joy they heard the barking of a dog. They listened with greatest attention, and at length saw a light. Not long after they reached a small enclosure, containing two houses. Looking through the gate the students perceived a courtyard filled with the parts of travelling dealers. At the same moment some stars began to appear in the sky. The three students knocked loudly at the door and shouted as with one voice, "Open!" After a short delay the hinges of the door began to creak, and an old woman, dressed in a sheepskin, appeared. She led the students into the house and placed each in a separate room.

The philosopher made a frugal supper upon a dried fish extracted from the pocket

of the theologian, who had purloined it in passing from a cart in the yard, and then laid himself down to sleep. Suddenly the door opened, the old woman entered and without a word came towards him. He started back and a dumb terror overcame him as he noticed her glittering eyes. His limbs refused to move. She approached him, crossed his arms on his breast, bent down his neck, and with the agility of a cat leapt upon his shoulders. On a sudden, he found himself bounding out of the house. A strange feeling, terrible and yet not without a certain pleasure, took possession of him. The steppe seemed like the bottom of a transparent sea. He saw his own image with that of his terrible rider. Instead of the moon, an unknown sun illuminated the depths of this sea. In the far distance he seemed to see flowers from which came a sound like the ringing of silver bells. Then he saw a fairy raising herself from a bush, who gazed on him with piercing glance, and a song came to his ears which entered into his very soul.

Was he dreaming or waking? He experienced a sort of horrible enjoyment, and began to think that his heart was taken out of him. He tried to recollect, prayers and repeated some forms of exorcism which he had learned. Suddenly he felt some relief. His gallop became less rapid, the pressure of the witch less severe; his feet began to touch the ground, and he saw no longer the strange visions.

"Capital!" thought the philosopher, and repeated the exorcisms with a louder voice. He extricated himself suddenly from the witch's hold and with a staff that he found on the ground, struck at her with all his might. She raised a bitter cry, at first fierce and threatening, then fainter—at last there was silence. The dawn was beginning and the first gleam of light showed him a fair maiden lying on the ground. Thomas trembled like an aspen leaf; his pity was over-mastered by fear, and he escaped as quickly as he could in the direction of Kiev.

But a few days after his return the rumor spread that the daughter of a nobleman, whose estate lay about 50 *versts* from Kiev, had been brought back in a dying state to her home, wounded in every limb. She had asked, it was added, that the prayers for a passing soul should be read by a student of the Kiev seminary named Thomas Brutus. These tidings the rector communicated to Thomas in person, adding that he must not delay, since the nobleman had sent servants, horses and a *kibitka*. The philosopher felt a thrill of terror without knowing why. He had a presentiment that something fearful awaited him, so he declared without circumlocution that he would not go.

"Listen, Domine Thomas!" replied the rector. "Nobody dreams of asking your consent. I will only tell you that if you show obstinacy your back shall be so treated with rods that for a long time you will not need the bath."

The philosopher scratched his head and departed in silence. But he made up his mind to seize the first opportunity for escape. As he descended the stairs in thought, he heard the voice of the rector, giving directions to someone who was evidently a messenger from the nobleman.

"Thank his honor for the eggs and the fruit," said the rector, "and tell him I will send the books as soon as they are copied. And forget not, friend, to remind your master in my name that he has excellent fish in his ponds, particularly fine sturgeon. Pray him to send me some, for fish in this market is bad and dear. And do not forget to hold the philosopher fast, for else he will escape."

"What a dog of Satan!" said Thomas to himself; "he has smelt a rat, has he?"

In the courtyard he remarked a *kibitka*, which at the first glance could have been taken for a barn upon wheels. Indeed, it was so lofty that a chimney could have been erected inside it. Six stalwart Cossacks, all somewhat advanced in years, awaited him. Their *kaftans* of fine cloth proved that they belonged to a rich master, their scars gave evidence that they had seen service in former time.

Thomas thought in himself, what must come, will come, so he turned to the Cossacks and said:

"Good day, comrades. So, I am to go with you? A glorious *kibitka* you have. You only want musicians and one could dance in it!"

"Yes, it is a well proportioned carriage," replied one of the Cossacks, seating himself by the driver, whose head was covered by a cloth, as he had found occasion that morning to leave his cap at an inn as security for payment. The five others climbed into the *kibitka*, which set out on its way.

The philosopher would willingly have learned more about the nobleman and his daughter, and the circumstances which had caused his summons. But all questions were in vain. The Cossacks seemed to be philosophers like himself, for they smoked their pipes in silence. Only one of them said to the driver:

"Take care, Owerko, old sleeper that you are! When you come to the tavern on the road to Tchukraioff, forget not to halt and wake us if we are dozing."

After saying this, he fell asleep and began to snore loudly. His reminder, however, was perfectly needless, for hardly had the great *kibitka* reached the tavern when all shouted at once, "Halt!" Owerko's horses were accustomed, besides, to stop of their own accord at every public house.

Notwithstanding the oppressive heat of the July day, all descended from the *kibitka* and entered the dirty inn. The Jewish landlord came to greet them as old acquaintances. He brought forth some sausages from his pocket and placed them on the table. All seated themselves and received enormous stone jugs. The philosopher was invited to share the banquet, and as all inhabitants of Little Russia, when they were well drunk, are wont to embrace one another and weep, the room soon echoed the tenderest salutations. Only as evening came on the company remembered that they must proceed. Half the night they wandered, losing the way continually, but at last descended into a valley entering a large village. It was too dark for our philosopher to make out the appearance of the nobleman's house, and he was besides glad to rest. Early the next day he was summoned to the master of the estate. The nobleman was already advanced in years. He sat at a table, leaning his head on his hands, and nodded slightly in return for the deep obeisance of the other, who remained near the door.

"Who are you and whence come you, good man?" he asked at length, in a voice that was neither severe nor kindly.

"I am a student," replied the philosopher.

"Thomas Brutus."

"How have you known my daughter?"

"I have never known her, gracious lord, I swear it. Never in my life have I had dealings with noble ladies."

"Why then did she choose you to say the prayers for her?"

The philosopher shrugged his shoulders.

"God may know. Great people sometimes ask for things which the learned cannot understand. Does not the proverb say: 'Dance, devil, as thy master bids?'"

"Oh, had she but lived a moment longer!" said the nobleman with trembling voice, "I had then learnt all. Send, father, to the seminary at Kiev and invite the student Thomas Brutus to pray three nights for my soul. He knows . . . more so she could not say. Good man, doubtless thou art famed for thy holy life; my daughter had heard of thee."

With these words he led the way to an adjoining room. The floor was entirely covered with red cloth. In one corner, surrounded with sacred pictures, lay the corpse of the departed lady. The bier was surrounded with wax tapers, which cast a pale light over the room. For some time the philosopher could not discern the face of the corpse, as the father sat in front of him. But when directed to take his place at a lectern, he cast a glance upon the open coffin. A convulsive trembling took possession of him. Never had he beheld a face of such expressive and harmonious beauty. She seemed to live still. But in the features there was something terrible that instantly struck him.

At sunset the coffin was carried into the church. The philosopher was one of the bearers, and it seemed as if an icy current passed into him. The church was at the end of the village and seemed as if it had been long disused. The coffin was placed before the altar, after the nobleman had given a last embrace to the body, and had ordered that Thomas was to be well tended, and brought back to the church at nightfall.

Hunger soon extinguished for the time all recollection of the dead. The whole establishment was gathered together in the ample kitchen, which served as a sort of club for everybody connected with the estate. At supper-time the slowest tongues became active; talk turned on all subjects, about the new slippers that one had made himself, the wolf that another had seen, and what existed in the middle of the earth. Usually there were one or two makers of jokes in the company.

The philosopher took his part manfully in the supper, and afterwards had abundant material to satisfy his curiosity as to the character of the departed lady. Indeed, no other topic was discussed. One old Cossack related that the huntsman Mikila had been bewitched, and had finally wasted away. Another told how a woman and child had been attacked by her, and their blood sucked. Then all tongues were loosened, and the strangest tales were repeated, similar only in the heroine and the ending. It was quite dark when the company thought it time to retire to rest, and the philosopher was disagreeably awakened by the summons to his duties in the church. He had not failed to arm his courage by a potent draught of brandy, but the stories he had listened to filled his imagination. They passed through the village street, and entered the enclosure which surrounded the old church. Beyond it no tree was to be seen, but the steppe extended to a seemingly endless distance. The three Cossacks who had accompanied him, left him to his function, wished him a prosperous issue, and obeyed their master's injunction by doubly locking the door.

The philosopher gazed round the church. In the midst was the black coffin. Lighted tapers were placed before the pictures of the saints, illuminating the *iconostasia*, and disclosing some portion of the nave. In all the corners was deepest darkness. As he moved about, he found a packet of candles, with which he proceeded to light up the church. But the shadows in the vaulted roof were only made darker, and the saints cast upon him more gloomy looks from their carved niches. He betook

himself to his desk, opened the book and began to read with loud voice, in order to give himself courage. Something within him said that the corpse was moving, that it was raising its head. . . . But all was still; the body lay as before; the tapers shed their pale light around. Still the question arose in his mind: "If she arose. . . . He raised his head. The corpse was no longer recumbent: it was sitting upright. Slowly it descended, and began to approach him, with eyes closed and arms extended. Hastily he drew a circle with his fingers around his person and began to recite exorcisms which he had learned from an old monk, well acquainted with sorcerers and evil spirits. . . . It approached the circle, but could not pass it. On a sudden, the face became pale and blue as a corpse that has been some days dead. The teeth chattered; the eyes opened, but seemed not to see anything; it groped along the walls, and finally returned to the bier. Suddenly the coffin itself was raised in the air, and soared through the church. Thomas repeated his exorcisms, and it returned to its place with a loud noise. The corpse once more raised itself; but at that moment a distant cock-crow was heard. Again it sank back, and the coffin lid moved of its own accord to its place. . . . At the first gleam of dawn the old Cossack came to relieve the philosopher from his task. Long after his return he could not sleep; but fatigue at last overcame the impressions of the past night. On waking, all seemed to him as a dream. At dinner he was restored to his former self, for he belonged to the class of people which a heavy meal can always furnish with happiness. But he made up his mind to say nothing of his adventure, and to all curious questions made no reply but this: "Yes! all manner of things happened there."

When the meal was over, the philosopher became very lively. He explored the whole village, made acquaintance with everybody and was turned out of two houses. Indeed, it is said that a young and pretty damsel gave him a box on the ear. But as evening approached his high spirits were much diminished. An hour before supper all the company played *kragli*, a species of skittles, in which sticks took the place of balls, and where the winner gained the right of riding on the back of the loser. Thomas tried to take part in the game, but his mind was filled with fear, which increased with the oncoming darkness.

At length the old Cossack gave the summons, and, as before, he was conducted to the church and left with the corpse. He tried to encourage himself with the belief that there could be nothing new to fear; that his exorcisms were sufficient to protect him. But when he had made the circle, and taken his place at the desk, he dared not raise his eyes, but read on. So an hour passed, and wearied by the exertion, he took out his snuff-box, and half-unconsciously raised his eyes. His blood was almost frozen in his veins as he beheld the corpse standing close to him at the edge of the circle. Hastily he cast down his eyes and began to read once more. He perceived that the figure stretched out its arms towards him, and at length gave utterance to a deep murmur. The words could not be understood; they sounded like the bubbling of boiling pitch. But he had a feeling that they boded evil to him, perhaps a counter-exorcism, by which his safeguard would be destroyed. At once a violent wind arose outside the church, and a noise was heard like the passing of a large flight of birds. He heard innumerable wings rattling at the panes and bars of the windows, and a heavy weight seemed to press on the door, which creaked on its hinges. His heart beat quickly, but he did not cease to utter the prayers. Almost immediately another sound was heard in the distance. It was the first cock crowing. Then, for the first time, he ceased to read. . . . Those who came later to fetch him found him half dead. He was leaning against a wall, and stared at the Cossacks as if he did not know them. It was almost needless to carry him to the village. There he drank brandy, passed his hand through his hair and said:

"There are all sorts of fearful things in the world, and last night . . ."

But the philosopher did not continue; he only made a gesture. At this moment a young woman passed, who, at sight of Thomas, uttered a cry of astonishment: "You have become quite gray!"

"Yes, she speaks the truth," said one of the Cossacks, "you are gray, like our old Javtukh."

The philosopher ran to the kitchen, where was a broken mirror, and there he found that, indeed, part of his hair was grey. He made up his mind at once to go to the nobleman and declare that he could not continue to watch by the corpse. He would return at once to Kiev.

He found the master of the estate in the same room, and almost in the same attitude, as before. He looked up, as Thomas stood at the door with cap in hand, and asked him if all was going well.

"Going well, lord! Such devilish things are happening that one would like to escape as fast as one can run!"

"How so?"

"Lord, your daughter . . . be not angry, and may heaven live her soul . . ."

"Well, well—my daughter?"

"Lord, she has to do with the devil, and no prayer can stand against her."

"Read, read on, my good fellow," said the master, "and I will reward you well."

"But I care not for reward; by my faith, lord, do what you please, but I will not read again!"

"Listen, fellow," replied the master, whose voice became on a sudden strong and piercing: "I do not receive contradiction. At your seminary you may do as you please, not here. If I have you flogged, it will be something different from what you get there. Do you know, friend, what good *kartchukis* are?"

"How should I not know," whimpered the philosopher. "Received in large quantities, they are intolerable."

"Ah, but you do not know how my serfs can heat a bath! With us, they make a great fire, and then pour on brandy and heat it again! Go away; do your work. If you neglect it, you shall not escape; if you do it well, you shall have a thousand ducats."

The philosopher held his tongue; he perceived that, with a character like this, his philosophy itself was of no use. But none the less he made up his mind to escape. He waited till after the midday meal, when all the village took a long siesta. Even old Javtukh stretched himself out in the sun and closed his eyes. Thomas entered the garden, which seemed the best way of reaching the outskirts of the estate. With the exception of a narrow path, the whole was overgrown with fruit-trees, bushes and weeds. Beyond the hedge lay a wide expanse of high brushwood, through which no path seemed possible. As he pushed his way among the knotty stems, he believed that before him lay the road to Kiev. At any rate, he saw a tract of forest, in which there would be ample security from pursuit. Entering it, he found an open glade, containing a clear pool of water. He flung himself down at its brink and slaked his thirst in long, eager draughts.

"What capital water!" he exclaimed half aloud. "Here must be an excellent place to rest!"

"No; let us rather push on," replied a voice behind him; "perhaps we are already pursued."

The philosopher started up. Javtukh stood by him, and said quietly, without a movement of his countenance:

"You could have saved a great distance by taking the path by which I have come. And what a pity your *kaftan* is torn. The cloth is not bad; what did it cost an ell? But we must be going back, we have walked quite far enough."

They returned to the village, and Thomas tried to still his terrors by copious draughts of brandy. Suddenly he cried out: "Bring me a musician, I will have some music!"

And without delay he began to dance the *tropak* in the middle of the court. He danced on till the hour of vespers, so long that the servants, who had formed a circle round him, grew tired of looking on and retired, saying, "He can't get enough of it." At last, he sank down with fatigue and fell asleep. It needed a pail of water thrown over him to awake him for supper. During the meal he spoke continually about being a Cossack, and that a Cossack was never afraid.

"It is time," said Javtukh, "let us be going."

As they took their way to the church, the philosopher looked round on all sides, and attempted to converse with his companions. But Javtukh was silent; even the usually loquacious ones said few words. It was a fearful night; wolves were heard howling on the steppe, and even the barking of the village dogs sounded strange and unearthly.

"One would think they were not wolves that are howling," said one of the Cossacks, "but something else."

They left him once more in the church alone. All was as before, the coffin in the middle of the building.

"I will not be afraid," he said to himself; "No, I will not be afraid."

After he had marked the magic circle, he began hastily to read the exorcisms. A deep silence prevailed, the flame of the tapers flickered and cast a yellow light round the church. Suddenly he realized that he was uttering quite different words from those before him. He made the sign of the cross, and began to recite the prayers afresh. This reassured him somewhat; he went on steadily, page followed page. Then, with a loud noise, the coffin lid burst open and the corpse sprang forward more ghastly in appearance than ever before. A strange cry passed from his lips, a sort of whirlwind filled the church, the figures of saints fell from their niches, the door was forced from its hinges, the window-panes were shattered as with an explosion, and the building was invaded by a swarm of flying monsters.

The last remains of his intoxication left the brain of Thomas Brutus. He made sign upon sign of the cross and stammered forth his prayers, as the obscene brood swept over his head, deafening him with the clatter of their movements, and ever anon touching him with their wings.

He had not the courage to examine them carefully, but he could distinguish one monstrous object, which almost filled the opposite wall with its extent. It was covered with long, matted hair, through which glowing eyes protruded. All gazed on Thomas, all sought him, but none could reach him in his magic circle.

"Summon the king of the Gnomes,"

cried the corpse, for the first time uttering intelligible words; "quick, bring him here!"

And then there was an unutterable stillness in the church. Soon a distant howling was heard; then the very foundations trembled under heavy footsteps. The philosopher saw a man of strange appearance and deformed stature led in. He was covered with earth-stains; his hands and feet were like knotted roots; he stumbled heavily at every step. The long lashes of his closed eyes hung to the ground. Thomas noted with horror that his face was of iron. This being was brought to the circle.

"Raise up my eyelids, I do not see!" said he with supernatural voice.

"Do not look upon him!" said an inward voice to the philosopher.

But he could not restrain an impulse, and he looked up.

"That is he!" cried the king of the Gnomes, and pointed with his finger at him. In a moment he was overwhelmed by the whole swarm, which swooped upon him, and fell dead on the ground. Then the cock's crowing was heard. It was for the second time, the spirits had not heard the first. With fearful cries they rushed to the windows for escape. But it was too late: all remained as if petrified around the doors and windows. When the priest came the next day to say the funeral mass, he dared not cross the threshold. The church was forever deserted from that time; it was gradually overgrown with wild plantations, and now the very path to it is lost.

The rumor of this adventure reached Kiev, and when the theologian Haliava heard of the death of the unhappy philosopher, he thought about the matter deeply. In the interval fortune had smiled on him; he had become bell-ringer of the highest tower in the city, and always appeared with a damaged nose, since the tower steps were in a neglected state.

"Have you heard what happened to Thomas?" asked Tiberius, who had now entered the class of philosophy, and had grown a beard.

"It was God's will," replied the bell-ringer; "come to the tavern, we will drink to his memory."

The young philosopher, who was enjoying his new privileges so much that all his clothes smelt from afar of brandy and tobacco, eagerly accepted the proposal.

"He was an admirable man, was Thomas!" said the bell-ringer, when the limping landlord had placed the third can before them—"an admirable man, and yet he must perish for nothing."

"And I know why," answered Tiberius; "because he was afraid. If he had not feared, the witch could not have hurt him. In such cases one has only to make the sign of the cross and spit on her tail. I know this, for all the old wives in Kiev are witches."

The bell-ringer nodded with approval. But as he perceived that his tongue no longer obeyed him, he rose up slowly, staggered out and took a devious way towards his tower. But seeing an old shoe in the road, the force of habit prevailed, and he placed it in his pouch as he went his way.

**A WOMAN'S DOUBLE LIFE.**

A Strange Case That Rivals the Story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

The story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is quite outdone by a recent revelation of the story of Miss Clara Blalock of this place. Here is one Miss Clara Blalock, first a promising school-girl, graduating with honor in the city schools, and promoted to be a teacher, and here is the same person, the master-spirit of a dark conspiracy against the lives and property of the citizens of a great stretch of country.

The curious feature of the case is, that while Clara, the school teacher, was perfectly good, Clara, the horse-dieff, was perfectly bad. The letters penned by the same fair hand that wrote copies for the children, are filled with the foulest and most profane words, used with design in a sort of cipher. No wicked word ever escaped the lips of the school teacher, and the while her brain must have been filled with the darkest designs and fiendish purposes. When she came to the school-house in the morning no shadow rested on her brow from her guilty knowledge that the night before a business house had been burned in the town by her accomplices, and when she had looked over the children's examination papers and filled out her school report, she sat down to write directions where horses should be stolen and whither in the darkness they should be ridden; to write pages in hideous jargon of the drama that finally culminated in murder.—(Admission, Kan., Dispatch.)

Advice of a Philadelphia Chesterfield.

A modern Lord Chesterfield in Philadelphia was lately giving his son some advice about getting on in society. In answer to the question, "What is the best subject to talk to a lady about at a ball?" he replied: "Talk to her about her beauty." "But," said he, "suppose she has no beauty?" "Ah, then," replied the experienced paterfamilias, "talk to her about the ugliness of the other women present. If you want to get on."—(Philadelphia Times.)

**HER THOUGHTS.**

"Sweet maid, what anxious thoughts tonight  
 Keep you lingering here on the stair?  
 Are you thinking of eyes that with love's deep light  
 Plead with yours a share?"

Ah, no? A far more important thing  
 Troubled the throbbing brain,  
 As up the winding stair she swept,  
 Daintily holding her train.

She was wondering if, at the coming day,  
 With a little artistic taste,  
 She could make that look like another dress  
 By wearing a different waist.

—New York Life.

erooms  
 SALE  
 WEEK.  
 LICES  
 CORK CARPET.  
 Rugs,  
 NS,  
 (Straight),  
 BENT POLES  
 ue Oak.  
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PROGRESS.

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

GIVE US A CHANGE.

Citizens should watch with the closest interest the action of the city council in awarding the contract for paving Union street. There are three tenders in for this work, and all of them come from reputable men. We can see no reason why the street committee of the council should recommend the acceptance of the highest tender.

We know it has been done before, in contracts worth thousands, but the time has come when the tax-payers begin to question seriously the advisability of paying big prices to big firms when the work can be done just as well for less money.

Of what use, aldermen, are your city engineer and street superintendent, if they cannot see that Union street is paved as you want it? If you can trust these officials to overlook this work and see that it is properly done, why not give the contract to the lowest tender and save the city several hundred dollars?

What a miserable farce this "asking for tenders" is, when in eight cases out of ten influence, not figures, gets the contract!

THE "HAMPERING" OFFICIALS.

If some of the officials of Portland will only let Capt. Rawlings and his men have their way and not hamper them in doing their duty, liquor selling and drinking in Portland on Sunday will be reduced very considerably in a short time.

This is refreshing. Who are the "officials" who are hampering you, Capt. RAWLINGS? Relieve your mind and give PROGRESS a chance to talk to these individuals.

We believe, Capt. RAWLINGS, that this statement is true; that the police force and you as its chief have been hampered in the discharge of your duties by "rummy officials"; that had it not been for their interference and vacillation, aided by the cowardice and inefficiency of other city officials, the Scott act would not now be a dead letter in Portland, and instead of being the refuge for the disreputable saloon keepers of St. John it would be a temperate city. We believe this, Capt. RAWLINGS, but at the same time we think it was a part of your duty a year ago to make this public. This Sunday and every day liquor traffic has been carried on since the day the Scott act was supposed to be in force, and only now when PROGRESS and the public demand the enforcement of the law is a move made.

We hope that the "interfering officials" will take a vacation; that their bar-room influence will cease of its effect and that "liquor selling and drinking" will not only be "reduced very considerably" in Portland on Sunday, but be stopped altogether, and—in conclusion, Capt. RAWLINGS—we trust that you and your force will set the example.

UNCHANGED IN DISPOSITION.

The United States senate survives, but its dignity has received a severe shock. By a vote of 21 to 19, that body decided to consider the fisheries treaty with open doors, and it is more than probable that this action marks the end of the star-chamber conclaves which have been dubbed executive sessions.

"The senate," says the New York Herald's Washington correspondent, "fancies itself a very aristocratic body, because it can go into secret session, drive the people out of the galleries, shut out the press and assume itself in its ridiculous way in secret."

During the discussion of this treaty, at least, no one can say that the senate is the abiding-place of the codfish aristocracy.

It will be more likely to prove, as in times past when Canada was in question, the home of the shark.

WHO WILL BE THE CANDIDATE?

The retirement of Sir CHARLES TUPPER from Canadian public life deprives Nova Scotia of her ablest champion, her sturdiest and most successful representative, and Canada loses an astute politician. He represented Cumberland for 33 years. It is only natural that great interest should be taken in the election to fill the vacancy.

Who can fill the shoes of this political prodigy? The probable Conservative candidate is Mr. A. R. DICKY. Mr. DICKY belongs to a family whose traditions date from the time when that part of Acadia had no English settlers, and, more or less, it has always led the politics of Cumberland. He is a son of Senator DICKY, who, though long past the three score and ten, still teaches the senate the soundest constitutional law, a grandson of the old Conservative leader, JAMES STEWART, C. B., a grand nephew of Hon. JAMES S. MOSE, sometime speaker of the Nova Scotia assembly.

Mr. DICKY is young, an able and successful lawyer, the head of a leading legal firm, and a man of unimpeachable character. He is a strong and logical speaker; rather defective, however, in warmth and emotion. The Temperance party will, of course, run JOHN THOMAS BULMER, who is recognized as a close competitor with GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN for the championship of crankdom.

The Liberals meet in a few days to determine their candidate. Their strongest man is Hon. Mr. PIPES, who is a powerful and persuasive speaker and a splendid canvasser. His political course has, however, been one succession of dismal failures. Mr. T. R. BLACK, M. P. P., is another possible candidate, who it is claimed will capture both the Baptist and temperance vote.

How either one of these would rattle round in Tupper's shoes!

Beware of the Quack!

We hope that the number of fools in this city is so small that the quack missionary who proposes to remain with us for some time will not take in enough to pay his board.

Every man or woman who has any respect for him or herself, and the city, will avoid the quack. There is no field in St. John for any such medical missionary, and we hope, when he arrives, he will take his cue from this article and leave town.

Experience has taught St. John that it would have been better for the people had they never seen a quack doctor. No city in the world of the same size can boast of a more competent medical staff—of men who are better known at home and abroad. We do not know if the quack has a license. If he has not it is the duty of the medical council to look after him; but first, last and always it is the duty of the people to avoid this professional tramp who attracts the gullible by extravagant and lying advertisements, only to ruin them and their health.

We speak as we think on this matter. Quack medicine is bad, but the quack doctor is worse.

HIRE A HALL.

The St. John city and county members of the dominion parliament are once more with us.

We are gratified to note that their exertions on behalf of their country have not seriously impaired their health. Mr. WELDON has lost no flesh; Mr. SKINNER has added no wrinkles and very few gray hairs; Mr. ELLIS' laugh is as hearty and his smile as care-free as though he were a truly-loyal citizen enjoying private life.

Some of their constituents, unfortunately, conclude from these appearances that neither of these gentlemen has done any work in Ottawa; certain carpens have hinted that they were seldom active except on salary day; and there are indications that this dissatisfaction will come to a head in the case of that dear old grandmother, the Sun, and that she will untie her bonnet-strings and settle down for a good long scold.

Why not forestall this, gentlemen, and quiet the critics by hiring a hall and telling the people what you did in Ottawa?

BEGINNING LIFE.

The "commencement" season, so called, has come with the time of roses, and Nature's buds and blossoms and those in which Art has had a hand are all around us.

It is not unusual to slight the expressions of hope and promise with which our yale-dictorians greet the future; to smile, somewhat sadly perhaps, at the intensity which they promise to bring to the performance of life's duties; but PROGRESS feels nothing but sympathy for these young men and maidens—a sympathy untouched by indifference or contempt.

At all ages, we are prone to dwell upon what society owes to us; but it is sadly true that we seldom carry beyond our college days a clear conviction of what we owe to society.

The world's teaching will soon enough remedy the weaknesses—inexperience, egotism, ignorance of practical things—to which the young scholar is liable. Let us hope that it will not also put an end to his generous enthusiasm!

It is upon the young men and women that the world's advance in the future depends. Their ideals can never be too high; their plans can never be too "impracticable"—that is to say, too unselfish; their principles can never be held too firmly or stated too forcibly.

We exhort them, therefore, to be of good courage; and, while they temper their zeal with discretion, as their friends advise, to beware that they do not use the discretion to replace the zeal.

Now that the shapely paper-weight on King square is again agitating the minds of so many of our citizens of the softer sex, why not embellish it with some suitable adornment sacred to the memory of her who maintained her amiability through the house-cleaning season?

We have read your "Prison Thoughts" very carefully, Mr. HAWKE. They have somehow a morbid interest for us. No person can say that some day PROGRESS or any other New Brunswick journal will not be edited from your stone-walled sanctum.

In view of such an undesirable calamity, Mr. HAWKE, and in the interest of our fellow-journalists, we ask you to devote one column of the Transcript to Mr. HAWTHORNE'S menu.

And, while you are about it, Mr. HAWKE, give us, please, your opinion of tea parties!

Graduates of the University of New Brunswick should rally round the memory of that courteous gentleman and fine scholar, Dr. WILLIAM BRYDNE-JACK. Aid your alma mater and perpetuate his name at one and the same time! One thousand dollars is a small sum to raise, and already one-tenth is subscribed. Few of the sons of the university are rich, yet there are few who could not give from \$5 to \$25 for such an object.

We propose next Saturday to give an interesting sketch of the life of His Lordship Bishop SWENNY, accompanied by his portrait. This series has been very popular. Our only regret in connection with it is that we have been unable to supply the demand for copies of the paper. If those who want extra copies would send their orders to the office during the week they would suffer no disappointment Saturday.

Unhappy France! With CLEMENCEAU and General CHARENTÉ shrieking yows of affection into either ear, with BOULANGER clasping her by the waist, with her displaced bridegroom, SADI-CARNOT, pleading for some token of recognition—three of them threatening breach-of-promise suits and the fourth contemplating desertion—she must feel that some of her caresses in the past have been too lavishly bestowed.

We observe that the Fredericton Park association has resolved to impound all cattle found trespassing on its grounds. Were we not afraid of gutting the beef market, we would suggest that the Fredericton city council nail a similar resolution to its mast. But then, Fredericton wouldn't be Fredericton without the cows upon the green.

PROVINCIAL CHAT.

James H. Mulhall, agent of the Canada Railway News company in this city, has published a neat, convenient and instructive guide book of New Brunswick. The tourist public and indeed hundreds of New Brunswickers will appreciate such a handy and unflinching travelling companion.

Honesty requires the assertion that some of the illustrations are not faithful, and instead of being used in every pamphlet of this kind sent out of St. John, should be cast aside as rubbish. For example, a stranger looking upon the cantilever bridge and falls would be puzzled just where to locate the latter, above or below the structure. The book costs 25 cents, and is worth double the money.

Those silly, sentimental creatures who place such implicit faith in local Christian Scientists, so called, should take warning by the fate of Mrs. Lottie R. James, of Medford, Mass., whose life paid the forfeit for her mother's adherence to faith cure. We fancy that Christian Science is good enough for hundreds of weak persons, who are always "ailing," or think they are, but in genuine illness give us the skilled physician as a preferable guide to health and strength.

Over 1,000 volunteers will assemble at camp Chatham, June 26. The grounds selected are of the best, and the facilities for transportation, always important, are as good as any provincial town can boast of. The corps to attend the camp at Chatham are the 8th Princess Louise Hussars, Newcastle Field Battery of Artillery, Brighton Engineers, Infantry-school corps, 73rd Northumberland Battalion and the 74th Battalion.

Eight M. L. A. graduates came from Sackville this week. They were Miss Lizzie Bharrell, Amherst, N. S.; Miss Clara Dickie, Truro, N. S.; Miss Lizzie Hertz, Amherst, N. S.; Miss Janie Hertz, Amherst, N. S.; Miss Mabel Paterson, Sackville; Miss Lillia Mounce, Avondale, N.S.; Miss Ada Howard, North River, P. E. I.; Miss Josephine Marshall, Bear River, N. S.

The following ladies and gentlemen took their A. B. degree: Alvan Allan, Albert Co.; R. P. Alexander, Stanhope, P. E. I.; T. D. Blaikie, Great Village, N. S.; Clarence E. Casey, Amherst, N. S.; George F. Dawson, Campbellton, N. B.; P. C. L. Harris, Halifax; Aubrey C. Smith, Sackville; W. J. Howard, Cornwall, P. E. I.; A. C. Dennis, Margate, P. E. I.; Fred. H. Pickles, Halifax; Miss Annie Burwash, Sackville; Miss Sarah Shenton, Charlottetown.

A correspondent writes that the newest fad among Halifax young ladies is called "tips." They count every time a gentleman tips his hat to them and when they reach 100 tips, the 100th gentleman is supposed to be the one the lady receiving the tip will marry. The "tips" craze is spreading rapidly and the young ladies are heard counting the tips as they pass them on the street.

We have heard of a St. John young lady who tried this, and, to her great disgust, the 100th boy came from a married Methodist minister. She says she decidedly objects to waiting for that man's wife to die and his months of mourning to pass, and doesn't want him anyway.

But tips from married men don't count, Brother Stewart!

A Transcript correspondent has let himself loose upon the Times for remarking that some staid old Presbyterians in a New Brunswick town kicked because the Weber quartette was invited to sing in their choir, but the Wizard Oil company sang in the Presbyterian church in Summerside on a recent Sunday.

There is one striking resemblance between the two concerns named above—both of them want advertising. The church authorities are fools to allow travelling concert companies the free use of their choir chancels. We suggest that after this they be invited to place \$20 in the collection.

Mr. Norman L. Munro, the celebrated publisher of New York, sends us a copy of his publication, the New York Family Story Paper, with a request to insert in the Pioneer a flattering notice thereof, for which he will send us in return some of his popular novels. We must decline to comply with his request. We do not care to be responsible for influencing any one to peruse the trashy and sensational literature which this so-called family paper often supplies its readers. Mr. Munro, who is a Haligonian, is a gentleman who has done much for the higher education of the young men and young women of the maritime provinces, as well as of the United States, and for this he deserves all praise; but we incline to the opinion that if all the harm such of his publications as this Family Story Paper have done in poisoning the minds of its readers were weighed with the good he has accomplished the latter would be found sadly wanting.

C. Bruce Macdougall, formerly of Moncton, is taking a course at the Boston Journalistic college.

How the Girls Kiss. The St. John girl bows her stately head, And she fixes her stylish lips In a firm, hard way, and lets them go In spasmodic little snips.

The Woodstock girl says never a word, And you'd think she was rather tame, With her practical views of the matter in hand, But she gets there all the same.

The St. Stephen girl gets a grip on herself, And she carefully takes off her hat; Then she grabs up the prize in a frenzied way, Like a warrior shaking a rat.

The Fredericton girl, so gentle and sweet, Lets her lips meet the coming kiss, With a rapturous warmth, and the youthful soul Floats away on the sea of bliss.

Welcome back, Chairman RUEB! The Free Public Library commission has been lost without you. We trust that it has gained wisdom and you have found rest in your brief vacation.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

What a privilege it is in these days of railway catastrophe for a man's wife and family to be able to turn out into the green fields of reflection, and pasture for a whole afternoon upon the consolation that *paternfamilias* is travelling on a railway which has a record unstained by explosion, unmarred by collision, unscathed by derailment, unblemished by even a hot-box.

Mrs. Bory always feels that her wandering hubby is safe when he is on the Kent Northern, and for this reason, she does not allow him to foolishly squander his money on accident insurance; so that every time Rosy Bory travels over the K. N. R., Madam Bory's pin money is increased to the extent of an insurance premium. Tourists who insure against accident on the K. N. R. only do so either through ignorance or for style.

Yes, there is no doubt about it, the K. N. R. is a safe line. It just makes me dizzy when I very suddenly and quite unexpectedly have my thoughts turned from the time of the ox-cart to that point in the world's career which is occupied by the K. N. R. In the language of the high sheriff I "REITERATE" that Kent county wears upon its bosom a perfect gem of a safe railway. Safe, because it is owned by John C. Brown; SAFE, because it is managed by E. E. Phair; SAFE, because whenever the bloomin' *chemin de fer*, or *chemin d'enfer*, does happen to run, its speed averages about eight miles an hour.

P. S. It was a traveller from Arkansas, who remarked that the cow-catcher was on the wrong end of the K. N. R. express.

While walking along the middle of Orange street the morning I left St. John, I observed a little eight-year-old colored lad, with books under arm, heading for school. He was a venturesome youngster, and attempted to brave the sidewalk (so-called), where rocks rise four or five inches above the level of the street. But he had not been braving it very long before he tripped and fell flat upon his nose. "Say, Mistah," he grimly remarked to me as he quickly regained his feet, "Guess dar's no rial road to larnin' fo' de fellah what goes to school by de sou' side ob Orange street."

I don't approve of paper hanging the exterior of a church with posters announcing the importation of molasses and flour, although those articles, when properly prepared, may make very acceptable cake for a church festival. I prefer to see such announcements in the advertising columns of PROGRESS. But if the firm whose advertisement I observed, a few days ago, posted on the front of the Salvation building, are determined to further their worldly interests through the influence of the army, I should advise them to apply to General Booth for a ten inch space on the end of the big drum. It is quite the correct thing, gentlemen, to drum up your business, you know.

Moncton ornithologist to his little six-year-old son: "Billy, what kind of a bird is the hawk?" "The Hawke, dad, is a jail-bird, of course," answered Billy, very promptly.

The word "collision" generally suggests a smashed-up train, and that's just about the sort of thing that happened to my experience between St. John and Sussex, very recently. The train that I ran against was a freight on a down grade, carrying a full head of steam, but not a solitary brake. This train was Citizen George, and the freight consisted of a quantity of raw-leaf and manufactured nonsense sufficient to glut the markets of the whole world.

Citizen Train requests PROGRESS to announce, at regular rates, the fact that he will promptly, carefully and personally attend to any malignant libel-monger who dares to say that he selected Sussex for his headquarters in preference to St. John, because a great man appears greater still in a small town. "I avoid St. John," said Citizen George, a little excitedly, "because it is a city, and the only one that I know of, where a first mortgage doesn't count. Taxes take all and call for more."

AMONG THE ARTISTS.

The first annual exhibition of American oil paintings in Chicago has been opened to the public, and the attendance has thus far been very large. Two prizes will be awarded—the first, the Ellsworth prize of \$300, to be given to the best oil painted by an American artist in the United States and not previously exhibited in that part of the country; the second, which is the Art Institute prize of \$250, will go to the best oil painted by an American anywhere.

It appears that Boston is to enjoy another exhibition of rare prints, while New York looks hungrily on, and yet these prints, as before, will come to Boston from New York. The exhibition of Albert Durer's work, which will be held at the Boston Art Museum in the autumn, will undoubtedly be as carefully organized, and as complete as the Rembrandt exhibition of last year. The majority of the etchings in that exhibition came from the Sewall collection in New York. The majority of the Durer woodcuts will come from the same collection, which contains over 18,000 old prints. There are about 6,000 in the admirable Gray collection, owned by Harvard University, and at present in the Boston Art Museum. Mr. Sewall began collecting in 1847.

And Has Come to Stay. Bound to be a success.—Sackville Post. Must become popular.—Woodstock Sentinel.

Its success is assured.—St. Croix Courier.

Should "catch on" with the people of St. John, who generally know a good thing when they see it.—The Jury.

It is bound to succeed.—Halifax Mail.

OF COURSE IT IS.

"Progress" is Clean. The moral tone of the paper is good and it promises well in every way.—Presbyterian Witness.

Maintaining its present standard must become popular.—Woodstock Sentinel.

A handsome six-column quarto.—Press and Printer.

Looks very fine.—The Jury.

Makes an excellent appearance mechanically, printed on superior paper from new type.—Daily Telegraph.

Typographically and otherwise presents a very attractive appearance.—Halifax Mail.

Its neat appearance makes it very attractive.—Newcastle Advocate.

Original. Occupies a field peculiarly its own.—Daily Sun.

The various departments are admirably filled, printed in charge of able men.—Halifax Mail.

Represents in several respects new departments in our provincial journalism.—Daily Telegraph.

Is entirely free from plate matter and is filled with bright, racy articles, nearly all of which are original.—Sackville Post.

Exceedingly well got up and filled with excellent reading, mostly original.—Presbyterian Witness.

We are very much pleased with its appearance.—Chicago Horseman.

It purposes occupying a field in journalism which is certainly not overcrowded.—Charlottetown Guardian.

Etc., Etc., Etc., A bright, newsy sheet.—Portland Transcript.

The characteristics of the new-comer include good typographical work, good taste in arrangement of matter, and good paper and presswork. It PROGRESS will give some special attention to the manufacturing industries of the maritime provinces it will help wonderfully in "booming" Canada.—Canadian Manufacturer.

Looks well, and is fresh and newsy.—Religious Intelligence.

Neatly printed, ably conducted, and full of interest.—Windsor, N. S. Journal.

Promises to be a lively, wide-awake and readable paper, independent and fair in criticism on all subjects.—Chatham World.

Contains a great deal of reading matter and presents a good appearance.—Halifax Echo.

A real live journal.—Maritime Farmer.

The editorials are sharp, bright and well to the point, and the selected matter is of the best.—Halifax Mail.

Newsy and well printed.—Montreal Shareholder.

As Might be Expected. The editors are a promising couple of live young journalists, with ability and experience, who will undoubtedly give the Blue-nois metropolis a good newspaper.—Bangor Industrial Journal.

The base-ball reporter of that excellent paper, PROGRESS, understands his business thoroughly, and the same may be said of the dramatic and musical critics of the staff. There has been no paper in the province that has ever undertaken to fearlessly criticise the capabilities and the incapacities of the artists who appear there in the same certain manner, and we are glad to see it.—Sporting and Dramatic News.

Promises exceedingly well, and under the energetic and painstaking literary direction and supervision of Messrs. Carter and Sawyer, will no doubt more than sustain the favorable impression already formed.—Daily Telegraph.

Gives evidence of marked ability on the part of the editors.—Educational Review.

Far exceeds the expectations that were formed of it.—St. Croix Courier.

Reflects credit on its enterprising proprietors.—Moncton Transcript.

More than fulfills all the promises contained in the prospectus.—Woodstock Sentinel.

Therefore It Takes the First Place. From a typographical and literary standpoint, the paper has every claim to a place in the front ranks of Canadian journalism.—Boston Evening Traveller.

A paper which has been unsurpassed in its particular line in the history of New Brunswick journalism.—St. Croix Courier.

A most desirable addition to maritime province journalism.—Halifax Critic.

A most creditable addition to the New Brunswick press.—Newcastle Advocate.

The matter is all spicy and readable, and the paper ought to make a great hit.—Bangor Commercial.

Shows a thorough knowledge in selections, bright and newsy locals and sparkling editorials, that will ensure for it the first position among provincial publications.—South Portland, Me., Sentinel.

There is plenty of room for such a paper, especially at the top.—Charlottetown Guardian.

SOCIAL.

My Dear letter must have incipient terror your head, so happy frame of a less or The tea, Saturday afternoon satisfaction way, if it were night add coffee was from any little house or splendid in curtains for fine snow was made most excellent courts, ground to get people talking tennis, and yep nice sort of vibrate it.

Mr. Gubb's Friday night, fair, though, for amateur on the decline added attraction is a very pretty case of Mr. G. with great care, chrestia, made harmonic club feel sure will ing reflects our musical chestra.

You ask if are likely to think so some, ago Dorothy vicer" compar have been poor Opera Co. The performance by the ought to be so to go on and p to be agreed t inferior.

I hear that church is now recitals!

By-the-way, ful book, by creating so way of adver way of makin and a trifle sev in this case, to.

I hear that Dr. Jekyll played here so the methods of to the realistic grotesquerie? that after p stage Dr. Jek mere nothing, paraphernalia whereas Stev think, in maki slight material is in reality a good and evil form. Of co point is the ch his counterpar work was beau saw playing in through on the ent screen of a

I have not s yet, but will t rather odd one of the luck for the summer bunting, in wh the pattern of ends with the of goods. The ately, and ca bows and ends The lasque wa across the fron of the goods.

Another dre dine, made ov draped in copp bows of moss- Did I tel smocking is no smoked yoke gathered into t the upper part and a smoked! Roman red an also used f waists, these chilly days th summer.

There seems white dresses, of dotted musl plain muslin f fished with a gr Double panels sides, and the straight. The o with a shawl co dotted yell, an pale yellow, r I have at las clean frosted



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

"MARY" WRITES OF TEA, TALK AND TENNIS.

And Concludes with Fashion and Cooking—Lynn's interesting Reception—News from Fredericton, Woodstock and St. Stephen.

My DEAR JANET: I feel that my last letter must have thoroughly frightened any incipient terrors of woman's-rights out of your head, so that you will be in a more happy frame of mind to receive news from me of a less oppressively solemn nature.

The tea, talk and tennis came off last Saturday afternoon to everybody's entire satisfaction, at least apparently so. By the way, if it were not for the alliteration one might add coffee to the list; indeed the coffee was far too excellent to be omitted from any account of the proceedings.

The little house on the grounds has become resplendent in brand new green paint, and curtains for the windows. The fence is of a fine snowy whiteness, and the courts are made most excellent after the fashion of excellent courts. Imagine all this as a background to groups of cheerfully disposed people talking, drinking tea, or playing tennis, and you will have, I think, a pretty nice sort of vision of early summer, as we celebrate it here.

Mr. Gubb's benefit concert came off last Friday night, and drew a fair house—only fair, though. Somehow people's enthusiasm for amateur concerts seems to be distinctly on the decline, even though they come with added attractions such as May Day, which is a very pretty thing, and which in the case of Mr. Gubb's concert was prepared with great care, and sung nicely. The orchestra, made up of members of the Philharmonic club, decidedly shone. This I feel sure will please you greatly, for nothing reflects greater credit on the energy of our musical people than that same orchestra.

You ask if our amateur opera companies are likely to fade away altogether? I don't think so somehow or other. A little while ago Dorothy was talked of by the "Sorcerer" company, but since then silence. I have been hoping that the "St. John Amateur Opera Company" would do something. The performance of the Chimes of Normandy by the "Gilbert Opera Company" ought to be some encouragement to them to go on and prosper; for everybody seemed to be agreed that the professionals were far inferior.

I hear that the new organ at the Mission church is now nearly complete—now for the recitals!

By-the-way, have you read the wonderful book, by Miss Amelie Rives, that is creating so much interest, mostly in the way of adverse criticism? Quite a novel way of making a book popular, isn't it? and a trifle severe on the critics, who seem, in this case, to lead the public—versely.

I hear that the dramatized version of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is to be played here soon. Isn't it curious how all the methods of the stage are being adapted to the realistic production of this sort of grotesquerie? I should think, though, that after putting Haggard's She on the stage Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde would be a mere nothing. Haggard has such a lot of paraphernalia about most of his books, whereas Stevenson's great power lies, I think, in making a lot of comparatively slight material. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is in reality a kind of metaphysical essay on good and evil, worked out in dramatic form. Of course, in the play, the great point is the changing of Dr. Jekyll into his counterpart, Mr. Hyde. This piece of work was beautifully done by the people I saw playing in Boston. It was all gone through on the stage, without any apparent screen of any kind.

I have not seen many pretty light dresses yet, but will try and describe one or two rather old ones that were shown to me by one of the lucky girls who is going away for the summer. One was a pale blue hunting, in which the selvage was open in the pattern of a fringe, but bound at the ends with the usual narrow corded selvage of goods. The dress was draped elaborately, and caught up with long-looped bows and ends of black moire ribbons. The basque was draped in shawl fashion across the front, showing the open selvage of the goods.

Another dress was of cream white grenadine, made over a skirt of cashmere lace, draped in copper silk, and lashed up with bows of moss-green velvet.

Did I tell you how very fashionable smoking is now? You can either have a smoked yoke, with the fulness below gathered into a narrow waist-band, or have the upper part of the bodice full, unshirred, and a smoked Swiss band to define the waist. Roman red and cream white flannel will also be used for Garibaldi and smoked waists, these adapted specially for the chilly days that invariably appear in mid-summer.

There seems to be very little change in white dresses. They are rather pretty made of dotted muslin, in large coin dots, with plain muslin fan-fronts, hemmed and finished with a group of tucks at the bottom. Double panels of dotted muslin trim the sides, and the back breadths hang full and straight. The plain basque is often finished with a shawl collar of dotted muslin and a dotted vest, and very much trimmed with pale yellow, rose, or pale green ribbon.

I have at last found something that will clean frosted silver ornaments and know

you will be as glad to hear of it as I was. Dissolve a lump of soda in a saucupan of boiling water and put the things in it, and leave them for a few moments; then add a small piece of yellow soap and rub them with a soft tooth-brush. When you take them out of the water put them in a hot oven on a brick until they look all right.

Yours,  
MARY.

IN TOWN AND OUT.

Miss Maggie McLean returned home from England and the continent via New York, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Jones and the Misses Jones sailed for England from the Argentine republic May 15. The steamer touches at Portugal and it is very probable they will land there and go to London overland. They will reach St. John about July 15.

Mr. Hugh Balkam, C. E., of St. Stephen, was married in Newcastle, Wednesday, to Miss Agnes Marshall, of Newcastle. Mr. A. A. Davidson was groomsmen and Miss Morrison bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Balkam will reside in Chatham, where Mr. Balkam is employed as engineer on the extension of the Chatham branch railway to the deep water terminus.

Sydney, New South Wales, newspapers contain long descriptions of the marriage in St. James' church there, on April 11th, of John Kingdon Cleeve and Miss Olive Alice Watson. The bride is a daughter of Richard A. Watson, who left Halifax for Australia a quarter of a century ago and has made a fortune in that country. He was a printer here, but after reaching New South Wales went gold mining and afterwards started in hotel business in Sydney. The bridegroom is the son of a wealthy gentleman living in Sydney. The wedding was the occasion of a big flutter in society circles and the gifts to the bride aggregated a large sum in value. The ceremony took place in the afternoon and in the evening the bride's parents gave a grand ball, which was attended by 250 guests, several Canadians being among those present.

CELESTIAL GOSSIP.

FREDERICTON, May 31.—Judge and Mrs. Fraser have returned from their trip. They have given up housekeeping for the summer and are boarding at Miss Perley's, on George street.

The Metropolitan will sail for England June 14th, in the same steamer the cond-jutor went over in a few weeks ago, and will occupy the same state room. Canon Medley will accompany him. The Metropolitan will spend next Sunday in Houlton, Maine, by invitation from Bishop Nealy, to assist in the consecration of a church in that town. During the absence of the bishops the Rev. Mr. Simonds will assist Mr. Alexander with the services in the cathedral.

On Sunday morning, Mr. Scovil Neales was ordained priest in the cathedral and preached in St. Ann's in the afternoon.

The Rev. Mr. Neales, rector of Woodstock, was in this city Sunday and returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. Major Gordon has returned from Kingston, Ont., her former home, where she has been for several months for the benefit of her health. Mrs. Gordon's friends are pleased to see her looking so much better than when she left Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Beckwith and Master Jack have returned from their trip to New York. They express themselves well pleased to get back to our own quiet little city, after all the noise and confusion of the metropolis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gaunce are in Woodstock making a short visit.

Miss Jeannie Logan is expected home from Sackville seminary, where she has been winning honors, on Saturday.

Mr. Charles Thomas left Fredericton for Boston, Monday morning.

Lieut. Blackmore, from Halifax, is taking a second course in the infantry school here. Judging from appearances, I would not be surprised to hear of him taking away one of Fredericton's fair maidens some time in the near future.

Mr. Temple, M. P., returned from Ottawa, Wednesday.

Mr. Markwell, of New York, is visiting his sister, Mrs. A. J. Beckwith.

Miss Tucker, of Boston, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. H. Randolph, Waterloo row.

Dr. Bailey has returned from Ottawa.

MONCTON SOCIETY.

MONCTON, May 30.—I received your letter, PROGRESS, asking me to keep my eyes open and tell you what all the people did and how the day was spent in "the railroad city" on the 24th. I did my best: stayed in town all day so I could post you, but the result is poor. The bank clerks (those charming works of creation) seemed happy. I noticed one (he is the latest addition to the staff of the Merchants' bank and a native of a neighboring province), who seemed in a state of blissful insanity. He was driving a black pony (well known on the street) and had for his companion "the fair Marguerette."

Quite a number left town. A party went over the new line up to Buctouche, among the number Mr. and Mrs. Allison Cushing, who were accompanied by Mr. Cushing's two brothers, Mr. Dick—already known to PROGRESS—and Mr. Chas. Cushing, a successful shipowner in South America, who is

spending a few weeks with his relatives here. Mr. A. L. Wright, Miss McKean, Mr. Ivin Cook and several others were with the party, and all declare the day delightful and predict for Buctouche a brilliant future as a summer resort.

Mr. John Harris, Dr. McCully, Mr. Willet and a few other friends went "a-fishing." The excursion was, in itself, pleasant; but the object of it was hardly successful, as the small boy from whom the trout were to be bought did not come to time. Better luck next time.

Mr. Cotton's many friends were pleased to catch a passing glimpse of him last week, he remaining in town a few hours, en route for St. John, where, if reports be true, an extremely interesting mission required his immediate attention. We offer our congratulations, and assure Mr. Cotton that the vacancy left by his removal to Halifax has never been filled, while the memory of his first speech on the amateur stage will long be lovingly remembered by the Monctonians who, in feelings of regret for his departure, were *cor usum via una*.

Mr. Henry Hanington's lady friends were delighted to see his sun-lit countenance this afternoon, as he drove through the town with "Jack." He is a great favorite here.

We have the promise of a dance, soon, that will be out of the ordinary run of parties. Picture to yourself a broad veranda running round three sides of a charming residence, terminating in a dining-room on one side and a library on the other, and you have a view of the dancing-room. The idea, I have been informed, is to wait for a moonlight night and dance out of doors. Won't it be delightful, PROGRESS? Pray I may be invited, so I can tell you all about it.

Mr. John C. Brown was in town today, looking as irresistible as of old. I can't see how it is he has not been captured long ago. You know it's dangerous to have these good looking bachelors floating around in such an unprotected condition, and I sincerely hope, before leap year is over some one will persuade him that he requires a guardian angel quite as much as his brother Gilmor, to whom I extend most hearty congratulations.

Mrs. John McSweeney has returned home, after a visit of some weeks in Amherst. I am glad to know her health is quite improved. Mrs. McSweeney has made a great many friends during her short stay here.

Mrs. Beddome has gone to St. John for a short visit.

Capt. Gordon, of Montreal, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Harris, last week.

Mrs. Robertson, of St. Andrews, has been spending a few days with her friend, Mrs. Williams, Highfield street.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hogg leave the last Monday in June for their new home.

I hope next week to be able to furnish you with some tennis notes. I noticed an excellent court being made at "Ravenswood," the handsome residence of Mr. G. McKean. The other courts in town are looking well, and no doubt the nets will all be up soon. Perhaps in my next letter, I will be able to tell you what some of the new tennis dresses are like. This being leap year, the ladies are talking of forming a leap year club, to be in two divisions, east and west end. The Moncton Athletic club will give the ground. Each division would use it two afternoons in each week, and then have a match once a month, and finish with a dance.

I don't think I told you the latest theory in regard to these letters. They accredit that wonderfully good-looking and unmarried lawyer, who lives on Botsford street, with being the correspondent of PROGRESS. If it really is him, PROGRESS, laugh, but never tell.

We have had a few warm days, and now the people are beginning to wonder where they will migrate. Mrs. P. S. Archibald and children go for two months to Mr. Phair's splendid hot hotel, "The Beeches." Mr. Cushing and family leave in a week or two to spend the summer in their pretty country home. Mrs. Galt has rented a cottage in Buctouche; they go the first of July. Mr. and Mrs. McAllister will spend July in Fredericton. Mrs. Estey goes North next week to spend a week or two. Miss Harris will visit her aunt, Mrs. Edwin Record, in Boston, in July. Mrs. Williamson is expected in town next week; she will remain a few days, and then accompany Mr. Williamson to Fredericton. LXXX.

WOODSTOCK WHISPERS.

WOODSTOCK, May 30.—Canoeing parties are becoming very fashionable with us now, and justly, too, for a more agreeable recreation is difficult to find. On the Queen's birthday, a party of 20, in five Indian barks, floated pleasantly down the swift-flowing river to Eel River, where they landed. Lunch was enjoyed under the trees, and after a pleasant *tete-a-tete* the happy party returned on the steamer *Florenceville*.

On Tuesday morning next, the wedding bells will ring out a joyful peal from the Methodist church. One of our beautiful and much-loved young ladies will be led to the altar by a young gentleman who has a good position in a large business concern in Chatham.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

MACAULAY BROTHERS & CO.,

61 and 63 King Street, St. John, N. B.

ROMAN RED AND CREAM WHITE FLANNELS,

with elegant rich Cashmere designs, large and small Polka spots, etc. will be very much used. SEASIDE and MORNING TOILETS, made up in the SMOCKING and GARIBALDI WAIST, with full skirts.

Pin Checks and Broken Plaids in Washing Silks

will form one of the leading lines for Young Ladies' MID-SUMMER COSTUMES, to be had in very moderate prices in all the New Colorings.

Fine Silk Warp Hortense or Henrietta Cloth,

in Goblin Blue, Mahogany, Terra Cotta and other leading shades, made up with Moire Silk, forming long sashes, or the new "GEM" Silk ornaments, and plaited flat Braid Gimps, will be the leading fabric for Street costumes.

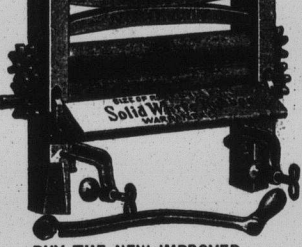
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THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Some American Criticism. From the fact of their being coupled under our notice, it is not to be imagined that the above two works are at all co-ordinate. Since, with certain allowances, a work is to be estimated by the degree of completeness with which it achieves its aim, the first duty of the reviewer in such a case as the present is to distinguish between the respective aims of the works which he has under consideration. As both the books in question fulfill easily their objects, are gracefully adequate to their aim, there is no inappropriateness in associating them, even though the one is a collection of unrelated magazine articles, and the other a formally evolved and harmoniously proportioned structure.

Mr. Stedman's work, unquestionably, is a masterpiece of what is known as creative criticism. Creative criticism may be partially defined as that which, proceeding from a reliable basis of established principles, carries with it not only warning and precept, but also, and more especially, example, stimulus, and inspiring power. Perhaps it is not too much to say that this work and its companion volume, *The Poets of America*, together form the masterpiece of the Victorian literary criticism. Nothing which Arnold himself has done, in criticism of pure literature, is as great as these two volumes taken together, if we pay due regard to sustained effort and to unity of design and development. Other great critics, English and American, with the possible exception of Professor Dowden, have to some extent lacked the exquisite fairness of judgment which one never seeks in vain in Mr. Stedman. A thoroughly eclectic spirit, a complete freedom from prejudice and bias, a superiority to temporary fashion, and the nicest sense of proportion, these, with the special qualifications of a poet super-added—imagination and skilled craftsmanship—make of Mr. Stedman an ideal critic of poetry. But to criticize rightly the song of one's contemporaries, that is a yet harder task. Mr. Stedman displays in a wonderful degree the power of setting himself apart and viewing contemporary poetry as if it were the product of past generations. He is able to raise himself out of the turmoil of minor and conflicting currents, and to note with clearness the general trend of the period. In noticing such a work as this reviewer has nothing to do but commend with reverence, and endeavor to guide his readers to the riches that lie within their reach. To speak from personal experience, I have found no other book of its class to possess, for the young writer, quite such a stimulating and awakening power. Its earnestness and sincerity cannot fail of their effect—enthusiasm without extravagance is an ever potent force. The prose style is throughout delightful, easy and spontaneous, and full of unexpected graces of figure and diction. In the supplementary chapter, which deals with the poetic output of the last twelve years, certain slight amendments are made to past judgments—which is characteristic of this critic's scrupulous fairness. In the original work a shade too much weight, perhaps, was allowed to Mr. Buchanan and to Barry Cornwall; while the pre-eminent merits of Mr. Browning and Mr. Arnold, on the other hand, received a little less than their full need. These trifling defects Mr. Stedman has remedied with care, putting more emphasis upon them than his critics would be likely to do. The judicious and temperate manner in which he deals with darlings of the hour, such as Mr. Edwin Arnold and Mr. Lewis Morris, is beyond praise. Such writers, whom the popular opinion has extravagantly over-estimated, are too apt to be unduly depreciated by those who, for convenience, we may term the illuminati. Mr. Stedman's verdict, it seems to me, will come to be accepted as final. In the minutest details, and in regard to the slightest names, there is the same careful balance preserved, the same hatred of a hasty judgment.

Concerning Mr. Scudder's volume, it is difficult to generalize. Fairness we find always; and when dealing with names that are without the range of the "personal estimate," such as Landor and Shakespeare, the perspective is at all that could be desired. These just referred to are admirably suggestive essays, fresh and well-considered. If I were treating this volume by itself, I should find myself slipping, perhaps, into the use of stronger expressions. The paper on "Emerson's Self" is not inferior, either in quality or in perspective. I do not see that this greatest of American writers could have been studied more impartially if Mr. Scudder had never seen New England. It is in "Longfellow and His Art" that we begin to notice a slight, barely perceptible, shortening of the focus, as it were. In "The Shaping of Excelsior" this change becomes very apparent. The evolution of a poem like "Excelsior," and the various changes by which the poet sought to remedy the deficiencies of the subject, are scarcely to be taken with the same seriousness which Mr. Scudder has devoted to Emerson. Longfellow was a true poet, whose best work has nothing to fear from the tooth of Time; but he surely wrote a few poems, "Excelsior" among them, which a wise reverence for his genius should move us to ignore. Every great poet has

done some feeble or ill-conceived verse; it happens in Longfellow's case that this inferior product has a quality which appeals to school-girls, to the uninformed taste in general, and so wins temporary vogue. I do not suppose that the shaping of "Excelsior" would be taken by any other than a Boston critic as subject for a deliberate essay. The papers entitled, "Aspects of Historical Work" and "A Modern Prophet" are valuable as well as readable—the latter in particular, which characterizes Frederick Denison Maurice, being a most vivid and penetrating delineation. But I think the opening essay, that on "Elisha Mulford," is the one which, most of all, challenges admiration. Even to one for whom Mulford is but the shadow of a name, the essay proves altogether fascinating. The characterization is keen, yet exquisitely sympathetic; loving, yet apparently unprejudiced. The portrait so delicately drawn before our eyes is complete, and lives.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Evidently from the sparse attendance at Mr. Gubb's benefit and also at the Cecilia quartette concert, St. John folks are tired of music, whether amateur or professional. In looking over the audience at Mr. Gubb's benefit I was rather surprised to note the absence of lots of people, professional lovers of music who have both time and money at their disposal, and it is small encouragement to a man to be working hard as the beneficiary does, for the Oratorio society, for the pure love of the advancement of good music, to be greeted with almost empty benches.

I was a little amused at the almost total non-mention of Mrs. Perley's name in the morning papers, the *Telegraph* not even mentioning her and the *Sun* just printing her name. Granted, Mrs. Perley has been in better voice than she was that night, but certainly her singing, both of her solo and in the *May Day*, was the most finished singing of the evening. Mrs. Masters was evidently almost as nervous as Mr. Coster and so somewhat marred what was otherwise a favorite song very nicely sung. I always like to hear Mr. Coster (in spite of the nervousness), he always sings so conscientiously and has such a really good voice. I may be peculiar and most people are in their likes and dislikes, but I must confess I did not like Mr. May's singing of "Anchored." This gentleman in my humble opinion has one of the finest natural organs in the city, but his method is very faulty. As to the words, one is hardly able to make them out unless one knows them very well. Mr. Mills sang well, though I have heard him sing better, and fully sustained his reputation, as about the best ballad singer in the city.

*May Day* went very well, the choruses being very nicely balanced, though the basses did not sound so full as I expected, seeing the number of really good chorus voices that were there. Mr. Gubb, was, (to use a vulgarism) all there—having the firm grip of his chorus that has been so noticeable in all the large concerts at which he has conducted—it being only necessary on his detecting a sign of dragging for him to look up and use his baton a little vigorously for a few beats for the chorus to recover their time and unity at once. Too much praise cannot be given to the Philharmonics for the rapid way in which they are acquiring a facility for grappling with the highest class of music, and if they continue to improve in the future as fast as in the past, the Oratorios will not have to send away to Boston for the orchestral accompaniment for their annual concerts, and so instead of being in continuous lack of funds will have the balance on the right side of the ledger.

People may think I am a little biased with regard to Mr. Morley, but certainly one of the greatest features in a musical way of the evening was the playing of the accompaniments. The wonderful power and expression displayed in Mr. Coster's song and the delicacy in Mrs. Masters' accompaniment was a great delight to myself and I know to a large portion of the audience. It is seldom one finds an organist who is such a really good pianist as Mr. Morley.

I am sorry Miss Bowden played the Tanhauser March, it wants such a tremendous lot of power to get out sufficient tone. I should have preferred hearing her play one of Beethoven's sonatas, which this talented lady would perform, I think, to perfection.

The Cecilia Ladies' quartette and Miss Park were a real treat, and the depressing effect of empty seats did not seem to have any disturbing influence on their performances. Musicians of high merit, taught by a first-class method (though I think not by gymnastics), they showed cultured voices, distinct enunciation and careful phrasing. Miss Van Hovenberg, the 1st soprano, had decidedly the best voice, and sang very charmingly. The "Swanee River" and the "Chalet Horn" were gems, the latter being decidedly the most difficult work of the evening, the cornet obligato being a detector of any fault of tone throughout the piece.

Miss Young, the 2nd soprano, has a nice mezzo, her solo being much enjoyed. Mrs. Lawton, the 1st alto, acquitted herself well in the quartettes, but rendered the best work in her sympathetic accompaniments. Mrs. Isham has some very wonderful low notes, but is hardly up to the form for singing a solo of the compass of "The Old Barn Window, John." The quartettes were all good, but the best were "Masses in the Cold Ground," and the encore to the "Donkey Cart," from the ridiculous to the sublime, viz., "Rock of Ages."

Miss Park is a perfect master, or, I suppose I ought to say, mistress, of the cornet, with a really wonderful tone, great facility with triple-tonguing, and beautiful expression—the latter most noticeable in the obligato to the "Chalet Horn," the tone being carefully modulated to blend with the voice, never overpowering it once. It is a pity some of our cornet players were not present, as they might have learned something from the performance of the fair artist. She played nicely on the 7th, but I think would do best to continue with

performances on the cornet, of which she is facile princeps.

I learn this admirable company give a concert of sacred music, in Leinster street Baptist church, next Tuesday evening, on their return from Woodstock and Fredericton. We will all go.

There was a dear old lady at the Institute, at the quartette concert, on the first night, who had a largish hand-bag, with a very sharp, aggravating snap when it was closed, and which was filled with very rustling, stiff paper—what was in the paper I don't know—but as sure as fate, when some particularly beautiful piano passage was reached, and one could have heard the proverbial pin drop, did that dear old lady commence to fumble with her bag, get the catch open and rummage and rummage amongst the stiff, crackling paper, and then shut the bag with a snap that could be plainly heard all over the house. All eyes were on her, but she didn't seem to mind. Curiosity was certainly much roused to know what was in that bag, but I don't think anybody found out.

There is some talk of the Minstrels being ready to give their performances the end of June or beginning of July. If delayed after that, it would be likely that the affair would have to be put off to the end of September, which would not be desirable. The management have secured a capital room, on Germain street, No. 85, and rehearsals are to be held every few nights. It is to be hoped there will be lots of good old darkey songs, as the only thing a person goes to a minstrel show for is to have a good laugh, if it is to be had.

I am afraid my request of last week, with regard to musical items, was a little misunderstood. I have been favored in one instance with a very long and glowing account of a wonderful performance that took place under the auspices of the social union of the P. B. church, on last Tuesday evening. It is impossible for me to ask my editors to give me half a column solid for the report of a 10 cent entertainment of this description, even if I had been there to report it myself. What I wished was, in case any persons had what entertainments coming off, that they might acquaint PROGRESS of the fact and send tickets, that a representative might be present to report the same, if it was thought of sufficient interest to the readers of this journal.—*Volta Volt*.

I was at St. Andrew's church the other Sunday, and was pleased to find what a marked improvement there is already apparent in the choir. Miss Hea is evidently making her influence rapidly felt, and I should not be surprised if in a short time this will be one of the leading choirs of the city. I think that Miss Hea played better than ever; she has always been clever in her combinations; but I think she is improving in that and also in the pedal work. Some of the hymns were a pleasure to listen to being sung and played with much expression.

The Artillery band played some capital selections on the Square on Thursday evening, and are improving every time they are heard. I hear that the officers take a great interest in the men of the band, and also the music that is played, and this must have a good influence on the organization as a whole. FELIX.

LOVELY WOMAN.

Speaking of Augusta (Ga.) girls, the *Louisville Courier-Journal's* correspondent says "there is a freetyped languor of pose and which never suggests slouch." If the devil is not as black as he is painted, neither are some young ladies as pink and white.—*Washington Critic*.

"Speaking about the opening of different employments to women," observed the snake editor, "some of them are eminently fitted for a certain bank position."

"What position is that?" asked the horse editor.

"Talkative women could be made tellers."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

By Commercial Cable the *New York Herald* receives the following from Berlin:—Countess Henckel von Donnersmarck gave birth at six o'clock on Saturday morning to a healthy male child, to the count's ecstasy and delight, for, although 58 years old and twice married, this is his debut as a father, thus securing at last the long hoped for heir to his vast property in France and Silesia, which otherwise would revert to a distant branch of the family. Yesterday, as a token of joy, the count presented to the happy mother a diamond necklace worth half a million marks.

Speaking of the young man who was poisoned as a result of kissing his best girl, whose cheeks were colored with cosmetics, the *Louisville Courier-Journal* says:—"We invite some of our northern contemporaries as are dissatisfied with the complexion of their girls to come out to Kentucky, where the roses of our sweethearts' cheeks are perennial bloomers, always warranted to wash, and paradoxical as it may sound, while their tints cannot be extracted, albeit they somehow rush over him whose lips come in contact with them as though they were a whole summer rainbow twining about him and making a Maypole of his spinal column—a rainbow, in sooth, one end of which rests in the gardens of the Hesperides and the other in a jug of sugar-house molasses."

He Gave Her Notice. Mrs. Christopher Cross—"This is a pretty time of night for you to come home."

Mr. Chris. Cross—"Sh, sh, dear! Ain't come home yet. Jes' call'd 'r shay 'y, needn't sit up f' me tonight."—*Puck*.

LODGE-ROOM ECHOES.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows. Pioneer lodge will initiate two candidates next Friday evening.

Three candidates will be made at a special meeting of Canton LaTour, to be held Thursday evening.

The largest encampment in the world is Eastern Star, No. 2, of Portland, Maine. It has 520 members.

On the roll of one lodge in Maine are to be found the names of 53 living members initiated prior to 1850.

Grand Master Stewart will pay an official visit to Golden Rule lodge of Carleton, next Thursday evening.

Victoria Lodge, No. 13, of Fredericton, worked the second and third degrees on four candidates at a largely attended meeting, Monday evening.

The G. R. degree was conferred on one candidate, at the regular session of Milicote encampment, Wednesday evening. A special meeting is to be called for June 13, for the purpose of working the R. P. degree on two candidates.

The Oddfellows' Mutual Relief association of Maine has been in existence fourteen years, and during that time its receipts have amounted to \$632,69.25. It has paid \$562,302 in death benefits, and has a reserved fund of nearly \$20,000.

Shawmut canton, No. 1, Patriarchs Militant, of Boston, has officially notified the brethren in St. John of its visit to this city. The canton will leave Boston Monday, July 23, at 7 p. m., arriving here 4 p. m. the following day, and will remain until Saturday morning. A band will accompany the organization.

The Rebekah Degree lodges are actively at work in the various jurisdictions regarding the question of self-government, claiming that as a rule few of the members of the Sovereign Grand lodge take any direct interest in their behalf. They say that years ago it did not matter, but now with a membership of nearly 100,000 it demands more than merely passing notice.—*Baltimore Telegram*.

A writer in *Bundle of Sticks*, on "Lodge Finances," says:—"Make your dues, therefore, just as large as you can bear. Don't cripple yourselves or discourage candidates by making them unreasonable, but give yourselves a full treasury, in order that your benefits may be of some service."

As you get older you may be able to have a little surplus, and this you can invest, and thus increase your income. By prudent management you may slowly augment your investments, and add year by year to the general fund.

Then it will be safe to decrease your dues and finally bring them down to the lowest safe figure.

Don't get extravagant and spend large sums of money for mere decoration and display.

Free and Accepted Masons.

All arrangements have been completed by the Encampment of St. John, Knights Templar, for their excursion to Houlton, Maine, Friday, June 8, to be present at the ceremony of constituting St. Aldemar commandery of that place. The indications are that there will be about 40 swords in line. The 62nd Fusiliers band has been engaged to accompany the party, which will leave here by the Flying Yankee, at 6.45 local. At Fredericton Junction some of the members of the Encampment of St. John, living in Fredericton, will join in, and at McAdam there will be further accessions from the encampment of St. Stephen, Hugh de Payens commandery at Calais, and possibly some from St. Bernard commandery of Eastport. The afternoon of Friday will be spent in viewing the attractions of the ambitious Aroostook town and in the evening the ceremony will take place in the Opera House, a banquet to visiting knights being included. The excursionists will leave Houlton for home next morning.

Knights of Pythias.

New Brunswick and Union lodges, K. of P., have decided to hold an excursion up river June 20. The boat will leave in the afternoon, returning by moonlight.

Lodge No. 6, of Fredericton, are jubilant over the success of the order in York. The rank of esquire will be conferred on two candidates at the next meeting of No. 6.

American Legion of Honor.

The sixth call in 1888, that for assessments Nos. 130 and 131, has been issued by Supreme Secretary Warnock, under date of June 1, covering 67 deaths, of which 21 were in New York and only six in Massachusetts. The largest amount paid in was \$1,070 and the smallest \$2.64.

Independent Order of Good Templars.

It is understood that a movement is on foot to establish a new lodge in Carleton.

The Good Templars have 184 lodges in Massachusetts, with over 16,000 members.

Monday evening last, Sirion Juvenile Templars paid a visit to Sirion lodge, I. O. G. T. During the evening Mrs. L. Lewis, P. S. J. T., was the recipient of a handsome silver cake basket, the gift of members of the lodge, which His Worship Mayor Thorne presented in a brief address; he also bestowed on two of the juniors books for good behavior and bringing in the largest number of candidates. A musical and literary programme followed and the meeting dispersed with three hearty cheers for Mayor Thorne.

Thursday evening a most enjoyable evening was spent with City of Portland lodge by members of Silver Falls, Coldbrook, Golden Grove, Sirion and Finch lodges. Speeches, recitations, readings and songs comprised the evening's proceedings.

Independent Order of Foresters.

Court Milicote, No. 139, of Fredericton, of which the late Rev. J. E. Reid was a charter-member, has adopted resolutions of sympathy for his widow.

Sons of Temperance.

The members of Gurney division, with a number of invited guests, celebrated the 41st anniversary of the division, Thursday evening.

TRAIN WENT OFF THE TRACK.

He Couldn't Compete With New Brunswick. *Canadians*, says the *New York Press*.

Citizen George Francis Train is home again, crushed and defeated.

Perched on the topmost rung of success in the peculiar career of George Francis Train was considered to be the champion crank of all Christendom when he conceived the hallucination of going to the province of New Brunswick in Canada. Friends advised him to be wary of the undertaking and be jealous of the reputation he had so honestly earned, but his waywardness proved his ruin. He went down to New Brunswick utterly heedless of the fact that there were cranks in that country when he was a sensible man, and a sharp, bright lot they were. Mr. Train, saddened and subdued, is to-day a living example of their superiority. His trip was sheer madness.

His first tilting ground was in the old loyalist city of St. John, New Brunswick. It is a pretty place and seems to be sleeping and innocent, but it generally manages to keep an eye on a stranger, and if it should catch him in the act of putting on airs it at once proceeds to wake itself up and shake him off. It has no single crank who is particularly brilliant, but it has as efficient a crop of all-round men in that line as any city on the continent. It was unfortunate for Mr. Train that he chanced to visit that city. He lectured there. The first night he didn't have any audience, owing to the slight misunderstanding among the inhabitants as to what Train and come. The arrival of even a railroad train is a matter of no little gossip there, and, therefore, when the dodgers were sent around announcing, "The great Train is here; come to the lecture," very few heeded it. They concluded that some neighbor crank was playing a joke on them and they didn't go.

The papers next day aroused them. Natural pride dictated that no foreign crank should come to exult over them. They attended the following evening. When Mr. Train beamed upon them in an elaborate shirt front and evening dress, a chorus of "Ah! Ah! What a la la!" went up from all parts of the house. They had "caught on" to him, and a rising young lawyer, seeing an opportunity to gain popularity for himself, stood up and offered a box of cigars to the one who would through a bean shooter first hit Mr. Train on the nose, and likewise a penknife in him who would do the same by the chairman.

Mr. Train was surprised at the perfectly Democratic way in which he had been received. He was more surprised when, as the performance progressed, the boys cried at his witty remarks and laughed derisively at his solemn maledictions. The bean shooters asserted themselves gradually until Mr. Train retired.

He left St. John in disgust, and went to a little village, delightful in summer, called Sussex. There he found a weekly newspaper called the *Record*, and offered his services as assistant editor. Mr. Train bought himself some lead pencils and paper and went to work. He made a success of the paper, but he ruined himself. He had to sit on the apple barrels in the corner grocery and come in contact with the local champions. The latter had nothing but contempt for him, and they resolved to teach him a lesson that he would not forget.

The legislature was about to prorogue, and, through the intervention of a box of cigars which William Pugsley, who represents the county in which Sussex is situated, Mr. Train was invited to be present on the evening of prorogation and discuss economic questions with Gil Brown, "the member from Kamouraska."

Prorogation night is a great occasion. Tall hats and crushed pellets of paper fly through the air, men's rubbers are thrown about, and a wild pandemonium is presented. Mr. Train, as has been said, is invited, and with much formality he is introduced to "the member from Kamouraska," and then both were given the privileges of the floor. Dr. Alward, the member from St. John, who is reputed to be an exceedingly keen judge of oratory which is a little off color, was moved into the chair and the battle royal was begun.

Mr. Brown was, of course, no number. Indeed, there is no constituency in New Brunswick honored with the name of "Kamouraska," and, in that particular, the watch was perhaps unfair, as Mr. Train's very careful and obsequious references to "the honorable member" were tinged with the ludicrous to those who understood matters.

Mr. Train did himself proud, but he was no match for Brown, and when the latter would break into an eloquent passage with a burst of song the ringing cheers of the legislators sounded to George Francis like the death knell of his greatness. He was beaten ignominiously by his own peculiar vein, but he was treated kindly by his members, for more than one of them had had himself to succumb to the oratorical and the musical fantasies of the only Brown.

Train went back to Sussex and endeavored to start a little poster sheet of his own, which the government refused to recognize as a newspaper, and therefore would not send it through the mails without the postage being paid. He could get no justice and he was glad to retreat.

Train was dressed yesterday in a suit of brown tweed as he sat on a bench in Madison square, and the children gambolled about him, but he was low spirited. Indeed he was angry, and was willing to talk to the reporters, to whom in years he has not vouchsafed to speak.

"What do you think of Canada?" queried a reporter.

"Dominion not granted," he answered.

"Foreigners not wanted; boulders only. My paper kicked out of post office. Look out for the crack of doom."

"You were well received in St. John?"

"Landed nicely. Good hotel. Didn't like people. Reply Academy of Music here."

"But you were specially honored in being invited to appear before the New Brunswick legislature?"

"Yes. Eulogy by attorney-general magnificent. 'Worthy, great man. Great literary pyrotechnics.'"

"Will you go back to Canada again?"

"Good-bye, Canada. Terrible excitement. My mission ended. Squelched offenders of white nigger slavery. Splendid speeches. Wild excitement. Slavery in Canada. Sir John doomed. Commit suicide. Afraid to do it. Sir John tyrant. Citizen Train hears his crack of doom."

"How do you like Governor Tilley of New Brunswick?"

"Great man. Noble soul. Psycho's friend."—*New York Press*.

SPORTS.

Rev. John de laet and in the fishman. Last of St. John's went out to game. I understand other Sunday a kind of a chance.

I like this. If our boys beg a little earlier that practice will man a cricketer have been used such game, neither though allied matter, and when learn the games ters and bowlers long practice, was soon as a boy can.

There won't July 1st; that's dare say if Susses to drop in that them a chance at.

Charlie Skins and proposes to try. I can give promising a play possesses. That Charlie.

There has been yet. Comber do, and the wear Tuesday afternoon the boys' stumps of practice every.

The genial pro fishing. He is among the boys parture his employment one of O'Shaughnessy.

I am glad to be club has been eral good cricket a view of making great matches in Garrisons, and plenty of room of.

The grounds of club, St. John doubt if better ca The arrangement particular. The quite large, is to on the 24th be college nine an splendid exhibit the St. John boy gratulate them up formance on that looking lot of me team to beat them News.

An interesting the weather been taken place Tuesday night on the C. Christie and Ken battery and Robing the picked nine show that it will strong reserve nine mittee has planned sirable step could and the regulars a week and with pursued it will sion the result of or two men are sig.

The base ball no fact that no practi can be had by the flies for the infield game of ball, pl rules, is the medic

Every defeat th received has been la their want of pract of the rules. E what they want, in hope that my frien games, impress up of waiting for good value, sometimes,

Speaking of s have played good on thing, no man at night to think At they are all play hope and believe t pulling together a

Two games hav Junior league seri feating the Frankl Emeralds plucking I regret that I was game. The sco abandoned in both, have to practice n averages to look P Connolly makes a

The Halifax corr Horseman writes: whose services are this section should General Hancock, which has just arriv young horse of the to with much inter means least, is Mel brino King, dam

Victorian Poets (Revised and Enlarged Edition), by Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Men and Letters, by Horace E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Before the Curfew and Other Poems, Chiefly Occasional. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Heartsease and Rue. By James Russell Lowell. With portrait. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

New and Other Plays. (Mermaid series, Vol. IX.) Edited, with introduction and notes, by Herbert P. Home, Havlock Ellis, Arthur Symonds and A. Wilson Verity. Illustrated. London: Virtually & Co. St. John: J. & A. McMillan.

Wanderer. (Mermaid series, Vol. X.) Edited, with introduction and notes, by John Addington Symonds. Illustrated. London: Virtually & Co. St. John: J. & A. McMillan.

Books Received.

Why I dream the coming day? This is the reason, friend: You see, Tomorrow, ere the clock strikes three, I have a little note to pay!

—J. H. B. in New York Clipper.



SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

Rev. John de Soyres is a cricket enthusiast and in this he resembles every Englishman. Last Saturday he and a number of St. John's church Sunday school boys went out to Westfield and had a practice game. I understand they propose to challenge other Sunday school clubs and have a kind of a championship series.

I like this. Cricket is a fine game and if our boys began to guard their stumps a little earlier in life, they would gain that practice which makes every Englishman a cricketer. Canadian boys at school have been used to "rounders" or some such game, neither base ball nor cricket, though allied more to the former than the latter, and when they grow up begin to learn the games of the present day. Batters and bowlers become good only after long practice, which in England begins as soon as a boy can walk.

There won't be any foreign team here July 1st; that's the present idea, though I dare say if Sussex or Moncton would like to drop in that afternoon, we could give them a chance at a scratch eleven.

Charlie Skinner is home from college, and proposes to do some hard cricket practice. I can give Mr. S. credit for being as promising a player as the C. & A. club possesses. That ought to make you blush, Charlie.

There has been no practice wicket up yet. Comber has had a deal of work to do, and the weather has been against him. Tuesday afternoon he will begin to take the boys' stumps. I would like to see lots of practice every day.

The general president of the club is away fishing. He is as popular in his store as among the boys, for previous to his departure his employees presented him with one of O'Shaughnessy's best fishing rods.

I am glad to know that the secretary of the club has been corresponding with several good cricketers across the border with a view of making dates. There are three great matches in prospect: the Irish; the Garrison, and the Wanderers; but there is plenty of room on the programme.

The grounds of the cricket and athletic club, St. John are in fine condition and we doubt if better can be found in the Dominion. The arrangements are A 1, in every particular. The grand stand, although now quite large, is to be added to. The game on the 24th between the Maine State college nine and the Nationals was a splendid exhibition, and notwithstanding the St. John boys were defeated, we congratulate them upon their creditable performance on that day. They are a fine looking lot of men, and it takes a strong team to beat them.—Sporting and Dramatic News.

An interesting practice game which, had the weather been favorable, would have taken place Tuesday, was played Thursday night on the C. and A. club grounds, Christie and Kennedy being the Nationals' battery and Robinson and Whitener serving the picked nine. This and other events show that it will be easy to organize a strong reserve nine, as the base ball committee has planned to do—and no more desirable step could be taken. The reserves and the regulars will play one or two games a week and with this course steadily pursued it will soon be unnecessary to question the result of a match played when one or two men are sick or out of town.

The base ball committee recognizes the fact that no practice worthy of the name can be had by the outfielders knocking up flies for the infielders to catch. A straight game of ball, played sharply up to the rules, is the medicine they all need.

Every defeat that the Nationals have received has been largely contributed to by their want of practice and their ignorance of the rules. Experience in batting is what they want, more than anything else. I hope that my friend Harrison will, in these games, impress upon them the importance of waiting for good balls and the exceeding value, sometimes, of a sacrifice hit.

Speaking of sacrifice hits, the Bostonians have played good ball this year because for one thing, no man of them is keeping awake at night to think about his batting average. They are all playing to get there, and I hope and believe they will, if they keep on pulling together as at present.

Two games have been played in the Junior league series, the Lansdownes defeating the Franklins, 19 to 12, and the Emeralds plucking the Thistles, 17 to 14. I regret that I was not able to see either game. The scores show that errors abounded in both, and that the boys will have to practice more if they want their averages to look pretty. I am told that Connolly makes an excellent umpire.

Stockbridge Chief, owned by A. L. Slipp, Truro, N. S. This is one of the handsomest horses to be found anywhere. His grand form, action and style, but more than all, the good qualities and make up of his get, have made him one of the most popular sires in Nova Scotia.

John Mullane, an enterprising horseman of this city, has purchased a yearling colt from C. F. Emery, Forest City Farm, Cleveland, for stock and trotting purposes. He is by Hermes, dam by Belmont; second dam by Mambrino Chief, and is represented as a very choice individual. Price \$1,600. C. G. Fraser, veterinary surgeon, who was formerly Professor Pratt's assistant, is importing, for the benefit of Nova Scotia breeders, a Russian Orloff trotting stallion. The two last named are expected here in June.

The Lawn Tennis tournament for the championship of New England begins June 19, on the New Haven club lawn. H. W. Slocum holds the emblem at present, and should he win it this and next year will own it. Are we going to have a maritime tournament this year?

The tennis courts are in fine shape, and any club member who wants to teach himself or his lady friends to play has an excellent chance to find out how little he or she knows of the game.

A despatch to the Sporting Life hints that there is a movement to amend the rule which provides that all bases on balls shall be given as errors against the pitcher. I hope it won't succeed. The amendment that should be made instead is that bases on balls should not be counted as factors in earned runs. A base on balls is a pitcher's error—however much the pitchers may kick at being saddled with it—and it is not a factor in an honest earned run, and no amount of bluster from know-it-all scorers can make it anything else.

Our Fredericton correspondent writes as follows: "Base ball is likely to flourish here this season. A club has been organized from the curriers as follows: Jas. H. Hawthorn, 1st b.; D. Lee Babbitt, 2nd b.; H. B. Atherton, 3rd b.; E. L. Street, c.; G. W. Hodges, p.; H. C. Rutter, s.; E. H. Allen, r.f.; S. Barker, c.f.; A. D. McPherson, l.f. The club is now ready to accept challenges."—Sun.

Get limbered up, gentlemen, and then come and see us.

In the National league, Boston opened its grand stand last Friday, by losing a game to Philadelphia, 4 to 1; was blanked in a 10-innings game, Saturday, 1 to 0; and received another coat of whitewash, Tuesday, 9 to 0, from the same source. Wednesday, Morrill's pets took two straight from Indianapolis, 3 to 0 and 4 to 2; and Thursday the down-Easters were dumped again, by that club, score 4 to 3. Clark-son, Madden, Sowders and Radbourne pitched for the home team in one defeat each, and Clarkson and Madden occupied the box in the two winning games.

On the other hand, Chicago has won a game and lost three—two of them to Washington!—which shows a bad break somewhere.

New York has moved to third place, and Philadelphia has gone ahead of Pittsburg. The percentages, Thursday night, were: Chicago, 700; Boston, 606; New York, 586; Detroit, 566; Philadelphia, 481; Pittsburg, 428; Indianapolis, 333; Washington, 275.

Mike Kelly has signed a five years' contract with Charles Hoyt, of Rag Baby and Tin Soldier fame, to play the part of the good-natured man in Hoyt's new farce, A Brass Monkey. He will join the company at the close of each ball season and play until the next one opens, at a salary of about \$100 a week.

The Sporting Times' records made by the league players this season show that Mike Kelly leads in batting with a percentage of .446, Brouters is second with .417 and Tiernan third with .408. Last season Darling, of Chicago, led at this stage with a percentage of .545, Carroll, of Pittsburg, with .500 was second, and Thompson, of Detroit, whose record was .461, was third. Of course, the return to the three-strike rule and the abolishment of the base on balls base hit system have a tendency to lower the percentage of the leaders this year. Strange to say, however, two of the three leaders have bettered their record. Last year, at the end of the first month, Kelly was 26th in the list with a percentage of only .345, Brouters was seventh with .426 and Tiernan 45th with .247.

The management of the Portland, Maine, Base Ball association have disposed of their entire interest and the team, grounds and appurtenances will pass into the hands of the gentlemen who controlled the team in 1886, when Portland took the championship. Portland's average may be expected to fatten right away.

Stagg, Yale college's great pitcher, struck out 20 men in the game with the Princeton nine, last Saturday. If he doesn't work himself out the league will have him one of these days.

What a long-suffering community the base-ball public is, to be sure! Defeat piled on defeat, a wild, reckless scramble for tail-end honors, disappointment followed by disgust and supplemented by nausea; then a little improvement in the work of the team, an upward turn in the wheel of fortune and Baseball Crank Richard is himself again, itching for the gates to open and the home series to begin. And this is, after all, as it should be. Base-ball is a great game and as long as there is a chance to see what promises to be a fine contest, we may care how the team played last week, not we.—W. L. Cronise in New York Sporting Times.

Sylvie Burns and Charlie McCarthy worked the evenly-matched game in Boston, Monday night, and "fought" six rounds to a draw. Each man scored but one knock-out. It is rather surprising to know that they did not wear pillows, but gloves.

The affidavit of Arthur T. Lamley, an editor of the Illustrated News, to the effect that R. K. Fox had made a compact with Ed. Holsby by which the latter was to prevent John L. Sullivan winning over Mitchell caused some surprise to some people. It also resulted in Fox preventing the issuance of the paper on the ground of libel. Another clause in the affidavit, however, indicates that Fox himself is guilty of libel, as he is charged with asserting that reporters on the daily papers called on him when they need a dollar. He is said to have named three men, one of whom at least is prepared to take oath that the statement is a lie pure and simple. It is not to be wondered at that the proprietor of such a dirty sheet as the Police Gazette should indulge in lying and other ditz business.

The American Pet Dog club has been incorporated in New York, "to protect and to ameliorate the condition of pet dogs." I hope it draws the line at pups.

To what "base uses" may a yacht be put? The Cambria schooner has been sold as a "trader" for the west coast of Africa. This schooner-yacht probably made a greater impression on Americans than any other British yacht ever built. She won the Atlantic race from American yacht Dauntless, and in the great international display on the Solent in 1868 she defeated the American chef d'œuvre Sappho in that memorable race around the Isle of Wight. In 1869 she was the first British yacht to pass through the Suez canal, having previously, in the same year, electrified yacht owners by holding her own to windward in a long slogging match from the Nab to Ryde pier against those stalwart cutters Olmar and Concor, each with jibheaders over whole mainsails.—London Field.

Wallace Ross tells the Boston Herald that, regarding his answer to Babbar's challenge, he will wait a day or two before fully making up his mind as to the course he (Ross) will adopt. I take it for granted that Wallace is trying to find out whether there will be more money in winning or throwing the race.

JACK AND JILL.

PROGRESS' PRIZE PROBLEM.

A Competition That Gives Base Ball Cranks a Chance to Win Twenty-five Dollars.

Which club of the National Base Ball league will win the championship pennant, this season? In what order will the clubs finish?

Don't you wish you knew? If you did, it would be just \$25 in your pocket.

No many persons have a habit of asking for "points," during the base ball season, that the sporting editor of PROGRESS has decided to turn the tables for once and refer these questions back to the readers of the paper. To stimulate interest in answering them, PROGRESS offers a prize of \$25, to be divided between the successful guessers, under the following conditions:—

First—All slips must be filled out on blanks published in PROGRESS, one of which will be found below. Second—The name and address of every person entering the contest must be written in full on each slip, and no person will be allowed to enter more than one slip. Third—SLIPS MAY BE FORWARDED TO THIS OFFICE IMMEDIATELY, AND NONE WILL BE RECEIVED FOR THE LEAGUE SERIES AFTER JULY 1. It will be necessary to cut out the slips from PROGRESS. These, when filled and forwarded to the Base Ball Editor of PROGRESS, will be placed on file. At the close of the season the distribution will be made, and the lucky contestants will receive due notice of their success. If there be more than one successful guesser, each will receive an equal share of the \$25.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY. INCORPORATED A. D. 1833. Capital and Assets \$1,126,239.01. R. W. W. FRINK, General Agent, 78 Prince Wm. Street, St. John. J. McC. SNOW, Agent, Moncton. JOHN RICHARDS, Agent, Fredericton.

THE Equitable Life Assurance Society. Condensed Statement, January 1, 1888. ASSETS: \$84,378,904 85. LIABILITIES: 66,274,650 00. SURPLUS: \$18,104,254 85. Net Assurance: \$138,023,105 00. Outstanding Assurance: 483,029,562 00. Paid Policy Holders in 1887: 10,062,509 81. Paid Policy Holders since organization: 106,610,293 34. Total Income: 23,240,849 29. Premium Income: 19,115,775 47. Increase in Assets: 8,868,432 09. Assets to Liabilities, 127 1-2 per cent.

Percentage of Assets to Liabilities, 137. THE VIGOROUS EQUITABLE.—Every year when the Equitable Life Assurance Society presents its big figures in the shape of a report, the remark is made that it will be impossible to repeat the success—and then the Equitable proceeds not only to repeat but to exceed it. The results of the business of 1887 are simply enormous. The pivotal fact is that the Equitable has the largest surplus of any of the leading life assurance companies in the world, when gauged by percentage to liabilities or by the number of dollars and cents. Over eighteen millions are surplus, out of eighty-four millions of assets. This, too, is on the basis of measuring liabilities on the severest standard; that which assumes that no more than 4 per cent. will be obtained as interest on investments throughout the future. Every bit of income in excess of 4 per cent. will be clear gain to the policy-holder, over and above the assumptions. If interest on prime investments should fall to 2 1/2, the Equitable with its big surplus can stand it, while companies with relatively less would be embarrassed.

CHAS. A. MACDONALD, Agent, St. John, N. B. E. W. GALE, Agent, St. John, N. B. A. W. MASTERS, Jr., Special Agent. A. C. EDWARDS & B. A. FIELDING, Joint General Agents for the Maritime Provinces, Halifax, N. S.

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

OIL and WATER (COLOR PAINTING): Drawings and Paintings in Black and White; Pastel, Crayon, Pencil, Perspective and Mechanical Drawing. Instruction in Crayon and Oil Portraiture. The method of instruction is thorough, skillful and practical. Drawing from Models, Casts and Still Life. Sketching from Nature. The Decorative includes all the latest novelties. Teachers fitted for Schools or Private Classes. Painting on China, etc. Pupils can commence at any time. Special terms for those who wish to come by the year. How to judge good Painting taught. Principal—JOHN C. MILES, A. R. C. A. Assistant—FRED H. C. MILES.

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BELL & HIGGINS, ST. JOHN, N. B. American Steam Laundry. The Subscribers beg leave to inform the Public that they have opened A STEAM LAUNDRY. Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street, Fully equipped with the LATEST MACHINERY and EXPERIENCED HELP to turn out FIRST CLASS WORK.

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

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PERSONAL AND SOCIAL

WOODSTOCK WHISPERS.

On the 4th of June Mrs. D. F. Merritt will give a grand ball for her daughter Jennie, who, on that day, will be 17 years old.

Mr. William Jones, who is in the publishing business in Boston, and who frequently spends a portion of the summer in Woodstock, is here now, and is the guest of Mayor Jones.

Mr. Robert Smith, who was formerly a resident of St. John and who has for a number of years been leader of the choir of the Methodist church, left for Boston on Saturday last to accept a lucrative situation there.

On Wednesday the new Episcopal church at Houlton, Me., of which Rev. Hudson Sawyer is rector, was consecrated by Bishop Neely, assisted by a number of clergymen, some of whom were from this diocese.

Rev. A. F. Brown, pastor of the Albert Street Baptist church, has accepted the call to Sussex church. His departure will be sincerely regretted.

Shortly after the advent of leap year, a very cleverly written article appeared in one of our local papers, describing a number of our most eligible young bachelors, who were presumed to be open to matrimonial proposals.

ST. STEPHEN SAYINGS.

ST. STEPHEN, May 30.—Mr. and Mrs. H. Graham's silver wedding, Monday last, was one of the best times of the year.

A Great Masonic Event.

At the quarterly communication of the grand lodge of Massachusetts, F. A. M., held at Masonic Temple, Boston, March 14, the board of directors were authorized to make arrangements for the dedication of a monument to be erected to the memory of Henry Price, the first provincial grand master of Massachusetts.

On Thursday, June 21, the most worshipful grand master, accompanied by the grand officers and Henry Price lodge of Charlestown, will leave Boston at 9 o'clock a. m. and proceed to Townsend Centre.

On the following Tuesday, June 26, the grand officers, with the lodges and brethren generally, will assemble at the Masonic Temple, Boston, at 10 o'clock a. m., and proceed to some hall, to be hereafter designated, where an historical address will be delivered by the recording grand secretary, and other addresses will be held, suitable to the occasion.

To commemorate the important services rendered to the fraternity by the father of Masonry in America, the most worshipful grand lodge has caused to be prepared a medal, copies of which in bronze can be obtained of the grand secretary, at \$2 each.

The medal is said to be the finest Masonic medal ever struck in this country. On one side is the arms of the grand lodge of Massachusetts with the date 1788.

Best makes of pianos and organs for sale or to hire, at BELL'S, 25 King street.

OUR PIONEER STOCK FARM.

Mr. William F. Todd's Model Establishment at Oak Point, Charlotte County.

To Mr. William F. Todd of St. Stephen is due the credit of establishing the first stock farm in the dominion for the breeding of trotters.

Throughout the United States there are several noted stock farms devoted to this purpose, from which have come the most famous trotters today in America.

Possessing a large farm of some 250 acres, covering the beautiful peninsula called Oak Point, that separates the St. Croix river and Oak bay, and from the highest point of which can be seen the grandest panorama of river, bay and mountain scenery that Charlotte county contains.

Having put his hand to the plough Mr. Todd never looked back. After building an extensive barn on his land for the reception of his first horses, he started west to buy stock, and was fortunate enough to be able to obtain the sons and daughters of some of the fastest trotters in America.

At the stock farm there are at present two stallions and five famous brood mares, while Mr. Todd has sent four brood mares to Massachusetts and Kentucky to noted horse raisers.

The four-year old stallion Elation, by Electioneer, out of Sallie Graham by Volunteer, is the king of the stables at present. He is a handsome bay horse standing 15-1-2 hands high.

Edgardo, who shares the sovereignty of the stables with Elation, is a compact, noble looking horse, three years old, and showing already great speed.

The large barn of brick, 140x43 feet, contains nineteen roomy and well-lighted box stalls, 12x14 feet, a commodious harness and grooming room, and a pleasant office and handsome parlor for Mr. Todd's friends.

Here also is the white mare Fortuna, in foal to Rumor, and several others of like celebrity.

The pleasant days spent in Charlotte county none is more firmly fixed in memory than that which was passed in company with Mr. Todd behind his fast horses, and listening to his entertaining talk.

Of the pleasant days spent in Charlotte county none is more firmly fixed in memory than that which was passed in company with Mr. Todd behind his fast horses, and listening to his entertaining talk.

Mr. Todd behind his fast horses, and listening to his entertaining talk. Success to him and prosperity to his splendid farm, of which the dominion has good reason to be proud!

A. W. MASTERS, JR.

Sewing machines of all kinds repaired by experienced mechanics, at BELL'S, 25 King street.

TRADE AND INSURANCE.

The cotton combine has been run so hard by Mr. Alexander Gibson that it has been forced to give the St. Croix mill carte blanche to meet him on his own grounds.

The Trade Bulletin, of Montreal, says that as those grounds extend from the maritime provinces to London, it is feared that this action is going to play havoc with the combine proper.

A leading operator stated, a few days ago, that there was trouble ahead, as the mills had been over-producing again, and that stocks have been accumulating too fast for consumptive requirements.

According to evidence and statements submitted to the Combines committee at Ottawa by Mr. Hugh Scott, the loss by fire in Canada was \$6,900,815 in 1884, of which there was insured \$3,820,324.

Referring to a recent paragraph about counterfeiting of the Bank of B. N. A. \$5 bill, dated 1877, circulating in the Maritime provinces, it appears that this is a more recent attempt to work off bogus bills, some of which were put afloat as early as 1884.

Mechanics' Institute. MINSTRELS. JUNE 27 and 28.

AMATEUR MINSTRELS. OF ST. JOHN.

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, June 27th and 28th.

NEW SONGS, New Dances, New Farces.

6-End Men-6

NEW BUTTER. In Rolls, Pats, Tubs and Crocks, AT BOTTOM RATES.

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IN ALL THE NEWEST DESIGNS.

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Lead Pipe, Lead Shot, White Lead, Putty, Colored Paints, Liquid Colors, Varnishes and Japans, and Saws of every description.

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IN A VARIETY OF QUALITIES AND COLORS.

A SOFT HAT that keeps its shape almost as well as a Stiff Hat, and far more comfortable.

D. MAGEE'S SONS, 7 and 9 Market Square, ST. JOHN, N. B.

SAINT JOHN Summer Races.

DOMINION DAY.

Under the Membership and Rules of the National Trotting Association.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY of the City and County of Saint John beg to announce the opening of their Driving Park (late Moosapack), on MONDAY, July 2 (Dominion Day), when a series of races will be held as below.

FIRST RACE TO COMMENCE AT 3 P. M. SHARP.

FIRST RACE. A TROTTING RACE for Colts, 4 years old and under. Purses \$100, divided 60 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 10 per cent. to third; entrance 10 per cent.

SECOND RACE. A TROTTING RACE for horses that have never beaten 2:30. Purses \$125, divided 60 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 10 per cent. to third; entrance 10 per cent.

THIRD RACE. Bankers' and Merchants' Cup; Value \$100. RUNNING RACE for horses bred and owned in the Maritime Provinces. Distance, one mile on the flat; best 2 in 3; entrance \$5. To be divided (in addition to the cup which goes to the first) as follows: 50 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 10 per cent. to third. At least three to enter and start. Cup to be won twice by the same person before becoming absolute owner. For conditions see handbills. Race to be run under the rules of the American Jockey Club. Overweight allowed if declared.

ARRIVAL AT ST. JOHN. 5:45 a. m.—(Except Saturday night)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, Presque Isle and Edmundston.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON. 5:00 p. m.—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON. 5:45 p. m.—From Fairville and points west. H. D. McLEOD, Secy. Southern Division. F. W. CRAM, Secy. Gen. Manager. J. F. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent. St. John, N. B., March 29th, 1888.

Intercolonial Express Company

Forwards Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collects bills with Goods, Drafts, Notes and Accounts.

Remaining daily (Sunday excepted), with Special Messengers in charge, over the entire line of the Intercolonial Railway, connecting at Riviere du Loup with the

Canadian Express Company, for all points in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario and the Western States, and at St. John with the

American Express Company, for all points in the Eastern and Southern States.

Branch offices in Summerside and Charlottetown, P. E. I. European Express forwarded and received weekly.

Debiture Goods or Goods in Bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch. Special rates for large consignments, and further information on application to

JAMES BYRCE, Superintendent. J. R. STONE, Agent.

The St. John Building Society.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO THE SAINT JOHN BUILDING SOCIETY, whether for arrears on mortgages, rents, or otherwise, are required to make immediate payment to the undersigned trustees.

As we desire to realize upon the assets for the purpose of paying the depositors and debenture holders within the shortest possible period, we shall be obliged to enforce payment at once of all amounts due.

Payment to be made at the office of the Society, Old Fellow's Building, Union street.

Dated at St. John, May 19, 1888.

F. S. SHARPE, Trustees for security

ARTHUR L. TRUEMAN, of Depositors and DEATHOMAS WILLIAMS, of Debenture holders and in the Saint John Building Society.

I am instructed by the Board of Directors to give notice that payment of all amounts due the Saint John Building Society is to be made to the above named Trustees.

R. RODGERS, Secretary.

Great Reductions.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Call and examine—a pleasure to show them.

SCHOOL PRIZES of all kinds.

SLATES, PENCILS, PENHOLDERS, SCHOOL BOOKS, Etc., Etc., All of which we are selling at

20 Per Cent. Discount.

MORTON L. HARRISON'S, 99 King St.

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Rods, Reels, Flies,

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And a general assortment of Fishing Tackle.

All new and reliable at

R. O'SHAUGHNESSY'S, 83 Germain street.

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T. J. McPHERSON

STILL ALIVE.

181 Union Street.

Just Received:

ANOTHER LOT OF

Those Best Waterproof Horse Covers

SELLING LOW AT

ROBB'S HARNESS SHOP, 204 Union St.

JUST RECEIVED AT

J. ALLAN TURNER'S

Oyster and Fish Store:

FRESH HALIBUT, HADDOCK, CODFISH, MACKEREL, SALMON, SHAD, SMOKED HADDIES, GASPAREUX, BLOATERS, SALMON, SHAD, etc., etc.

25 North Side King Square.

Havana and Domestic CIGARS.

I have a complete assortment now in stock, in boxes and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and DOMESTICS.

THOS. L. BOURKE, 11 and 12 Water street.

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Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

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DINNER A SPECIALTY.

Pool Room in Connection.

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VICTORIA HOTEL,

(FORMERLY WAVERLY),

81 to 87 King Street

D. W. MCCORMICK - - - Proprietor.

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Having lately been REFITTED and FURNISHED, is now open to the public for permanent and transient boarders, where they will find a home with every attention paid to their comfort.

TERMS—\$1.50 and \$2.

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Coches at trains and boats.

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Office: CHUBBS' CORNER, CITY.

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