

NER'S
Varerooms
STREET.

manufacture the finest lot of

Chenille Curtains
that will astonish my customers. THE
S EVER QUOTED.

for \$12 per pair;
woman Curtain for \$6.50 per pair.

KINNER.
Own Annuals;

autograph Albums;
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EVICES.

SORTMENT AT

46 and 48 King Street.
HATS.

S & CO.

of buyers to their Stock of

Felt Hats, 2

EST STYLES.

In Straw, Cloth and Felt—all grades;

ADS, MIDDY CAPS, ETC., ETC.

portment of ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE.

STREET. - - - 57.

CIGAR FACTORY

SES FACTS.

in all Cigar Factories East of

during 1888.

Tobacco than all Cigar factories east

give a CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR for 5c.

our production every year, and today we

other factory in the maritime provinces.

HIGGINS,

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GER!

and PILLOWS do not seem to realize the

being cleansed, especially in times of an

and poisonous matter exuding from the

through the family. Our STEAM CLEANSING

and leaves the feathers in a better condition

STEAM LAUNDRY.

MISS HOMER,

who has for the past year been pursuing her

Musical Studies under the instruction of

some of the first artists in Germany

IS PREPARED TO RECEIVE PUPILS

AT HER ROOMS

47 DUKE STREET.

—Terms and other particulars on application at

the above address.

active J. D. Phinney entertained councillors

and other officials at an impromptu oyster

and turkey supper at the Kent. Among

his guests were Messrs. Gordon Livingston,

Peter L. Richard, H. Arthur Cale, Thomas

M. Gueguen, Richard Poirier, Frank Rich-

ard, C. Y. Walker, Joseph Bernard,

Edward Leger, Alexander Mundle,

Zaccharia Barrieau, John Howlan, John B.

Gueguen, Frank X. LeBlanc, Jude J.

LeBlanc, David McAlmon, Robert Hutch-

inson, G. V. McInerney, Caleb Richardson,

Wm. Whetton, W. D. Carter, John Rusk,

Inspector O'Brien, John T. Cale, Michael

Fitzpatrick, John F. Brine and J. M.

Upham Bliss. Appropriate toasts were

suitably honored and the afternoon was

very pleasantly spent.

LELIA.

BOVINE LIQUID FOOD

A condensed raw food extract of BEEF and
MUTTON. Retained by the weakest
stomach. Palatable to the taste.

Prepared from the recipe of the late PROV
J. P. BUSH, of Boston, Mass., for
the cure and relief of

DYSPEPSIA,

Mental and Physical Exhaustion,

Weakened Energy,

Consumption,

Indigestion, Etc.

Universally recommended and prescribed
by physicians of all schools.

Its action will harmonize with such stimu-

lants as are necessary to take.

It is the best food known, furnishing
sustenance to both brain and body.

INVIGORATING, STRENGTHENING,

HEALTHFUL, STIMULATING.

Put up in 6 and 12 oz. bottles, at 60 cts.
and \$1.00, and sold by all druggists
throughout the world.

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

Look at bottom

PROGRESS.

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

VOL. I., NO. 39.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

THEY DON'T WANT UNION

MESSRS. TAPLEY, MURPHY AND
OTHERS BETTER WITHOUT IT.

How the Chesley Combine Takes Care of
Itself and Its Friends in the City of
Portland—Some of the Things Which the
Citizens Have to Grin and Bear.

Police Magistrate Tapley, of Portland,
was very angry at PROGRESS a few months
ago. He talked of bringing an action for
libel. He did not do so, and he is now,
doubtless, very glad he kept quiet.

The cause of his wrath at that time was
an article entitled "Portland at suit of the
Devil." It was founded on the fact that,
on the trial of a liquor dealer for selling on
Sunday, Mr. Tapley dismissed the case on
a most absurd legal quibble raised by City
Solicitor Gregory. There was probably
not a lawyer or callow student in the two
cities who did not laugh at the ridiculous
contention of Mr. Gregory, but Justice
Tapley agreed with him. More than that,
Alderman Chesley rebuked Captain Rawlings
for his officious action reporting the
liquor dealer.

That was because the alderman, together
with a doctor and two well known citizens
was in the bar-room at the time it was re-
ported—1:30 on Sunday morning.

The master dropped, and Justice Tapley,
having recovered from his wrath, took a
tumble as to Sunday liquor selling. A
week or two ago, another shop was re-
ported open under the same circumstances.
Justice Tapley not only fined the liquor
dealer, but fined the frequenters of
the place as well.

There were no politicians in that crowd.

There is still another chance for Justice
Tapley to take a tumble. He should tum-
ble to the fact that in the face of the recent
financial disclosures, he should take a rest.
It would be no more than common decency
for him to do so. If he is innocent and
blameless, the fact will be shown, and he
has, as a man, many friends who will be
glad to know it. If he is guilty, he should
not hold his position for an hour.

But the council has taken action in the
matter.

So it has. The general committee met,
Tuesday night, to deal with police matters.
It did nothing, as most people expected.
It adjourned to meet at the call of the
mayor.

The mayor is not much of a caller. A
committee to consider the division of the
county into electoral ridings has been wait-
ing for his call since April last. Judging
by this, Justice Tapley's acts will not be
investigated for at least another year—if
Chesley continues to be mayor.

Which isn't at all likely.

In the meantime Justice Tapley should
provide a substitute. If he manages it
affair right he can have one, and draw
his own salary into the bargain.

For money is no object in Portland.
There is plenty of it for all who are in with
the combine. The ring is very good to it-

self and its friends.

It is very kind to Alderman John
Murphy, for instance. Mr. Murphy has
suffered from the decline in shipbuilding.
A year or two ago he was earning \$10 a
day in a shipyard. It is not known that he
ever got any higher wages until the council
violated its rules for his benefit. It has
graduated him to the position of super-
tending mechanical engineer, and pays him
the very decent wages of \$2.50 per day.
He wouldn't work in a shipyard now if he
got a chance.

He has superintended the erection of the
steam engine in the electric light station.
It is true, he mistook a key for a set-screw,
and was a little off on some other points,
but he had three practical engineers to help
him. They knew their business, and he
held the honorable and lucrative position
of boss.

He has also been boss of several other
jobs, at the same rate of salary. This is
how it happens:

He is acting chairman of the light
committee and of the lands and build-
ings committee. Alderman Holder, who
is the actual chairman, went to British
Columbia in May last. He has been work-
ing at his trade there, and is now said to
be in Florida. Nobody has any idea when,
if ever, he intends to return. In the mean-
time, the council, instead of declaring his
seat vacant, has again and again renewed
his leave of absence. This has been done
to enable Alderman Murphy to hold his
place and make money. It is neat, but
gaudy.

Outside of his salary, his position has not
many perquisites. A few barrels of sand
taken from the electric light station for the
purpose of roofing the house in which he
has an interest, and on which, rightly or
wrongly, he qualified for the council, do
not count for much. He might have had a
couple of nice straight-edges, paid for by
the city, which were used in setting up the
engine, had not fate, in the shape of Mr.
Chesley, intervened. This boss of bosses
happened to see them, and remarking that
they would come in handy for locomotive
frames, calmly wrote "W. A. Chesley" on

them. They may be seen hereafter in
Chesley's tommy.

Two of Alderman Murphy's assistants
are engineers of the fire department, who
get their \$2 a day each, in addition to their
regular salaries.

But the council is very particular how it
gives money to men who are not in the

regular force. When Contractor Kane's bill for
money on account of building a sewer came before
the council, Alderman Vincent grew virtually
indignant. Though it was perfectly
understood that the money ought to be
paid, he insisted that it should go to the
finance committee. When his brother-in-law
Colwell's bill for hauling dirt came up, he
had it railroaded through, though it was a
matter of which the council knew nothing.
It is a great thing to be a brother-in-law.

So Daniel J. Purdy finds it. He is a
brother-in-law of Lon. Chesley. Chesley
is chairman of the fire committee. Purdy
supplies the fire department with hay and
oats. He does it without tender and at
whatever he chooses to charge.

Portland has a city solicitor, but much
of the work that he should do has to be
divided up among the lawyers in the council.
Mr. Wallace must have his share and
so must the firm of Currey & Vincent.
There are enough suits to give all hands a
generous slice of costs. During the last
year the city has paid more in lawsuits than
it has expended on the entire system of
streets. This is how the money goes.

Isn't Portland a nice sort of a city, any-
way?

Bargains in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
Silverware, etc., at L. L. Sharpe's, 49 Dock
St. Entire stock must be sold to make
change in business.

WHO WILL BE MAYOR'S CLERK?

MR. W. W. CLARK HAS THE INSIDE TRACK—
THE EFFECT OF HIS APPOINTMENT.

Mr. Chas. D. Morrissey who has held the
little office in the city building since 1881
as clerk to His Worship the Mayor, has re-
signed that position.

His resignation was received about a
month ago and there has been considerable
speculation in civic circles and about town
as to his successor.

The duties of the position are not arduous
and yet they require some hours' attention
each day, for which the city pays \$400 per
annum.

For the past few months Mr. W. W.
Clark has been performing the work. He
was first engaged by Mr. Morrissey who
was engaged in other work of an outside
nature. It is very probable that he will
be retained in the office by the mayor and
council.

There can be no possible objection to
this. Mr. Clark seems to be eminently
fitted to discharge the duties of clerk to His
Worship.

He has proved this fact by the attention
he has already given to the work and manner
it has been performed.

Already there is plenty of talk about
other applicants. Already there are a
dozen or more who, in their imagination,
lie back in the easy chair of the mayor's
clerk. If they are not careful they will
lose their balance.

The effect of Mr. Clark's appointment
will be somewhat curious. It will remove
the bone of contention which now estranges
the local members of the city and the
representatives lost their candidate.

It will also relieve Chief John R.
Marshall, who recognizes in Mr. Clark one of
the strongest applicants for his position.

The local government will probably
breathe more freely when Mr. Clark gets
the appointment and the city representatives
lose their candidate.

He is acting chairman of the light
committee and of the lands and build-
ings committee. Alderman Holder, who
is the actual chairman, went to British
Columbia in May last. He has been work-
ing at his trade there, and is now said to
be in Florida. Nobody has any idea when,
if ever, he intends to return. In the mean-
time, the council, instead of declaring his
seat vacant, has again and again renewed
his leave of absence. This has been done
to enable Alderman Murphy to hold his
place and make money. It is neat, but
gaudy.

A correspondent writes: "What has
happened? Felix?" Nothing, I hope. I
missed his "Music at Home and Abroad,"
this week, and sought for it anxiously
through all the pages, but in vain. PRO-
GRESS is so perfect in all its departments
that it is like a puzzle; we miss the least
of that is left out and elide over it.

"If you want more help, ask for it in "Pro-
gress"—only 10 cents."

Better Than a Directory.

Stranger in city (stopping at pedestrian
Charlotte street Sunday morning)—
"Beg pardon, young man, could you tell
me where I can get a drink this morning?"
Young man—"Why, yes, | Go right over
that hill and enquire the way to City road.
When you come to it take the left hand
side, and ask the first policeman you
meet."

Umbrellas repaired, 269 Union street.

THE WOODSTOCK GIRL

AND HER FREDERICTON, ST. JOHN
AND CHARLOTTETOWN SISTERS.

THOUGH THEY DIFFER IN NON-ESSENTIALS, IT
IS AGREED THAT THEY ARE THE BEST OF
ALL THE NUMEROUS VARIETIES OF GIRL NOW
GROWN IN GIRL-PRODUCING COUNTIES.

There is no doubt that the

CHILDREN OF CANADA

"BRINGING THEIR LAURELS HOME
TO CROWN HERE."

Some Remarks, Appreciative Rather Than Critical, on New Books by Mr. Archibald Lampman, Miss J. Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts and Prof. Roberts.

"You have no brains!" "You'll never be able to earn your salt, long as you live." "What, in the world, do you think you can do?" Such are some of the stimulating comments and queries with which all-believing parents are sometimes wont to encourage their too-aspiring youth. And what is most remarkable but the fact that these hopeless scions do occasionally surmount such taming prophecy, accomplishing somewhat, and being somebody, after all? But this benign self-respecting example extends beyond family limits, and whole peoples—nations, if you will—avail themselves of it—loudly inspiring, by such sage observations as those set down, all who have the temerity to do something of unusual merit, if they can and dare. It is over the merit of genius to distinguish itself under disheartening circumstances; as the Burnses, the Miltons, the Fultons, Palliseys, Haydens and Stephensons of mankind bear witness: the rose and lily flourish in the sun, and respond to the nourishing care of love that prizes them; but the trodden and beloued blossom of the superior heart seems to flourish most by neglect; let us not fail of that, O brother cavalier, or we shall pass through your too sunny blandishments, the incentive that scorn or oversight may furnish. Well, the boys do get on, and surprise the sage fosterers of native ability into silence, at least. Supercilious conceit in Britain (and is more of it there than elsewhere?) has ceased saying: "Who reads an American book?"—making up for long astuteness, doubtless, by devouring Irving, Longfellow, Harte, Miller and their peers as fast as it greedily can. And the curse of literary sterility would doubtless fall on this Canada of ours, if mentors would really cease bidding the upstairs down, saying—"You cannot write, and if you could you dare not publish, and if you did you cannot compete; we have, on one side of us a large empire, and on the other a wide republic, to furnish to us the finest that human brains can give,—and the yield of foreign poets is amazing. If a few more poets were born, this would be no world for them." But it is, indeed, a tame mother, almost to nausea, who will not have some warmth and partiality for her own, and who prefers her neighbor's rosy buster, even, to the spindling of her own bosom. Verily, the claim of nature will present itself, and that son who is fit for something more than checking sneer and frown, and smuggling himself into a corner, will occasionally ask you to honor his draft with matronly love and pride. Will Canada ignore the fact that she had a Heavysege, and that he wrote *Saul*, a Miltonic drama, on which Hawthorne and Longfellow lavished no stined praise? Will she have no honest pride in her Sanger, nor read, amid the poetic influence of *The St. Lawrence* and *The Saguenay*, a throbbing record of a sore-tried heart that loves her? Say, when a moiety of our intelligent people—one or two in some hundreds—shall seek out and purchase a true, indigenous book of *belles lettres*, then shall our worthy editor of *The Dominion Illustrated*, who recently averred that "if a clever and successful writer wants to put forth a book he ought to have pride and trust enough to do it, out of his own pocket" (provided he has one,) will have something still more encouraging to say.

II.

But Canada has poetic children, who have won, and are winning, recognition beyond her border, and they are bringing their laurels freshly home to crown her withal; for never do they look so fair or seem so sweet as when, twined with may-flower or maple leaf, they gleam on "Kanata's" brow. Her Roberts, her Reade, are true to her, as were her Howe, and her McGee. We begin to look and listen toward a Mair, a Lighthall, a Lesperance, a Weir, a Duvar, and other worthy ones, who shall enrich still further a literature well begun. Have we not a Curzon, of nobly-patriotic tone?—a Spencer, late-declared author of a sweetly-natural lyric, that has gone the world over?—a Carman, rich and full with the blood and hope of youth, casting his tender fancies in moulds of Provencal song?—an Eaton, shaping to imperishable form the legends of Acadia?—these and others who, difficult as it is to predict the future of an author, may reasonably be expected to add some honorable gift to the artistic and intellectual wealth of their native land. And still other stars are rising, to a few of which we give particular attention.

III.

Other voices than of the torrent-river, the forest, the halls legislative, begin sounding at or around Ottawa. One, clear and distinct, has lately spoken; and I marvel much if our wakeful sons and brothers do not hear it. Here is a book of song,* in part unquestionably Canadian, and wholly genuine and powerful. Whether the author has reached the elevated table-land of middle age, with its width of horizon and fullness

**Among the Millet, and Other Poems.* By Archibald Lampman. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son.

of power, or whether he is yet on the mornward slope that leads to prime, we cannot say; but should infer from the tone of several pieces that his heart has been long at school, since he has touched so worthily and so loftily some of life's noblest themes, and shows so much maturity of thought and feeling. His genius is lyrical and pastoral; and in all shades of feeling, from the serene to the passionate, with which poets have dwelt upon nature, he betrays sympathy, blending the sensitiveness of Keats with the beautiful spirituality of Shelley. His descriptive phrasing is very rich, and his diction is musical; while his themes and verse-forms and cadences are various enough to relieve all sense of monotony. If not so distinctively as Gangster a painter of the Canadian landscape, he has yet some touches, unique and indigenous, in which no native author has excelled him. He stands *Among the Millet*, at the time when earth rejoices:

The dew is gleaming on the grass,
The morning hours are seven,
And I am fain to watch you pass,
Ye soft white clouds of heaven.
When "April" is waking the world from
wintry sleep; and—

The grey song-sparrows full of Spring have sung
Their clear thin silvery tunes in leafless trees;
The robin hops and whistles, and among
The silver-tasseled poppies the brown bees
Murmur faint dreams of summer harvesties;

The creamy sun at even scatters down
A gold-green mist across the murmuring town;

he goes abroad to listen to the frogs that
"by the slow streams" make their wonted
music;—

And ever with soft brooks that pulse and thrill,

From the gray wood shallow trill and trill,

Tremulous sweet voices, flute-like, answering

One to another, glancing in the spring;—

to look on the "ever-cloven soil," "the

brown, clean layers," and see the—

Curled flower buds, white and blue,

In all the matted hollows

of the wood, where—

In the warm noon the south wind creeps and cools,

Where the red-budded stems of maples throw

Still tangled etchings on the amber pools.

In "Morning on the Lievres," the canoe

bears him with sporting companions:—

Softly as a cloud we go,

Sky above and sky below,

Down the river, and the dip

Of the paddles scarcely break,

With the little silvery drip

Of the water as it shakes

From the blades, the crystal deep

Of the silence of the morn,

Of the forest yet asleep,

And the river reaches borne

In a mirror, pale grey,

Sheer away

To the misty line of light,

Where the forest and the stream

In the shadow meet and plight,

Like a dream.

*

On a sudden seven ducks

With a splashy rustle rise

Stretching out their seven necks,

One before and two behind,

And the others all a-row,

And as steady as the wind

With a swiveling whistled go,

Through the purple shadow led,

Till we only hear their whir

In behind a rocky spur

Just ahead.

But no one of these pieces, from its pathetic beauty and its fulness of human interest, more completely captures the heart of the reader than "Between the Rapids," which, redolent of memory and pensive regret, is, in its *locus et personae* unmistakably French-Canadian. We wish we might give every line, but must make an abridgment. The voyagers are floating down the river at evening, when they pass a scene consecrate to one of them by some heart-history:—

The shore, the fields, the cottage just the same,

But how with their whose memory makes them sweet?

Oh if I called them halting name by name,

Would the same lips the same old shouts repeat?

Over such years so big with death and ill,

Gone lightly by and left them smiling yet?

Wild black-eyed Jeanne whose tongue was never still.

Old wrinkled Picard, Pierre and pale Lisette,

The homely hearts that never cared to range,

While life's wide fields were filled with rush and change.

And where is Jacques, and where is Virginie?

I cannot tell; the fields are all a blur.

The lowing cows whose shapes I scarcely see,

Do they wait and do they call for?

As she is changed, or her heart still clear

As wind or morning, light or river foam?

Have life's changes torn her hair from here?

And far from rest, and far from home and home?

For comrades, soft, and let us rest awhile,

For arms grow tired with paddling many a mile.

They cannot pause; they float by.

The shores grow dim, and he waves a good-bye:

Once more I leave you, wandering towards the night,

Sweet home, sweet heart, that would have held me in.

Blacker and lofter grow the woods, and hark!

The freshening roar! The chure is near us now,

And dim the canyon grows and ink dark.

The water whispering from the birchen brook.

One last long look, and many a sad adieu,

While eyes can see and heart can feel you yet,

I leave sweet home and sweater hearts to you,

A prayer for Picard, one for pale Lisette,

A kiss for Jeanne, a sob for Virginie.

Some songs, brief and sweet, there are, as "Passion," "One Day" and "Unrest"; some fine narrative poems, such as "The Three Pilgrims," "The Organist" and "The Monk," who bears in the folds of his mantle some of Keats' spicery; but most excellently perfect are some of the sonnets, that which none finer have been written by any Canadian. We conclude our observations with just one instance:

A PRAYER.

O earth, O dewy mother, breathe on us

Something of all thy beauty and thy might,

Us that are part of day but most of night,

Not strong like thee, but ever burdened with

With glooms and cares, things pale and dolorous

Whose gladdest moments are not wholly bright; Something of all thy freshness and thy light, O earth, O mighty mother, breathe on us. O mother, who wast long before our day, And after us full many an age shalt be, Careworn and blind, we wander from thy way: Born of thy strength, yet weak and halt are we: Grant us, O mother, therefore, us who pray, Some little of thy light and majesty.

IV.

A maiden offering* of a maiden singer, somewhat coyly given, as a wood nymph might drop before us a spray of cedar, or bit of arbutus, and dart bashfully into her shade again. The songs of Miss Roberts are songs that may be sung, for they have the lift and music in them—that living soul that can never be made to inform "the most cunningly devised rhetoric" merely cut into lines. It matters not whether that sweet mottled songster goes up with the lark or not, we cannot read—

Sip softly, Nashwaak water,
Where thrushes sing and soar,

without feeling much of the same sensations that the flowing river and winging birds convey; and "A Secret Song" has a clearness of note like that of the songster's own, floating out of the gray wood, over the barren snow drifts, ringing on the frosty air:

O Snow-bird! Snow-bird!
Welcome thy note when maple boughs are bare; Thy merry tritter, thy emphatic call, Like silver trumpets pierce the freezing air, What time the radiant flakes begin to fall. We know thy secret. When the day grows dim, Far from the homes that thou hast cheered so long, Thy chirping changes to a twilight hymn!

O Snow-bird, Snow-bird, wherefore hide thy song?

O Snow-bird! Snow-bird!

Is it a song of sorrow, memory, or pain?

Aching memory? Nay, too glad this note!

Untouched by knowledge of our human woe, Clearly thy crystal flutings fall and float.

We hear thy tender ecstasy and cry:

"Lend us thy gladness that can brave the chill!"

Under the splendors of the winter sky,

O Snow-bird, Snow-bird, carol to us still.

With this joyous music, she has the vision and faculty divine; with the poet's liquid harmony, the poet's penetrating imagination: not that alone which is diffusive, informing gently the whole, but that which concretes itself goldenly in a part; as where, in "Reveille," she writes:

Behold the rising splendor of the East,

How morn light where iron darkness lay

Heralds the conquest, hails the victor, Day.

*

As breaks the ethereal gold across the crest

Of yonder hills, and turns the trees to flame.

When in the first blush of womanhood she gives such first-fruits, what may we not hope from a riper experience and a more practiced art, when time shall have opened new and deeper fountains? The airy grace, the soft music, the intellectual grasp, the richness of diction, as well as the strength, must grow to more and more; while she weaves her Penelope-web of song, so perfectly that she nor Chronos will need to unravel it. We had at our pen's point other citations from "Welcome," "A Light Withdrawn," "By the Campfire," etc., but must pause with some bracing, noble lines from "The Song of Climb-

ing":

At better steadfast-eyed to scale

The awful hill-side hand in hand;

For never yet without avail

Did one true striving soul assail

The barriers of the Mountain Land.

Rouse we our spirits to the race.

Friends! Brothers! From the walls above

Leads many an unforgotten face

Still wearing through its new-born grace

The old sweet look of human love.

THE WINTER LAKES.

Out in a world of death far to the north-west lying,
Under the sun and the moon, under the dusk and
the day,
Under the glimmer of stars and the purple of sunset
dying,
Wan and waste and white stretch the grey lakes
away.

Never a bud of living, never a laugh of summer;
Never a dream of life, never a song of birds;
But only the silence and white, the shores that grow
chiller and dumber,
Whenever the ice winds sob, and the gales of winter
are heard.

Craigs that are black and wet out of the grey lake
booming,
Under the sunset flush and the pallid glimmer of
dawn;
Shadowy ghost-like shores, where midnight surf is
booming,
Thunders of winter's roar over the spaces wan.

Lands that loom like spectres, whitened regions of
winter;
Wastes of desolate woods, deserts of water and
shore;
A world of winter and death—within these regions
who enter,

Losses to summer and Me, go to return no more.

Moons that glimmer above, waters that lie white
under,
Miles and miles of lake far out under the night;
Foaming crests of waves, surfs that shroud
shadowy shapes that fall, haunting the spaces
white.

Lonely hidden bays, moonlit, ice-windewed winding,
Brimmed by forests and craigs, haunted by shadowy
shores;
Hushed from the outward strife, where the mighty
surf is grinding
Death and hate on the rocks, as sandward and land-
ward it roars.

Rev. W. W. Campbell, in *The Century*.

A PAIR OF PANTALOONS.

This is my fifthtieth birthday; but I feel
younger than many a man of half my years.
Was I ever married?

Not quite. I am still a bachelor, but I
once came so near being a husband that I
have ever since been haunted with a vague
half-married feeling.

The simple history of my unpledged
affection is quickly told, and I believe, on
account of the strange circumstances with
which its development was fraught, that it
is well worth telling. When I feel lonely
and depressed, I go to my closet and tenderly
remove from their peg this old pair of
pantaloons. They are shapeless and puny
now, from long disuse. No, they did not
belong either to my father or grandfather;
but you are quite right in assuming that
they were never cut for my legs. There is
nothing remarkable about them: they save
their size and antique pattern; indeed, to the
casual observer they look as harmless and
uninteresting as any other piece of cast off
apparel. But, oh my friend, regard them
with respect! for their influence on my
destiny has been incalculable.

It was in the autumn of 1859 that the
sign of "Gunner & Waxle, lawyers," was
exposed to public view on the outer wall of a
modest building in Beekman street, New
York. Gunner and I had been boys to
gether in a rural town. He was my senior
by several years, and when I secured my
diploma in law he was already a practitioner
in the courts of the metropolis. On my
arrival in New York I went at once to see
my old friend. He was seated at his desk
in a big bleak room, looking very lonely
and dejected.

"Waxle, old fellow," he exclaimed, as
he cordially grasped my hand, "you're
just the man I want to see. It's all up hill
work for me here; I have no money."
"I have settled all preliminaries, a com-
fortable sum of money was deposited to the
credit of the firm, several necessary articles
of furniture for the office were procured,
and we were auspiciously started on our
joint career.

It was soon decided that we could not
conduct our business with dignity and dis-
patch without a skilled copyist—a lady
copyist. Gunner suggested in our confer-
ence on the subject, for she would be less
expensive, and "by the love of our mothers,"
he added, "let's get a good-looking one."
I don't want to have my young heart chilled
by association with any sour-visaged old
maiden."

Accordingly the following advertisement
was one day drawn up for immediate pub-
lication in a morning paper:

"Give your hand," said I, "I draw up
the articles of agreement, and I will sign
them at once."

Having settled all preliminaries, a com-
fortable sum of money was deposited to the
credit of the firm, several necessary articles
of furniture for the office were procured,
and we were auspiciously started on our
joint career.

It was soon decided that we could not
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he added, "let's get a good-looking one."
I don't want to have my young heart chilled
by association with any sour-visaged old
maiden."

Accordingly the following advertisement
was one day drawn up for immediate pub-
lication in a morning paper:

"Wanted—A young lady stenographer and copyist,
skillful in pleasing appearance and write a plain
hand. Apply personally at Room 3, No. 104 Beck-
man street."

It was understood that we were both to
be at the office promptly at 9 o'clock the
next morning to dispose of the applicants.
It was half-past eight before I got there.
Imagine my amazement on finding a line of
Eve's fair daughters extending for some
distance along the pavement, and up the
staircase. The hallway was crowded with an
eager assemblage waiting for admittance.
It was with great difficulty that I
made my way to the door. When I opened
it poor Gunner rushed toward me through a
buzzing throng of various ages, sizes and
nationalities. His face was flushed, his hair
dishevelled and large drops of perspiration
bedewed his brow.

"In the name of Providence," he said sol-
emnly and with a tinge of bitterness in his
voice, "lock the door. They are coming.
Haven't you noticed that the hall is in pos-
session of a mob?" he asked under his
breath and with a tragic gesture. Scarcely
had he uttered the words when a chorus of
voices, led by that of a tall, muscular
spinster in a well advanced stage of maturity,
shouted: "They are going to look
the door! Let me out! Oh! Murder!
Watch!"

"Ladies," exclaimed Gunner, with as
much presence of mind as he could summon,
"be calm, I beg, or you will ruin us; we
are only trying to avoid confusion."

But his excitement had carried him too
far. Alack the day that brought this
avalanche upon us! For although order
was soon restored, it was impossible to
quiet the fears of the elderly applicant who
had led the chorus. She evidently was one
of the kind who are always on the alert for
a chance to cry "Fire!" or "Murder!" and

a suitable opportunity to faint—a lover of
panics who discovered great possibilities in
the scene. Holding her long forefinger
close to the nose of my partner, she
clawed him not too close to see with her,
and in injured tones demanded that she be
allowed to leave the office immediately.

There was a moment of silence, broken
only by the tittering of the girls, for Gunner
was by this time thoroughly awed, and he dared not utter a syllable. Slowly,
and with her eyes fixed upon the unhappy
young limb of the law, she moved toward
the door. I shall never forget the expression
of disappointment that gathered upon
her face as she stood on the threshold in
the morning light, looking anxiously about
for a means to exit her. She waited a
moment, and then departed sorrowfully.

Proceeding to the work in hand, I ob-
served that every desk was occupied by
young ladies who were writing out the
particulars respecting experience, age, profi-
ciency, etc. My partner had borrowed all
the available chairs on our floor and carried
them for the accommodation of the applic-
ants. But he had found it impossible to
stem the tide until even standing room was
at a premium. With that facility which
most women exhibit when they come in
contact with each other, especially women
of like pursuits, they had already become
well acquainted, and all seemed to be talk-
ing of Miss Frankincense soon forgot her grief over
another task.

As the weeks rolled around I felt my re-
gard for the young lady increase in tender-
ness and depth. After the circumstance
attending her introduction to our office, one
would have supposed that if either of us
was to fall in love with her, Gunner would
have been the man. But it is the unex-
pected that always happens. She applied
herself to the drudgery of office work with
such diligence and good nature that even
on business grounds we would have been
sorry to part with her. But I am bound to
confess that during this period of my life
my conduct was seldom actuated by business
motives.

It was near the end of the first three
months of her service with the firm of Gun-
ner & Waxle that one evening she and I
were detained unusually late at the office.
As she was getting ready to leave I ven-
tured to do what I had resolved on a dozen
times before, and said: "Miss Frankin-
cense, may I have the pleasure of accom-
panying you to dinner?"

"You may," she answered, with a roguish
twinkle in her eye that I thought was very
becoming, "on two conditions, Mis-ter
Waxle."

"Name them," I said, with some trepidation.

"First, that you stop calling me *Miss*
Frankincense; second, that you stay to
tea."

"It is a bargain!" I exclaimed, offering
her my arm. It was just my luck to meet
Gunner before we had proceeded half a
block toward the car. He smiled in a
knowing way as he lifted his hat to us.

I was not surprised meeting him next
morning to be greeted with this declaration:

"At last we are alone," I said, "and if any more young ladies of pleasing
appearance get in here they will have to
break down the door."

It was a wise move, for within five minutes we heard the
rustle of skirts and the tread of maiden feet in
the hall. Presently the door was opened, and though we were sure it was locked we
both trembled lest it might open. The
knob was turned spitefully, then we heard a
rap; but as all was still inside they went
away. From our windows we could see
them cross to the opposite side of the street,
where they stopped and gazed longingly at
the outer wall of our office, as if planning
how to take it by storm.

The door was tried repeatedly, and for
all we knew by clients, within the next
hour; but we dared not open it until we
had considered the applications and were
ready to leave for the day.

"Here is a young lady," I said, holding
one of the petitions, "who, I think, will
suit us. Her handwriting is excellent, and
her references unexceptionable."

"Yes," replied Gunner, "but did you
see that Miss Frankincense with the blue
eyes and golden hair? Her handwriting is
not extraordinary, but it will improve," he
added, handing me the application
bearing the lady's signature, with a
smile. "Her eyes were perfectly beau-
tiful, and I must say that I never saw such a
superb set of teeth."

I reminded him that hair and teeth and
eyes were all well enough, but that we
were the last things to govern the selection
of a copyist.

"On the contrary, I hold that if a girl
were toothless, bald and decorated with a
glass eye, her handwriting and the number
of words she could take in a minute would
be the last things to consider," he replied
emphatically.

"But it isn't business," said I.

"Business has nothing to do with it," he
said, "we're only hiring a copyist."

"Well, do as you please," I replied,
since you have had all the trouble in this
matter."

He hesitated some time between Miss
Frankincense and a charming blonde,
who wore a bottle-green dress, but finally
decided in favor of the former.

Miss Frankincense, in accordance with
Gunner's request, assumed her new duties on
the following day. I was greatly amused
when she entered the office at 10 o'clock in
a high state of decoration. She was as
voluminous and airy as the leading lady in a
society drama. Within ten minutes she
had expressed her opinion of the current
theatrical attractions, and asked me whether
I enjoyed Dickens' novels better than
Charles Reade's. I said, "Yes," but my
mind was in such a condition of bewilder-
ment that I was undecided for some time as
to precisely what I had assented to. I
took advantage of the first pause to say in
an apologetic tone, "Excuse me, Miss
Frankincense, but I am in a hurry for two
copies of this contract and, if you please,
you may commence your term of service on
them."

She took the contract, examined it dubi-
ously for a moment, and said she thought
she could do it. The job was not finished
that day, but I was greatly amused when
she was still in the office at 10 o'clock the
next morning to dispose of the applicants.
It was half-past eight before I got there.

Imagine my amazement on finding a line of
Eve's fair daughters extending for some
distance along the pavement, and up the
staircase. The hallway was crowded with an
eager assemblage waiting for admittance.

It was with great difficulty that I
made my way to the door. When I opened
it poor Gunner rushed toward me through a
buzzing throng of various ages, sizes and
nationalities. His face was flushed, his hair
dishevelled and large drops of perspiration
bedewed his brow.

"These look very neat," I said, "but—
you—ah—must learn to work faster. Miss
Frankincense. You know speed is an im-
portant thing in business transactions."

An awkward pause followed. As she
did not speak or move from her position I
ventured to look into her eyes. They were
moist with tears. She tried to say some-
thing, and failing, she hid her face in her
handkerchief and began to cry.

From that moment I loved her.

But his excitement had carried him too
far. Alack the day that brought this
avalanche upon us! For although order
was soon restored, it was impossible to
quiet the fears of the elderly applicant who
had led the chorus. She evidently was one
of the kind who are always on the alert for
a chance to cry "Fire!" or "Murder!" and

client. I realized to the fullest extent the
awkwardness of the situation, and stared at
them stupidly without saying a word.

"What does this mean?" asked Gunner,
looking in astonishment at the weeping
girl whose emotion oddly enough, con-
tinued in violence at this juncture.

I tried to look calm and innocent, but my
confusion was increased by the consciousness
that I was turning red to the roots of my
hair.

"I—I—" was n-not aware that Miss Frank-
incense's feelings were as easily hurt,
and I would not criticize her work."

The words fell upon my ears as if they
proceeded from the mouth of another person.
I related the circumstances as cor-
rectly as possible. By the time I had
finished, the young lady had quite recovered
herself and was able to join the rest of us
in a hearty laugh. I congratulated myself
that the thing was over with, and Miss
Frankincense soon forgot her grief over
another task.

As the weeks rolled around I felt the
awkwardness of the situation, and stared at
them stupidly without saying a word.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, WALTER L. SAWYER, EDITORS.

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

ADVERTISING. Rates will be given on application. The edition of *Progress* is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a.m. of that day. Advertisers will forward their own interests by sending the copy as much earlier than this as possible.

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

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

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 26.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

NO TIME FOR TRIFLING.

Scarlet fever is still scouring the city.

Some time ago *Progress* raised its voice in protest against the inefficiency of the means taken to prevent the spread of the contagion. It did good. The board of health and the doctors were spurred into greater activity, and soon the word came that the scourge was on the decrease.*Progress* was denounced by some as an alarmist. People said that it did wrong to create a panic where there was really but slight danger. The results, as proved, showed otherwise.

Despite all that has been said and done, scarlet fever is still prevalent. Where the board of health and the doctors have felt free to use stringent measures, it has decreased. There is less of it among the poorer classes.

It has now made its way to the homes of people who are supposed to comply with the quarantine regulations, and are trusted to do so without rigid inspection. That they do not appear evident from the fact that a number of new cases have been reported of late, and death due to the fever has visited the homes of prominent citizens.

There should be no distinction of persons in a matter so vitally important as the prevention of contagion. The medical doctor who suppresses facts, or fears to use his authority in such cases, is guilty of a neglect which amounts to a crime. He should be as imperative in his orders to a rich man as to a poor man. He should report the one as promptly as the other. His duty is a plain one, and that of the board of health is equally clear.

In a city with the sanitary conditions of St. John, there seems no reason why a contagion of this nature should be allowed to continue its death dealing progress for such a length of time. There are more than enough doctors and quite enough skill to combat it with more success than has been achieved so far. Something must be done.

The people, the doctors and the board of health have their several and clear duties to perform. Unless they perform them the disease will linger and become a time epidemic. It is not a matter with which we can afford to trifle.

ONE THING NEEDFUL.

There was a time, and not so very long ago, when, fruitlessly looking for indications of intellectual growth, thoughtful men shook hopeless heads as they inquired of each other, "Why have not we a Canadian literature?"

No one asks that question, now. There is no longer any need.

The outlook is distinctly hopeful. Our poets, novelists, essayists, are doing work that commands the respectful attention of the best thinkers of other lands. Severest critics give us credit for originality of thought, power of expression. They concede a field and the strength to cultivate it. But they fall short of the truth when they say that all conditions are favorable. One thing more is needed to inspire creative genius:

The impulse of Nationality!

PAY—OR WALK.

The esteemed *Telegraph* allows itself to become indignant over the pitiable predicament in which the Intercolonial railway places clergymen who wish to travel for half-fare. They are obliged to sign an agreement releasing the company from all responsibility for accident, and the *Telegraph* holds that this takes "all the piety and generosity out of the transaction."It would have been more to the purpose had the *Telegraph* inquired whether there should be any piety or generosity in the transaction.

A clergyman is neither a railroad employee nor a functionary of the State. Like all the rest of us he performs certain services for which he is supposed to receive adequate remuneration and he is properly held accountable for the payment of his own bills. He has no more right to receive half-fare from a railroad than a school teacher has to blackmail a bookseller out of 20 per cent. of the amount of his purchases. Neither action is honest.

Both the clergyman and the school-teacher are useful members of society, and they should receive fair wages. If their employers fail of their duty in this regard, the

defrauded ones should strike. Public opinion would sustain them in that case. It will not approve their levying upon third parties to make good the deficiency.

We repeat that a clergyman has no right to pose as a mendicant and beg for half-fare tickets. To do so is to insult his congregation, to lower his profession and to degrade his manhood.

Pay for your railway rides, gentlemen, or walk!

YOU OUGHT TO BE.

The New York *Press*, a daily paper that finds it possible to interest 100,000 regular subscribers without turning itself into an American edition of the Newgate calendar, has not done them the least of many good services in calling their attention to the subject of life insurance.With few exceptions, every wealthy man in the United States is a liberal patron of the great insurance companies, and the *Press* had no difficulty in getting scores of the princes of finance to state their good opinion of a policy in a sound concern, considered as an investment.

That is the right point of view from which to regard it. Life insurance as a means of protection is worth paying for, but to think of it as nothing more than a protection is to take a short-sighted observation.

It is every man's duty to provide for the future comfort of those whom he may leave behind him. It should be his pleasure to entrust a portion of his savings to the great corporations which can not only promise him absolute security, but can give him a share in the fabulous profits that are bound to accrue in the handling of millions.

A bank book is a nice thing to have, but a policy of insurance is a still more desirable possession. It earns its cost in the freedom from anxiety that it confers. It pays a good deal more than 4 per cent. in lengthened and strengthened life. It never deceives and seldom disappoints.

Are you insured?

The first prize for originality in advertising is carried off, this week, by the enterprising gentlemen who print their own portraits on the fifth page. We cheerfully yield them the palm. *Progress* believes in new ideas and welcomes them just as cordially to the business department as to the editorial. If our advertisers will give us the best "copy," we will give them the handsomest advertisements in Canada—and the earlier the copy comes in, the handsomer the ads. will be.An alleged newspaper published in Summerside, P. E. I., has been amusing itself, lately, by asserting that Dr. GEORGE STEWART's contribution to the *Narrative and Critical History of America* was plagiarized from FRANCIS PARKMAN'S works. Dr. PARKMAN himself having disposed of the charge in just eight lines, the critical genius of Summerside will now return to the consideration of his staple topics, pigs and potatoes.

We gladly welcome to our columns, this week, a new contributor, Rev. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART, otherwise known to the reading public as "Paster Felix." He is a poet of no mean, a critic of Canadian patriotic purpose, and a critic whose ability needs no better proof than is afforded by the essay that illuminates our second page.

There is quite sufficient reason for the effort that is now making to remove the capital of Maine from Augusta to Portland. The latter city is not unknown to fame. As for Augusta, we find few people who have ever heard of it except as the abode of BLAINE and a particularly bad quality of prohibition rum.

A Maize court has decided that sick benefits due to members from benevolent associations are liable to the trustee process. The decision will be fought, and ought to be. If the law upholds that ruling it is a rascally law, and needs to be repealed right away.

If Chief MARSHALL continues in office and pursues his present system of making appointments, officer WILLIAM BOYLE and other old and deserving members of the police force will wear the sergeant's stripes about the year 3000.

The editor of the *Sun* makes a grave mistake when, in studying the old files of the *Telegraph*, he confines his attention to the editorials. He should reprim the locals also and give his readers some news.We may be allowed to insinuate to Mr. STERLING of the *Sun*, that, if he is very good during the next month, probably St. VALENTINE will bring him a column or so of advertisements for his special edition.The *Gazette* is six months old today. It is a vigorous, healthy infant.—*Sun.*

At first, the infant:

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

—As You Like It, Act II, Scene 7.

The *Moncton Times* and *Transcript* are having a fight on the subject of socialism. The argument is chiefly notable for the dense and absolute ignorance of the subject shown by both contestants.

A correspondent asks for the name of the author of the maxim, "Experience, like the stern-light of a ship, only illuminates the path over which we have passed." Can any reader inform him?

Chairs caned, 242 Union street.

WEIGHTY WORDS
FOR
Canada's Daughters!

The Enormous Regular Sales of Thousands of Boxes of

IDEAL SOAP.
For all Waters. For all Waters.

Is the best proof that the public know and appreciate its MAGICAL CLEANSING PROPERTIES and THOROUGH STERLING VALUE. Being of FULL WEIGHT, it is a boon to RICH and POOR ALIKE.

A lady writes: "I find it saves time and material, as the clothes require less rubbing, no boiling, and wash a much purer color than with ordinary Soap. I recommend it to every housewife."

Every bar weighs 16 oz. Cannot injure the most delicate fabric.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

WM. LOGAN, Sole Manufacturer.



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

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

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

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

THE INTER-PROVINCIAL CIRCUIT.

Entries Should Not be Restricted, Nor Should There be a Free-for-All.

FREDERICTON, Jan. 21.—The communication of "Shamus" in your issue of the 19th inst., is timely and to the point.

The dates of trotting meetings in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick last season did clash, and the result was detrimental to success.

A circuit to include Nova Scotia and New Brunswick tracks would doubtless prove highly successful, if properly managed.

I would not, however, limit the entries to horses owned in the two provinces, but would make the races open to all.

What the management of our several tracks should do is to hang up purse that will draw good horses, and sufficiently large to induce owners to have their horses handled with a fair probability of getting in return something to pay them for the trouble and expense to which they are put.

I am entirely in accord with "Shamus'" idea of making the purses larger, as the large purses draw the horses and the horses draw the crowd, and the crowd pays the gate money—the only return to be depended upon by the track management to meet its expenses.

Any meeting is to be held toward establishing a circuit in the two provinces, it would be well to arrange to have that meeting as early as possible, as a meeting of the New Brunswick circuit committee of last year is to be held in St. Stephen in March next, by arrangement made at the meeting of delegates from the different tracks held in Fredericton last season.

Mr. Todd, the president of the New Brunswick circuit, is empowered to invite the attendance of delegates from any track that he deems advisable. If an Inter-Provincial circuit were established before that time, there would be no necessity of the meeting to arrange for a New Brunswick circuit in 1889.

I am called upon—to call upon myself to speak upon this subject I am at a loss to understand. I assure you when I entered the door I had no expectation of being called upon to address you. (Laughter.)

I am not used to speaking in public, and I would further add, do not comprehend why I should be picked upon for being called upon—to be called upon to make a speech at this time. (Cheers and renewed laughter.) Again thanking you, and being unaccustomed to making a lengthy speech, though I think I have pretty well exhausted the subject, I beg to thank you again for being called upon—to thank you for being called upon at this time to speak before you on this subject. (Loud and long-continued cheering, after which it is unanimously resolved that Bilddad's able effort be printed verbatim in the minutes, and also in pamphlet form for general distribution.)

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Among the Millet.

Through the magazines the name of Mr. Lampman has been for several years before us. To a few friends among Canadian men-of-letters his work has been more thoroughly known in manuscript; and now, when his long-awaited volume^{*} appears, he finds himself with an audience awaiting him—an audience to whom his name is already deeply significant.

To one who is watching with fervent solicitude the awakening of intellectual life in Canada, the past year has been one for profound congratulation. There have been manifestations, unmistakable enough to the heedful observer, of an approaching harvest for these acres which so long we have been tilling almost in vain. The indications here in Canada are, it seems to me, far more favorable than those to the south of us. The note among our rising writers is one of more passion, more purpose, more seriousness and import than that sounded by the younger Americans. It is a note akin rather to that which our neighbors heard when the voices of Bryant and Poe, of Longfellow, Holmes and Emerson captured their ears. With us in Canada, though we may appear to trifl a little with ballades and villanelles and trots, there is a strenuous undercurrent almost always to be detected. The apparent trifling is but the striving after an impeachable technique; the underlying motive is one of deep seriousness and impassioned expectancy.

The verse of Mr. Lampman is strongly individual and distinctive. It is the work, unquestionably, of an original singer, one possessing the essential, but Protean, quality which we indicate by the term *genius*. It is, nevertheless, not difficult to detect certain affinities. It helps us much to an understanding of a poet's subtler utterances if we find out the masters who have moulded him. It seems to me that Keats, that shaper of poets, has taught Mr. Lampman much; that Emerson, the consummate flower of the genius of New England, has effectively marked his thought; and that the matchless rhythms of Mr. Swinburne have at times ensnared his feet. Surely this is a promising choice of masters. It shows a right appreciation of values. Each one of these masters supplies some splendid excellence which the others partly lack. Hence the admirable completeness which we find in Mr. Lampman's work is the less surprising to us. There are, for a volume of first fruits, comparatively few defects, and these unimportant. There is now and again a touch too much of what I may call, for lack of better phrase, *naivete*. Two or three of these poems do not quite escape the charge of diffuseness, or at least of over-elaboration. There are one or two places in which I cannot but feel that a keener sense of humor might have led Mr. Lampman to express himself differently, as where he says:

On a sudden seven ducks
With a splashy rustle rise,
Stretching out their seven necks
One before and two behind,
And the others all arow.

This may show its ludicrous side to no one but myself; but surely few will disagree with me when I take exception to the phrase "goatish smell," which defaces the otherwise fine sonnet on "The Poets." There is no other slip so serious in the volume.

Mr. Lampman's work is such as the lover of nature will revel in. His every description is transfigured with human feeling and flooded with

The light that never was on sea or land,
yet minute in its fidelity and accurate in its interpretations. Mr. Lampman seems to drench himself in his landscapes, so that the very essence of them is reproduced in his verse. He has also a fervent humanity, pathos, a rich creative imagination, the romance flavor, and the true singing-voice. He can invent, moreover, strange and delightful rhythms, such as those in "One Day," from which I take the following extract:

The trees rustle; the wind blows
Merrily out of the town;
The shadows creep, the sun goes
Steadily over and down.
In a brown gloom the mounds gleam;
Slender the sweet wife stands;
Her lips are red, her eyes dream;
Kisses are warm on her hands;

A strange and weird piece of fantasy is "The Weaver"—a poem which I cannot praise fitly without appearing extravagant:

THE WEAVER.
All day, all day, round the clacking net
The weaver's fingers fly:
Grey dreams like frozen mists are set
In the lurch of the weaver's eye;
A voice from the duck is calling yet,
"Oh, come away, or we die!"

Without a horror of hosts that fight,
That rest not and cease not to kill,
The thunder of feet and the cry of flight,
A slaughter weird and shrill;
Grey dreams are set in the weaver's sight,
The weaver is weaving still.

"Come away, dear soul, come away, or we die;
Heart's thou the moon and the rush! Come away;
The people are slain at the gates, and they fly;
The kind God hath left them this day;
The battle-axe cleaves, and the foemen cry,
And the red swords swing and slay."

And the weaver wove, and the good wife died,
And the city was made a tomb;
And a flame that shook from the rocks overhead
Shone into that silent room,
And touched like a wide red kiss on the dead
Brown weaver slain at his loom.

^{*}Among the Millet. By Archibald Lampman
Ottawa: J. Durie & Son.

For masterly rendering of elusive effects I will quote, being debared from the longer poems—the strong and simple quatrain called

MIDNIGHT.

From where I sit, I see the stars,
And down the chilly floor
The moon between the frozen bars
Is glimmering dim and hoar.

Without in many a peaked mound
The glittering moonbeams lie;
There is no voice or living sound;
The embers slowly die.

Yec some wild thing is in mine ear;
I hold my breath and hark;
Out of the depth I seem to hear
A crying in the dark:

No sound of man or wife or child,
No sound of beast that groans,
Or of the wind that whistles wild,
Or of the tree that moans:

I know not what it is I hear;
I bend my head and hark;
I cannot drive it from mine ear,
That crying in the dark.

At the recital that will be given, at an early date, in St. Stephen's church, the Oratorio society will probably assist Mr. Morley by giving Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer," which will be a great treat, this beautiful work being certainly one of the gems of oratorio music.

* * *

The City Cornet band's concert drew a very full house; in fact, the tickets were sold for every seat in the lower portion of the house. The selection the band played best was the one from the *Bohemian Girl*, and when the members get a little more used to their new instruments they will undoubtedly keep up their position as the leading band of the city. The instruments certainly seem a very fine set, and are well worth the money paid for them. Naturally, the band, as a whole, will sound best in the open air, there being a large majority of brass over reed instruments. Of the vocal portion of the programme, the successes of the evening were made by Mrs. Perley, who was in capital voice, and gained a hearty encore for her singing of the "Irish Emigrant," and responded with the "Pride of Kildare"; Miss Quinton, who sang "Surely," so much to the taste of her auditors, that she had to respond with a second song, which she gave with much archness; Mr. A. T. Moore—who has a voice with the true tenor ring in it, but which lacks training—who was recalled for his singing of "Marguerite"; and Mr. H. G. Mills, who has apparently given up ballad singing for comic songs. He is equally good in both, to my mind, and certainly it is a great relief to one to have a good comic song of the unobjectionable kind introduced into such a programme as the one at this concert. Clearly his auditors were delighted, as they were not content with his giving "I took it," as an encore to "Ballyhoo," but insisted on his appearing again, when he told how the Frenchman taught French at "Killaloo." Of the rest of the performers it is only necessary to say that their efforts met with more or less appreciation from the listeners.

* * *

NOT TO BE CONQUERED BY THESE HEADING DAYS.

But to stand free; to keep the mind as broad
On life's deep running, nature's altitude;

Of evenness and time's mysterious ways;

At every thought and deed to clear the haze

Out of our eyes, considering only this.

What man, what life, what love, what beauty is,

This is to live, and win the final prize.

OULOOK.

Not to be conquered by these heading days,

But to stand free; to keep the mind as broad

On life's deep running, nature's altitude;

Of evenness and time's mysterious ways;

At every thought and deed to clear the haze

Out of our eyes, considering only this.

What man, what life, what love, what beauty is,

This is to live, and win the final prize.

THE TRUTH:

Friend, though thy soul should burn thee, yet be still.

Thoughts were not meant for strife, nor tongues for swords.

He that sees clear is gentlest of his words,

And that's not truth that hath the heart to kill.

The whole world's thought shall not true fulfil.

Dull in our age, and passionate in youth,

No mind of man hath found the perfect truth,

Nor shalt thou find it; therefore, friend, be still.

Watch and be still, nor hearken to the fool,

The babbler of consistency and rule:

Wisest is he who, never quite secure,

Changes his thought for better day by day:

Tomorrow some new light will shine, be sure,

And thou shalt see thy thought another way.

THE PUPIL:

Friend, though thy soul should burn thee, yet be still.

Thoughts were not meant for strife, nor tongues for swords.

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ding in rear, for the accommodation of my
ED.
ET AND FURNISHING WAREHOUSE

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FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION.
Also, A First Class Livery Stable.
Coaches at trains and boats.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,
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MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.
TERMS - \$1.00 PER DAY.
Ten Bed and Breakfast, 75 Cents.
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Best \$1 House in the Maritime Provinces.
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HANDY REFERENCE ATLAS
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In the present work, the special aim has been to provide the public with an Atlas which will be of great service in practically connecting and uniting all the information in time in a convenient and handy form, that it may be put on a writing-table or desk for ready consultation.

For sale by J. & A. McMillan,
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At the Washerwoman's

ANNUAL CONVENTION lately held in St. John, it was moved, seconded and unanimously carried that they buy from and get all their Wringers repaired at

BEVERLY'S

on Germain street. The man who sells on the instalment plan.

MISS B. E. BOWMAN,
of Boston.

Teacher in Oils, Water Colors on every
kind of Material.

ALSO—CHINA, LUSTRE and PLASTIC WORK.

Address: 4 WELLINGTON ROW, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Go to "The National," No. 52 Charlotte
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ALL SORTS OF STORIES.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY, FROM LIVELY
TO SEVERE.

Some of Them Are Probable, Others Sound
as Though Munchausen Wrote Them, but
All Are Worth Reading and Most Have a
Moral.

A Boston cigar drummer, whose resi-
dent in The Town, tells story on him-
self with glee. He was in Hartford, Conn.,
one evening, and was longing about the
hotel in desolate loneliness for an hour
or two he asked the clerk if there was any-
thing going on in town. The clerk sug-
gested taking in a masquerade ball
was in progress. The drummer thought
the idea was a good one, but he hadn't any
costume. The clerk suggested that he
should borrow the colored porter's overalls
and jumper, black his face and hands and go.
The suggestion was promptly acted upon,
and for an hour the bogus colored
man talked African-English and had a high
old time among the masked belles. Finally
the signal to unmask was given, and when the masks came off a great wave of
darkness swept over the hall. Every
blessed man, woman and child in the place
was a full-blooded negro!

The drummer cast one panic-stricken
look at the crowd and then made for the
door. When he reached the hotel he re-
sumed his old-time personality and set up
the wine.

Jacob Schneider applied to Judge White
of Chicago, the other day, for a warrant
for the arrest of Barber Mike Ryan, who,
when Schneider offered him five cents for a
hair cut, placed him in a chair and with his
scissors cut a channel from the back to the
front of the head without touching the rest
of the hair. The court gave Schneider two
cents to have the cut completed, and re-
fused to issue the warrant.

Carsman Wallace Ross tells two on the
famous ex-light-weight champion, Arthur
Chambers. Chambers was a tough cus-
tomer when he first landed in America, some
20 years ago. His first move was to get
shaved. He had been in the habit at
home of being scraped and then going to a
basin to wash his face. When the Boston
barber who gave Arthur his first New
York shave threw a towel over his face
after carefully taking off the growth of stiff
beard, the little Englishman made a spring
for the handkerchief-covered bundle which
contained all his earthly possessions, and
which lay on a neighboring chair. "Oh,
no," he cried, "you don't me that easy." He
thought that throwing the towel over his
face was a trick to rob him.

Just after a benefit which Chambers took
soon afterward he strolled into Jim Mace's
saloon on West Twenty-third street. Call-
ing for drinks for everybody present, he
threw down a half-sovereign, not knowing
that bar refreshments in America cost more
at home. Not receiving change, he
followed Mace around for some little time,
then said, "I say, Jim, I gave you 'all a
quid." "Never mind," replied the middle
weight conqueror of the world, "that's near
enough." Two friends had to help Cham-
bers out of the place.

Senator Reagan, the massive Senator
from Texas, is regarded by his associates
as a "hoodoo," says the Baltimore Ameri-
can. He has a remarkable habit of wander-
ing around the floor in a ponderous, unde-
cided sort of way, and then invariably
sitting down in any man's chair save his
own. And the strangest part of it is that
ill luck invariably lights on the man whose
chair Reagan selects, so that the Senators
are in constant terror lest, during their
absence, he should pick out their seat. He
is called the Jonah of the Senate.

Thus, while Senator Eustis was making
his long fight for reelection, Senator Rea-
gan was constantly in his chair. Eustis
was defeated. Senator Saulsbury found he
had to go down to Delaware. Reagan ap-
propriated his seat. Saulsbury was defeated.

Just before the last election Senator Voor-
hees was called out to help the battle in
Indiana. Senator Gorman was absent,
too, for a time. Mr. Reagan divided his
attention between the seats of the two great
Democrats, for their seats adjoin. Every-
one knows who happened in Indiana and
Maryland. About a week ago Senator
Reagan doffed his hat to Tennessee, where
he has a big fight on hand for reelection.

Just before he left he laid down the law to
Reagan. "Now, look here, Reagan," he
said, "I've got a big fight on hand but I
stand a good chance for reelection. For
God's sake don't hoodoo me. Keep out of
my chair." Senator Matt Ransom, the
handsome member from Tar Heel, is
wrestling with the North Carolina Legis-
lature just now. A day or two ago he
wrote to one of his friends: "Everything
looks very bright, but for heaven's sake
keep Reagan away from my chair."

Senator Reagan felt a little hurt yester-
day when he came to the Senate and found
that Mr. Ransom's chair had been taken
out of the Senate chamber.

If ever a person could lay claim to having
been born under an unlucky planet, certainly
Alexander Love, a French-Canadian,
was that one. Love, with his wife and two
small children, came to Manchester,
N. H., last spring from Canada. Soon
after arriving there he was taken sick, and for
a long time lay at death's door. He had
hardly recovered when his wife met with
an accident that left her a cripple for life.
Then Love was thrown out of employment.
He moved to Alexandria, where he
built a cabin in the woods. He had got
out a few cords of wood, when his axe
slipped and nearly cut his foot off. He
was laid up for two months. After getting
out again he had cut some five cords when
he was caught by a falling tree and killed,
not instantly—that was not his luck—but
he was so severely injured that he died in a
few hours, after suffering terribly. His
crippled wife and children were in the cabin
near by, but a mile from any other building,
and were compelled to witness, without
power to alleviate, the death struggles of the
unfortunate husband and father. The
next morning, with crutches and pushing a
child in a chair, the wife of Love went near-
ly three miles before she could make her
self understood and secure help, to care for
her dead husband. Charitable neighbors
contributed enough money to send the
family back to their Canadian friends.

There are one or two words which set
the people laughing as soon as they are
mentioned. For some reason or other the
great North American public has made up
their mind that there is nothing more ex-
quisitely funny than an allusion to
"whiskers."

A long while ago Pat Rooney used to
tell a story in his imitable dialect about
the manner in which he had been used by
mankind.

"Ol'ma law-abidin' man," he would say

SLANG IN NEW YORK.

Notable Specimens Heard Here and There
About the Town.

Slang has reached its highest develop-
ment in New York. Without if the gossip
of the town would be barren, arid, lethargic
and inert.

It lends an airy grace to the most prosaic
and commonplace events.

"A collar, duchess," remarked a Sixth
avenue swell to the lady who stood behind
the counter of a small shop where I had
sought shelter from a sudden shower.

"Paper or tin?" asked the duchess, with
a gleam of sudden admiration in her downy
brown eyes.

"Tut-tut," said the swell reprovingly, as
he admired his cheap finery in a convenient

savagely, "an' Ol' have a schwate timper,
but when Ol' lyin' down under a tree in
the Park takin' a nap, an' a man comes
along an' wipes his feet on me whiskers,
begob! Ol' draw the line."

This reference to whiskers started the
ball. Any variety man who speaks the
language of "whiskers" is sure of a roar. One of
the funniest things I ever heard is a
song of Evans, the comedian of the "Fowler
Match," detailing the woes of a poor woman
who went forth into the world to seek her
husband. Evans had a magnificent baritone
voice, and he sang this particular song
with a depth of feeling I never witnessed
that would have been deeply moving except for
the words. I heard it last night.

"Had not been for the lack of time I would
have been able to give the verse here. It detailed

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Cash Assets, - - Over Sixteen Million Dollars.

R. W. W. FRINK, St. John,
General Agent for New Brunswick.

STOVES.

COLES & PARSONS.

We have just received another
shipment of our famous
Self-Feeding Stoves,

"Art Countess,"
which for beauty and heating
qualities cannot be excelled.

Persons wanting a first-class
Stove would do well to call
and examine our Stock before
purchasing elsewhere.

COLES & PARSONS, - - 90 Charlotte Street.

"Cleanliness Is Next To Godliness."

The American Steam Laundry,
LOCATED AT
Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street,
HAS THE

Latest Improved Machinery, the Most Competent Help, the Most
Efficient Supervision, and, therefore, Everybody says,

DOES THE BEST WORK.

Fredericton Agency: C. L. RICHARDS, Queen Street.

GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

GODSOE BROS. - - Proprietors.

Encourage Home Manufacture.

MARITIME VARNISH AND WHITE LEAD WORKS.

JAMES ROBERTSON,
Manufacturer of all kinds of VARNISHES and JAPANS, WHITE LEAD, COLORED
and LIQUID PAINTS and PUTTY.

FACTORY—CORNER OF CHARLOTTE AND SHEFFIELD STREETS.
Office and Warehouse: ROBERTSON'S New Building, Corner Union and Mill Streets.

St. John, N. B.

WILLIAM GREIG, Manager.

MOORE'S

Almond and Cucumber Cream,

FOR

SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.

It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips.
It cools the skin when hot, dry and painful
from exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise.
It removes Pimples, Skin Eruptions and
Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and
bright.

An excellent application after shaving.

PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sample bottles free on application.

Prepared by G. A. MOORE,

DRUGGIST,

109 Brussels St. cor. Richmond.

Oysters. Oysters.

IN STORE—

65 bbls. Hand-Picked P. E. I. Oysters;

10 kegs Pickled Pigs' Feet;

11 Spiced Lambs' Tongues.

FOR SALE LOW AT

J. ALLAN TURNER'S,

No. 3 North side King square.

Oysters delivered on the half shell.

Orders for hotels and families promptly attended
to and shipped to order.

JAMES S. MAY. W. ROBERT MAY.

JAMES S. MAY & SON,

Merchant Tailors,

84 Prince William Street,

P. O. Box 303. ST. JOHN, N. B.

Stock always complete in the latest designs
suitable for first-class trade.

Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount
for cash.

DAVID CONNELL,

Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St.

Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

THE LATEST

SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO

The New York Labor News Co.,

25 East Fourth Street,

New York City.

I wish I'd Millais' art to trace you as you're sitting
there, With your bright summer-tinted face and golden
brown hair.

To catch the sweet simplicity and gallant confidence
That mingle in your frank blue eye, and anger innocent-

ence.

Innocence need not be uncouth, and Nature's not
ill dressed.

All fer th' small an' griddy sum of one

dime or ten cents, includin' a troop of Wild Eyed Children of Cork

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

possible, and most of the time was afterwards spent in toasts and other recreations. On the whole everybody had a delightful time, excepting probably the driver of the team which conveyed the party to the club house. The Goodwoods thoroughly enjoyed their meeting and managed to get home without a great deal of trouble, although most of the next day was spent in reflection.

Mr. Rupert Greenwood, who is spending a season in Halifax, was a guest at the Goodwood reunion.

The theatricals and dance at General Sir John Ross' take place tonight—too late for notice in this letter. WELBY.

FREDERICTON.

"Progress" is for sale in Fredericton at the bookstores of W. T. H. Feney and James H. Hawthorne.

JANUARY 23.—Capt. Powys sails for England by the "Sarmatian," Saturday, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Florence, who will spend some time at school there, and the captain expects to return in April, with Miss Ethel Powys, who is now in England. Their many friends wish them a safe and pleasant voyage.

Mr. George Blair, eldest son of Attorney-General Blair, has a large driving party this evening, the objective point being the residence of Mrs. Alex. Thompson, on the Naswaksis, where they will have dancing and supper. The evening is very fine, and, thanks to the snow-storm of Monday, the sleighing is again all that can be desired.

Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery give a large party tomorrow evening, at the rectory, Kingsdear, for Miss Marion Scarnell, sister of Mrs. Montgomery. A large number of guests will drive up in the four-horse sleigh, "Colossus."

Mrs. Edward Miller has an "at home" tomorrow afternoon, between the hours of 4 and 6.

A quiet wedding will take place tomorrow morning, at 11 o'clock, at the residence of Mr. John Atherton, when her daughter, Miss Emma Atherton, will be married to Mr. George Roach, of Sussex, Rev. Mr. Cawley officiating. After the ceremony a lunch will be served, and then the happy couple will take the train for St. John, en route to their home in Sussex. The bride has received very many handsome and useful presents.

The invitations are out for Miss Temple's wedding, which will take place Wednesday morning, at 11 o'clock in the cathedral. This will be a full dress wedding and after the ceremony a lunch will be served at her father's, Mr. Thomas Temple, M. P., residence, after which the bride and groom will take the St. John train en route to Montreal, where they hope to be in time for the carnival.

Mrs. John Edwards of the Queen hotel, had quite a large driving party this afternoon.

Miss Kate Beck is here from Bangor, Me., visiting her father, Auditor-General Beck.

Mr. Sewell, Capt. Young and a few other gentlemen will leave this city on Saturday

SHOULD THIS MEET THE EYE
of the polite little lady who thanked us for waiting on her, and went home and told her neighbor to go right down and see for herself what our wonderful bargains are, she will learn something greatly to her advantage when she calls again.

All of you have heard of WARD MC-ALLISTER's only 400.

We also have an only 400 in our store known as the march-out 400.

These are "picked" with just as much care and discrimination as even Mr. Mc-ALLISTER exercised in making up his select—and they are just as select.

They include—

- The Newcomers;
- " Alwaysgoods;
- " Cantstays;
- " Seasonables;
- " Staples;
- " Fancygoods;
- " Mustgos;
- " Goodvalues;
- " Hardtobates;
- " Sensibles;
- " Serviceables;
- " Alliwoods;
- " Dyedimthearyans;
- " Yardwides;
- " Fastcolors;
- " Neverwearouts;
- " Fashionables;
- " Correctcolors;
- " Heavyweights, etc., etc., etc.

These are the families that go to make up our famous 400. The distinct members of each will appear in the daily press in a sort of a "subscribers please add to your list" manner, by which we mean that you are to note that these are the goods in the march out 400—going for—not 60c. on the dollar, nor yet 52c.—but 50c.

Secure some as they pass from

HUNTER, HAMILTON,

& MCKAY.

2000 S. TUES. TRADING

to go caribou hunting. Col. Mannal and some other gentlemen were out last week, but were unsuccessful as far as caribou were concerned.

Miss Ethel Mollison, who has been here for the last week, the guest of Mrs. Thos. Tibbits, left for her home in St. John, yesterday.

Miss Fanny Rainsford, who has been visiting Mrs. Robert Rainsford, will spend the rest of the winter as the guest of Mrs. Freeman Berrey.

Miss Elizabeth Rainsford, of Kingsdear, is visiting Mrs. Wm. Phair.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eastey, who came from Boston to attend the funeral of their brother, Mr. Wm. Eastey, will return to their home Saturday. They will be accompanied by Miss Anna Moore, who will spend a few weeks in Boston with her friend, Miss Kindall. Mr. and Mrs. Eastey were the guests of Mr. Henry Eastey.

Mr. Wm. Black is here from the North Shore. He is the guest of his brother, Mr. John Black, at "The Chimes."

Mr. Wm. Murray of St. John, was in Fredericton today.

The members of Mrs. Jack's skating club had a very enjoyable time at her residence last Friday evening, after the rink closed. It was nearly 9 o'clock in the morning when the tired but happy party went their way homeward. The club will meet next Friday evening with Miss Mary Campbell.

Mr. Montgomery Campbell is here from Sussex visiting his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hart of Maryville celebrated their wooden wedding, Friday evening, at the residence of Mr. James Gibson.

They received gifts of every conceivable form.

Mr. and Mrs. Hart had hearty congratulations of a large company of friends, including a number from the Montreal or Ottawa.

I am sorry to say that Mrs. E. M. Estey has been very slow in recovering from her late severe illness. She has not gained strength as rapidly as her friends could wish, and we are all anxious to have her among us again, her own bright self.

And now I wish to enter a protest against Boston. Why is it that when any of our young ladies go there for a visit we have such an anxious time getting them back again? The denizens of that "enriched and highly intellectual" city kept Miss Harris in their grasp for over two months, and now they have burst us of Miss Cooke. Of course one could not blame them for being anxious for annexation, in two such very attractive cases, it would only be natural, but then we are distinctly opposed to such a measure and we intend to hear of it.

Mr. Thomas W. Bliss, who died on the 17th inst. at Richibucto, was the eldest brother of Mrs. G. G. Roberts of this city.

The Scotch concert to be given in the Old Kirk, Friday evening, is expected to be something very nice.

Mrs. F. B. Winslow returned home from Woodstock Monday evening, or rather Tuesday morning at 1 o'clock as the train was delayed by the heavy snow storm. Her mother is still very ill.

STELLA.

MONCTON.

"Progress" is for sale in Moncton, at the bookstores of W. H. Murray and W. W. Black, Main street.

JANUARY 23.—"After a storm comes a calm," and I suppose gaiety, like everything else, travels in waves. Therefore we are having a quiet wave just at present, in social circles, and I have only one party to tell about this week—the one given last Friday by Mrs. Elliott, and which was in every way a success. Every one who knows Mrs. Elliott knows also what a delightful hostess she would make, and with perfect music and the most springy of floors, what more could be desired for an ideal dance?

There were such a large number of guests present that it is impossible to describe all, or indeed many, of the ladies' dresses, and where all looked so lovely, it is hard to discriminate, but a few I must mention.

Mrs. P. S. Archibald wore a most elegant costume of velvet, of a shade I find it impossible to describe accurately. It was not mauve, and it was not grey, but something between, with front of cream color set in. The trimming was of the fashionable heavy cord, in a slightly darker shade, and the skirt was made with a court train. I know I have failed miserably to do it justice, but it was a truly regal dress.

Mrs. Stavert wore pale blue India muslin, which suited her fragile beauty to perfection.

Mrs. David Dickson wore black silk and lace, with white flowers.

Miss Harris wore poppy red cashmere, cut decollete, and with short sleeves, and she was unanimously voted the belle.

There were many other charming dresses, but were I to try to describe them all I should make my letter too long. Dancing was kept up with great spirit until after 3 o'clock, when the company separated.

Miss Raymond, of Hampton, has been in town for the last week, visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. McC. Snow.

Mrs. C. J. Butcher and Mrs. W. E. Stavert spent two or three days in St. John, last week.

Mrs. Stanley Chandler, of Boston, was in town last Friday. Mr. Chandler was returning to Boston, after spending the remainder of the winter in their home in Southern Florida.

F. R. BUTCHER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL GLASS.

Window Shades, Picture Moldings, Feather Dusters, Etc.
No. 56 King Street, Saint John, N. B.

TO-DAY

WE ARE OFFERING

FANCY CHECKED and STRIPED

Dress Goods,

—AT—

20 CENTS PER YARD.

Former Prices: 30c., 33c. and 40c.

DOWLING BROS.,

49 Charlotte Street.

Commercial Buildings,

KING STREET, No. 9.

J. W. MONTGOMERY

WILL OFFER THIS WEEK

500 M. attached, open fronts, fine linen

for 70c. per yard, net price \$1.25.

100 yards of SILK FACE VELVETS in Seal

Brown, Mid Brown and Golden, Myrtle and Olive

Greens, Garnet, Ruby and Cardinal, Prune, Navy

and Black, new goods, all selling at half the usual

price.

BLACK FUR TRIMMING, all widths, from

25c. to \$1.00 a yard. MUFFLES to match at 95c.

A superior lot of fine BLACK and COLORED

CASHMERE, at 35cts. good value at 50c.

TABLE LINEN, all widths and qualities, in

white unbleached and Turkey Red.

LAWN, COTTON and FLANNEL, wide width,

at 25c. a yard, worth 40c.

A new lot of ULSTER CLOTH just opened.

Prices right.

J. W. M.

closed since New Years, will reopen this

evening.

Mr. J. B. Snowball left home Friday

to take passage from Halifax to England.

Mrs. John Maltby of Winnipeg is visiting

her friends in Newcastle.

Mr. John Barry of your city was in town

last Friday.

Mr. A. Bartlett of Charlottetown P. E. I. was in town for several days last week.

The skating on the river has been just as I heard a young lady express it "simply magnificent" and quite a number of the young people have embraced the opportunity of visiting their friends in Newcastle.

There was a very pleasant card party at Mr. Win. Muirhead's, Friday evening.

Master Fred Blair, who has been receiving

instructions from Prof. Morley of your city, returned home Wednesday evening.

Invitations are out for a large party to be given by Mr. and Mrs. E. Lee Street at the Waverly hotel Newcastle, this evening.

ROMEO.

WOODSTOCK.

"Progress" is for sale in Woodstock at

Ewart's bookstore.

JANUARY 23.—Yesterday's snow put an

end to the skating on the river, which has

been so heartily participated in by the

young people for the last week, but it gives

us excellent sleighing.

Miss Boyd, daughter of Dr. Boyd, of

Moncton, is the guest of Mrs. James Boyd.

Miss Josie Carey, of Presque Isle, is in

town this week.

A party of sixteen gentlemen go to

Houlton this evening to hear the Wizard

Oil company.

Mr. Green, of Toronto, is in town this

week.

Dr. C. P. Connell, though much better,

still continues very weak and unable to

leave his room.

Miss Henderson is gradually recovering

from an illness of two months.

SACKVILLE.

"Progress" is for sale in Sackville at

Charles Moore's bookstore.

JANUARY 23.—Mr. Frank Black, son of

Mr. J. L. Black, M. P. P., has gone to

Fredericton to take a three month course

at the military school.

Miss Phoebe Chandler, of Dorchester, is

visiting her friend, Mrs. Amos Atkinson.

A large number of the friends of Rev.

Mr. Hall tendered him a donation, last

Friday evening, at the parsonage. An en-

joyable evening was spent, and about \$180

was presented to Mr. Hall.

Mr. Chas. E. Knapp, of Dorchester, was

in town today, en route to Cape Tormentine

on business.

DIXIE.

SHEDiac.

JANUARY 21.—Last week was quite an