

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

which are specially written and beautifully illustrated for PROGRESS, and which will show the very latest whims in dress, there will be something of a more elastic and entertaining vein, also attractively illustrated, which will show the by side of life. Local contributions by right people, will make this department unusually complete.

Lumorous,

A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." The fact that this chestnut does not detract anything from its truth. The best anecdotes, the brightest sayings, laughable sketches, original and selected cartoons on every page of life will add every week to the variety and spice of the paper. This department will permit no "blues." It will be as funny as pen, scissors and engravings can make it.

Musical, Theatrical, Literary,

These columns have already been interesting and ably conducted in PROGRESS. Each of them is in hands well competent to do honest, impartial work. The writers have no instructions except to give their best opinion of what they hear, and read. They are not advertisers of the "counting room"—advertisement no advertisement their opinions are affected. They give them for what they are worth. That they are appreciated is shown by the popularity of the departments.

ction,

One of the most popular features of a paper with many of its readers is a good story—either a long complete one—in a short novel—or an interesting serial. PROGRESS will have one or both of these features. They will be written by the most part, by authors who have a popular flavor by good work. Some stories by FITZGERALD MOLLOY, ARMES SYLVA and "THE DUCHESSE" have been engaged exclusively for publication in PROGRESS in Canada. They come high, but we must have them.

Opinions,

Every effort will be put forth to make the editorial page of PROGRESS as timely and strong as possible. The ablest writers in the province have been engaged to contribute to this department from time to time. Party politics will have no place in it, though the right to report, oppose or criticize any political act of importance is, of course, retained. PROGRESS proposes to get, on its part, the best opinion on every local, general, and in which the people are interested. This will mean that we believe it will pay.

Prize Dollar Contests.

By Boy and Girl who is going to day school or to Sunday-school or in fact person, young or old, who is interested in the study of history or in the Bible and two interesting Prize Questions. Prizes in each of these contests, the full names and conditions of which will be published in the first Sixteen Page. It is enough to say here that the person who sends in the first correct answer will receive a bright new dollar bill for his or her trouble. These prizes will be awarded every week. There are given with two ideas—first, to give even children a keen interest in paper and second that the search for an answer will result in practical knowledge to many readers.

Specials,

As its start, PROGRESS has tried to obtain the best special contributors that it had. It has not been able to flatter inducements in every way, but it has done the best it could. In no count more special contributors all the city papers. The bright of "Geoffrey, Cuthbert Strange," "Astra," "Jimmy Smith," "Astra," "My Mulcahey," Mrs. J. E. U. "Pastor Felix," "Casey Tap," and many others, whose *nom de plumes* familiar to PROGRESS readers, have been much to the interest of the paper. Their work has been supplemented by others, who will speak for itself.

General,

By features and departments have been omitted in the foregoing incommensurate that, after a hasty reading before it goes to the printer, it to convey but a faint idea of what argued paper will really consist of. It is omitted that it will be used to attempt to include the forgotten paragraph. They will all be in the paper, for which we ask an impartial trial. If results can be had we have satisfied the people with at page one dollar paper. We content to allow results to speak 16 page two dollar paper.

EDWARD S. CARTER,
Editor and Publisher.

TALK OF THE SESSION.

RUMORS OF MUTINY BUT PREMIER BLAIR STILL ON DECK.

A Cheerful Set of Fall-hearers at a Funeral that Hans Fire-Lemuel Takes a Hand in and Pays His Compliments to the Solum of the Opposition.

FREDERICTON, March 17.—Premier Blair is still pacing the quarter deck of the ship of state and, up to the present, appears to have no apprehension of a mutiny in his crew. That there was a mutiny afoot before the session opened among the opposition stalwarts, to reconstruct their following on conservative lines, is undoubted. It was felt that if the conservative members in the house could only be combined under the Hanington banner, success was certain. But the scheme seems to have had its origin in the intoxication of the recent federal victory in this province rather than from any well-founded prospect. The wish was father to the thought, and the child died young. The loose fish swam shy of the hook. The majority of the government, but for the vacancy in Kent, would be the same as it was last winter.

That eminent medical trio, Drs. Alward, Stockton and Atkinson, and the worthy young trapeze artist, McKeown, having swallowed the conservative pill, the opposition, excepting Mr. Porter, is entirely conservative. It will probably face the electors three years hence upon that basis. Whether the machine can be made to work successfully in the province at large remains to be seen.

The jocund Lemuel is beginning to take a hand in. He will not be mistaken by strangers for the chaplain of the house hereafter, one would think. During last session, whether it was owing to the novelty of his surroundings or to the exhaustion consequent upon running two elections in one month, Lemuel was pensive and peaceful. But Mr. Tweedie is a caustic "cuss," and when he controls his temper, an effective debater. His allusion to the Sage Augustus during the debate on the address seemed to cover the ground:

"And where was Dr. Stockton last winter? He was known all over the country as an opponent of the dominion government, and was going to and fro in the earth with his oil can and lemon squeezer. He (Stockton) was so profound a man that he was surprised that so much wisdom could be found in one individual. Had the hon. member lived in the days of Job the latter would never have been found inquiring: 'Where can wisdom be found and where is understanding?' He would have telephoned for the 'Aristotle of the opposition at once!'"

The six pall-bearers summoned by Undertaker Blair to attend the obsequies of that long-lived female, the Legislative Council, are a cheerful set of mourners. Brother Bellamy is grave enough, to be sure, but brother Fellows is placidly cheerful, brother McManus is in the best of humor, brother Ritchie has lost no flesh as yet, brother Baird is frisky, and brother Emmerson wears the festive air of a man who was going to a picnic. Are we really going to be cheated out of the funeral after all? They say we are not. They say the old lady will have to pass in her checks this time. But they also say who ought to know that she will repose in state for awhile, and that the actual interment will not come off till about the date of the next general election.

A canopy of oriental gaudiness now makes doubly sacred the spot hitherto enshrined by the presence of Speaker White. There is a strong family likeness between the lion and the unicorn. The resemblance of the unicorn to Harry Wilkes is quite striking to people who have never seen a horse. As for the lion, his expression, if I am a judge, is a trifle gleeful and frivolous for such a serious beast. "Looks as if he had just drawn a flush," was the verdict of the wicked Lemuel when he saw it.

The protest factory on Negro Hill, below the city, which has been shut down since October last, resumed operations this week and is now running on full time. Mr. Gregory is a leading stockholder and he is prepared to maintain that the foreman of the concern, Squire William McKay, is a jewel. The latest product of the factory is a protest which Squire McKay placed on the desk of the clerk of the legislative council on Monday last against the appointment of Mr. Fellows on the ground of his being a non-resident.

The 42nd member has not been conspicuous this session. The corridors echo forth no more his panthony tread. His favorite pastime of coming down to see the government voted out has been given, seemingly, a needed rest.

Whatever toned the assembly has lost through the abolition of government house is amply supplied by Mr. Fellows it is thought. His quarters at the Queen and his turn-out these sunny afternoons are of the finest. We seem to get a whiff of Pica-dilly now and then.

What a fine field the house affords for Dr. Stockton to promote his anti-tobacco mission? Of the 41 members of the house there are just eleven who do not smoke: in the council the weed is eschewed (now don't make it "chewed," Mr. Comp.) by 4 out of the 17. Of all the various officers connected

with the house and the public department, there are exactly seven non-fumigants. Is it not appalling?

The session, after a breezy opening, has relapsed into a notable degree of quietude. Today, however, Hon. Mr. Mitchell is delivering his budget speech, and no doubt a lengthy debate will follow. The operations of the government for the year show a slight deficit. The receipts, especially from territorial revenue, show an increase over the estimates, but so do the expenditures, of which the chief items of excess come under the heads of education and elections.

Some rather important legislation is being promoted by the government. One bill is the act relating to mines and minerals. It will enlarge the scope of the existing law very materially. It will authorize the government to grant licenses to parties to search for minerals wherever they choose, and to prospect for the same irrespective of whether the lands are private or not. The only restriction upon the person who wishes to search for minerals on private lands is, that he shall file a bond with the government with sufficient sureties to indemnify the owner of the land against damage. The act is modelled after the act of Nova Scotia, largely. Another important bill will be a general railway act, which will provide for all railways hereafter to be incorporated in the province, the same general terms of incorporation. This will shorten railway bills considerably.

Marcus Constantine Atkinson, M. D., still desires to know, you know. And Mr. Turner is also showing a laudable tendency in that direction. Mistakes will sometimes occur at the very head centres of wisdom and sobriety. It was a genuine surprise, however, when the *Sun* announced in its legislative council dispatch the other day: "The house adopted the vote of £136,000 for railways in Ireland!" So reckless a departure on the part of that hitherto mild and inoffensive body led the Hon. Mr. Barbicore on Saturday, to move for an inquiry.

General Joseph McQueen has usurped in large measure the place hitherto held by Harry McKeown as the "boy legislator." They are great friends, nevertheless. Another eulogy is being eagerly awaited, urging Joseph to arise in his youthful might and turn the hose on the Augean horse-barn. Brother White, M. L. C., reports the basket industry at St. Mary's in a most flourishing condition. Brother Barbicore, by the way, is making some famous hauls of cusk these fine mornings. He sorely misses the knightly Quinton however.

There was general satisfaction when it was known that Mr. Pinney had so far recovered from his illness as to be able to resume his seat. Hon. Mr. Young is quite poorly, it is said, and will not likely be present this session. FLOTSAM.

AT HIS OLD TRICKS.

Capt. Rawlings Abuses the Men and Then Denies Everything.

Capt. Rawlings has been showing his superiority over the members of the police force of late in a manner that has been very distasteful to some of them, and at the same time gave him a chance to keep up his wide reputation for veracity.

Sergt. Watson was one of his latest victims. When the captain was going his rounds one day, he found the sergeant in the Water street lock-up, and imagined he saw an opportunity to show how much authority a very small man could have over a very big one. So he instantly began to abuse the sergeant, calling him a loafer, and telling him how long he had been that kind of a character, and so on in the captain's own original style. This was more than the sergeant could stand, and he reported the matter to the chief. The latter interviewed Capt. Rawlings, who promptly denied the charge. The chief probably believed Sergt. Watson, but he could not doubt the captain's word, and dismissed the case.

Officer Boyle was also the means of raising the wrath of the captain. Officer Boyle was sick. This fact was reported at the police station, and it was expected that the police surgeon would be notified, as is the custom. But Capt. Rawlings grew very indignant when he began to think how degrading it would be to himself and his friends if the surgeon was notified so the illness of such an every-day person as Officer Boyle. His indignation found vent in words as usual, and it is probably a very fortunate thing for him that Officer Boyle was not around when he expressed his opinion of him. He called the sick officer all sorts of names in the presence of several members of the force; names that were not justifiable, and uncalled for. It is said that when Officer Boyle heard about it, he arose from a sick bed and started out with a horse-whip to find the truthful captain, but he wasn't to be found.

Returned From New York.

Mrs. L. B. Carroll, of 148 Union street, returned from a trip to New York, this week. She brought with her a fine stock of millinery, that will dazzle the eyes of the ladies.

GET AT ALL THE FACTS

OF THAT "SOUTH SEA BUBBLE" THE BUILDING SOCIETY.

Mr. Nathan Riley's Second Appearance Upon the Public Stage—His Way of Getting Stock and Being Paid to Take It—Willing and Worthless.

For the second time in his life, Mr. Nathan Riley appears in a prominent light before the people of St. John. It is within the memory of most of the citizens when he made his debut and how he was received, and it is not PROGRESS' intention to review any of his past career.

To-day he appears before the public as an extensive stockholder in that "South Sea Bubble," the provincial building society. He comes to the front with a very large quantity of stock which is not only not worth a dollar, but has the peculiarity of being less than worthless. Under the present and apparently the past condition of the society and under the double liability act, the stock was worthless and liable for what it cost.

There is no doubt now that many stockholders realized this fact. Not all of them, but among them some who were heavily interested, who had looked after the affairs of the institution, and must have known just how they stood. This man Riley appears on the stage in the last act. He comes as the deliverer of the stockholders, or those of them who know of and about him, and today he stands possessed of their stock and their liability. Ah! that is the rub; that is the sticking point—the liability. These stockholders know their responsibility when they entered the concern. They must have known how the affairs of the society were progressing. Some of them were closely connected with its management, and yet the very gravest charges are made against them—charges to the effect that even when the affairs of the society were beyond all hope, unsuspecting people were permitted to deposit their hard-earned savings—for what?

Mr. Riley's part in the tragedy (for that is what it is) is an interesting one. He figures as a "straw man" as one who is worthless but willing, worthless in point of common rectitude; worthless from a financial standpoint, but willing to accept the burdens of others, to relieve them from the bearing part and not trouble himself about them. He did not, however, do this for nothing. He found that instead of buying stock in the regular way and paying for it that he could be paid for taking it. This was a very happy condition of affairs for Mr. Riley. It was eminently well suited to him. Something for nothing is a motto he has a great regard for, if one may compare the present with the past.

It is hard to understand how any one possessed of common honesty could lend himself to such a scheme to defraud the people who reposed confidence in the "bubble." Mr. Riley is not on the stand and PROGRESS can devote its attention to it. It hopes, however, to have the privilege of paying its earnest straightforward respects to every individual implicated in the nefarious transaction. The duty of a newspaper in such a case is obvious and PROGRESS proposes to do it.

Everybody Has a Chance Now.

There have been so many inquiries about Webster's dictionary from subscribers who paid up before PROGRESS made the combination offer, asking how they can obtain the book, that we are in a great measure forced to accommodate them. Some of them claim that they sent in their subscription without noting the dictionary offer; others that the dictionary was offered by PROGRESS just after they had forwarded their subscription, and again others whom we value for their sterling allegiance to the paper since its start, who ask if they cannot get the dictionary. To all of these people we say, that upon receipt of \$2.50 we will forward the book. We are disposing of a large number every week with new subscriptions and renewals. It seems that one book sells many others. Ministers, school teachers and professional people generally are sending for it every day. We have such perfect faith that the dictionary will give entire satisfaction that any person who sends for it and is dissatisfied can return it and have his money refunded.

The Y. M. C. A.'s Success.

There are many evidences of much more life and activity in the Y. M. C. A. than there has been for years. The old members seem to have awakened to the fact that they had a handsome resort for young men without very many young men. PROGRESS is glad to note the large increase in membership, glad to note the causes that brought it about. While the institution is just as good as ever, it is now more of a place for young men than for prayer meetings, while the latter are by no means neglected. The interest of the ladies has spurred their gentlemen friends to increased efforts, and if the work goes forward the association might fairly aspire to be the largest organization of any kind in the city and wielding a great influence for good.

A GOOD CITIZEN GONE.

Mr. Andre Cushing Passes Suddenly to His Rest.

The death of Mr. Andre Cushing, this week, was sad news to the people of St. John. He was one of the city's most prominent men and best citizens, always identified with everything that had for its object the betterment of his fellow men. His funeral, which takes place from his residence at Lancaster heights today,



will be attended by many organizations and societies, in whose meetings he has always taken an active interest, and ever proven himself a man of ability and good judgment.

A REVEREND DETECTIVE.

Mr. Mathers and his Methods of Solving the Orphan Asylum Mystery.

Rev. Mr. Mathers, of the Wiggins orphan asylum, is a man of many accomplishments. Of late he has been devoting his time to detective work, and is likely to achieve more fame in this respect than he has in the ministry. Although professional detectives were engaged to find the money stolen from the orphan asylum, the work done by them sinks into utter insignificance as compared with that of Mr. Mathers. He has lent all his energies to solving the mystery, and is now in Boston working up a clue. This is his second trip west, and if the money is ever recovered, the original amount will be somewhat smaller by the time the expenses have been taken out of it.

In working up the case, Mr. Mathers has used some extraordinary methods, and done some hard work, besides carrying an air of mystery about with him, which has astonished a good many people.

Apt was not the only boy suspected of knowing more about the matter than he cared to tell. Another young fellow, who it was quite clear, knew nothing about the case, and had no opportunity to do so, fell under the eye of the reverend detective, and was made uncomfortable by him.

This boy was working in a large establishment in this city. Mr. Mathers consulted with his employer, and made a thorough search of some parts of the building, devoting most of his time to the cellar. He found nothing, but probably succeeded in mystifying all with whom he came in contact. The search, however, did not seem to satisfy him of the innocence of the boy, for he took measures to force him to tell something it is generally believed that he did not know. His method of doing this was somewhat severe, and proved very disadvantageous to the victim, who lost a situation on account of it.

The boys had only been employed temporarily in the establishment where Mr. Mathers made the search, but had secured a permanent situation in a large city house and was to report on a certain day. On that day, however, he was locked up in a room in the Wiggins orphan asylum, and he was kept there for some time, until Mr. Mathers was satisfied that if he had any information, that was not the right way to get it out of him.

When the boy went to fulfil his engagement he found that the place had not been kept open for him, as the firm always insisted upon punctuality.

Since then, however, PROGRESS is glad to learn that he has obtained an excellent situation, and is doing well.

It is said that Mr. Mathers is quite interested in his new vocation, and can tell many interesting personal experiences.

Didn't Get Past the Roofs.

The street railway people were apparently surprised by the suddenness with which the road opened. The cars made their appearance with the roofs painted a bright yellow, while the rest of the wood-work seemed to have been merely polished off with a hose.

They were Properly Handled.

The boys who did not know how to behave themselves at the entertainment in Carleton on Thursday night, will probably conduct themselves differently in future. Several of the clergymen present took them in hand and were "fathers to them" for the time being.

Advertise in "Progress." It pays.

LEARY OR ANTI LEARY?

THAT IS THE QUESTION BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

They will Pronounce Against it at Both Elections—The Board of Trade Places Itself on Record Against the Scheme—How the Elections are Going.

The civic elections are turning on the Leary scheme. Nothing else is talked of in their travels, and in nine cases out of ten have to give an answer one way or the other. The chances at present are that the city proper will throw an overwhelming majority against the boodle scheme both in the aldermanic and mayoralty elections. Carleton, on the other hand, will follow their leaders and cast a two-thirds vote for, as they imagine, the interests of Carleton. The sectional canvass is being worked for all it is worth, and unless such stalwart giants as A. C. Smith and Enoch Colwell throw themselves might and main into the contest against the scheme, the result in the west end is doubtful. That erratic spirit, George Davis, is again before the citizens of Brooks pleading his cause and that of the dock. On the high board fence sits that canny Scotch youth, John Babbington Macaulay Baxter, who adheres to no party at present, but will vote as he pleases in the end. Charles Berton Lockhart—not the mayor, his name is Willing Albert—stands for the present the sole representative of the Algerines who has the courage to say no to the Leary business.

In the city proper there will be much redemption from Learyism. Victoria ward proposes, PROGRESS is assured on all sides, to say good-bye and good riddance to those apostles of schemes and taxation, Busby and Forrest. The last named individual took some trouble to explain why he changed his mind since he made his last canvass, but he has begun too late—the people are not gulled so easily. Mr. Forrest must walk the aldermanic plank.

Poor Prince ward is in a sorry scrape. Between Messrs. McGirr, Ryan and Nickerson, the intelligent electors are somewhat bewildered. Mr. McGirr has, however, retired, and will be a spectator of the fight. Mr. John Ryan is scouring the ward from morning until night for votes. Prince is a large ward and this candidate has some advantage over his opponents, who, not having a stable at their beck and call, are forced to use that much tried and weary steed, shank's mare, for their canvassing excursions. Mr. Ryan, on the contrary, approaches the voters whip in hand and may be fairly said to have the whip hand of them. Whatever Mr. Ryan's qualifications are for owning a livery stable, the people have not, up to the present time, recognized them in a public way. It may be assumed, however, that they are equal if not preferable to those of Mr. John S. Nickerson. Mr. Morrison has not come to the front as yet, and the prospects are that he will voluntarily retire and permit some other, more or less deserving the confidence of the people, to run the public business.

PROGRESS hears of no opposition in Dukes and in Sydney. There appears no flurry as yet. A good man should be brought out, however, to pair with Mr. McCarthy, and add another to the opponents of ring rule and taxation.

Ald. Shaw is in the field in Wellington and PROGRESS is glad of the fact. He has been asked for his assistance to push the claims of this or that candidate, but he has refused as yet to do so. The funniest thing in this ward is the requisition carried around by Dr. Walter W. White to bring himself out. Persistence and a lack of better candidates seem to favor the newly fledged medico, for just now the chances are with him. The freaks of politics are frequently more wonderful than the freaks of nature.

But it is in Queens that anxious care dwells with the politicians. That personal hustler, Mr. D. R. Jack, has made the rounds of the ward and knows just how the land lies. Report says that he has abandoned the Learyites and everything connected with them. That is the straight and narrow path to the council chamber and Mr. Jack knows it. The Leary business acts like a hot potato on a Queens ward candidate—the quicker he drops it the better for him. If Mr. Jack's fingers are not scorched, he will make a determined fight with Messrs. Allen and McLaughlan.

What about the North End? Will it be equally divided or will the Learyites stand three to one. Some say that Ald. Nase and his colleague cannot stand the strain; that they will go under with the scheme and ex-Mayor John Chesley and E. Holder take their places; others go further and predict that Boss Kelly will find it hard to carry a partner who thinks the same as he does. That depends. If Mr. Kelly can get enough votes for taxes and accept notes in exchange he will not have as much trouble as his enemies wish him.

But what about the little pocket borough which breeds all the trouble, which sends the schemer himself, Alderman John Con-

nor, who is responsible in a very large measure for much of the agitation? It is honestly a pity that this gentleman is not regularly employed in some business which could show the results of his ability. If he were he would not have time to scheme and work, in this case, against the interests of the taxpayers. It is unfortunate for the city of St. John that a rope walk syndicate ever existed, since it not only lost Mr. Connor's former employees their work, but it left Mr. Connor himself with nothing to employ his mind. For want of something better he has become a sort of political missionary, wandering hither and thither, plausible and persuasive. Procrastination is the monumental check which must be possessed to attempt to foist such a scheme upon the people. At no time was it so useful as at the board of trade meetings this week, when with one against him—for the vote was small compared with the audience—the Stanley ward politician put forth all his eloquence in vain. The taxpayers of the city pronounced decidedly against the scheme unless it was sanctioned by a two thirds vote of the council, and such a vote must have its effect upon the legislature.

In the meantime, the mayoralty contest is working along the same lines—Leary and anti-Leary—Lockhart for and Peters against. The result is a foregone conclusion. Lockhart cannot appeal upon personal grounds for he has sat two terms in the chair; he cannot refer to his record, for he has done nothing; he cannot rely upon his policy for it means ruinous taxation; he cannot claim that nature and man have fitted him to occupy the position for that would be untrue. If he is wise he will not go to the trouble and expense of an election.

There is just one chance for a Leary man and that is a vague one. It is currently reported that there was some money spent in the local elections a year ago and that some of it is supposed to have come from New York. The same methods might be introduced into civic politics and public opinion choked by the dollars of the bootlers. They will bear watching.

An interested correspondent sends in a long communication asking Mayor Lockhart some pertinent questions about the old burial ground and what it cost to make the improvement. He does not take the ground that they should not have been made but he thinks no one has any idea of the cost. PROGRESS thinks it very unlikely that Mayor Lockhart has any such information. He would be far more likely to know what the old fence was worth as kindling wood.

A Desperate Fight.

There was a sight for the populace a few days ago in Kitchie's building when Lawyer Thomas Regan chased an enormous rat from his room into the main hall. The doors were closed in a twinkling and the war cry echoed through the building. The warriors gathered at the sound and came forth with broom sticks and pokers to slay the common enemy. Mr. Regan was appointed general and Captain Ewing looked after the right, left and centre. Recorder I. Allen Jack cared for the rear, while Representative J. Douglas Hazen gazed upon the exciting contest from an elevator—the starwar. Above the combatants shouted the veteran Ballantyne urging the attacking forces to do their utmost. The enemy had by this time secured an entrenched position in the heater and defied all the efforts of his assailants. He could not be dislodged until a bright idea struck the commanding officer. They would burn him out. A small quantity of wadding and one lucifer made it too hot for the rodent and he rushed to his death. The most inspiring part of the whole fracas was the frantic clutch for the bottoms of their pants made by the recorder and the representative when his ratship made his final sortie.

Laidlaw Did Not Show Up.

The managers of the skating rinks in this city are now thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Laidlaw, of Halifax, and his methods of doing business. Their opinion of him is not of the highest order. He has put the Victoria rink people to considerable expense for advertising, for which they did not get any return, but the managers of the Palace rink formed his acquaintance at an earlier period, and profited by it. He promised to skate two races with Breen of this city, one in the Victoria rink, last Wednesday night, and the other in the Palace on Monday night. The Victoria rink people advertised the race all week, but when the day arrived Laidlaw did not show up, nor did they get any word from him. He has been away from St. John a week, and no one knows when he will return.

A Record Breaker.

Jordan & Stetson's mill, at Pleasant Point, shut down on Tuesday after running exactly one year, only nine or ten days being lost during that time on account of repairs. This is one of the longest mill run on record.

RARE FUN ON THE STAGE.

H. PRICE WEBBER RELATES SOME LAUGHABLE EXPERIENCES.

Lanergan Abroad—Webber Playing in Bar Harbor Where He Last Met Him—Prejudice Against Plays and Players—A St. John Man in Bar Harbor.

Before Mr. Lanergan made his home in St. John, he was one of the stock company at the Broadway theatre, New York, and played a great many characters in support of prominent artists. He was the "Ernest Vane" in the drama of Mosks and Faces, the leading female role of which, "Peg Woffington," has always been a favorite with the greatest actresses. Mr. Lanergan also visited the West Indies, and Newfoundland, and is still kindly remembered by many of the old theatre goers. At that time travelling dramatic companies were very scarce, as the means of transportation was nothing to what it is now-a-days. Only a few of the larger places would be visited, and when the public had chances to witness performances they eagerly embraced them, and very little scenery was necessary. Even now, the discomforts that travelling actors have to put up with are numerous and hard to bear; but then it was harder still.

Since I have been on the road, I know from bitter experience how much a man has to encounter who goes into a town to give performances for the first time. People are naturally suspicious, and a great many belonging to religious denominations jump at the opportunity of speaking in unnecessarily harsh terms of those of whose lives and purposes they know little or nothing. It is not my intention to write a protest against this style of unmerited abuse and slander, for I presume those who indulge in it think they are doing society and the world in general a great favor; I only mention it as one of the very unpleasant things that a man in my profession has to put up with.

Sometimes a great many funny things will happen in the course of the presentation of a play—things which will crop up in a totally unlooked for manner.

I remember when I was the agent for the late John Murray—who, by the way, was well-known in St. John—that we were playing a drama called The Man Without a Country, which Mr. Murray had taken from the Edward Everett Hale's popular story of the same name. It deals with the misfortunes of a young American army officer, who is accused, through the machinations of a rival, of complicity in the Aaron Buor rebellion. Irritated and exasperated at the false charge, which at the court martial he has no means of disproving, he curses his country, and expresses a wish that he may never see or hear tell of it again. The court gives him his wish, and he is placed on board a war vessel, and orders given that no reference shall be made to the United States by any on board in his hearing.

In the course of the drama the war vessel encounters a pirate and gives battle, and the captain of the war vessel and the chief pirate engage in a hand-to-hand sword combat. Just as the pirate is raising his arm to strike the naval officer down, who has been previously disarmed, a shot is heard, and the pirate's sword falls from his hand, and the captain of the war vessel exclaims:

"Who fired that shot?" "Murray, who played the part of the "Man Without a Country," used to rush on and say: "I was I, Philip Nolan, the traitor!" This made a very effective tableau, and was sure of a round of applause.

On the occasion I refer to we had a bright comedian, Mr. James E. McElroy, who is now with Rockwell's People's theatre, and he was playing a character in the piece he did not fancy very well. When the time arrived in the play, the shot was fired, as mentioned above, and the actor playing the captain of the war vessel made the usual enquiry:

"Who fired that shot?" Before Mr. Murray could get on he was horrified to see the trap-door open in the stage, and McElroy pop up his head through the trap and say:

"I was I—Crankshaw, the detective!" The roar of laughter that came from the audience at this absurd ending of the act was overpowering—all the more so as the night previous we had played the Ticket-of-Leave Man, and the well-known remark, "I, Hawkshaw, the detective," was fresh in the public mind.

The exact ending of the same act was also the scene of another contretemps. The late J. T. Fanning, who was very well known in St. John, was playing the part of the pirate chief. He was a man weighing 260 pounds, while Murray was very slight, not probably over 140 pounds in weight. When Murray had saved the naval captain's life by firing the shot that crippled the pirate, he walked on, and said, in reply to the question as to who fired the shot: "I was I, Philip Nolan, the traitor!"

Fanning at once rushed over to him, and just as the curtain was being lowered he tapped Murray playfully on the shoulder, and, in an almost feminine manner, exclaimed:

"I'll strike you real hard!"

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY this medicine with our guarantee sent to any address

The contrast in the size of the men made the action and words all the more ludicrous.

We are playing in Bar Harbor, Me., this week at the Music hall. I have just had a pleasant chat with a former St. John boy, Dr. J. T. Hinch, one of the rising young men of Bar Harbor, and who is also a fine musician, being an accomplished clarinet soloist and an excellent vocalist. The doctor's father, Mr. James Hinch, formerly kept the United States hotel, on Charlotte street, St. John; he also had a photographic studio on Prince William street and I know that many of his friends will be pleased to hear that he is prospering in this world. A good many of Mr. Lanergan's company used to board with Mr. Hinch, as it was very handy to the theatre, and he always had a warm place in his heart for the profession.

Bar Harbor was the last place I saw Mr. Lanergan, and when I arranged with him for a ten weeks' tour of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, in conjunction with my company, he was full of hope and anticipation, for the prospects of success were very great, but alas! the worthy man died before they could be realized.

CURES FOR A COLD.

The Experience of a St. John Man Who Had One, and the Recipes he Got.

The changeable weather of late has had one great result. Nearly everybody has a cold or throat trouble of some kind or other, and nearly everybody else has a remedy for it. But it is always remarkable that the man with the cold is not the one who has the remedy. The sufferer, however, is seldom compelled to ask, "What is good for a cold?" The first man he meets generally discovers that there is something the matter with his voice, and instantly recommends a recipe that was never known to fail. The next man he meets does the very same thing, and so does the next, and the next, until when he goes home in the evening, he should be in fairly good condition to write a medical work of nine or ten volumes.

A well known St. John man, who had a cold, went out among his friends this week. He says that everybody knew what was the matter, in an instant, and gave him a prescription. Here are some of them:

- Get 5 cents worth of brandy, 5 cents worth of sweet oil, 5 cents worth of honey, mix together and take before going to bed. Get a lemon and squeeze it into a tumbler of hot water; take before going to bed. Lemon, ginger and hot water; mix together. Hot gruel, with ginger, before going to bed. Suck a raw lemon before going to bed. Get a bottle of "hack-no-more." Get some hot whiskey, a little sugar and lemon, and take before going to bed. Get some good pure maple candy; eat it slowly. Lemon and honey; mix together. Outward application, dry mustard on a cloth, and apply to the neck, or rather the around the throat. Take some gin and mix it in molasses; take in small quantities. Ginger and molasses, mix together and take before retiring. Take the white of an egg and mix with lemon juice. Get some paragonic and mix with molasses and water; use occasionally. Cayenne pepper and cold water, take occasionally. Johnston's liniment. Sharp's balsam. Roasted onion; eat with butter. Molasses and ginger. Come home early at night. (This is my sister's receipt.)

Attention is called to the ad. on twelfth page of this issue in reference to Saunders' Pain Reliever. There are some simple remedies indispensable in every household, among the best, Saunders' Pain Reliever stands pre-eminent; its effects are almost instantaneous, affording relief from the most intense pain. For both internal and external application it is of the greatest value, giving entire satisfaction wherever it is used; it soothes the irritated or inflamed parts, and gives rest and quiet to the sufferer. It eminently is the people's friend, and everyone should have it with them or at least where they could lay their hands on it at a moment's notice. Sold in all the leading drug stores at 25c. per bottle.

Coming Back with the Latest. Madame Kane, who has been making a visit to New York, will return home today. She has been making herself thoroughly acquainted with the latest goods in the way of spring and summer millinery, and the display in her store in the Opera house block, next week, will be worth seeing.

- Girls' Names. Frances is "unstained and free." Bertha, "polluced, purely bright." Clara, "clear" as the crystal sea; Lucy, a star of radiant "light." Catherine is "pure" as the mountain air; Henrietta, a soft, sweet "star." Felicia is a "happy girl." Matilda is a "lady true." Margaret is a shining "pearl." Rebecca, "with the faithful few." Susan is a "lily white." Jane has the willow's curve and "grace." Cecilia, dear, "a dim of sight." Sophie shows "wisdom on her face." Constance is firm and "resolute." Grace, delicious "favor sweet." Harriet, a fine "odor sweet." Isabella is a "lady rare." Lucinda, "constant as the day." Marie means "a lady fair." Abigail, "joyful" as a May; Elizabeth, "as one with Christ." Adella, "nice princess, proud." Agatha, "is truly good and just." Letitia, "a joy sweet." Jennima, "a soft sound in air." Caroline, "a sweet spirit hale." Cornelia, "harmonious and fair." Selma, "a sweet nightingale." Lydia, "a refreshing well." Judith, "a song of sacred praise." Julia, "a jewel more excel." Phebe, "ancient of days."

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THE CAUSE OF IT ALL.

WHY THE MAFIA WERE DOWN ON CHIEF HENNESSEY.

William A. Pinkerton, the Detective, tells the Story—Hennessey's Capture of an Italian Bandit Led to the Action of the Mob which Irsched Eleven Italians.

Fifteen years ago one of the most daring gangs of banditti that ever operated in that time bandit-ridden Italy was infesting the highways and the mountainous regions of that country. Tourists and travelers were captured with alarming frequency and held for ransom. When the latter was not forthcoming promptly the ears of the captives were sliced off and sent to their relatives to hurry them to the aid of the unfortunates. This gang of marauders carried its practices and cruelties so far that the government arose in its might and determined to capture the banditti. Their leader was Esposito. That name was one of terror in every household and to every visitor to Italy. The government offered a reward so great that the bandit chief was afraid to trust his own followers, and he fled to America. The assassination of Chief of Police Hennessey, and the lynching of his alleged assassins in New Orleans yesterday were results of the operations of Esposito and his band.

William A. Pinkerton has told the story of Esposito, of the murderous work of the Mafia and the assassination of Hennessey. He was not surprised at Saturday's doings in the Crescent City. "I expected it," he said. "I was not surprised when I first heard of the cold blooded killing of Hennessey. I first knew that officer when, twenty years ago he was an errand boy in the office of Chief of Police Badger, now collector of the port of New Orleans. Dave's father was a detective. He was killed by Arthur Gourand, a desperado, and Dave was given a place in the police department to enable him to earn support for his mother. He grew up in the police service, passed through every grade of it and was a thorough officer. He was a young man of sterling integrity. He never tasted liquor in his life, all his habits were good, and he was always gentlemanly and affable. No man in New Orleans had so many personal friends.

"The origin of the trouble which resulted in Dave's assassination goes as far back as twelve years ago. For three years the Italian government had been hunting for Esposito. Col. Tom Boyland was chief of police of New Orleans. One day young Hennessey reported to his chief that he had found a clue to Esposito's whereabouts. He was directed to stick to the clue, while Boyland consulted with the Italian consul, who asked that Esposito be arrested. The ex-bandit chief had become the skipper of a lugger which plied in the fruit trade in the bayous and along Lake Ponchartrain. He was surrounded by old comrades from Italy, and was driving a little sugar and molasses. But one day a carriage was driven along a street near Poydras market, on which Esposito was walking. Two men jumped from the carriage, and before the bandit could draw a weapon had him a sale prisoner. The captors were Dave Hennessey and his cousin Michael Hennessey, also a detective. The next day Esposito was delivered to Detective J. Mooney, now of Chicago, who was appointed agent for the Italian government on board a ship bound for New York. The Hennessey's remained in the ship until the next day, refusing to allow any of Esposito's countrymen to interview him. This action brought down the wrath and curses of many Italians on the two detectives. Esposito was taken to Italy and suffered for his crimes. Soon after an Italian, who was suspected of being the bandit's "boss" in this city, was shot to death in New Orleans. Dave was made a detective, and with his cousin, Mike, became involved in a quarrel with Devereaux, assistant chief of detectives. Devereaux was killed and Mike Hennessey went to Houston, Texas, where he was shot from ambush and killed.

"When John Shkspere was nominated for mayor Dave Hennessey was selected by the young democracy of New Orleans to see that he had a fair election. He was elected, and his first act was to make Dave his chief of police. He found the force much demoralized, without uniforms and slovenly. He weeded out the bad material and made the force one of the best in America. Hennessey always had an idea that he could suppress a vendetta existing between two factions of Italians which resulted in frequent ambushes and assassinations. He studied Italian ways and had many warm friends among the Italians. He was a member of the Red Light club, a social organization to which also belonged the Provenzanos brothers and Joe Machecca, one of the men killed today. Others of both factions were also members, and while they hated each other professed friendship for Hennessey. The Provenzanos boys had a monopoly of the business of unloading fruit at the port. They grew rich and arrogant and dealers complained that they neglected their business. This was an opportunity for the other faction and Charles Matrango, who conducted a low dance house in the French quarter, organized a gang of the most desperate Italians in the city to engage in the stevedore business. It became powerful and drove the Provenzanos from the field. Last April I went to New Orleans on business connected with an extensive bank robbery in New York. My business took me to the Machecca Bros., Michael and John, who are leading fruit dealers and owners of a line of steamships running to South and Central American ports. Joe Machecca, who was a half-brother and whose name is really not Machecca, was employed as a clerk in the house. I met Joe then. That night, while I was in Hennessey's office, a report came in that a crowd of the Matrango stevedores had been fired upon from an ambush and a number of them killed. We went to the scene in a patrol wagon and found many wounded, but not dead Italians. Hennessey went to work vigorously, and the next day arrested the three Provenzanos brothers and a number of their followers. Two of the brothers were identified and held. It was at this juncture that Detective Dominick O'Malley appeared on the scene. He had, I learned, been employed by fruit dealers to help in the investigation. The worst possible feeling existed between Hennessey and O'Malley and O'Malley's intimate friend and alleged partner, Lionel Adams, a brilliant criminal lawyer and once prosecuting attorney of the district. Hennessey said he would have nothing to do with these men, declaring that O'Malley was a blackmailer; that he had served a term of imprisonment at Cleveland, Ohio, and that he had attempted to blackmail John O'Neill, a sporting man, now a bookmaker residing in Chicago. Hennessey published this record broadcast. The Provenzanos were convicted, but the supreme court reversed the judgment, saying it had been secured by perjury, which Hennessey alleged had been instigated by O'Malley. The Provenzanos were kept in the parish prison. On information received from them Hennessey started to work out the secrets of the Mafia in New Orleans. Charles Matrango was president of the society and Joe Machecca was an officer. He sent to Italy and secured evidence showing that Matrango and other witnesses against the Provenzanos had been connected with the banditti in Italy, and he was somewhat uneasy to learn of the evidence of them were followers of Esposito, the bandit chief, whom he had brought to justice. He found that wholesale perjury had been resorted to in securing the conviction of the Provenzanos, and also got possession of letters reflecting on O'Malley's reputation for truth and veracity. It was well known that he intended to produce all this evidence at the second trial of the Provenzanos. In the meantime Mayor Shkspere and Hennessey had received several anonymous letters threatening them with assassination if they persisted in their work of unearthing the secrets of the Mafia. Hennessey visited me last summer and in the fall, and spoke freely of his work, and said he helped to break up the Mafia in the United States. He thought the threatening letters came from four negroes, through the instigation of O'Malley. He was very blue at times, and expressed a fear that they would get him some day. I cautioned him to keep cool, and to avoid personal encounters unless the cause was ample. He followed my advice, but they did "get him" as he was going to his home on the night of October 15. There is no doubt that the assassination was planned and carried out by followers of the Matrango faction, and despite professions of friendship comrades of Esposito always had a determination to seek revenge.

"Two weeks ago I was in New Orleans. I knew much of the plans of the prosecution, and I also met a number of the most prominent citizens. I was given to understand that a good case was made out and any jury bribing or other trickery made justice miscarriage, the best citizens would take matters in their own hands. Before the first jury was drawn I knew that the prosecuting attorney had information that O'Malley had in his possession a list of 200 names placed in the jury wheel—knowledge no one was entitled to. This was explained confidentially to the judge, but he failed to order a new drawing. It was also known early that O'Malley was working among the jurors and witnesses. He boasted of his efforts, and only a few days ago he bantered the secretary of Chief of Police Gaster, offering to bet that not a single conviction would be returned. During the trial he was arrested for carrying concealed weapons in the court room, and is held in jail on that charge. O'Malley has a suit for libel against the New Orleans States, which published his Cleveland record. The paper has filed its answer pleading justification and offering to prove its charges. I hardly think the case will ever be tried, for I have just received a telegram which, after telling of the lynching, concludes, 'We are now after O'Malley.' I have received other despatches, too, and I am convinced that the work of today was done by the leading citizens—bankers, merchants and brokers—intent on business and sincere in a belief that justice had been thwarted by corrupt means."

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CANNED Salmon. Lobsters. Oysters. Corn. Tomatoes. Peas. Beans. Peaches. 1400 Cases In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

Never Judge a Man by his outward appearance. But you're more apt to find a gentleman in good plain clothes than in ragged ones. If you're in a hurry and want an outfit quickly, we can put a perfect fit on you in less time than it takes to write it. We've got the stock, all we want is the subject. You can tell a man's profession sometimes

By the Clothes He Wears, but even that is deceitful. Remember "the wolf in sheep's clothing." We might mention numerous articles and prices here, but would rather have you call and see them for yourself. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO. COR. KING AND GERMAIN. OAK HALL.

No Household is Perfectly Happy Unless the Kitchen is properly equipped, inasmuch as well-cooked food aids digestion, and proper digestion gives tone to the system, making all comfortable and content. The first step in securing this result is a FIRST-CLASS COOK STOVE. Our stock embraces a great variety of patterns from which to select, in many sizes and at all prices, with something to suit all comers. We guarantee every Range or Stove we sell to work satisfactorily, and to be all we represent it in every particular. In all cases where our guarantee is not proven correct we will refund the amount paid, and pay all expenses connected with the transaction.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 76 PRINCE WM. STREET. STOVES AND HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE.

BICYCLES and TRICYCLES. The Gem Tricycle is the best on the market. Steel wheels; spring seat; handsomely finished and upholstered in plush. All sizes kept in stock. PRICE LIST. Steel Rubber. No. 1.—For 10 to 11 years, 28-in. rear wheels, \$10.00 \$17.00 2.—For 11 to 14 years, 28-in. rear wheels, 12.00 19.00 3.—For 14 to 16 years, 32-in. rear wheels, 18.00 27.00 Enamelling, extra, \$3.00; Nickel-plated trimmings, extra, \$1.50; Fenders, or Dress Guards, \$3.00 extra.

C. E. BURNHAM & SONS, 85 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. When ordering do not fail to mention PROGRESS.

ENGLISH CUTLERY. TABLE CUTLERY, POCKET CUTLERY, RAZORS, SCISSORS, ETC. ELECTRO-PLATED WARE. TABLE WARE, CHILDREN'S PRESENTS, WEDDING PRESENTS. A large assortment of Articles—great and small. T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 & 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Comfort round the House is a good girl—along with a good stove. Everybody can have a good stove, but it's next to impossible to get a good girl. The Model Grand is the stove you want for your kitchen. If you move this Spring don't take the old stove along, COLES, PARSONS & SHARP will attend to that, and furnish you with a nice new Model Grand.



IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Although it is lent, there has been something every evening to occupy our musical circle, in one way and another, and rather crowd choir practices out of the field. There was an unusually large attendance at the Oratorio society rehearsal on Monday, more noticeable among the men, tenors especially, for the fair sex almost always do make a good showing on the roll-call. Romberg's Lay of the Bell is progressing rapidly, and notice was given that the invoices have been received of copies of the Etiska (Novello edition). Work on that composition will be commenced in earnest very shortly.

Tuesday evening the "Old Musical Club" met at Mrs. Patton's, Elliot row. The programme was miscellaneous, and ran as follows. Trio, "O! Calm and Lovely Evening Bells," Alt. Mrs. W. S. Carter. Miss McInnis, Miss Halliday. Piano solo, "Gondola-airs," by Liszt, Miss Homer. Song, "I Wandered Through the Woods," O'Leary, Mr. J. Allen Jack. Violin solo, "Lullaby" Hanser, Mr. William Bowden. Ballad, "The Garden of Sleep," by Theodore de Lara, Miss Halliday. Violin, Instrumental, Radl, Miss M. Jarvis. Cello solo, Romance, Bundeck, Miss Floesie Bowden. Trio "Distant Bells," MacKenzie, Mrs. Carter, Miss Halliday and Miss McInnis. Song "Three men in a boat," Trotter, Mr. T. Daniel. Two new members were elected, Mr. Alfred Porter and Mr. Wm. Bowden. The next musicale will be at the residence of the president, Mrs. Thos. Walker, on the third Tuesday in April. It will be a Handel, and Beethoven evening.

On Thursday, the Misses Smith and Mr. A. M. Smith gave a musicale, in honor of Mr. Daniel, who is leaving us so soon. Among those present were the emergency quartette, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ewing, Miss Clara Quinton, Miss and Mr. Bowden, Mr. James S. Ford, Miss Halliday and others.

The church in which Mr. Daniel will sing when in Boston is Dr. Horton's, (Unitarian), corner Copley square and Boylston street. Mr. Daniel is taking the bass in a quartette choir. I think I mentioned before that Mr. Howard Dow is organist.

Friday evening Mr. Morley gave a recital on the new organ in St. James church, but the account of that will have to stand over until next week. Many thanks to whoever sent me tickets for the concert on Tuesday evening "For the Orphan." Unfortunately I was unable to go, but I'm sure they deserved a bumper house.

I heard in a roundabout way that Mr. Ford had been offered the position of choir master in St. Leinster street Baptist church, and also that Mr. A. M. Smith had been asked to sing bass in the choir.

It is with a great deal of regret I hear of Mrs. S. Girvan's serious illness. I believe Mr. Girvan has joined her in Florida, where she has been visiting for some time, in hope of curing the throat trouble she has been suffering with. Mrs. Girvan has been missed greatly by our musical circle this winter, as she did a good deal of work in that line which was appreciated highly.

ing, Mrs. S. D. Crawford, Misses R. M. Ritchie, S. Adams and J. McKay; tenor, Rev. W. O. Raymond (rector); bass, Messrs. D. Betts and S. D. Crawford; organist, Miss A. K. Wilson. I am also indebted to Mr. Crawford for a list of their Easter music, which runs as follows: Morning service—Hymn 179, Hickerich; Easter sentences, chant, 204, Joubert; Te Deum, 216, Joubert; Jubilate, 220, carol, "Christ is Risen," E. M.; Hymn 180, B.; Hymn 181, B.; Gloria Tibi, 7 Joubert. Evening service—Hymn 187, B.; Magnificat, Thos. Morley, proper; psalm, Chant 251, 261, 24, Joubert; Nunc Dimittis, Thos. Morley; anthem, "He is Risen," C. Seipner; Hymn 191, B.; Hymn 214, B.

The latest bit of plagiarism which has reached my ears, is the formation of the "Emergency Male Quartette," now that the so-called "Emergency" is breaking up. For pity's sake, gentlemen, stand on your own merits as vocalists, and do not be so ready to grasp any laurels that you may pick up, on account of the similarity of names. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but in this case the object is really too transparent, and besides the "Emergency" may secure another bass.

I may say that I have never enjoyed an organ recital so much as I did the one given by Mr. James S. Ford, in St. John's church, on Wednesday evening. Owing no doubt to the inclemency of the weather, the attendance was not nearly what it should have been, but those who were there were amply repaid for any slight discomfort they might have experienced in reaching the church.

Mr. Ford's selections were remarkably well chosen. Of the first two I preferred the "Adagio," by E. H. Turpin, which is exquisitely beautiful in character, and in marked contrast to the "Silver Trumpets" march, which preceded it.

Mr. Daniel sang that tough thing from "Aphtha," "Four Four No More," and he sang it very well indeed. The time was excellent. In Chopin's "Nocturne," Mr. Ford displayed much taste and feeling. One of the songs he used was "A Tremolo," which has recently been added to the organ. Wely's "Pavane" was also beautifully played, and was followed by the Pique in G minor, by Bach.

Miss Alice Hea's selection was Gounod's "The King of Love my Shepherd is." Mr. Ford's "Christmas Offertorium" deserves a great deal of praise. I preferred the first and last movements, "Andante Pastorale" and the "Allegro Moderato." The whole thing is very descriptive, and will meet with a goodly amount of favor should Mr. Ford elect to have it published.

Mr. Lindsay sang "The Chorister" by Sullivan. It is a long time since I last heard the song, but like the "Lost Chord" one is always glad to hear it occasionally, if it will well.

The next two organ solos were "Allegretto and Finale," from 4th Sonata, Mendelssohn and "Andante, Haydn, and both were most cleverly interpreted. Mr. T. Daniel did not do himself justice in Rodney's "Calvary." There was a slight lispiness in his voice, and for some reason he and Mr. Ford did not seem quite together, as far as the time went, in the 3-4 movement. Batiste's "Grand Offertoire in D" was the closing number of this most enjoyable programme. I hope that the entertainment may be repeated in the near future, when a fine night may be available.

Fredericton.

MARCH 17.—The Y. W. C. T. U. have every reason to feel proud of the children's concert held under their auspices, on Saturday evening. The various committees must have felt repaid for their trouble, when they saw such a large audience assembled. The concert began with a stirring tem-

disappearance of McGinty. In the first part of the evening, some sixteen girls went through some pretty exercises with dumb bells, and later, these same young ladies appeared as Roman soldiers, with togas, helmets, spears and shields (the last of bright scarlet). They went through the drill manual and several complicated marches with great precision, winning much applause.

Miss Maggie Johnston's whistling solo was well done. Her tone is clear, sweet, and full to a degree remarkable in one so young. Her piece was encored, as was also the mandolin and guitar duet by Miss Blanche Tibbitts, and Miss Ethel Hatt. There is not space enough in which to mention each number, but everything went off well, and could hardly fail to please an audience, where nearly everyone was interested in one or more of the young performers.

The "Hoppy" social mentioned last week was an unqualified success. A large number assembled in the Temperance hall where they were warmly welcomed by the T's young ladies. Soon everyone was deep in the mysteries of John as "Hains." The hoppy tables were smooth boards with the diagram of the game ruled on one side. When coffee time came, the boards reversed made cozy little tables, a great improvement on the former state of socials in this city, when a man was supposed to balance his coffee cup on one knee, and a sandwich on the other. We betide him and support too, if in the heat of discussion he ventured upon any vigorous gesture.

The Woodstock Springhill Concert.

MARCH 17.—Notwithstanding the stormy weather and the bad roads quite a large number attended the concert on Thursday evening last, given in the Opera house in aid of the sufferers from the Springhill disaster. Mr. Guy Manzer was foremost in getting up the entertainment, and he deserves a great deal of credit for the energetic way in which he worked to have everything pass off smoothly. If the weather had only been propitious there would have been a crowded house, even as it was, the net proceeds were considerable. Those taking part were: Miss Sharp, Miss Walker, New York, Miss Ganong, Miss Jennie Sharp, Miss Cupples, Miss Johnston, Centerville, Miss Jessie Monroe, the Misses Baird, Mr. Manzer, Mr. Mowers, Dr. Smith, and the Rev. Mr. Dobson. The first number on the programme was Miss Sharp's song "The Coal Black Steed," a beautiful ballad I had not heard before. It is only necessary to say that Miss Sharp was in good voice, and never sang better before an audience here.

Miss Walker, of New York, came second, she played the "Rondo Capriccioso" of Mendelssohn in an artistic and finished manner. It is a favorite among piano players, but I have seldom heard it played better. Miss Walker has evidently plenty of strength and self possession, and plays with much freedom and expression. Miss Ganong, a great favorite with Woodstock concert-goers, sang a charming little ballad, "I've something sweet to tell you," and in response to a hearty encore gave "Daisy and Joan." One never tires of such singing. Perhaps I am partial to a good contralto voice but I am not alone in this instance, for Miss Ganong's singing always charms her hearers.

Dr. Smith was punctually happy in his choice of a reading, and it was greatly enjoyed by the audience, who listened from beginning to end with the closest attention. Mr. Moores sang "Jerusalem" with fine effect. His voice has improved wonderfully both in volume and richness since I heard him sing last summer. He received an enthusiastic encore, but did not sing again. Miss Sharp and Miss Ganong sang as a duet, "The Old Oaken Bucket," and in such a manner as to elicit the wildest sort of applause, and they were compelled to repeat the refrain. Miss Jennie Sharp sang a brilliant and difficult piece in polka time; it brought down the house. She evidently carried off the honors of the

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gave it was delightful in its clearness and gracefulness. Miss Cupples, owing to a bad cold, was in poor voice and sang (for her) in a very ordinary way, Millard's "Watching" a companion song to "Waiting." I wish for the sake of all music lovers that stern restrictions were placed on companion songs, they are nearly always common-places.

Mr. Guy Manzer's name was down for a piano solo but he did not play. I don't know why it was omitted. His friends were much disappointed. Miss Sharp played the accompaniment for her pupils' songs. Miss Walker played for Miss Sharp's singing. Miss Watts accompanied Miss Cupples, Miss Cupples, Miss Monroe and Mr. Guy Manzer played to the violins. The band gave the Opera house, the Sentinal and Press the printing, and Mr. Connell gave the light. Many are in hopes that Mr. Manzer will repeat the concert. If he does it will be well patronized.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Some hundreds of men and boys will be thrown open their own resources next week, for it has been decided to close the Bijou for the present at least. It has been a popular escort all through the fall and winter, but although it has met with more favor perhaps than anything of the kind ever opened in St. John, only the manager knows what work it required to maintain that popularity, and at the same time make things come out even financially. Theatrical managers have always been at a disadvantage down here in the provinces, especially those who have tried to please the public and keep a show running every week. Of course, those who do nothing more than manage a company, which is making a tour of the provinces, and does not stay in St. John more than a few days or a week, are not included among these. With them the risk is not so great, as St. John is a tolerably good show town for a few nights provided the show is well

every time. Then again St. John people are very fastidious in more ways than one, and the managers are not as unscrupulous, perhaps, as those in American cities.

Portland, Me., supports a theatre similar to the Bijou, but the character of the performances given in the two places at present is so different that an interchange of performers would be almost out of the question. Many of those who show at Portland would not be tolerated down here.

The Bijou closes tonight with a benefit to Jim Curran, whose popularity since he made his first appearance has been something wonderful. When he came here he left his partner, Edgar, who it is said, is one half of a great team, at Portland, Me., and after leaving St. John, Curran will join him in Boston, where they have an engagement.

Mr. Scott, who manipulates the shadowgraphs, intends to return to the Bijou next month with a company and run some weeks. The shadowgraphs have proved a great card, and with new features and a good company, Mr. Scott should make a great success on his return.

Chinquilla and Nellie Oldine made quite a hit, with their character singing, and the latter was even better this week than last, while Chinquilla's best seemed to be "How do you do," and it was really good. This is not the first visit that Diamond and Chinquilla have made to St. John. They were here with Howe's circus some time ago.

C. P. Blatt, the horse-shoe breaker, made many friends when in St. John. He was one of the few actors who kept right down to business and got in plenty of work. He is at present in New York, and that the team are making as much noise in the world as ever is shown by the following from New York's new daily, The Continent:

C. P. Blatt, the champion athlete and horse-shoe breaker, arrived in New York from St. John, N. B., yesterday. He was accompanied by Miss Josie Wohlford, better known as Minerva, the strongest woman in the world. Blatt called at the Police Gazette office, posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox, and issued the following challenge:

New York, March 10, 1891. RICHARD K. FOX.—Having been informed that Victoria, the female heavyweight lifter, is eager to compete in feats of strength with any woman in the world, I hereby challenge her to arrange a match to lift heavy weights and catch cannon balls from ten pounds to twenty pounds, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, and the female heavyweight lifting championship of the world. If Victoria is the champion, as she claims, she will accept my challenge and put up a deposit, and leave no obstacle in the way of a match. If Victoria fails to pick up the gauntlet, I will arrange a match for \$500 or \$1,000 with any female weight lifter in the world, and the \$100 mucker, Mr. C. P. Blatt, has posted with Richard K. Fox above that I mean business. JOSIE WOHLFORD.

There is a possibility of having a medicine man down here in the near future, who will run a show somewhat similar to that of the Wizard Oil company. He is at present trying to make arrangements, but it is uncertain just where he will be located if he comes.

Mr. Mackay's lease of the Bijou expires May 1, and as the odd fellows want to use the hall, it is doubtful whether he will be able to renew it. If he cannot, it is quite probable that he will be to the front with a new enterprise in something of the same line before the year is out. SPARKLER.

Tattoo Marks Won't Come Out.

It has often been claimed that tattoo marks may be removed by pricking over them goat's milk. This is a mistaken idea. Chemists and others have for years experimented with various preparations in the hope of discovering some agent to wholly remove India ink marks from the human skin. Nothing, however, has as yet been found that will remove a portion even of the objectionable marks, unless, possibly, the attempt be made immediately following the tattooing process.—Boston Bulletin.

Look Like New.

I suppose you will invest in lace curtains this spring, that is if you can afford it. But did you ever think how nice the old ones could be made to look if they were only cleaned properly. Why they would look like new if you sent them to Ungar's and had the job done right. You just attend to this little matter. If you let Ungar do them, you won't need new ones.—A.

You can get SWISS CHEESE (Gruyere), HAMPTON CHEESE, GOLDEN SYRUP, in 8lb Cans; PURE HONEY, PINE APPLES, BANANAS, FLORIDA ORANGES. All fresh and very nice, from J. S. ARMSTRONG & Co., at 32 Charlotte street.

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PARISIAN FLOWER GIRL.

On Monday evening next, Stainer's Orceffation will be sung by the St. John's church choir. Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Daniel taking the tenor and bass solo. The work is very effective and appropriate to the season, and no doubt will have full justice done to its beauty.

This week I am enabled to give the names of members of two choirs. In St. David's Presbyterian church the soprano are: Misses Jennie Young, Helen Ewing, A. Crawford; alto, Mrs. A. Doidge, Miss Maggie Wrenn; tenor, Messrs. F. Fowler, R. Cruikshank, F. Shaw; basses, Messrs. Ewing, Dunham, Holder and E. Ritchie; Miss M. V. Hancock, organist. Choir of St. Mary's Episcopalian church, Waterloo street: Sopranos, Mrs. A. W. Gold-

perance chorus by eighty girls, ranging from the wee maidens of five and six years, to those of sweet sixteen. Three other choruses were sung during the evening, in a very creditable fashion, giving evidence of careful training. The soloists of the evening, Miss Gertrude Terna and Miss Vera Miller, two very young ladies, took the audience by storm, and were forced to respond to hearty encores. Gertrude came back dressed as a shepherdess, she for the fortunes of Bo-peep; and Vera in a policeman's helmet and great coat told of the mysterious

evening. The perfect lack of self-consciousness in her manner, and the ease with which she sings, are refreshing, and she fairly revels in the high notes. The Rev. Wm. Dobson read a long solemn selection which sounded like a prayerful exhortation. His articulation seems faulty, for, from where I sat near the door, I could not distinguish what he was reading about.

The Misses Baird gave a violin duet. Unfortunately a string broke and abruptly terminated their selection. Their violins were not in good tune, but

I suppose the damp weather affected them. Little Miss Jennie Baird shows promise of becoming a good player in the future, and her manners are very winning. Miss Jessie Monroe sang "Happy Birth" very sweetly though her singing is marred by poor pronunciation and a somewhat awkward manner. A few lessons on going on and off the stage would enhance the charm of her singing greatly. Miss Johnson's playing was much enjoyed, particularly her encore which was an impromptu—fantasia of Chopin, the rendering she

advertised, and it is sure to be, no matter what its merits.

But to run a show like that given at the Bijou is quite another thing. St. John is too far away from the theatrical centres of the United States, which makes the cost of bringing down good performers something enormous; and a poor show means failure

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EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 21.

LET THE FACTS BE TOLD.

The disclosures in reference to the affairs of the Provincial Building Society are not edifying. It is not an exaggeration to call them shady. They may be strictly legal; but much wrong may be legally done if one has only the necessary ingenuity.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

St. Patrick was a saintly missionary, not a politician. He was not even an Irishman, much less an Irish politician. During the first centuries after his demise his feast was celebrated in the true and proper spirit of a deeply religious observance.

THE QUESTION OF "HONORABLE."

Somebody has gone to the trouble of asking whether it is right to call a member of the legislative council "honorable," and if such a practice is not forbidden by an imperial despatch.

to do it. If it makes anyone feel better to be dubbed honorable, it would be a pity to deprive him of the qualification. The love of titles is born in most of us.

Titles are useless, and possibly a little worse than useless, in a new country. They do not do the possessor any particular harm apart from their original cost; but the moment plain JOHN SMITH becomes Sir JOHN SMITH the public begins to look at him in a little different light, and false social notions begin to develop.

There is a queer sort of evolution in this little business. The youth whose mustache is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen is much hurt if he is not called "Mr." A little later, if his name appears in print without "Esq.," after it, he feels doubtful if life is worth living.

OUR "DOCUMENTS."

Our readers will pardon us for again talking a little about ourselves and the not wholly expected but very gratifying success of the enlarged PROGRESS. This is the first issue of the second month of the sixteen page issue.

One of the most admirable story tellers that we know of has a habit of distinguishing his truthful efforts from those more closely allied to his imagination by exclaiming, "I have the documents." So in this case, when we speak of the prosperity of PROGRESS, "we have the documents."

PERTINENT PERSONALS.

Last week's PROGRESS was hardly off the press before the late Mrs. W. Gale was dead, spread through the city. Quite general sympathy and un-doubted regret were excited by the report, because Mr. Gale was not generally known to be in ill health, and his genial, jovial characteristics had won him many friends.

Chats with Correspondents.

Our Dorchester correspondent raised the contention in his letter last week that boys and girls residing outside of St. John did not have the same chance at the history and bible questions as those who live in the city.

ways of the politicians, and right in the middle of a very bad thad he learned that JAMES I. FELLOWS of St. John, London, Fredericton, and elsewhere had been appointed a legislative councillor.

He has raised a question as to the validity of Mr. FELLOWS' appointment. This is all right we suppose. It strikes PROGRESS that as the lawyers say, the roadmaster has misconceived his remedy, and that if a private citizen wanted to raise a question as to the validity of an appointment to the legislative council, the supreme court is the place to try it out.

In a few weeks the voice of the census taker will be heard in the land. PROGRESS regrets to learn that there will be an element of humbug in the coming count of the people, since it is proposed to include in it those who have gone away from the country and whose return is not probable.

Guibouard, voyageant en Egypte, reste penfé devant les Pyramides. Oh! s'écrit-il, tout à coup: quels vandales que ces touristes anglais.

Desespéré par une série de méconterances des plus corvées, le jeune Boissac annonce à un ami qu'il a dans huit jours, s'écrit-il d'un air dramatique, l'air qui le terre.

THE NEW BABY.

At first I thought you rather pink; Next while, but now, young fellow, If one may judge by ear, I think You're verging on the yellow.

WINDSOR, N. S.

MARCH 18.—Since my letter last week the death of Mr. D. K. Hobart, formerly American consul at Windsor, took place. He had been an invalid for the past few years and lived with his son, Mr. C. E. Hobart, at "Clifton," formerly the residence of "Sam Slick." The remains were taken to Denbysville, Me., for interment.

Dr. Young, U. S. consul at Windsor, who has been spending the winter with his son, Prof. Young of Acadia college, Wolfville, was in town on Tuesday last week.

Last week I misinformed the readers of PROGRESS of the object of Miss Maclellan's return to Truro. I have since learned that instead of going there to form a class in education, she will confine herself to her home.

The Rev. J. M. Wilby, rector of Clements, was in Windsor for a few days last week. The Rev. Henry Howe also paid a visit to this city.

The Philharmonic society is practicing indefatigably. I hope they will favor the public with the result of their labors before long. Judging from the melody that floated out on the balcony air, as I was passing their headquarters the other evening, the music is well worth listening to.

From what I hear of Mr. Rogers, Windsor, can proudly boast of standing alone, in that it has secured a clergyman with whom no bank can be found. On Sunday evening the Presbyterian church was hung about the door to see who sees who home, and perchance secure a fair damsel for themselves, had quite a wait while all the people came out.

Miss Jackson, of Windsor, was married at San Francisco on March 4, to Mr. Hunter, of Monticello, N. E. C.

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NOUVELLES FRANÇAISES.

Des Anecdotes.

A la heure du crépuscule, une vieille femme, évidemment très pauvre, entra dans le palais du Louvre. Elle suivit un des gardes du palais dans la grande salle du trône. Elle regarda autour d'elle avec un air de dévotion comme si elle était dans une église.

"Mais ce n'était pas cette draperie-ci" dit le garde—"C'est là!" répondit encore la vieille—"Oui, mais les fenêtres étaient cassées, les portes forcées, et le sang coulait sur le plancher—Pourtant, vous pouvez dire, "mon petit fils mourut sur le trône de France."

Enfin il tomba blessé à mort. On le leva et le plaça sur le trône. Voilà un tableau! La salle magnifique, les groupes de combattants, les drapeaux déchirés, le drapeau tricolore triomphant, et sur le trône le petit garçon, pâle, maigre, ses halions couverts à demi de la draperie royale, son sang s'écoulant sur le tapis pourpre.

Guibouard, voyageant en Egypte, reste penfé devant les Pyramides. Oh! s'écrit-il, tout à coup: quels vandales que ces touristes anglais.

Desespéré par une série de méconterances des plus corvées, le jeune Boissac annonce à un ami qu'il a dans huit jours, s'écrit-il d'un air dramatique, l'air qui le terre.

THE NEW BABY.

At first I thought you rather pink; Next while, but now, young fellow, If one may judge by ear, I think You're verging on the yellow.

WINDSOR, N. S.

MARCH 18.—Since my letter last week the death of Mr. D. K. Hobart, formerly American consul at Windsor, took place. He had been an invalid for the past few years and lived with his son, Mr. C. E. Hobart, at "Clifton," formerly the residence of "Sam Slick." The remains were taken to Denbysville, Me., for interment.

Dr. Young, U. S. consul at Windsor, who has been spending the winter with his son, Prof. Young of Acadia college, Wolfville, was in town on Tuesday last week.

Last week I misinformed the readers of PROGRESS of the object of Miss Maclellan's return to Truro. I have since learned that instead of going there to form a class in education, she will confine herself to her home.

The Rev. J. M. Wilby, rector of Clements, was in Windsor for a few days last week. The Rev. Henry Howe also paid a visit to this city.

The Philharmonic society is practicing indefatigably. I hope they will favor the public with the result of their labors before long. Judging from the melody that floated out on the balcony air, as I was passing their headquarters the other evening, the music is well worth listening to.

From what I hear of Mr. Rogers, Windsor, can proudly boast of standing alone, in that it has secured a clergyman with whom no bank can be found. On Sunday evening the Presbyterian church was hung about the door to see who sees who home, and perchance secure a fair damsel for themselves, had quite a wait while all the people came out.

Miss Jackson, of Windsor, was married at San Francisco on March 4, to Mr. Hunter, of Monticello, N. E. C.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

MARCH 18.—

Since the last issue of PROGRESS reached us, we have enjoyed many a laugh over "The Chronicles of Trim," and made various surmises as to the writer. It is not likely, however, our curiosity will be gratified, unless the author be a lady and confides her attempt to her married lady friend, who whispers the fun in her husband's ear.

Charlottetown is dull, and has been for some weeks, as I suppose, all places are, during Lent. Generally, the city is one round of gait, balls, parties, "At Homes" and dinners following each other, in rapid succession. During the constant whirl of pleasure, we almost forget that we live on a little island, cut off, for six months of the year, from the outside world, and that often, we can get to nobody and nobody can come to us.

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Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Carvell have removed to government house.

The many friends of Mr. Chandler will be glad to know that he has fully recovered from his late indisposition.

The pupils of West Kent street school gave a highly creditable and choice entertainment, lately. The programme consisted of tableaux, readings, dialogues and music, was splendidly carried out, and both teachers and pupils are to be congratulated upon the success which crowned their efforts.

Dance rumor whispers to us of certain happy events which are soon to take place, when a popular lawyer of this city will lead to the altar one of our society belles, and a well known merchant will claim a favorite young lady for his own.

Easter promises to be gay, the lieutenant-governor and Mrs. Carvell leading off with a large ball, to which invitations have already been issued. We hear of numberless concerts, three of which take place this week, but more of these anon.

And now PROGRESS, if you have never been taken a Charlottetown welcome, let me extend to you a warm greeting from this capital of our island home. You come to us so fresh and full of life, though the ladies claim you peculiarly as their own, though the ladies claim you peculiarly as their own, though the ladies claim you peculiarly as their own.

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To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

At the request of a large number of the electors, I will, at the election for the office of MAYOR,

to be held on Tuesday, the 14th of April next, be a candidate for your suffrages.

Trusting that my record at the Council Board, during my long service as representative of Wellington Ward, is such as to justify me in asking your support.

I am, Ladies and Gentlemen, Respectfully yours, THOMAS W. PETERS.

To the Electors of Prince Ward.

I have been requested by a large number of the influential electors of Prince Ward to offer myself as a candidate for

ALDERMAN,

I have decided to allow my name to be placed in nomination, and take this opportunity of soliciting your votes.

Yours respectfully, JOHN RYAN.

LIQUOR LICENSE ACT, 1887.

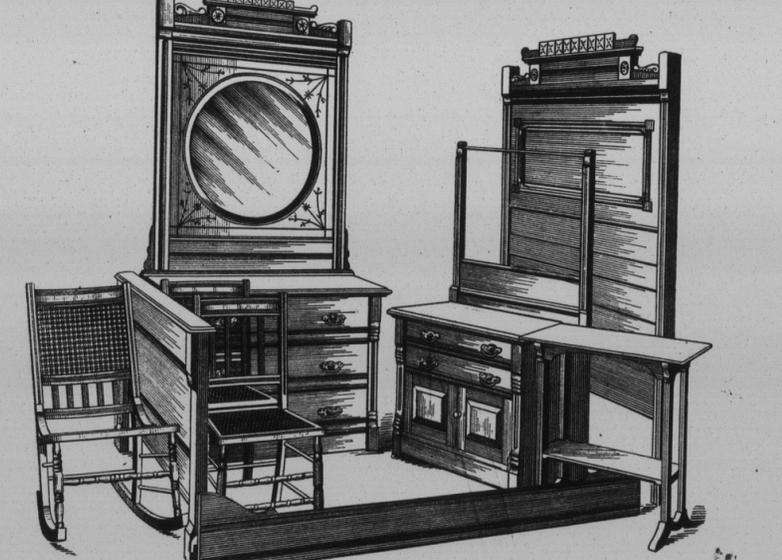
NOTICE is hereby given that I will attend at the City Hall, in the City of Saint John, on MONDAY, the TWENTY-THIRD day of MARCH instant, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of taking into consideration all applications that have been duly made for license to sell liquor in the city of Saint John, under the Act, and of hearing and determining all such applications, and all objections duly made to the same, according to law.

All persons concerned are requested to attend at the above time and place of meeting.

Dated at the City of Saint John this, the fourteenth day of March, A. D. 1891.

W. ALBERT LOCKHART, Mayor.

HAROLD GILBERT,



CARPET AND FURNITURE WAREHOUSES, 54 KING STREET, ST. JOHN.

Do not fail to visit the Great House Furnishing Emporium of St. John. One-third of an acre of floor space devoted to the exhibition of the latest productions in Carpets and Furniture.

NO. 8 \$35. BEDROOM SUITE. \$35.

The above Cut represents a Leader in Bedroom Suites; seven pieces, in Antique Finish; 26-inch British bevelled mirror; beautiful in design; guaranteed of first-class workmanship and material. A very superior suite in every respect. Packed and Delivered to any part of the City for \$35.00.

HAROLD GILBERT.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Carvell have removed to government house. Mr. J. H. Willis has gone to Montreal on a business trip.

The pupils of West Kent street school gave a very creditable and choice entertainment, lately a programme consisted of tableaux, readings, songs and music, was splendidly carried out.

Some rumor whispers to us of certain happy events which are soon to take place, when a popular young lady of this city will be the bride of a well known merchant.

the Electors of the City of Saint John.

MAYOR, held on Tuesday, the 14th of April next, be a date for your suffrages.

the Electors of Prince Ward.

ALDERMAN, decided to allow my name to be placed in nomination, and take this opportunity of soliciting votes.

LIQUOR LICENSE ACT, 1887.

ICE is hereby given that I will attend at the City Hall, in the City of Saint John, on MONDAY, the TWENTY-THIRD day of MARCH, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of taking into consideration all applications.

ERT, -



BREROOMS, JOHN.

One-third of an acre Carpets and Furniture.

\$35. X

pieces, in Antique Finish; first-class workmanship and offered to any part of the HAROLD GILBERT.



LOGAN'S IDEAL SOAP. Full Pound Indispensable in every well regulated family for all Household and Laundry purposes.

Wrought Iron Oven Range.



You can cook for 100 persons, or more with ease. Its operation is perfect, and it is guaranteed to be a quick and even baker.

This Spring we will show our friends and customers the finest lot of STOVES and RANGES, ever shown in this city, and at prices so low that anyone can afford to have a new one.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 KING STREET. Telephone No. 358. OPPOSITE THE ROYAL HOTEL.



Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa. ECONOMICAL. SOLUBLE. EASILY DIGESTED.

Half a Tea-spoonful is sufficient to make a Cup of most delicious Cocoa.

WHAT YOU WANT!

ADMIRATION. CROWN OF GOLD. EAGLE (WHITE AND GOLDEN). GLOBE. BUDA. DIAMOND. FIVE ROSES. HUNGARIAN OGI. GRITZ. BROWN BREAD FLOUR. GRAHAM FLOUR.

HARDRESS CLARKE, 48 SYDNEY STREET, NEAR PRINCESS.

LADIES ARE INTERESTED

STORM RUBBER.

MONEY SAVED. COMFORT ENSURED. CONSULT OUR STOCK. ESTEY & CO. 68 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

SEE YOURSELF AS IN A MIRROR

In a suit of Clothes that become you, that fit you, that you like, that everybody likes. Custom made Clothes, all ready to try on - all sizes, no misfits.

THOMAS YOUNGCLAUS, 51 CHARLOTTE STREET.



St. John-South End. Miss Jeanie Winslow, of Fredericton, is the guest of Mrs. E. P. Winslow, Union street.

I hear that Mr. Stanley L. Richey, formerly of the bank of Montreal in this city, has been transferred from the Chicago branch to that of Lindsay, Ont.

Mr. Arthur Fairweather leaves very shortly for England, where he will spend a month or two.

Mr. Wm. Kaye, accompanied by his sister, Miss Flossie Kaye, leave shortly on a trip to England, where they will visit relatives.

Mr. J. Miller has been ordered by his physician to Virginia for the benefit of his health. He left St. John on Wednesday last and expects to be absent about two months.

Mr. Samuel Girvan left by western train for the south on Monday last, having been summoned there in consequence of the illness of Mrs. Girvan, who with her mother, Mrs. Richards, of Fredericton, has been wintering there for the benefit of her health.

Miss Price met with quite a serious accident one day this week from falling on the ice, resulting in breaking one of the small bones of the ankle.

The death is announced this week of an old resident of St. John, Mrs. William Parker Ranney, who for some years has been residing with her daughter, Mrs. Chiswell, at Toronto, where her death occurred at the advanced age of 86 years.

The Young People's Whist club met at the residence of Mrs. R. Cruikshank on Monday evening, when a very pleasant time was spent.

The Ecclectic club met at the residence of Mrs. C. A. Macdonald, King street east, on Thursday evening, when a large attendance of members were present and a very pleasant, as well as instructive evening was spent.

Another rehearsal for the tableaux in aid of the hospital nurses fund, was held at the residence of the Misses Nicholson on Wednesday evening last.

About 850 was realized at the hockey match in aid of the Springhill sufferers, on Tuesday evening. The game was a very exciting one, and was attended by a number of ladies and gentlemen.

The bankers were beaten by the Saturday night club, the score being 6 to 3.

Mrs. Herbert Street entertained a number of her friends at an afternoon "At Home" on Thursday last, between the hours of five and seven o'clock, at her residence, Pitt street, when a number availed themselves of her kind hospitality.

Mr. Bayard and Mrs. Bayard gave a very elegant dinner to about eighteen or twenty of their lady and gentleman friends last evening.

Senator and Mrs. Boyd have returned home from a visit to Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Hilton Green, of Fredericton, is the guest of Mrs. Paddock, Paddock street.

Mr. Fred Corbett and daughters, of Halifax, spent a day or two in the city this week en route for New York.

Mr. Boies DeVeber, of the Halifax Banking company, left for Truro this week, where he has been ordered temporarily.

Mrs. James S. Harding gave a very pleasant afternoon at home at her residence, Germain street, yesterday, between the hours of 4 and 7 o'clock.

Mr. Geo. A. Haggerty, of McAdam Junction, has returned from a tour to Angus, and Bangor, Me. While away, he was the guest of Gov. Burleigh and Ex-Vice President Hamlin.

Mrs. John C. Rodgers who has been visiting her mother at Baie Verte for some weeks returned home this week.

Speaking of the marriage of Miss Katharine Shardon to Mr. J. McE. Hart, a Westchester, N. Y. county paper says that the bride was dressed in white French faille, with chiffon and pearl trimmings; bouquet of lilacs, the maid-of-honor, Miss Carrie Fairweather, of St. John, N. B., former schoolmate of the bride, wore a gown of Nile green silk and crepe, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses; the bride's mother was dressed in maroon satin, with white and gold brocade.

St. John-West End. Miss Sara Dunn, who has been spending a few days on Lancaster Heights, the guest of Miss Hattie Bartlett at Riverside cottage, has returned to her home in Ashland, Me.

Miss Hattie and Mr. Leonard Olive are expected home from Sackville next week to spend their Easter holidays.

Miss Beatrice is also expected home for the holidays.

The friends of Mr. Charles Brown sympathize with him in the death of his father, which occurred in New York on Monday. Mr. Brown had just returned from New York on Monday morning, where he had been called to see his mother who was dangerously ill. He left her better, and had only been home a few hours when he received word that his father was dead. It was a great shock to them all, being so unexpected, as his father was apparently in good health when he left New York.

Rev. William Allen is very ill at his home on Guilford street.

The Rev. Mr. Hartley's friends will be glad to hear that his family are recovering from that dread disease, scarlet fever.

Mr. William Baskin has returned from a trip to Fredericton.

Mrs. L. B. Knight spent last week at Musquash.

Mr. G. S. Mages who was also at Musquash, returned last week.

Mr. G. S. Mages as well as Miss Jennie Clark, are confined to the house with colds.

Miss Knight is suffering from neuralgia.

I hear that Miss Nellie White is confined to her home with the prevalent bronchial cold.

Mrs. Blair and the Misses Blair will remove to the city May 1. Miss Blair has been poorly all winter.

Rev. Mr. Saunders and family will also remove to the city, much to the regret of their friends of the West End.

Mrs. Capt. Doane leaves us for the city on May the 1st.

The Rev. J. A. Ford will give up housekeeping in May and board for a few months.

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MACAULAY BROS. & CO. 61 and 63 KING STREET.

NEW CURTAINS AND CURTAIN MATERIALS

We are now showing an elegant assortment of the very popular Irish Point Curtains, Swiss Embroidered Muslin Curtains; Madras, Coring Bergamo, and Cotton Pongee Draperies (Fine imitation of Silk), printed in new and beautiful designs.

The Filigree Draperies, Introduced by us this season, have met with a large sale. An elegant line of Goods for Scarf Ties, and Silk Curtains.

STAMPED LINEN GOODS FOR THE TABLE Just to hand, in endless variety of designs for working.

THE LARGE SPOT MUSLIN FOR CURTAINS, In wide and narrow widths, just opened.

NEW PATTERNS CHINA SILK FOR FANCY WORK. MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

NOVELTIES Frillings, Ruchings, Fancy Hd'k'fs. Linen Collars, Ribbons, Leather Belts, Etc.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON. LONDON HOUSE RETAIL.



WATERPROOF CLOAKS. New Spring Patterns, LATEST STYLES. Largest Stock in St. John. Our Prices are the lowest in Canada.

DRESS SHIELDS, ONLY 9cts. PAIR. REGULAR PRICE 20cts.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET. WEST END.

TURNER & FINLAY, 12 KING STREET.

EASTER SCARFS

Gentlemen and Boys.

FOUR-IN-HAND AND MADE-UP SCARFS,

20cts. 30cts. 35cts. and 40cts. Neat, Bright, and New,

At 12 King Street.

THE LATEST CRAZE! TIDDLEY WINKS TENNIS.

A Cup and the full number of Counters is also provided for the REGULAR GAME OF TIDDLEY WINKS, Sent Free on receipt of \$1.25.

EASTER CARDS AND BOOKLETS. We are showing a choice assortment of this season's publication.

G. FLOOD & SONS, 31 and 33 KING STREET. CLEARANCE SALE

Boots and Shoes! In order to get out of business by the 1st April, we will sell the balance of Boots and Shoes BELOW COST.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR BARGAINS. GOODS MUST BE SOLD. MITCHELL BROS. 40 KING STREET.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

ARE NOT a Pur-
gative Medi-
cine. They are a
Blood Builder,
Tonic and Recon-
structor, as they
supply in a condensed
form the substances
actually needed to en-
rich the Blood, curing
all diseases coming
from Poon and WAT-
ERY BLOOD, or from
WASTED HIGORS in
the Blood, and also
invigorate and BRILLI-
ATE the Blood and
SYSTEM, when broken
down by overwork,
excess and indiscre-
tions. They have a
SPECIFIC ACTION on
the SEXUAL SYSTEM of
both men and women,
restoring Lost Vigor,
and correcting all
IRREGULARITIES and
DEPRESSIONS.

Who finds his mental fac-
ulties dull or failing, or
whose physical powers flagging, should take these
PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both
physical and mental, which inevitably
follow from neglect.

EVERY MAN should take them.
They cure all sup-
perfluousness, which inevitably
follows from neglect.

EVERY WOMAN should take them.
They cure all sup-
perfluousness, which inevitably
follows from neglect.

YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS.
They will cure the re-
sults of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the
system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them.
These PILLS will
also regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon
receipt of price (5c. per box), by addressing
THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO.
Brockville, Ont.

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At W. ALEX. PORTER'S.

CANNED PEACHES, Canned Apples, Canned
Strawberries, Canned Raspberries, Canned
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Grated and Whole), Canned Corn, Canned Tom-
atoes, Canned Blueberries, Canned Peas (French
and Canadian), Canned Salmon, Canned Lobster,
N. B.—Above goods are all new stock and bought
or dozen.

Corner Union and Waterloo, and corner Mill and
Pond streets.

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WHITE'S CONFECTIONERY,
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ST. JOHN, N. B.

BY ORDER OF THE COMMON COUNCIL
—OF THE—
CITY OF ST. JOHN.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill
will be presented for enactment at the next
Session of the Provincial Legislature to repeal the
sixteenth section of the Act of Assembly, 15 Vic.,
chapter 68.

The object of this Bill is to repeal all provisions
of the laws relating to the Police establishment in
the City of Saint John, that prohibit members of
the Police department from voting at Civic and
Provincial elections.
2nd March, 1891.

TURKISH DYES
EASY TO USE.
They are Fast.
They are Beautiful.
They are Brilliant.
DYE WON'T FADE THEM.
IF YOU used them; if not, try and
be convinced.
The Package equal to two of
any other make.

DR. PAULEY,
CUSTOM TAILOR,
For the past nineteen years, cutter for JAS. S.
& SONS, begs leave to inform the
public that he has removed to 82 PRINCE
STREET, where he will be pleased to
occupy those central premises formerly
occupied by Messrs. Barnes & Co., 82 Prince William
Street.

F. A. JONES, : 34 Dock Street.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
WIRE, CUT NAILS,
AND SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS,
SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc.
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USE FERRY'S SEEDS
BECAUSE THEY ARE
THE BEST.
D. M. FERRY & CO.
Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced
SEED ANNUAL
For 1891 will be mailed FREE
to all applicants, and to last season's
customers. It is better than ever.
Every person using Garden,
Flower or Field Seeds,
should send for it. Address
D. M. FERRY & CO.
WINDSOR, ONT.
Largest Seedmen in the world.

DAVID CONNELL,
Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St.
Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.
Carts and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-outs
at short notice.

"ASTRA'S" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this de-
partment should address their queries to "Astra,"
Progress, St. John.]

I have received yet another answer to
my request for information concerning the
poem "Up Hill," in addition to the many
which came in last week, and although I
had already published the poem before his
note reached me, I thank "J. F. M. L." of
St. Stephen, just as cordially for the
trouble he took, as if his was the only
answer I had received. I am also glad to
know that he likes PROGRESS so well, for I
take it for granted that I come in for a
share of his approval, along with the rest
of the staff.

QUEENIE, Lowell, Mass.—I am always
glad to hear from Canadian girls, no mat-
ter in what part of the globe they may be
sojourning, and I love to hear them say
that their hearts turn with love and loyalty
to their northern home. For though I am
not a Canadian myself, I believe I love the
land of the maple leaf with an affection far
exceeding that of many a true born Canuck.

As for all the nice things you say about
myself and my column, I make my best
bow to you and thank you very much. I
did not know I was so popular as you say,
but probably it is because I really do like
the girls who write to me and take a deep
interest in their affairs. They seem like
real friends, and they write me such nice
letters. (1) In making the introduction
always present the gentleman to the lady,
thus: "Miss Smith, allow me to introduce
Mr. Brown," unless the gentleman is either
much older than the lady, or occupies an
exalted position, when the order is re-
versed. But in making an introduction
without the prefix of "Allow me to intro-
duce," you would do it thus: "Mr.
Brown, Miss Smith." It is hard to ex-
press on paper, but the emphasis on the
gentleman's name, properly used, shows at
once that he is being presented to the lady.

(2) You must remember that the rules of
card etiquette in the United States are quite
different from those in vogue in Canada.
A most excellent explanation of the former
was published with illustrations in Harper's
Bazar some five or six years ago, and I
dare say you could get the number by
writing for it. The turning down of each
corner has a separate meaning, but I would
leave a card for each of the ladies in the
family if I were you, it is better form;
if you are nearly out of cards and wish to
indicate that your visit is meant for all,
turn down the left hand end all the way
across—towards you, of course—and that
will answer the purpose, the upper left
hand corner is also used for the same
purpose. (3) Almost the same answer
applies to the ring. Customs differ. The
Americans frequently wear the engagement
ring on the first finger of the left hand,
but in England and Canada, the third, or
wedding finger is considered the only
proper one for the betrothal badge. You
are quite right, I am no cook, but I think
I might get you the recipe you want. I
will try. Ask me any questions you like
at any time. I shall be glad to hear from
you again.

PANSY, Moncton.—What a rosebud
garden of girls I am getting to be sure!
Two "Pansies," a "Heartease," a "Rose-
bud," a "Violet" and a "Daisy." I shall
soon have to start a conservatory. I don't
think I would advise their use. The
process is not only very painful, but abso-
lutely useless, so far as permanency goes.
In a few weeks they will have grown out
as thickly as ever. I have seen it tried,
and it never succeeds. There is only
one method of permanently removing
superfluous hair, and that is electrolysis,
but I do not think you can have it done
any nearer than Toronto. I do not con-
sider what you speak of, a disfigurement
at all. I think it adds character, and a
certain piquancy to the face. I thought
your writing very pretty indeed, and not at
all irregular.

THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL,
St. John.—(1) Certainly, you should bow
each time you meet; it would be very rude
to do otherwise. Your writing is very
good, but more like a boy's than a girl's.
(2) Simply to bow politely and say "How
do you do?" Don't say "Pleased to make
your acquaintance," as I have heard peo-
ple who should know better, say. Your
writing will be better by and by. At pre-
sent it is unformed. (3) I do not think so
myself, but opinions differ on that point.
If innocent gaiety is wrong after joining a
church, it must have been wrong always,
and the world out of joint generally. The
bible itself tells us "there is a time to
dance," you know. Your writing is rather
childish.

BLUE EYES, St. John.—(1) How in the
world can I give you advice upon such a
point when I do not know any of the cir-
cumstances, upon which, of course, every-
thing would depend? If the young man
has proposed to you, and you have refused
him, I do not think you should continue to
accept his attention, unless you mean to
reverse your decision. It is very pleasant
for you, no doubt, but scarcely fair to him.
I know it is very difficult to avoid a person
you are accustomed to associating with
almost daily, but if you feel you really cannot
care for him, you should withdraw from
his companionship, gradually, if you like,
but as much as possible. (2) I think I
would let the suggestion come from him.

I can assure you that a man is never back-
ward about making his wishes known in
that respect, and he will either ask you
himself if you will be at home on a certain
evening, or else come on his own respon-
sibility, and then you will have the satis-
faction of knowing that he really
was anxious to see you, for if you
appointed the evening he would, to a
certain extent, feel obliged to come. Make
him sure of his welcome and nothing more
is necessary. Remember how often I tell
the girls not to seem too eager for atten-
tion, that is one of the surest ways of
obtaining it. (3) Some girls do, and
make most happy marriages, but I my-
self, think that 20 is the very earliest age
at which a girl should marry, and 25 is a
far better one. Keep your girlhood as
long as you can, for you know you can
never get it back again. Thank you very
much for your kind little letter and
appreciative words. You know we all like
encouragement, and it helps us along. So
you would "like to know who I am, and
how I find out everything so well." You
could easily find out the one, and I can
tell you the other. I have read and studied
a great deal in my life, and when I find
a thing by searching around in my
memory, I hunt it up elsewhere, or get
someone who is more clever than I do to
do it for me. I will take good care of the
love you sent me. Your writing is very
good indeed.

EUGENIE, St. John.—Certainly you can
have a chat with me whenever you like.
When I read your letter I wished very
much that I had your address for I felt like
writing you a little private note. However,
we will make the columns of PROGRESS do
instead. I don't "know everything" by
any means, and I am quite as easily tripped
up as anyone else, but I do really like
the girls. I think you are the very girl I
should "make up to" if I were a man; I
can assure you that men do admire quiet
girls and generally seek them out for wives.
A man insensibly associates peace and quiet
with "home." I have heard numbers of
men say, in speaking of their friends'
wives, "If I could find a girl just
like her I would marry her tomorrow
if so nice, and at the same time so
quiet." How do you know that you are not
good looking? You must be in some way;
everybody is, or else they are fascinating,
or stylish. No one is without some charm,
and let me tell you that the girl who has
no lovers at 20 often has more at 30 than
she can manage. Strange, isn't it? I am
not accomplished either, and yet I manage
to have rather a pleasant time, and I have
come to the conclusion that it is more dis-
tinguished not to be. I think it is most
likely he comes to see you. Men are very
strange beings, and they have very differ-
ent dispositions. They will often go to see
a girl for a long time without giving the
object of their attentions the least hint of
their meaning. But remember that the
best of them are selfish, and they very sel-
dom go to a house unless they find some
attraction there. Yes, I always like
to walk to the hall door with a departing
guest. It is much more friendly than leav-
ing them at the parlor door. Your writing
is very good indeed. I shall be very glad
to be your friend, and to answer any ques-
tions you ask.

HATTIE, St. John.—(1) Yes, leave
cards, of course. You should leave two,
and if possible your address should be on
them. It is always proper to leave cards
when calling for the first time on anyone.
(2) It is merely a cant or slang phrase
which probably had its origin in a comic
song, as so many of those sayings have.
Its meaning is a sort of cross between
"Hallo!" and "Where are you going?"
It is used to attract anyone's attention. (3)
If I knew of anything to dye auburn hair,
and thereby destroy it, I would not tell
you, but I don't know of anything. (4)
No, never accept presents from young
men, except flowers, music, or some such
trifle. A box of candy is also quite cor-
rect. (5) Whenever she has sense enough
to appreciate him. (6) Your writing is
very good and shows individuality. No,
not too many questions at all.

ENQUIRER, Newcastle.—I am a little
uncertain about it myself, but will hunt it
up for you with pleasure. I will do any-
thing in the world for you. You have now
my whole heart by not asking me what I
think of your writing.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
UNLIKE ANY OTHER.
As much
FOR INTERNAL AS EXTERNAL USE.
Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810.
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION
HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.
THINK OF IT!
In one case 40 YEARS in one family.
Dr. J. S. JOHNSON & Co.—It is sixty years since I first
learned of this now celebrated remedy for the common
life of life—JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT: for many
years I have used it in my family. I first
(marked by you) I regard it as one of the best and safest
family remedies that can be found, used internal or ex-
ternal, in all cases it is claimed to relieve or cure. O. H.
GALLAGHER, Deacon Second Baptist Church, Bangor, Me.

Could a Remedy
WITHOUT REAL MERIT
Have Survived for Eighty Years?
Dropped out Super, Obsolete, Lame, etc.
EVERY SUFFERER
Should have JOHNSON'S
Every Traveler should have a bottle of it in his satchel.
Every Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrhs, Bronchitis, Ne-
vralgia, Lumbago, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, La Grippe,
Soreness in Body or Limbs, Lame Back, Stiff Joints or
strains will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure.
Every Mother should have JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT in
her medicine chest. It is a sure and safe remedy for
Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and
Tonsillitis, Colic, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains and Pains
liable to occur in any family without notice. It can
may cost a life. Relieves all Summer Complaints like
Meadow, Fever, Stomachic, Cholera, etc. Price, 25 Cts.
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ALWAYS at the head in our trade, and having the largest and most convenient carriage factory in the Dominion of Canada, we are prepared to sell light
vehicles of every description, of the best style and finish in the market, and at prices lower than any others, considering the quality of the work
Having had upwards of fifty years experience in the manufacture of Light Carriages, we are confident that purchasers will gain advantage by having the
very best styles made.
We solicit from all intending purchasers a careful inspection of our work before purchasing elsewhere, as we feel confident that we can supply a better
carriage for less money, than any other firm in the Dominion.
We manufacture a large variety of Carriages, Sleighs and Hearses, and challenge the Dominion for competition in our manufactures. After years of
experience, this establishment is ready to furnish Carriages, Sleighs and Hearses of any description, which for workmanship, durability, ease, and comfort,
cannot be excelled. We know what we say when we claim that we have no equal, and the expense for repairs after years of continual use is normal.
If you are wanting a Carriage, Sleigh, or Hearse, look around you and notice whose make your experienced neighbours are using in the same business. A
first-class vehicle, though costing a little more, will make money when an inferior one will show largely diminished profits by reason of extensive repairs. We
confidently assert that the average repairs on an Edgcombe Carriage run as a public vehicle, is fully 50 per cent. less than any other make used for the same
purpose.
Another remarkable fact is that second-hand carriages of our manufacture bring an increased price in the market by reason of their reputation for style
and wearing qualities.

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made up from the letters contained in the words
"FREDERICTON GLOBE." This offer is open to paid
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Write only on one side of the paper upon which
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LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtain-
ing a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and
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TYPE-WRITING,
WILL RE-OPEN AFTER
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Pupils can commence at any time—week,
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Will be the largest and best we have ever made.

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THE FINEST EFFECTS OF
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That has ever appeared in St. John was seen at the
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85 CENTS
FOR A—
FOUNTAIN PEN.
Solid Ebony handle; most any com-
mon pen can be used when the cap is in
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BY THE LATE JAMES S. JAMESON,
Naturalist to the Expedition.
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43 KING STREET.

OATS. OATS.
OUR faith in high prices led us to purchase very
largely in the early part of the season. Our
stock is now coming forward rapidly and can offer
dealers at
LOWEST PRICES,
with the advantage of having a large number
of cars to select from. We predict sixty cents per
bushel later, and would advise our friends to put
away all they require for winter and spring.

Standard Trading and Mt'g Co.
LIMITED.
J. D. SHATFORD,
General Manager.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. W.K. Allen, Miss Maggie Allen, Miss Ida Allen, Miss May Whelpley, Miss Mira Randolph, Miss Bailey, Miss Bessie Hunt, Miss Frank Babbitt, Miss Bessie Babbitt, Mr. Schofield, Mr. Sharp, Mr. George Babbitt, Mr. Harry Chestnut, Mr. Lee Hayes, Mr. Kenney.

The whist club met last Thursday evening with their worship Mayor and Mrs. Allen.

Mrs. George Hodge gave a small party last evening at her pleasant home on George street, in honor of her niece and namesake, Miss Jeanie Edwards, of Halifax, who is visiting her grandparents in this city.

The students of the Normal school are holding a series of afternoon entertainments, at which visitors are admitted by ticket.

The whist club will meet tomorrow evening with Miss Maggie Allen, at the residence of St. John Allen.

St. Paul's congregation meet tonight to sign a call for Rev. Mr. McGregor, of Amherst. Rev. Mr. McLean, of Harvey, will preside at the meeting.

He is the guest of Senator Work while in the city. It is reported that Mr. McGregor may not accept, his people in Amherst being anxious to keep him with them.

A very successful concert was given last evening at St. Dunstan's hall, under the auspices of the Hibernians. The building was full to the doors, and the programme was excellent.

Yesterday being St. Patrick's day, the band serenaded Col. Maunsell and officers of the school in the morning at 7 o'clock, playing some choice airs, especially arranged by Bandmaster Hayes for the occasion.

The children's entertainment in the City hall on Saturday evening was exceedingly good.

Miss Madge Turnbull, of St. John, is visiting friends here.

Dr. J. E. Currie is visiting Boston.

Mr. A. Limerick, who has been ill in Boston, will be brought home as soon as he is able to bear the journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Fellows, and Miss Fellows, of London, Eng., are here for the session. They will be at the Queen. Miss Fello has been quite ill since her arrival in Fredericton.

Mr. F. W. Emmerson, of Pettauciac, is here, the guest of her sisters, the Misses Cummings, King street. Mr. Emmerson spent a few days in the city last week, but has now returned home.

Miss Coy left yesterday for St. John. Mrs. O'Brien, nee Miss McPeake, is visiting her mother, Mrs. McPeake, Northumberland street. This is her first visit home since her marriage and she is being warmly welcomed by her numerous friends.

Mr. O'Brien is here attending to his parliamentary duties.

Miss Jeannette Beverly is spending a week with Mrs. John Morrison at Riverside cottage, below town.

Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan are staying at the Barker house, also Mr. and Mrs. Robinson.

Hon. Senator Claxton is ill at his home in Lincoln.

Mr. Douglas Hazen, M.P., of St. John, spent Sunday with his mother in this city. He was warmly congratulated by his hosts of friends on his great success in the recent election.

Mr. John Richards received a telegram last night conveying the alarming news of the dangerous illness of his daughter, Mrs. Girvan, who, with Mrs. Richards, went South last fall for her health.

Mr. W. A. Quinn has been appointed engraving clerk in the house of assembly, in the place of J. Albert Gregory.

Mr. Frank Owen has been appointed to the principalship of the Regent street school, made vacant by the death of Mr. Meagher.

A children's concert will be given in Carleton street opera house Saturday evening, in aid of the Springfield sufferers. An attractive programme has been arranged.

Federicton has now sent to Springfield the amount of \$1000, and there is still more to be sent from here. The sewing club, which is a band of young girls, will meet Friday evening at the residence of Mrs. Geo. Babbitt, College road.

The university students are going to have a concert after Easter, to help pay for the new piano they have recently purchased. A handsome drill will be one of the leading features of this entertainment. It will be composed of sixteen young ladies, eight blondes and eight brunettes; the blondes to be clad in yellow and black with yellow ribbons on their tambourines, while the brunettes will wear red and black with red ribbons. This drill is under the management of Miss Bessie Tibbitts.

CELESTE'S FREDERICTON TALKS. MARCH 18.—A little bit of past-board bearing the legend "Normal School Debating Society Lecture Course, Admit one," carried out its instructions and ushered me into the assembly hall of the Normal school where the students gave a Shakespearean entertainment. A male quartette, not strictly Shakespearean in what Tennessee was often mentioned was well liked. Miss Mamie Tibbitts essay on *John Bull* was a clear outline of the story of the play, while the brunettes and expressive tones remind one of the playful Rosalind. There is a good deal of latent histrionic talent in Miss Tibbitts and we all wish we might have seen her as Mrs. Hardcastle when *She Stoops to Conquer* was given by the Bryan Meyer girls. In her debut scene a very tall Celia and very short Rosalind were expelled by the hard-hearted Duke.

Miss Jean Thomson, of Newcastle, is spending a scenic passed off in good style. At the end of a languid discussion of Portia's suitors pretty Portia of the servant announcing the Prince of Morocco. He couldn't have been very long in the service judging from his embarrassment. The seven degrees of a lie were comically explained by two young men; and the sobriety "To be or not to be" was thoughtfully recited by one of the young ladies. Indeed this last showed the best appreciation of any of the lines recited. Several musical numbers were very well rendered and altogether Chairman H. Dean Croft and his assistants directed a good deal although the rain fell heavy the visitors' seats were well filled, a good many of the listeners being old Normal school students.

If you ever want to give a delightful concert, try this plan. Gather together from the schools 90 of the best voices among the girls, dress the owners in white and train them to sing choruses and part songs, if possible have one patriotic song, in the chorus of which the little ones can bring forth the hidden rights hands laden with the "same old flag," to the same singers at a local concert, the length and children all come to watch their little playmates, and the parents must needs be there to look after the children, so you are sure of a full house. At the 7's concert there wasn't a vacant seat in the house a quarter to eight. The children's concert is a feature of our winter's entertainments, that is always highly appreciated and grows better every year. A gentleman from Toronto told the ladies last year that he had seen many concerts of the kind, but in all the length, but in the length and breadth of the dominion he had never seen a prettier.

Dorothea did not want to go to the opening of the house. She said, "We were there last year, and it will be exactly the same as then." We will see the same people in the same dresses that we see every day, to which I replied, "It will be like the only difference being that they sing under different auspices. Now as regards the length and breadth of the dominion he had never seen a prettier. Dorothea didn't seem to mind going under such distinguished patronage so we started. In the council chamber there was a gathering of ladies

such as one does not often see. Everyone seemed to be there. The legislative councillors seats, as well as all available chairs were filled, and the governor in his subconsequent peaked hat was the central figure of the group. At his right was Major Gordon, aide-de-camp, while two rows of "our chivalry in blue" and red lined the passage way leading to the throne.

In the lower house, while waiting for the appearance of the members, the people admired the new canopy above the speaker's chair, and especially the red crib curtains designed to protect him from the draft. The chair evidently possesses the attributes of awe and majesty, for the little pages in immaculate white gloves were fanned to blow respectfully to its emptiness as they passed. The procession was headed by the sergeant-at-arms, who conducted the speaker to the chair, behind the speaker came the chaplain, Dr. McLeod, followed by the priestly Tweedie. Among all who entered, the polite English was the only one who did not forget to make his bow to the speaker. The green of the wigs in the hall is painfully suggestive of crossing the Bay of Fundy when the weather isn't particularly fine.

Saturday afternoon, after going to the library for a book, Dorothea proposed dropping in to the ladies' gallery, to see how things looked with half her numbers gone home for Sunday. We shared the sofa with a couple of trainers, whose remarks on the billings and ignorance, that Dorothea thought it her duty as a patriotic citizen to enlighten them.

"Al, pardon me for interrupting you, but could you tell me who that gentleman is down there?" "Yes, certainly; that is Mr. Pollock, the member for our county." "Only been in the house a year," remarked Dorothea and then discreetly relapsed into silence. Pretty goodly the return question came. "Who is that Rufus-like man at the extreme right?" "That is Mr. Hastings, the member for the county. Is he a good speaker? Yes, very; although there is a good deal of bluster about him, he is always very much in earnest. He has been kept out of the government. Behind you have been kept out of the land of the opposition, but ye have wasted your substance in riotous dissipation, and ye have followed too much the devices and desires of your own hearts, and ye have neglected the school matters, and there is no health in you; therefore will ye go over and drive your own and sister's nose into the wall of your land to possess it." To which Mr. Blair, looking up in an abstracted fashion as if the last word of the orator had fallen upon his ears, replied: "Well, why don't you gather together your own members and do it, my honorable friend?" Mr. Hastings, not having the visible requisite of a following, said: "I have no doubt of importance, but sits there and mutters half audibly, 'so we will, if it just give us a fair chance.'"

"Dorothea," I remarked, "if you keep on making speeches like that, you will be sure to get a fair chance will be down on the floor of the house yourself some day."

"No," said Dorothea, with great decision, "I never shall. It is all well enough to look on from the outside, but when you are sitting on the floor of the house, and to watch the new member get as red as a lobster in making his maiden effort, after which he goes home and tells his wife he was cut as at a feebler; it is well enough for them, as they like it, but I never want to see the women sitting up such papers as this."

Bad Complexions, pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin and hair are prevented and cured by that greatest of all Skin Purifiers and Beautifiers, the celebrated CUTICURA SOAP. Incomparably superior to all other skin and complexion soaps, while rivaling in delicacy and softness the most expensive toilet and nursery soaps. The only medicated toilet soap, and the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of most complexional derangements. Price, 35c.

Why Suffer One Moment From Torturing Skin Diseases

When a single application of the Cuticura Remedies will, in the great majority of cases, instantly relieve the most agonizing of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, and point to a permanent and economical (because so speedy) cure, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail?

Cuticura Remedies are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, are absolutely pure and agreeable to the most sensitive, and may be used by the youngest and most delicate with perfect success.



CUTICURA the great skin cure, instantly allays the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, speedily heals the skin, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause. Hence the Cuticura Remedies cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

"All ABOUT THE BLOOD, SCALP, AND HAIR" mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 35c. Dorothea, 50 Illustrations, and two Testimonials. A book of priceless value to every sufferer. CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, 75c.; CUTICURA SOAP, an Exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, 50c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the greatest of Blood Purifiers and Humor Remedies, \$1.50. Prepared by FOTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

At House Cleaning cleans anything, everywhere, "clean as a whistle."

5c. Buys a pkge WHITE CROSS GRANULATED SOAP.

At House Cleaning cleans anything, everywhere, "clean as a whistle."

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (each 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

A SLOOP RIGGED SAIL BOAT, 20 feet keel, is offered for sale. She is in good order. Address J. FRANK GIBSON, Portland Post-office, North End, St. John, N.B.

A HUSTLER WANTED, in sell rights in this city. It sells at night. It's away beyond any other for the money. Address at 35c. Inquire at PROGRESS Office between 12 and 1, Saturday or Monday. H. V. MORAN & Co., (mar.)

WANTED, a PEELER with team and carts, also a horse, for the purpose of pulling a saw. Apply to Mr. W. C. ADAM, King Street (West End), Bathurst, N.S.

WANTED, in every locality in N.B. and N.S., from 12 to 18 years of age, for after school hours. Key Chains; sell well. Apply for 25c. Send 25c. for sample. H. V. MORAN & Co., Box 21, St. John, N.B.

TO LET, Two separate BELL-CONTAINED FLATS in terrace, Richmond street; respectable, complete, comfortable, containing six rooms each. The premises, clothes presses, w.c., etc., etc. Good yard. Moderate rent. Please enquire of E. H. LESTER, 11 Richmond street.

TO LET, The DRY GOODS STORE, formerly occupied by Mr. W. C. ADAM, King Street (West End). Apply to ROY, TURNER, 13 King Street, City.

SKINNER'S CARPET: WAREROOMS.

NEW LACE CURTAINS, NEW CHENILLE PORTIERES AND CURTAINS, NEW FURNITURE COVERINGS

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

A. O. SKINNER.

A FOUNTAIN PEN for 35cts.

THE PEN is the very best on the market; can use most any common pen in it, when the one in use gives out. It writes as well as any pen you could pay \$2.50 for. Solid Brassy handle, nickel-plated fountain, and glass filler—everything complete.

AGENTS WANTED! Young men make money. It sells fast—good margin. Send 25c. in stamps, for sample pen and filler.—H. V. MORAN & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

ST. ANDREWS. MARCH 17.—St. Patrick's day, and many a shambled display of vivid green against the black background of the pedestrian's coat as one walks the streets and meets the holiday keepers who delight to keep their patron saint.

A cobweb party is to be held at the residence of Miss Sprague this evening; the number of tickets is limited to 40. The proceeds are to be devoted to the Presbyterian church fund.

The new organ for All Saints' church has been placed in position and tuned. Being placed further out in the chancel than the old one, it can be much better seen by the congregation, and is quite ornamental. It was built by Mr. Peters, of St. John, and is said to be a fine toned instrument.

Prof. Baugh, wife and child, are registered at Kennedy's hotel. The professor gives an exhibition of views, displayed by the oxo-hydrogen light, in the Roman Catholic church this evening.

The concert company continue their practices with unabated vigor. The ladies and gentlemen who are to take part in it are busy getting their costumes in readiness, and their concert, which takes place on the 2nd of April, bids fair to be a success.

Their last practice took place last evening at the residence of Mr. W. B. Morris.

Messrs. G. D. Ginnier, and R. E. Armstrong, of the Beacon, went to Fredericton last week.

Mr. R. E. Armstrong has rented from Mr. Geo. Jackson his house near the Beacon office, and is having it thoroughly overhauled and repaired.

Mr. Julius Whitlock drove down from St. Stephen Thursday, bringing with him, Miss Bessie Tilly, and Mrs. Geo. Clarke. A small steamer also brought down about 20 gentlemen. All they returned the same evening.

The whist club met on Wednesday instead of Tuesday evening on account of Prof. Baugh's exhibition.

It is reported that Dr. Foster is soon to return to his home in Philadelphia.

Mr. T. H. Street, spent a few days in town last week.

Messrs. Estes and Chas. Kennedy drove to St. George last Saturday, returning on Sunday.

Mr. Geo. Coster, of St. John, arrived in town yesterday, and is registered at Kennedy's hotel.

Miss Love returned from St. Stephen this morning.

Mr. Tilton, that I have to record so much illness in one family, but our doctor has his whole household down at one time. Dr. Ketchum himself is quite ill, and has been unable to attend to his patients either yesterday or today. Mrs. Ketchum is suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis, and Miss Ketchum is confined to the house by a heavy cold.

Mrs. Foster's dance came off on Wednesday evening, and as usual, was a very pleasant little affair. Among the ladies present were Mrs. Jack, Miss Green, Miss Kearny, Miss Carmichael, Miss Morris, and Miss May Morris.

FAIRVILLE. MARCH 18.—One of the most pleasant events of last week was a party given on Thursday by Mr. and Mrs. William Rivers. Mrs. Rivers has the happy faculty of making herself an agreeable hostess to all old and young, and the late hour to which the evening was prolonged proved that her reputation was well sustained.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Baker entertained their friends on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Tilton has returned from Ottawa. Her friends were well pleased to see her.

Mrs. Wellington Camp of Hillsborough is visiting Mr. Long.

Rev. J. C. Titcomb spent a Sunday at Waterford, a parish that has been without service for some length of time. His place here was supplied by Rev. B. Mathers.

Rev. LEB. FOWLER, a former rector of St. George's, Carleton, now rector of Dexter, Me., assisted at the church of the Good Shepherd last Sunday evening. Fairville was, until quite recently, a mission attached to Carleton, and to all his old friends and parishioners, Mr. Fowles' presence was a great and unexpected pleasure.

Mr. James Manchester left by train last night for Florida, where he intended to spend several weeks.

Mr. Ferris has gone to Bathurst for a few days. The children of Mr. Mason who have been ill with diphtheria are recovering.

BATHURST. [Progress is for sale in Bathurst at A. C. Smith & Co's store.] MARCH 18.—Miss Emma Miller has been confined to her room with a very severe cold. I am informed she is feeling much better today.

Mr. W. H. Chisholm still continues very ill. Mr. Gus McLaughlin left on Monday last for Dorchester, where he has accepted a position on the penitentiary office staff.

Mr. Horace Cole is in town today. Mr. Judge Wilkison is presiding at county court which is in session this week.

The Bathurst division, S. O. T., are preparing the usual *Little Brown Jug*, and I am told they intend putting it on the boards after Easter. There is considerable talent among the members of the division, and besides the play is under the management of Mr. W. F. Draper, so that we have reason to look forward to their entertainment as a treat.

DIOLBY, N. S. MARCH 17.—There is not much of interest to write about at present. Lent has reduced the young people to a very hum-drum existence. The "ladies" I wish I could say "lads" too—who last year were tending daily services, wind, muddy roads and unpleasant weather proving no hindrance to their religious zeal. Then, into almost every household a gripe has forced its way, but its victims are too numerous to mention.

On Thursday a large number of Oddfellows arrived from Halifax, Annapolis and Yarmouth to organize a lodge here. Several of our prominent young men became members. It was a successful affair, and wound up with an oyster supper at the Bay View house.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper berries, Mandrake, Dandelion, and other valuable vegetable remedies, every ingredient being strictly pure, and the best of its kind it is possible to buy.

It is prepared by thoroughly competent pharmacists, in the most careful manner, by a peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process, giving to it curative power.

Peculiar To Itself

It will cure, when in the power of medicine, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning, Cancerous and all other Humors, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and all difficulties with the Liver and Kidneys.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is certified by thousands of voluntary witnesses all over the country whom it has cured of diseases more or less severe. It is sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., N. B.

If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE TOILET GEM PHIBODERMA. CHASED BRAND. COLD SORES, SORD LIPS ETC. Sold at DRAUGS 75c. 25c.

Bijou Theatre!

Formerly the Lyceum Theatre, Ogunquit, St. Andrew's Bank.

BRAN NEW SHOW!

All new faces, from the leading Theatres in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

PICKERT and MAYON, From the team, Singing and Dancing Troupe, said to be the finest before the American public.

THE SCOTT'S, The world's greatest Shadow-Play artists, with their own original and character change artists. The above are new and novel.

NELLIE OLDINE, The charming, Romantic Singer, who has written and written music. Comes highly recommended.

RUSSELL and BAKER, Musical Artists, who will perform on all kinds of instruments. Still with us, the St. John favorite.

JIM CURRAN, The Irish Comedian Vocalist, who will sing and dance. His ninth week. Come and see him in his new songs and dances.

The whole to conclude with the side-splitting after-piece entitled—

GHOST in a PAWNSHOP.

Look out for the Ghost.

Popular Prices: 10c, 25c, and 50c. GRAND MILLINERY OPENING - AT THE - American Millinery Store, 149 Union St. LATEST NEW YORK STYLES. HAVE opened Untrammelled Hats, and all the latest novelties. Will give notice of the opening of Trammelled Millinery later. MRS. L. B. CARROLL.

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AREROOMS.
CURTAINS,
PERSIAN CURTAINS,
FLOOR COVERINGS
LOW PRICES.
O. SKINNER.

PEN for 35cts.

most any common pen in it, when the one in use gives \$2.50 for. Solid Ebony handle, nickel-plated fountain pen nib.

Mr. Alfred Mills of St. John passed part of Wednesday here, returning home that afternoon. I think it should be called "The little people country," as so many little people have arrived this spring. It is quite beyond me to mention them, enough to say that they have gladdened many homes, and received a hearty welcome.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is a concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, Mandrake, Dandelion, and other valuable vegetable remedies, every ingredient being strictly pure, and the best of its kind it is possible to buy.

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100 Doses One Dollar

THE TOILET GEM
Phiboderma
FOR CHAPPED HANDS, COLDS, SORES, SORE LIPS ETC.
Sole by Druggists 75c.

Bijou Theatre!
Formerly the Lyceum Theatre, Opposite St. Ann's Church.

BRAN NEW SHOW!
All new faces, from the leading Theatres in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

PICKERT and MAYON, From the season, Singing and Dancing Troup, said to be the finest before the American public.

THE SCOTTIS, The world's greatest shadow artists. The above act is new and novel.

NELLIE OLDINE, The charming Southerner. Her first appearance in St. John. Comes highly recommended.

RUSSELL and BAKER, Musical Artists will perform on all kinds of instruments. Still with us, the St. John favorite.

JIM CURRAN, The Irish Comedian Vocalist, who has just returned, who has just returned, who has just returned.

GHOST in a PAWNSHOP. Look out for the Ghost.

GRAND MILLINERY OPENING
— AT THE —
American Millinery Store, 149 Union St.
LATEST NEW YORK STYLES.

HAVE opened Untrimmed Hats, and all the latest novelties. Will give notice of the opening of Trimmings Millinery.
MRS. L. B. CARROLL.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1891.

THEIR PATRON SAINT.

MR. JOHN L. CARLETON'S LECTURE ON ST. PATRICK.

An Eloquent and Instructive Effort on the Characteristics of the Irish People—The Men Who Have Fought for Irish Liberty and Freedom. Their Names Remembered.

As the triple leafed shamrock was in the hands of St. Patrick emblematic of the great mystery of the Trinity, so in our hands today it is a symbol of the unity and indestructibility of Hibernian faith, Celtic character and Irish nationality.

The missionary who crosses the frontier Pan unknown land, carrying with him the cry of the humble Nazarene, has almost always to convert from barbarism, as well as paganism, the people whose customs and gods he has the hardihood to attack.

Not so with St. Patrick. He came among a race whose tongue he spoke, whose history out-dated that of any northern nation of Europe, whose laws rivaled Justinian's code, and whose armies had impeded and defied the onward march of the Roman eagle.

The pupil of St. Germain lit his torch on the hill of Slane and it overshadowed the festival fire of Tara. The hand of the aged druid withered and dropped its sickle of gold at sight of the mitre and crozier, the consecrated oak shivered and fell before the Holy of Holies, and the altar of the elements and its offerings made way for the altar of the Crucified and the sacrifice of the new law.

Paganism accepted Christianity without a martyr's blood to propitiate its offended deities.

"If that fire be not put out tonight it will never be quenched in Erin," cried the arch-priest as his eye caught the reflection from the distant hill top. The words were prophetic. It was not put out; it burned and it continues to burn.

When the face of civilization turned towards the west and hailed our motherland as the island of saints and scholars, it spread its ethereal rays over a continent, disseminating truth amid the snows of the Alps and the vines of Spain, lighting the lamp of faith by Hecla's burning mountain, and making the sanctity of Lindisfarne the glory of Iona.

When the dark ages of adversity came and early magnificence fled before oppression's night, that fire still burned in thatched-roofed cabin, in mountain caverns and inaccessible glens. The fulness of its ritual had departed, but all its potency was still there.

When the finger of Liberty touched the dial of Time it sprang from its thousand secret recesses burning as fiercely and as intensely as in the day of yore. Age had not dimmed it, and the damp of a hiding place had not robbed it of its pristine vigor. Today it burns wherever the wandering Celt has found a home; black robed friars, surpliced priests, mitred abbots, purpled prelates, and cardinal princes whose names proclaim their origin; humble country churches and magnificent gothic piles raised by the labor and devotion of the native at home and the exile abroad—all attest to its splendor and indestructibility.

In it we find the underlying principle of Celtic character: a love, reverence and veneration for all things holy. And what a character it is! The imagination of a poet, and the tongue of an orator dwelling in the cabin of a peasant; hospitality demanding and receiving alms of a beggar; tenderness blended with severity; timidity toying with fierceness; the lamb of religion playing with the lion of courage; love smoothing the wrinkles of passion.

"Lead him to fight for native land, His is no courage cold and wary; The troops live not on earth would stand The headlong charge of Tipperary!"

"Yet meet him in his cabin rude, Or dancing with his dark haired Mary, You'd swear they knew no other mood But birth and love in Tipperary!"

Atheism, skepticism, and agnosticism have no place in his creed, because they are antagonistic to his simple and confiding nature. Religion is the mainspring of his every thought, action and sentiment. The late Father Tom Burke well illustrated it when he said: "It is the peculiarity of Irish parents to give to God the best they have and give it cheerfully. I have seen in other lands young men asking to be admitted to the priesthood, and their fathers and mothers saying, 'How can we give him up?' 'How can we sacrifice our child?' trying to keep him back with tears and entreaties. Oh, my friends! when I witnessed that, I thought of the old woman of Galway who had no one but me—her only son; I thought of the old man bending down toward the grave with the weight of years upon him, and I thought of the poverty that might stare them in the face when their only boy was gone, and yet no tear was shed, no word of sorrow uttered, but with joy and with pride an Irish father and an Irish mother knew how to give up their only son to the God that made him."

With the Irishman the sanctity of home and the love of his children is the first law. He knows naught of divorce courts and glories in the honor of his women, "with

pulses warm with sympathies, with bosoms pure as snow." Of those women whose beauty and whose virtue are the admiration of the world; who do not believe in woman suffrage, who are content to be simply mothers and build the nation in the cradle, but who are, nevertheless, prepared when their altars and homes are threatened, to rush again into the breaches of Limerick as did their mothers last August two hundred years ago.

On the hills of Innisfail the rags of the pauper cover the chivalry of a Bayard; the same chivalry which in happier hours guided the maiden in safety around the Green Isle.

"For although they love women and golden store, Sir knights, they love honor and virtue more." Ages of sorrow and affliction have told on a warm and sunny nature, and produced an incongruity—a man from whom mirth flashes like sparks from bigly tempered steel; who wears a sad face all the while he bubbles over with humor; whose wit, like a gem from the Orient, scintillates all the more because it has the sombre setting of a tear drop.

Quick to perceive, ready to act, generous in the extreme. True, he has his faults; like the rest of humanity he is human. The sunlight is never strong enough to disperse all shadows, and the genius and character of the Irish people have the reflection of earth as well as the light of heaven. His imperfections are almost always the excess of his virtues, his follies the necessary outcome of his social position, and his sins directly traceable to the government which issued against him an edict of outlawry, deprived him of education by an act of parliament, and laid sacrilegious hands on everything he held dearest and most sacred. Warm, passionate, daring and reckless, we can but wonder that his faults are so few and his virtues so many. But give him education and freedom and he will shed lustre on the one and protect the other. Dillon, Clare and Sarsfield, outcasts in the land of their nativity, became in the land of the stranger, the heroes of Landon, Cremona and Fontenoy. An Irish rebel became in Canadian political life the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. In the land of the Southern Cross a suspect of '48 is today Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. A political felon elevated English prose to the standard of Macaulay in the person of John Mitchell. The seditious young Irishman who once passionately exclaimed: "I am not one of those tame moralists who say that liberty is not worth one drop of blood."

Against this miserable maxim the noblest virtues that have saved and sanctified humanity appear in judgment. From the blue waters of the Bay of Salamis; from the valley over which the sun stood still and lit the Israelites to victory; from the cathedral in which the sword of Poland had been sheathed in the shroud of Kosciusko; from the convent of St. Isadore, where the fiery hand that rent the ensign of St. George upon the plains of Ulster has mouldered into dust; from the sands of the desert where the wild genius of the Algerine so long has scarred the eagle of the Pyrenees; from the ducal palace in this kingdom where the memory of the gallant and seditious Geraldine enhances more than royal favor the splendor of his race; from the solitary grave within this mute city which a dying bequest has left without an epitaph—oh! from every spot where heroism has had a sacrifice or a triumph, a voice breaks in upon the cringing crowd that cherish this maxim, crying, Away with it! away with it!

This eloquent invoker of liberty, I say, afterwards used the sword to carve the name of Thomas Francis Meagher on American battlefields. Suffering and discouraged humanity caught a glimpse of heaven between the clouds, and man was the better because the convict John Boyle O'Reilly lived and wrote.

These are but a few flowers from an over-laden garden. Oh! if those who charge the Irish people with being ignorant, peace-disturbing dreamers, would only stop to inquire the cause the words would freeze upon their lips.

As the Irishman's religion is interwoven with his character, so is his nationality largely the outcome of both. The killing of the one was made a pretext for the stealing of the other, and he guarded both with his property, his liberty and his life.

Unable to read, he learned the history of the past from the voice of tradition. He stood by the round towers, and there crept over him visions of Scotia, Dathi, and the heroes of whom Ossian sung; by Clontarf he dreamt of the glories of Brian the Brave; on Ulster hills memory carried him back to the days of Red Hugh's silken banner and Dunganon's trumpet blast; the waters of the Shannon whispered to him as they passed of a "treaty broken ere the ink where-with 'twas writ could dry;" around the fire-sides of Athlone he heard how Custume emulated Horatius and held the bridge; the midnight ride of Patrick Sarsfield was more than a cherished memory in the cabins of Clare; the ruin of Dumbarton stood a monument to the giant O'Sullivan Beare; not a mountain, not a field, not a

piece of masonry not a river, not a graveyard that did not tell him the story the historian dared not write. It burnt itself into his very soul, and nationality took a deeper and firmer root in his affections. It became to him, to borrow from a gifted orator, "what the star that shone over Bethlehem was to the eastern kings; what the vision of the holy Grail was to the knights of the round table; what the holy scripture was to the dying eyes of the Crusader fainting in the parched Syrian desert." No wonder he uncovered his head in the face of heaven and exclaimed: "We never were and never will be slaves!"

And he has never been conquered. There is no actual submission without a surrender of the will, and the foeman has never entered that citadel of the Irish heart which the outwork of God protects. He has been beaten but not subdued. Each fresh disaster brought quiet, but out of that quiet nationality, "on luminous wings, soared, Phenix-like, to Jove."

The kings and kernes of the 12th century relinquished their rights to the throne, but never abdicated their claims to nationhood. No less an authority than Sir Edward Coke tells us that Henry agreed with them that they should have the freedom of holding parliament in Ireland, a doctrine which ever since has been contested and affirmed, disputed and ignored, in parliament and out of it, in Irish courts of justice and English courts of law. To this treaty, which made England and Ireland two nations with but one monarch, the Irish have ever been faithful. It was in support of this principle they fought for Charles against Cromwell, and for James against William and Mary. Indeed, whenever it was threatened they protested with battle axe and spear, with tongue and with pen. Their posterity have not been less loyal to the national idea. The Protestant volunteers of 1782 made it a certainty. The act of union made it a ruin.

Ireland is Catholic, but all her patriots have not been, and I claim permission to digress sufficiently to pay a just tribute to the sturdy manhood and patriotic independence of Protestant Ireland. Despicable ingrates indeed would be our people if they could for one moment forget the disinterested, soul-souled, noble deeds of Swift, Molyneux, Grattan, Shears, Emmett, Wolf Tone, Davis, Smith, O'Brien, and the thousand others who sacrificed position, wealth, and often life, in the cause of the weeping Niobe of Nations. Moore enquires:

"Shall I seek the brave soldier, who fights by my side In the cause of humanity, if our creeds agree?" Not a bit of it. Grattan apostrophized the regenerated Ireland and exclaimed, "Esto Perpetua!" I borrow the expression, as tonight I revive the memories of these brave men, and say of them: "Live, live on forever!"

Where Grattan left off O'Connell commenced, and the home rule movement of our day is but the reflection of seven centuries struggle. Nothing has ever destroyed it and nothing can; no, not even the misfortune of a break in the battle line, of dissolution in the parliamentary army. Some who do not understand the sentiment, and therefore cannot appreciate it, look with joy upon every repulse; mayhap, applaud the action of a traitor, encourage obstacles, and cheer what they take to be the end. The end! oh, no, the end is not yet, and will not be until justice lifts the scale in the presence of truth. Irish nationality that has withstood bitterness, prejudice and persecution, survived the penal code, risen with new life from every battle field, defied coercion and quietly laughed at adverse legislation, cannot be strangled because one man has sinned and refuses to bow to the verdict of public sentiment. You may dam a stream and alter its course, but it will still move on gathering volume and strength until it finds its natural resting place in the bosom of the sea. Thus it is with Irish nationality; every impediment and obstacle may delay it, but it will also give it greater depth, breadth, and power, and thus augmented it moves on to the destined goal of liberty. It is as indestructible as the faith and the character of the people who cherish it. The Irish often bitterly and justly complain of all they have endured and suffered at the hands of the English people, but it must sometimes impress itself upon them that as the will of God allowed it that His designs might be accomplished, so also has He guided it, and by chastening preserved them for greater things. Who can say that Ireland in prosperity would have remained as true to the teachings of St. Patrick, to herself, and to her nationality as Ireland in adversity? Tyranny, either real or fancied, is pregnant with great deeds; it is the fruitful mother of sublime thoughts and noble actions. It fortifies the Russian serf and consoles the Siberian exile, without it the heroes of Greece, of Rome, and of Carthage would have no favor. It gave France a Napoleon, St. Domingo a Toussaint, Switzerland a Tell, Scotland a Wallace and a Bruce, and England a Cromwell.

Unjust taxation bred the gun shots of Lexington and Concord, delivered the ride of Paul Revere, nursed the eloquence of Patrick Henry, and immortalized the military genius of Washington. It was the slave holder of the South that raised a Sumner, a Phillips, and a Lincoln. Without tyranny, Ireland would never have had a Dwyer or a Rory Oge, a Clontarf, a Yellow Ford, an Athlone, or a Wexford '98. It was it that gave inspiration to the bardic fingers of Mangan, Calnan, Ferguson, Davis, McCarthy and Sullivan. Without it the emigrant of our day could not protest:

"No treason we bring from Erin, Nor bring we shame or guilt; The sword we hold may be broken But we have not dropped the hilt."

What we frequently call fame is a sort of obituary notice—a plant that thrives amid desolation, but withers and dies when caressed. Give it what it wants and it must seek other channels to escape mediocrity. The songs of the southern slaves lost their charm when freedom struck the shackles. Wipe the tears from Erin's eye and the heroic will become a memory, the romantic only a strongly colored picture by an old master, the mothers' rovine and the banesheer's wail but a dim retrospect, and the singer, orator, and warrior, the necessary adjuncts and ornaments and not the pillars and foundations of a nation.

To deprive the Irishman of his nationality, his religion was persecuted, and he tenaciously clung to it as his only consolation here, and his only hope for the hereafter. With the same object he was robbed of his native tongue, and the language of the conqueror put in his mouth, but he stubbornly refused to be Anglicized; they peopled the Pale with Norman followers and he made them more Irish than he was himself—kept the sword of the Geraldine, the Saxon, who drove him across the Shannon and settled his best land with their soldiers, and the Tipperary of today that they fear and hate is the Tipperary of Cromwellian soldiers; they expatriated her people, and behold:

"My strength that was dead, like a forest is spread, Beyond the distant sea." You and I, and 30 million of the exiled Gael and their children, meet on this festive day, in all parts of the globe, to praise her songs, sound her praises, and perpetuate her name; to hail her as the suffering patriot of nations crowned with a tiara of glory, of affliction, and of hope; to pray for the speedy approach of that hour when Britain will admit the justice of her claim and rectify a wrong; when the cross of St. George will blend with the sunburst of St. Michael, and the brother and sister of kingdoms stand unequalled and unrivaled in the pursuit of industry, commerce, literature, art and happiness, when Erin will be in truth and in reality, all that I wish her, "Great, glorious and free; The first of the ocean, first gem of the sea."

OUT OF THE SNOW BANK

THE BUCTOUCHE AND MONCTON RAILWAY AWAKE AGAIN.

After hibernating all winter—how it was inspected—An Eye on Government Subsidies, while the Road is Blocked and the Employees Wait for their Pay.

One of the many signs of approaching spring that we now notice in Moncton is the tolerably regular arrival of the train from Buctouche. The B. and M. railway has been "snowed under" for over two months, and now that the whistle of the engine is once more heard in the distance, with reasonable regularity, it gives us nearly as much pleasure as the "honk" of the first wild goose of the season brings to the palpitating bosom of the Midgie sportsman.

The poor old road seems to be run upon Philadelphia principles, and therefore when there is no snow in that part of the state of Pennsylvania, no snow plow is required in Buctouche. However, it is a good summer road, they say, though I cannot speak from experience as to its merits. Not that I have not had the chance to visit the classic haunts of the Buctouche bar oyster, I have. The late manager was imbued with so profound a respect for true genius and modest worth that he sent me an annual pass at one time. It was shortly after I took his part with journalistic fervour when he was assailed by Sabbath-observance cranks for running excursion trains on Sundays. He was a very nice man, too, and I only wish he was in a position to send me another one.

This winter some peculiar features of railway management have been adopted on this truly wonderful road. For example, the superintendent was obliged to make his inspection of the northern end of the line by travelling via I. C. R. as far as Shediac, and thence by stage to Buctouche. Rather a roundabout way I should imagine.

Of course I don't pretend to be very well up in railway management, but it does seem odd to me, that a wealthy and experienced company, as the De Bertram syndicate is said to be, should be so foolish as to imagine that any road in New Brunswick could be kept open in winter unless properly equipped. But so it is, and travellers, as well as shippers have had

to suffer. It sounds almost incredible, but many carloads of potatoes have been on the track for months, being warmed as well as filled at the owner's expense.

The president of the road has, in the meantime, I understand, been running with the government here in York, and hunting with the tory hounds elsewhere, keeping in with the premiers both at Fredericton and Ottawa, with his very keen eyes fixed on future rewards in the way of subsidies. And all this while the poor road is blocked with snow, and the poor employees waiting for pay.

It was too bad, also, that during the late elections, when so many voters were anxious to get to Kent and drop their ballots for the "old flag"—as one of our local members would say—their travelling facilities should have been so curtailed. But alas! to laymen the way of railway companies is past finding out, and we must bow to their superior wisdom, so to speak. But at any rate, to return to the words of my text, spring is really coming, the snow is rapidly disappearing, and the B. and M. train today is only three hours late.

JEFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Cost of Ceiling Painting.

Rubens received for his painting of the grand ceiling at the banqueting house, Whitehall, the sum of £4000. The space covered by this painting is about four hundred yards, so that he was paid nearly £10 a yard. In addition to this remuneration, he was knighted, and a chain of gold was also presented to him by Charles I. Sir James Thornhill, the first Englishman who received knighthood for his ability in art, was paid only £3 a yard for his laborious work on the ceiling of Greenwich hospital, and only £1 a yard for painting the ornaments on the walls.

"The Duke of Montague," says Sir James Thornhill, in his memorial to the commissioners for building the hospital, "paid Monsieur Rosso for his saloon £2,000, and kept an extraordinary table for him, his friends and servants for two years, while the work was doing, at an expense estimated at £500 per annum." Signor Verrio was paid for the whole palaces of Windsor and Hampton Court—ceiling, front and back stairs—at 8s. a foot, which is £3 12s. a yard, exclusive of gilding, had wine daily allowed to him, lodgings in the palaces, and when his eyesight failed him a pension of £200 per annum, and an allowance of wine for life.

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SWEET IS REVENGE.

By J. Fitzgerald Molloy,

Author of "How Came He Dead?" "That Villain Romeo." "A Modern Magician," &c.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTERS I AND II.—Sir Danvers Fothergille, of Fothergille Abbey, a twenty year old widower, falls in love with Miss Fyne, a governess at the rectory of the Rev. Charles Harrow, and after telling the baronet she once loved another man, now dead, she, not without hesitation, consents to become his wife.

CHAPTER III.—CAPTAIN JACK FOTHERGILLE.

Sir Danvers Fothergille and his bride spent six months abroad before returning to the abbey, where they were received by the baronet's daughter, Meg, a girl who had just passed her twentieth year. The news of her father's marriage had come upon her as a surprise, but it by no means estranged the affection which had ever existed between them. Being romantic by temperament she was glad rather than sorry to be married to a governess, instead of a titled dowager or a member of a county family, arguing from this fact that he had wedded for love.

She had welcomed her stepmother with every sign of affection, seeing which her father felt much relieved; for Sir Danvers had secretly feared his immature daughter might consider the bride little older than herself as an intruder.

"Dear Daddy," Meg whispered to her father when she was alone with him the day after his return, "if I were quite sure you were happy I would promise not to feel the least jealous of Ethel. We have agreed that I am to call her Ethel. I couldn't call her mother. She is only a few years my senior, you know," she concluded, without a shadow of reproach in her voice.

"My dear Meg," he replied, "I am more happy than ever, dreamt of being since I lost your dear mother."

"Then I shall forgive Ethel for having robbed me of your love."

"That no woman could do, dear child."

"What, not even a little bit?" she asked, elevating her eyebrows.

"Not even of an inch," he answered, fondly.

"Then I have nothing to forgive. Do you still think her worthy of your affection, Dad; you must tell me everything as best you can."

"I believe her one of the best and noblest women in the world. Do you know, Meg, she wouldn't marry me until she was quite certain she could love me."

"I like her for that. It would be difficult not to love you, dear, and I'm sure she does."

"I think—may, I'm certain she does."

"Then we shall all be as happy as a summer day," Meg replied, kissing his cheek by way of giving the seal of her approval to his marriage.

"Yes, as happy as a summer day," he repeated, all unconscious of the clouds which were soon destined to gather over his home and darken his life.

As he spoke he took from his breast pocket a letter addressed to him in big heavy writing. "Here is a line from my Cousin Jack," he said, "saying he's coming down to see us."

"I scarcely remember him," the girl remarked.

"No; he has lived out of England a good deal, and hasn't been down here since his return from abroad. I must go and see him."

The baronet's cousin Jack, otherwise Captain Fothergille, was a man whose career had been more eventful than successful. The only son of a country squire who impoverished himself by extravagance, he had gone into the army in his teens; but his exploits had been confined rather to drawing-rooms, gambling halls, and racetracks than to the field of battle. It was admitted he knew the world, which meant that he was familiar with its dirty lanes, dark alleys, and hidden passages; and this knowledge he utilised by acting as guide, philosopher, and friend to countless ladies of acquaintance with the scanty side of existence, who readily parted with their money under the belief that they were really seeing life, and plunged into vice, confident they were enjoying themselves.

Though respectable women shunned him, and honorable men avoided him, he managed to keep his head above water and swim with the crowd, until one night at the Satan club, whilst having a hand at poker with a young friend, he was detected in cheating by one of those who look on and see most of the game. Jack Fothergille denied the accusation, refused to refund the little pile of gold he had accumulated, and as a consequence was knocked down and had the money shaken from his pockets. Seeing the game was up he sent in his resignation next morning to the Horse Guards, deeming it advisable for him to leave England until this scandal had blown over, he sailed for Australia, where he was safe from the vengeance of those who now awoke to the fact of having been shamefully duped by him.

Here he remained ten years, leading a rough and adventurous life among the gold diggers, occasionally bringing the skill he possessed in all games of chance to bear upon the less dexterous colonial; living chiefly by his wits, and for a time deriving an excellent income from their exercise. At the end of this time, when his reputation as a gambler and a swindler had spread, and his absence became as desirable in the new world as it had formerly been in the old, he returned to England. To Sir Danvers, who was abroad whilst the gossip concerning the gambling scandal was rife, and who from his seclusion remained in ignorance of the darker passages in the captain's life, the latter now appeared for help, on which the good-natured baronet agreed to allow him five hundred a year.

But to a man of extravagant habits and expensive tastes this sum was as a drop in a bucket, and he soon applied for relief in his difficulties to the speculative money-lenders. To these he was known as the heir presumptive to a baronet of six-and-

forty, with an income of over twenty thousand a year. At the rate of eight per cent, they consented to advance funds to the captain on chance of receiving payment on his inheriting the baronetcy and entailed estates of his cousin. Did Sir Danvers survive him, or marry and beget an heir, the money risked was irreversibly lost. But it was most improbable these events would take place, for according to the captain, Sir Danvers suffered from heart disease and his death might be expected any day; and whilst he was, moreover, a confirmed woman hater who would never seek a second marriage.

When therefore news of the baronet's alliance was announced, the wonder and consternation prevailing amongst this generous and speculative tribe was great; and to them Capt. Fothergille was a man to be met with eyes of wrath and hearts of steel. Though the intelligence struck a blow to the captain, it by no means shattered his audacity or dispelled his hopes, for Sir Danvers's heir was yet unborn.

One morning in early spring, on the very day when Sir Danvers returned to the abbey from his one month's captivity, Jack sat in his rooms, situated in a quiet street near Piccadilly. Personally he was a well-built man, of about 40 years, muscular, upright and of more than middle-height. Black hair parted in the middle was carefully brushed over his temples; his round dark eyes protruded under heavily marked eyebrows; a full moustache half concealed his thick lips and coarse mouth; his nose was straight and well shaped, his chin square and heavy, his neck thick and short. The encouragement his matter of fact mode of making advances usually received from the fair sex gave him some claim to belief in his fascinations.

The table before him was littered with letters, circulars and bills, on one of which he looked long and anxiously. "I must get out of this place for a few weeks," he said, knitting his brows. "But where can I go; haven't money enough to keep me in Paris; happy thought, I'll invite myself to visit Danvers, who must be home by this time. Wonder what his wife is like; clever she's sure to be, for she's made an excellent bargain; governesses are always artful vis-a-vis; owe you a grudge, my lady," he continued, meditatively, "and I'll pay my score before I've done with you."

He had not yet formed any plans by which he might wreak vengeance on the woman who had come between him and his prospects, one whose speedy removal from her position as Sir Danvers's wife could alone reinstate him; but whatever schemes he might form in the future Captain Fothergille was not the man to hesitate in executing them.

He pushed away his chair and walked up and down the room for some minutes. "I must marry," he reflected. "It may be a desperate game, but it must be played. And surely its fit and proper I should mate with my fair cousin Meg, who inherits her mother's fortune of thirty thousand pounds, and has never heard the idle stories which gossip tell of me. The news would come amiss even with twenty thousand a year, the prospect of which isn't yet quite lost to me. Wonder how the girl will agree with her stepmother, she may desire a home of her own now her place at the abbey is filled. It occurs to me I may be able to do a pretty stroke or two of business down there. Yes, I certainly shall invite myself to visit Danvers and his wife."

A sinister smile parted his lips as he turned once more to the table and wrote to his cousin.

Captain Fothergille was not, however, the only person to whom news of the baronet's marriage had come as a blow, for the Hon. Mrs. Crayworth had learned the tidings with bitter envy and deep regret. As the wife of a consul in the British service, she had seen much of the world, and grown familiar with its ways; and now in her widowhood, she declared herself delighted at being able to retire to the peace of a country life. Whilst living in France she had met Sir Danvers, and their acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. His courteous manner and imposing appearance made an impression of which he was wholly unconscious; and her husband dying soon afterward, she returned to England, and of all places selected as a residence the neighborhood of the abbey, to which the baronet had by this time returned.

Here, as elsewhere, she found the world unkind in its judgments, for her neighbors were rude enough to say she had sent her cap at Sir Danvers, and strove hard to become mistress of the abbey. Her friendship for him was renewed with fervour, the interest she showed in his thoughts was maternal; the visits she found it necessary to pay them that she might ask advice on subscriptions to the winter charities or the summer school treats were numberless; and her offers of hospitality incessant.

Sir Danvers, however, now seemed reluctant to receive the advances made with such open friendliness. A cold, sinister look in her dark eyes, keenly watchful while her face basked in smiles, warned him; a certain ring in her voice underlying smooth words, bade him beware of placing himself in her power. Though he kept apart from her so far as neighborly politeness would permit, and remained unmoved by the tender speeches she made, she never lost hope of eventually capturing him until the terrible news reached her ears that he had asked the rectory governess to become his bride.

Bitter disappointment succeeded hopeful expectations, implacable hate followed warm friendship. She would have left Hayton had she not felt such a step would afford triumph to her enemies, and that a fierce desire to revenge her for having had found a wife worthy of him, kissed Ethel Fyne as she wished her joy, and did herself the honor, as she expressed it, of sending them a handsome wedding present, which she hoped might help them to re-

member so faithful a friend in years to come.

A few days after their arrival at the abbey, Mrs. Crayworth prepared to visit Sir Danvers and Lady Fothergille. Gazing at her reflection in the glass, she was conscious of maintaining her reputation for good looks. Her hair and eyes were so dark as to be almost black; her nose, cheeks and chin were well moulded, her figure plump, graceful and upright; little touches of art helped to improve her general appearance.

"Now," she said as she drove through the park, "we shall see how this nursery governess takes the part of mistress of the abbey. It may be she's a born actress, and who knows but that in marrying this fool she plays a role deeper than he suspects. If I could discover some dark spot in her past, see her humiliated, crushed, degraded, it would be the happiest day of my life."

"Ah, dear lady Fothergille," she said, five minutes later, on entering the white drawing-room of the abbey, and she opened her arms as if to embrace her hostess. Lady Fothergille, however, held out her hand which the visitor was obliged to content herself by grasping the fingers of the lady. Mrs. Crayworth surveyed the lithe, graceful figure before her in a dress of creamy hue, and looked at the fair face with its violet eyes and masses of chestnut hair, while her feeling of envy deepened. But concealing this, she said, "I hope dear Sir Danvers will be here presently."

"Yes, he will be here presently," she had expected to meet a cousin whom he was to entertain, and here in Mr. Sympington, remarked Mrs. Crayworth, as the curate advanced somewhat nervously and shook hands all round.

She made room for him beside her, and was engaged in talking to him when the baronet, looking bright, florid, and handsome, entered the room followed by Capt. Fothergille.

"This is my cousin Jack," Sir Danvers said to his wife, upon whom he looked with a smile of affection.

"I'm very glad to see you," Ethel said, giving him her hand as she raised her eyes to the captain's face.

"By Jove, she's a stunner!" Jack Fothergille thought, whilst saying, "I am delighted to meet you."

"Ah, Mrs. Crayworth, are you quite well?" Sir Danvers asked, cheerily.

On hearing this name Jack Fothergille turned quickly round and caught sight of the widow. Her eyes were fixed on him, and after the slightest possible hesitation her face assumed an appearance of friendly recognition. In a couple of minutes later he approached her.

"This is certainly a surprise," he exclaimed, "and I wish our old friendship could alone warrant."

"Pleasant, I hope?" she queried, coquettishly raising her dark lashes.

"How could it be otherwise to me?" he replied, sitting down beside her, and only by effort restraining himself from putting his arm round her waist.

"You have been in the bush since last we met," she said discreetly, moving a little apart, and glancing to see that Lady Fothergille was talking to the curate.

"Yes; it must be at least a dozen years since you and I parted in the same boat. What a pleasant time it was for us—if not for our friends."

"Hush! You may be overheard. Let bygones rest. You know nothing of my past," said Mrs. Crayworth, looking him straight in the eyes.

"All right, I'll take the cue; but say you look as fresh as paint, and as young today as you did then. Tell me how you have preserved your youth."

"By means of a good conscience," she answered with a mocking laugh.

"My dear husband," she replied in a higher voice, seeing the curate was advancing, "has departed to a better world."

"How lucky," said the captain, with an unpleasant laugh.

"For him or for me?" she asked, the curate having moved away.

"Well, for both," she replied, "I should think."

"That's a two-edged compliment," she remarked.

"You are as clever as ever, and I hope as amusing, for I dare say we shall see a great deal of each other whilst I am here, far from the reach of some troublesome domestic."

"Then your funds are not flourishing?"

"They are lower than ever. And you?" he asked, with interest.

"The annuity secured by my marriage settlement goes far in the country. Crayworth didn't leave me a penny; he was a brute, and must go now; come and see me soon. You will easily find my villa; it is called the 'Arbour.'"

"The name savours of Arcadian simplicity," he replied, with a smile that was half a sneer.

"Then you will not find yourself at home there, I fear," she replied.

He watched her slowly cross the drawing-room, a half-amused look on his face, a cynical sneer on his lips.

"Are you his friend?" she asked, accepting the chair Barly offered her.

"I am his valet," he answered.

"And he lives in these rooms?" she asked with interest.

"He has been here for the last eighteen months," Barly replied.

"I should have called before, but that was not possible," she remarked, as if speaking to herself. Some slight, peculiar accent marked her utterance; it was not American, nor Irish, nor yet, it seemed, belonging to any foreign nationality. His concern in her deepened every moment.

"Will he be long away?" she said.

"I can't say; he may be absent a few weeks or a few months," he answered guardedly.

"Surely not a few months," she protested in a soft, low voice, to which the accent lent a peculiar sweetness.

"It's impossible to tell," he remarked.

Though she made no answer he felt she was disappointed, and sympathizing with her strongly, he, after some slight hesitation, said "Any letters you address here will be forwarded to him."

"I shan't write," she replied; "I must wait until I see him."

and by some strange fate had taken service under Captain Fothergille.

In person he was medium sized and dark complexioned; in character a philosopher in a small way, whilst by habit he was observant and reticent. He was indeed a man who had seen life and profited by its experiences; one who, judging from his brown, deep-set eyes and firm immobile face, on which a smile was seldom seen, had a history hidden away amongst the forgotten years of his youth.

His position as valet to an impecunious master was not so unsatisfactory as might seem at first sight; for from the outset he had insisted on having his wages paid monthly no matter how the current of the captain's finances might ebb or flow; whilst his services left him much time which he devoted to study. Moreover, analysis of his master's character afforded him unfailing interest, for aware of his open honesty, the valet wondered how his career would end, and by what means the inevitable retribution would arrive.

An incident soon occurred which gave him fresh ground for speculation. One sultry morning, shortly before midday, Barly stood at an open window of his master's sitting room, scarcely conscious of the wayfarers, and quite heedless of the maids regarding him with gracious smiles from houses on the opposite side. The noise of traffic in Piccadilly fell upon his ears dulled by distance, whilst above it rose the sound of a piano organ played in a neighboring news.

The bright day invited out of doors all who could enjoy its sunshine, and Jack Barly was thinking of taking his way to the park, when his eyes fell upon the figure of a woman standing on the opposite side of the street, and staring at the houses as if examining the numbers painted on the doors. What it was in particular that attracted his attention to her he could not determine. Her figure was tall and thin, having a certain grace in its lines; her black dress and cloth cape were old-fashioned and shabby; her face was concealed by a thick lace veil which covering her bonnet was fastened behind; whilst her hands, on which she wore black thread gloves, nervously clasped a faded parasol.

In the general aspect she presented there was something unconventional, singular, and striking, and she seemed a black shadow in the midday sunshine; a wayfarer from another land, who had nothing in common with those who passed her; a figure such as one might meet hurrying away through the slums of a great city at night, bound on some mysterious errand, and by one she noted the numbers, until suddenly and with a start, as it seemed to Barly, she came to the house in which Capt. Fothergille had his flat. Then raising her head she glanced at the windows, and saw the valet, when with a gesture expressive of surprise or fear, she hurried down the street, and turning the corner, was lost to sight.

Astonished alike by her appearance and her action, he stood gazing in the direction in which she had vanished, half expecting and fully hoping she would return again. But she did not, and he never saw her more. To his knowledge she had never seen her before, nor indeed had he known anyone resembling her, and it could not, therefore, be argued, he the sight of his face which had so suddenly caused her disappearance. He could not, try how he would, erase the impression the brief glimpse of the mysterious woman had left upon his mind. Her originality had struck him; her figure was, so to speak, photographed on the retina of his eye, and remained there persistently. Presently he fell to wondering who she was, whence she came, what her history might be, in reply to which questions on her forehead were heavily streaked with silver; the large, dark eyes gleamed with an expression at once timid and defiant, like those of a hunted animal at bay. Feeling rather than perceiving that the valet closely watched her, she hastily drew down her veil, and sighed as she turned away.

"I shall come again," she said, "another day I may not be disappointed; he may be here."

"If I had your address I should let you know when he arrives."

"I shall find him soon," she replied, coming over to the window and gazing out. After a minute's pause she added, "You must not say that I have called, promise me."

"I promise," he replied.

"Thank you. I would rather surprise him. I know he will be glad, and in his joy he will forgive me for not warning him of my coming. How happy I shall be."

She turned nervously and slowly towards the door, and then turning round said, "Good day—we shall meet again. I know we shall meet again."

Barly opened the outer door and saw her glide noiselessly down the stairs. Returning to the sitting-room with an abstracted air he sat thinking of his visitor and wondering in what strange chapter of her life had she the misfortune of meeting with his master. She awakened his sympathy, for he saw she had suffered; she claimed his interest for he feared for her future. Suddenly it occurred to him he might be able to find out something concerning her if he knew where she lived, and any knowledge gained would perhaps enable him to help her. Acting on this thought he hurriedly put on his hat and rushed into the street determined to pursue her.

(To be continued.)

"How long have you young Swackhammer and Miss Peckinpaugh been engaged?"

"For about five years." "Fond of each other?"

"Been sweethearts from childhood."

"In good circumstances?"

"Only children of wealthy parents." "Health good?" Both sound as a dollar. "Then why don't they marry?"

"Why, the old folks have got it down in their wills that they're to marry; there's \$20,000 in bank that they'll get whenever they do; the plans are drawn for the house they're to live in, and the Swackhammer and Peckinpaugh farms join. There hasn't been any opposition. That's all."—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Waffle—Aw, Miss West, kindly allow me to escort you into the banquetting saloon. Miss West—Pardon me, Mr. Waffle, but did you expect to walk or ride? Mr. Waffle (standing on her dress)—Then, walk, of course. Miss West—Then, please, get off the train.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Dyspepsia's victims are numbered by thousands. So are the people who have been restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

He wondered if she called to obtain money, or to threaten revenge, or what her motive was in seeking an interview with his master.

"If you leave a message I will send it," he said, hoping he might by this means be able to understand her object in calling.

"I have no message for him—I must wait," she responded, wearily.

"What name shall I give him?"

"I have no name," she answered, and then quickly added, "Don't say I called, please don't, it were best you didn't."

"How can I when I am ignorant of your name?"

"You might describe me, and he would know," she said.

"But you," he said, venturing to express a surmise, "have come some distance and it may be a long time before he returns."

"I have come a great distance, but there is no returning," she replied, sadly, "and I am used to waiting. I may have to wait for death, who knows?" she added, lowering her voice almost to a whisper.

Something in her appearance, manner and tone appealed to her hearer; her individuality interested him as that of no other woman had done before, and a strong desire rose in his heart to aid one whom he felt was in sore need of an honest man's help.

"If I can be of the slightest use to you," he began.

"You cannot," she said, hopefully. "No one can but Captain Fothergille. He can and he will, but I must have patience. I shall not lose him now, unless, unless," she said, in a tone of fear, "my dream returns to me."

"Your dream?" he said, interrogatively.

"Yes, it was a dream which parted us, a horrible dream that haunted me by day and night, that would not leave me though I prayed to be released from its spell; it burned itself into my brain like fire," she said in an excited tone as she rose from her chair and glanced rapidly around her.

"But it has gone," she continued, placing one hand upon her breast as if to still the storm raging there; "it has gone, I am well again, and we shall be separated no more."

Barly listened to her with wondering ears, perplexed by her words, and startled by the emotion her voice expressed.

"What was this dream?" he enquired.

"Don't ask me, I have never spoken of it to those around me; it would have wronged him. Don't tell him I mentioned it," she added, in a frightened tone.

Certainly not," he replied.

Barly paused a moment with her head turned towards him, and he felt her eyes were fixed on him steadily. "Your voice is kind," she remarked, as if speaking to herself. "Kinder than those who kept me from him for so long a time; you wouldn't shut me in darkness for weeks and months, lock the doors upon me, beat me if I cried out at night when the moon looked down pitifully on my solitude and despair, beckoning me forward across the river where she flung a silver bridge, and away towards boundless space into which she chased the shadows from the hills."

A dark suspicion crossed the valet's mind. "Why did they do this," he asked, hoping to hear something of her history.

"Because my dream pursued me and would not let me rest; but we'll speak of it no more."

With a sudden movement she advanced towards the corner table, and gazed at the framed photograph of the captain, to examine it more carefully she raised her heavy veil, and Barly saw a pale, sensitive face, worn by sickness, and saddened by sorrow. The rich masses of brown hair brushed smoothly on her forehead were heavily streaked with silver; the large, dark eyes gleamed with an expression at once timid and defiant, like those of a hunted animal at bay. Feeling rather than perceiving that the valet closely watched her, she hastily drew down her veil, and sighed as she turned away.

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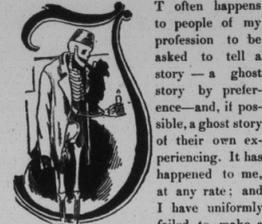
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SOME STRANGE STORIES.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE TELLS OF HIS EXPERIENCE WITH SPIRITS.

Mary Rondel and Her Determination to be Heard—The Part She Played in the History of the Hawthorne's—The Way a Ghost Story Should be Told.



T often happens to people of my profession to be asked to tell a story—a ghost story by preference—and, it possible, a ghost story of their own experiencing. It has happened to me, at any rate; and I have uniformly failed to make a good showing.

Whether this was because my material was worse than the average, I know not; but I incline to think it was more because I handled it badly. I am no hand to give *rien* narratives. My object is to reach the point of the story by the shortest route, and so have done with it. This is contrary to wise principle, especially in the case of ghost stories.

The effectiveness of a good ghost story lies always in the handling, never in the issue. The experience is a subjective one; it is a matter of nerves and obscure sensations—a state of feeling, not a fact of knowledge. You must put your auditors in a ghostly frame of mind: their magic or intelligence is the last thing to appeal to. They must be brought to the condition of the person described by Coleridge, who "turns no more his head, because he knows a frightful fiend doth close behind his tread." This state is to be enchanted by intonations of the voice, by a stern horror of the eye, and by ineffable pauses, judiciously administered. By and by there begins a trickling of cold electricity down the nerves of the spine, a perception that the hair has roots, an oppression of the lungs, a thumping of the heart, a parting of the lips, and a dilation of the eyes—all on the part of your audience, and having achieved this, the thing is done, whatever the particular composition of the story may be. Whether it is that the long, indistinct object dangling from the hook in the wall, where nothing was before, slowly yet unmistakably takes the outlines of a human figure, with head awkwardly bent to one side, and a distortion of the countenance, or whether, as you stand outside the door of a certain room that has been locked up for years, you hear on the other side the light patter of naked feet, and a stealthy breathing, followed by terrible screams and silence; or whether, awakening in a strange bedroom in the night, you are nervous of a queer light, which focuses on the wall, revealing the face of a portrait hanging there, which you had not noticed when you went to bed; or whether it be simply the impression of a presence squatting in the corner and raying out influences fatal to life . . . such details as those, I say, are unimportant. You have got your nerves where they will be scared by anything.

Now, to write is another thing than to talk. But ghost-stories can be conveyed by writing, after a fashion, and inferior though it may be, it is better than my fashion of talking. Accordingly, not to seem dissembling, I am here going to recount my personal experiences in the supernatural by means of pen and ink. Should the result prove unsatisfactory, it must be laid to the entire and unexaggerated truth of the stories. They are more or less shapeless and anomalous events that have come under my observation. No doubt, any one can cap them with as good and better yarns of his own. I need hardly add, too, that I could greatly increase the impressiveness of my little assortment by occasional in-



THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

dulgence in fiction; but that I shall religiously refrain from doing. These things happened precisely thus:

Put the shade over the lamp.—When I was a boy of twelve or thirteen, I used to sit and watch a hand, holding a pencil, moving to and fro over a sheet of paper. The place was suitable for ghosts and all who were familiar with it declared it to be haunted. It was an ancient Italian villa, or castle, perched on a hill of the town Apennines, overlooking a wide valley with a historic river winding through it. There was a tower at one end of it, in which a political captive had been imprisoned more than two hundred years before. An owl now occupies the gloomy chamber in which he used to languish; but after sunset it would flap noiselessly round the battlements of the tower, emitting its soft, long-drawn cry. And there were also in abundance.

Several times as I lay on the tiled roof up aloft, watching the great comet that arched across the horizon of the valley, I have heard my name called in the air, just over the parapet. There was a clear drop of seventy feet to the ground. In the body of the edifice there was a sort of cell, or oratory, massively constructed of stone, with grained ceiling. This was the special abiding place of the ghost. One night my sister, having occasion to go there, set the candle on the mantel-piece. As she was stooping over a chest in the corner she noticed her shadow glide along the wall. Turning, she saw that the candle had been placed on the table, several yards from its former position. But no one except herself was in that part of the house. An immense place it was, with upwards of 40 large rooms. As there were only five of us in the family, we each had a suite of five or six apartments. My bedroom was at the end of the west wing—five rooms, opening into one another, intervened between that one and a huge reception hall in the centre of the building. One day in the dark of the night, I have waked up and heard some one pacing to and fro in these rooms, and the rustle of a long skirt sweeping on the bare wooden floors. I used to suppose it was my mother, and it was not until some years later that I discovered that it was either my imagination—or something else. As to that, I can only say that none of us children had the least fear of ghosts, or knew that anybody feared them. We had never been frightened by injudicious means. However, to go back to that hand. It was a white, well-shaped woman's hand, with long, slender fingers, and a turquoise ring on one finger. I must not make a mystery of this. It was the hand of a fair young American lady who, years afterwards leaped or fell from a steamboat in Long Island sound, and so vanished from this world. But at the time I write of, she was a woman of happy disposition and singular intelligence, and was a graduate of a famous western college. Greek, and the Calculus, was as familiar to her as figs and grapes were to me. Either her education, or a natural bias of mind, rendered her rather skeptical in her views; nowadays, she might have been called an agnostic. Nevertheless she possessed (though she herself despised and ridiculed it) that still unexplained power or susceptibility that we have agreed to call "mediumistic." She was a "writing medium."

It was the era of the Fox Sisters, and of Home. Spiritualism has not lost its novelty. Science has delivered no verdict, and nobody knows whether to believe or not. But there was an English lady living near

us, whose poetry was read by all England and America, who was a believer, and often discoursed with earnestness on the subject; and one day she said, "If we only had a medium!" Whereupon, this American girl-graduate that I speak of, out of the kindness of her heart, but with some reluctance intimated that she believed she had some little faculty in that way . . . but that she could not, herself, place the least credence in the supernatural origin of the phenomena. To make a long story short—for who could resist the urging of the little brown-eyed woman of genius, who was a lyric in herself?—our medium consented to an experiment; and for a couple of weeks thereafter, while seven or eight of us sat round the table in the great Italian hall, the pencil in her white hand would be driven along the paper, now under one unseen impulse, now under another, she regarding it with a look half apprehensive, half incredulous; but all us largely interested. Our deceased friends and relatives announced themselves, one after another, and expressed sentiments of unimpeachable morality and virtuous exhortation—just what anyone would have expected of such good and respectable persons; and the thing was becoming a trifle monotonous, and the medium was writing that more useful ways of employing one's leisure might be found: when, all of a sudden . . . Draw up closer, the story begins here. Her hand which had been moving methodically along under the direction of the spirit of my maternal grandfather and had just written the words, "we study causes," was suddenly and violently seized upon, as it were, by a new and turbulent influence almost knocking the pencil out of her fingers and hurrying it onward in a quite original handwriting, uncouth and heedless, and moreover incorrect in orthography. The medium started and looked troubled: a wave of interest ran round the circle; she bent forward and spoke out the words, "I must speak with Mr. Hawthorne, I want his sympathy."

My father laughed. He had deprecated and made fun of the whole business from the beginning. But with the courtesy of a man of the world, and an ex-consul of the United States, he consented to listen to a communication which seemed to convey such urgency. Who was the vehement petitioner? In the course of the next half hour we had as much of her history as she ever confided to us. Her name was Mary Rondel. She was born in Boston a hundred years before. She had died there, in pain and misery, while still a young woman. Her troubles had their source in a certain member of our own family, with whom she had been intimately acquainted. She was not happy even yet, and Mr. Hawthorne's sympathy she must and would have. But how shall I indicate the weird, curious and yet pathetic impression that was produced, not more by the matter than by the manner of her communications? Mary Rondel was bitterly in earnest; she would be heard; she upset the propriety of all our

other spiritual friends; it was in vain that they attempted to assure us that she was a bad, improper, untruthful, ill-conditioned creature. In the midst of their pious homilies she would swoop down, snatch the pencil, and send it staggering in violent evolutions along the page; her language was anything but conventional; nay, it sometimes became indiscreet, not scandalous. Occasionally our refined little medium would protest and remove her hand from the table. But no sooner did she resume, then Mary was at it again. She would not be denied. She was a temperance, a will, a person. Of all our long procession of communicants, she alone showed an unmistakable and vivid individuality. We would have known her had we met her on the street. She had been waiting in the dark void of the unseen world, for the better part of a century, for an opportunity to speak and declare herself, and she was not going to let it go unimproved. And yet a poor creature knew not what to say—only that she admired Mr. Hawthorne's sympathy. But what good was it to do her, or by what right she demanded it, we were not informed.

He assured her that he would not and did not sympathize with her, hoping, thereby, to pacify her and so get rid of her. But no—she clung to us all the tighter. Having at length found a sympathizer, she would henceforth cleave to him. It soon became impossible to get communications from anybody except Mr. Rondel; and since the atmosphere she brought with her was clearly unheavenly, the seances were finally abandoned; and that was the end of Mary, so far as we were concerned. Now the sequel was strange, we returned to America two or three years later and four years after that my father died. Some venerable maiden cousins of ours sent us, some months subsequently, a box of old books and papers that had belonged to our family in the last century. Among the books was a dilapidated copy of Sir Philip Sydney's "Arcadia," bearing date of 1846. On the fly-leaves were the autographs of a number of our ancestors, from the first emigrant down to Daniel Hawthorne, who, history says, commanded a privateer during the Revolution. And on the broad margin at the bottom of the tenth page was inscribed, in faded brown ink, a woman's name, "Mary Rondel." It is before me as I write, an ill-formed name, but showing character. After some reflection, I remembered the circumstances under which I had seen that name before. Searching further into the book, I came upon the love sonnets and stanzas in the latter part of the volume, but early morning trains from Philadelphia on the New Jersey Central. A few days ago he went to the road officials at Jersey City and asked to be put on a slow train. Three years ago he made a similar request, but he was induced by a very material increase in his salary to stick to his line of work.

This time he persisted in his request to be relieved, and he was assigned to engine No. 95, which carries out only local trains. Aten gave as his reason for wishing to be changed that he could no longer stand the strain of fast running. He said his nerves were beginning to break up, he was growing apprehensive of danger, and he thought he should be relieved before any accident of a serious nature should be attributed to him in any way. He has been on the Central for twenty years. He is a sturdy-looking fellow, with a keen, gray eye. His hair is of a grizzly-iron-gray, and there is always the cheeriest sort of a smile on his face. He has run the fastest trains on the New Jersey Central end of the Philadelphia & Reading, and Baltimore & Ohio services for years with engine No. 169, in the cab of which he sat for many years. He has made the fastest time for short distances ever made in this country or probably in the world. With four loaded passenger cars the miles between Plainfield and Elizabeth have been reeled off many and many a time at 52, 50, 47 and 45 seconds to the mile, and Aten himself said he made the mile though cramped once on a dead level track in forty-two seconds. Every one on the line of the Central believes this to be true, for Aten has the reputation for exact truthfulness as well as for wonderful nerve. The great speed of the fast train made its engineer well known all along the road, and he never passed a station or through a town that waving hats and handkerchiefs did not greet him. Passengers along the road always seemed to have a feeling of security when "Bill's" hand was on the throttle, no matter what the speed might be. A nervous old woman once appealed to a veteran commuter when Bill's train was making up, lost time one day, who replied to her: "We are going fast, to be sure, but Bill Aten's in the cab; it's all right."—N. Y. Journal.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 249 Union street.

English Women Who Smoke. Inquiry at a few of the principal tobacco stores of London, says the Pall Mall Budget, has revealed the fact that smoking is very fashionable among women, especially among those of the upper ten. "We are used to being asked for ladies' cigarettes here," says a gentleman at one of the big stores. "We serve ladies with cigarettes in as matter of fact a way as we do gentlemen. Not only do ladies smoke cigarettes," he went on; "some of them smoke cigars. One lady comes in frequently for a box of cigars. She smokes almost the costliest brand we keep." Some of the most expensive brands of ladies' cigarettes, he said, were artificially scented. The manager said that the ladies whom they supplied were chiefly ladies of rank and fashion—duchesses, countesses, etc. They patronized a good Turkish brand, costing six to eight shillings a hundred.

They're so Loud, You Know. Dude—Will you tell me how it is you can discern the approach of certain persons although you are perfectly blind? Mendicant—Yes; I can always tell the approach of a dude by his trousers.—Highampton Republican.

Death in March Winds. Poets and novelists go into ecstasies over what they romantically call "beautiful spring," and "gentle spring," and while, no doubt, every one is glad to see winter release its icy grasp, "beautiful spring" is, after all, one of the most deadly seasons of the year. Sudden transitions from warmth to extreme cold, with piercing, chilling winds; from dry to sloppy, "muggy" weather, all combine to make the season a most trying one, even to the hardiest constitution, while to those with weak constitutions the season is one of positive danger. Undoubtedly the greatest danger at this season of the year is from cold in the head, which very few escape, and which if not promptly and thoroughly treated, develops into catarrh, with all its disagreeable and loathsome effects. Catarrh, neglected almost as certainly develops into consumption, annually destroying thousands of lives. At this trying season no household should be without a bottle of Nasal Balm. In cases of cold in the head it gives almost instant relief and effects a speedy cure, thus preventing the development of catarrh. Where the latter disease has already secured a hold it is equally efficacious, and with persistent use will cure the worst case. From the outset it sweetens the breath, stops the nauseous droppings into the throat and lungs, dispels those dull headaches that afflict the sufferer from catarrh. Nasal Balm is not advertised as a cure-all—it is an honest remedy which never fails to cure cold in the head or catarrh when the directions are faithfully followed, and thousands throughout the country have reason to bless its discovery. Nasal Balm may be had from all dealers or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price (50 cents, small, or \$1, large size bottle) by addressing Fuldard & Co., Brockville, Ont.—Advt.

Open Evenings. Duval, 249 Union street.

BURIAL CUSTOMS IN AFRICA. The Savage Ceremonies that Attend the Interment of Great Men. Men of rank, after being attired with their common aprons, are interred either sitting on their benches or are enclosed in a kind of coffin made from a hollow tree. As already noticed in other tribes, the earth is not thrown on the corpse, which is placed in a niche in the side of the grave. Like the Bongo, the Niam-Niam bury their dead with a scrupulous regard to the points of the compass; but commonly enough they reverse the rule which prevails in the former tribe, the men being placed with their faces towards the east, the women towards the west. After the grave has been well stamped down, a hut is erected over it, though, owing to its fragile character, it rarely long survives the weather or the annual burning of the steppe pasture. A Wagogo chief, on dying, is washed—perhaps one of the few times in the course of his existence that such a treat is vouchsafed his body—and his corpse placed in an upright position in a hollow tree, to which the people come daily to mourn and pour their ashes on the corpse, indulging themselves meanwhile in a kind of wake. This ritual goes on until the body is thoroughly decomposed, when it is placed on a platform and exposed to the effects of the weather, which speedily reduces it to a heap of bones. These are then duly buried. At one time slaves were sacrificed to heighten the dignity of such occasions; but in marked contrast with the elaborate rites attending a great man's sepulture, the bodies of commoners are thrown into the nearest jungle to be devoured by beasts of the field and fowls of the air. Commander Cameron, from whom we glean these particulars, describes the burial of a chief in Urua as accompanied with practices almost unequalled in the annals of savagery. The first step taken when such a dignitary expires is to divert the course of a stream, and to dig an enormous pit in its bed. This cavern is then lined with living women. At one end a woman is placed on her hands and knees, and upon her back the corpse of the dead chief, covered with beads and other ornaments, is seated, supported on each side by one of his wives, while his second wife sits at his feet. The earth is then shovelled in over living and dead alike, all the women being buried alive except the second wife, who is graciously permitted the privilege of being slaughtered before the huge grave is closed in. Finally, forty or fifty slaves are drowned with the blood of as many slaves, while the vulgar herd have to be content with solitary sepulture, the corpse being placed in a sitting posture, with the right forefinger pointing heavenwards, just level with the top of the mound over his grave. Travelling a little out of the Lake basin, we find the Mbinda of the Congo county covering their graves with crockery, gin and beer bottles, and, as we have seen it practised by other tribes, suspending in the branches of the neighboring trees the articles which were used by the deceased during life.—The Peoples of the World.

THE GHOSTLY PEN DRIVER. William Aten, who is known to every railroad man in New Jersey as plain Bill Aten, has given up running fast express trains. For years past he has been running early morning trains from Philadelphia on the New Jersey Central. A few days ago he went to the road officials at Jersey City and asked to be put on a slow train. Three years ago he made a similar request, but he was induced by a very material increase in his salary to stick to his line of work.

This time he persisted in his request to be relieved, and he was assigned to engine No. 95, which carries out only local trains. Aten gave as his reason for wishing to be changed that he could no longer stand the strain of fast running. He said his nerves were beginning to break up, he was growing apprehensive of danger, and he thought he should be relieved before any accident of a serious nature should be attributed to him in any way.

He has been on the Central for twenty years. He is a sturdy-looking fellow, with a keen, gray eye. His hair is of a grizzly-iron-gray, and there is always the cheeriest sort of a smile on his face. He has run the fastest trains on the New Jersey Central end of the Philadelphia & Reading, and Baltimore & Ohio services for years with engine No. 169, in the cab of which he sat for many years.

He has made the fastest time for short distances ever made in this country or probably in the world. With four loaded passenger cars the miles between Plainfield and Elizabeth have been reeled off many and many a time at 52, 50, 47 and 45 seconds to the mile, and Aten himself said he made the mile though cramped once on a dead level track in forty-two seconds.

Every one on the line of the Central believes this to be true, for Aten has the reputation for exact truthfulness as well as for wonderful nerve. The great speed of the fast train made its engineer well known all along the road, and he never passed a station or through a town that waving hats and handkerchiefs did not greet him.

Passengers along the road always seemed to have a feeling of security when "Bill's" hand was on the throttle, no matter what the speed might be. A nervous old woman once appealed to a veteran commuter when Bill's train was making up, lost time one day, who replied to her: "We are going fast, to be sure, but Bill Aten's in the cab; it's all right."—N. Y. Journal.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 249 Union street.

English Women Who Smoke. Inquiry at a few of the principal tobacco stores of London, says the Pall Mall Budget, has revealed the fact that smoking is very fashionable among women, especially among those of the upper ten. "We are used to being asked for ladies' cigarettes here," says a gentleman at one of the big stores. "We serve ladies with cigarettes in as matter of fact a way as we do gentlemen. Not only do ladies smoke cigarettes," he went on; "some of them smoke cigars. One lady comes in frequently for a box of cigars. She smokes almost the costliest brand we keep." Some of the most expensive brands of ladies' cigarettes, he said, were artificially scented. The manager said that the ladies whom they supplied were chiefly ladies of rank and fashion—duchesses, countesses, etc. They patronized a good Turkish brand, costing six to eight shillings a hundred.

They're so Loud, You Know. Dude—Will you tell me how it is you can discern the approach of certain persons although you are perfectly blind? Mendicant—Yes; I can always tell the approach of a dude by his trousers.—Highampton Republican.

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Open Evenings. Duval, 249 Union street.

WELSH, HUNTER & HAMILTON.

We have just received from the French and English Markets the finest lines in the following goods, we have had the pleasure of submitting to the Ladies of this city and neighborhood:

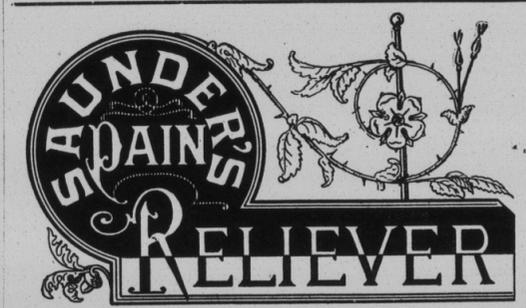
Dress Goods, Prints, Sateens, Zephers, Muslins.

In all the latest and most fashionable shades and designs.

SUNSHADES: A splendid assortment, at all prices.

LACE CURTAINS: A large selection, very beautiful—prices low.

97—KING STREET.—97



IN PAIN are you? Well don't be any longer. SAUNDERS' PAIN RELIEVER cures Colic, Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Inflammation, Coughs, Colds, Lame Back, Sore Throat, Pains in Chest or Side, Sprains and Bruises, quickly. Sold by leading druggists.

THE "HANDY" KEY CHAIN.

THIS little novelty is indispensable to every man who has once used one. The advantage is that you can never lose your keys, never misplace them, never leave them at home or in the post office box; can never lose them through a hole in your pocket, or



lose them in any way. It is neat, looks well, being nickle-plated.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

Put the small ring over the front button of the pants and the keys on the ring of the other end, drop the key into the back pocket.

Agents wanted in every town and city; write for sample, send 25cts. in stamps. Retail for 35cts. H. V. MORAN & CO., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

A. G. STAPLES Plain & Decorative Painter.



MOTHERLY WOMEN

are good housekeepers. These are slack times with the house painters and inside decorators, slacker than they will be later on. Now's the time to get a little inside work done, it's cheaper now than later. All women want their house to look neat, as well as they

LOVE THEIR CHILDREN

to look nice. Post yourself in regard to the painting, and see A. G. STAPLES.

DO YOUR ADVERTISING

with a method; attend to it as you would to your banking, if you want it to pay. Be careful as to the medium, then get the right style; be persistent and you are sure to succeed. Do this

IN A BUSINESS LIKE WAY,

and success is sure. Have you used Cuts to illustrate your Advertisement? Perhaps it's just what is needed in your business. Our Engraving Bureau originates designs for newspaper ads., and very attractive ones, too. It is a certainty that

YOUR SUCCESS IS SURE

if you spend an ordinary amount of time on your ads., if you haven't the time let us do it for you. We make suggestions, and carry them out.

"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU.

AMILTON.

French and English Markets... we have had the pleasure...

Sateens, Muslins. Beautiful—prices low.

At all prices.

Beautiful—prices low.

—97



EVER

Under a Pain Reliever cures Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Cold, Lame Back, Sore Throat, Bruises, quickly. Sold by leading druggists.

LOSE THEM IN ANY WAY. It is neat, looks well, being nickel-plated.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

Put the small ring over the front button of the pants and the keys on the ring of the other end, drop the key into the back pocket.

Send your name and city; write for Retail for 25cts.

Box 21, St. John, N. B.



These are slack times with the decorators, slacker than they...

time to get a little inside than later. All women want well as they

self in regard to the painting.

ADVERTISING

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AVING BUREAU.

A WEEK BEFORE EASTER

AND SPRING FASHIONS OPEN BLOSSOMS BRIGHT AND FAIR.

What One May See as One Goes Up and Down and Observes Millinery—Jet Stars, Colling Snakes and Fresh Costumes—A Season of Many Novelties.

New York, March 18.—Wonderfully interesting is the city these days. The shops are in full spring blossom, and the luxuriance and the brilliance of the flowering increases from morning until afternoon and from evening until morning. Here is a milliner who has made of her show window a ludoir all hung with peach bloom silk right daintily. Here is another who



EASTER HATS.

has turned hers into a garden, where buds of bonnets expand into full blown hats on the branches of lilac and acacia trees. The panorama shifts from minute to minute: frock succeeds to frock and ribbon to ribbon almost before the ever moving throng of promenaders has had a fair view. The parasol whose filmy clouds of gauze caught your fancy in the morning has had a dozen successors, each more diaphanous than the last, before you pass a second time on your homeward way in the afternoon.

This thronging of pictures, this treading of fashion on fashion's heels, brings out the whole cityful of women. From the quiet up-town streets and the demure side streets they flock and they swarm into avenues. It is a gay spring carnival when day by day women give themselves over to the shops, and feed their fancy fat on form and color, and exult in the magical spring transformations.

There is a certain barbaric joyousness about it all, for we glitter and we shine. We rejoice in gold lace, and in things that give out sparks in the sunshine. We stretch out our hands, as a baby might, to bright colored baubles. They make the baby crow and put them to her mouth and kick her heels. They make us smile at them, and send them over our hats and our capes and our dresses, and walk where they may be seen out of doors. The dazzle of them reminds me of a cloak I had years ago, on which were sewn what the other children used to call star-spangled-banner buttons. This is a spring of star-spangled-banner fashions.

There is jet and jet, and still there is jet hourly; faceted jet that catches the light and sets it dancing. A woman was trying on a bonnet this morning before a mirror. It was a bonnet of smooth gold braid or a new galloon shaped in the likeness of a regular crown. "Jewel" of jet were embroidered upon it thickly. She held her head erect, and the figure in the glass dumbled back at her. A gleam of sunshine came through a window; it struck the jewels and they blazed; she moved her head and the broken lights in the mirror were dazzling.

All this was not good taste a year ago, but it is not now necessary to be quiet to be in good form.

There are flower hats, though it is said that later in the season the jewels will push them hopelessly and hopelessly into the background. A type of the flower fashion



BROWN-GREY WITH JET STARS.

is a hat of black point de gaze, flaring off the face a little and with odd bands and turnings. Velvet violets are tufted here and there over it, and long trails of violets fall in front and are gathered under the chin for strings.

At one of yesterday's receptions I noted a bonnet of peachy velvet worn by a tall, peachy cheeked girl. I never, I think, saw the hues of a fabric match the tint of the face so perfectly. Under the bonnet escaped in front fluffy brown curls, and among

the curls three plump peaches were resting. At the back of the bonnet were four to five more peaches with sprigs of leaves. Fruit bonnets are things to be avoided with a very careful avoidance, but this peachy girl was pretty under these downy spheres.

On all the millinery one sees snakes. These are gold snakes, jet snakes and snakes of silver. Snakes coil themselves to strike, snakes glide through the underbrush of buttercups and valley lilies, snakes wreath themselves and bask in their sunny situation, snakes climb for the view on aigrettes of lace formed of upstanding platings.

Bonnets for dress occasions are made in one case out of three, of nothing more than the triple classic hand. This may be of jet, or it may be of gold braid or it may be of folded ribbons. The hair is tied in the back with erect bows and through the knots are drawn flowers. There are fillets of pinky red ribbon that are very effective in this way with one great rose for garniture. Others in black are at once delicate and striking with lace aigrettes and gold and purple or brown and gold orchids. The large hats are even larger than common and often most fantastic with enormous bows and equally large bunches of flowers.

Grey and yellow, in the smoke and flame shades, one meets constantly. They make most wondrously picturesque and harmonious combinations. The bridesmaids at a recent wedding were in grey silk with flame yellow sashes and waistcoats of yellow crepe de chine. Their hats were grey tulle with yellow metal edge and long ends of yellow metal ribbon hanging.

Grey and pink is pretty, if less daring. It is equally popular at weddings. One of the fairest bridesmaids of the season wore silver grey cloth with coral panel and grey Medici collar lined with coral. Her sleeves with puff of coral were covered with grey passementerie. Her hat with its coral velvet crown had a band of grey velvet and a bunch of grey tips behind.

The cuirass bodices produce startling effects at receptions and in theatre boxes. A dress of the steely grey of armor worn with a bold crimson cuirass was before my eyes all that evening and sent me home to dream thoughtfully of wars and rumors of wars. It spoke loudly of drums and martial parades.

Beside it was a toilet that should have proved quieting. It too was of gray, a soft greenish, whitish gray, over which trailed and splashed seaweeds. It was a frock for the seaside piazza, with moonlight to silver misty outlines.

Stars were not lacking, for at no great distance was a dusky brown-gray frock, studded by way of border with jet luminaries. It would be making a metaphor go on all fours to compare its "French" Louis XIV. casaque to the mantle night, and which was sprinkled with twinkling stars as surely as it was sprinkled with moonlight that shone. On a head of short, straight

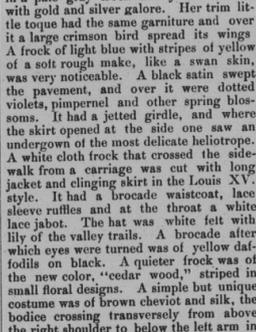


COSTUME OF BROWN CHEVROT AND SILK.

dark hair rested a capote of jet plates with a greenish gray feather.

The flowered silks are among the prettiest things that are shown to delight the spring. Some of them reproduce quaint old medieval patterns. Over a soft ivory satin ground and a silvery lattice work, and across this stray faint-hued roses full of old world grace and sentiment. This is sixteenth century and venetian. Flowers are drawn small and often rather prim, as on the silks that a generation ago our mothers used to delight in. Some times they are curiously spotted and mottled. Frocks for the after easter dances are being made of creamy chiffon with knots of tiny roses or valley lilies sustaining their festoons. Wreaths of roses circle white shoulders, and wreaths of the royal flower are looped about slender waists.

Dress is very smart in the afternoon parades. Georgia Cavan was out yesterday in a pale gray frock and jacket braided with gold and silver galore. Her trim little top had the same garniture and over it a large crimson bird spread its wings. A frock of light blue with stripes of yellow of a soft rough make, like a swan skin, was very noticeable. A black satin swept the pavement, and over it were dotted violets, pipemel and other spring blossoms. It had a jetted girdle, and where the skirt opened at the side one saw an undergown of the most delicate heliotrope. A white cloth frock that crossed the side-walk from a carriage was cut with long jacket and clinging skirt in the Louis XV. style. It had a brocade waistcoat, lace sleeve ruffles and at the throat a white lace jabot. The hat was white felt with lily of the valley trails. A brocade after which eyes were turned was of yellow daffodils on black. A quieter frock was of the new color, "cedar wood," striped in small floral designs. A simple but unique costume was of brown chevrot and silk, the bodice crossing transversely from above right shoulder to below left arm in three scallops overlapping the silk under skirt unbuttoned at one side over a silk panel, and a brown turban was worn with butterfly garniture. One or two blue cloth capes were visible, braided in blue and gold. Others were in scarlet with gold braid, or in grey with gold garniture. So far as appears a week before Easter, this is going to be, as regards fashion, a most riotous spring. ELLEN OSBORN.



OVER THE SLIPPERY CROSSING.

her yellow garter. Be it known that within this darling little watch there rests, more often than not, a likeness of the best boy whose bounty paid for the dainty hand of time.

The dear little cheats of girls have ferreted out a way of getting ahead of the fashions. It is the season for contracted skirts with little material in them and no apparent clothing under them. The girls are well aware of this and they also know that none of the pretty befrilled superfluities of former years can be worn underneath the simplicity of these tailor-made gowns. Yet one and all have desired that they cannot and will not go unpunished.

NEWSY CARRIES TALK

THE RULES FORMULATED FOR THE UMBRELLA SCHOOL.

What It Costs to Give One's Best Boy a Likeness of One's Features—The Chic Young Women Who Have Been Able to Get Ahead of the Fashions.

New York, March 8.—A school is about to be founded in the great city of New York for the purpose of teaching young men how to carry an umbrella properly over the head of a fair companion.

Something of the kind has long been needed. This season with its rains and hail and snow created an absolute demand for it. And so an Umbrella School has



AN INTERESTING STATE OF AFFAIRS.

sprung into existence. A committee of women selected from the most popular classes—widows and debutantes—have formulated a code of rules which shall stand as the A B C's of the school. They are as follows:

Be sure that the umbrella is unfurled before you leave the doorstep or car. It is exasperating to a woman to walk under a drizzly drip while her escort is fumbling with the shelter.

When once the umbrella is raised, hold it, not to the right nor to the left, nor the front nor to the back, but directly over the head of the woman.

Be sure that it is not so far forward that the back proings of the umbrella will drip upon her shoulders, nor yet so far back that the front will drip upon her bangs.

Don't yank her by the arm while carrying an umbrella. She wants to hold up the umbrella is sure to suffer.

Never mind your own hat, even though it is a silk one, and do not value the safety of your eyes, but devote your whole attention to the covering of that one woman.

Should the elements rage in all directions and the rains descend from everywhere, and the clouds pour forth torrents from the north, south, east and west, abandon at once all hope of keeping the woman's garments dry, and bring all your energies to bear upon the preservation of her frizzes. Keep them dry at all hazards. Even though you have to shelter them under your plaidie. Remember always that better a wet, sozzled, dripping woman with pretty bangs than a dry one with stringy, discolored, desolated locks.

Miss Helen M. Congar, of Indiana, has startled herself and everyone else by an announcement. Having made the announcement, she is going to prove it if it takes the whole of her time. It is to the effect that each and every occupation on which men are employed is being successfully performed by a woman. Miss Congar holds herself in readiness to name the woman and tell where she is employed—be the occupation ever so unusual or ever so unique.

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Do not be startled if you see a young woman clutch her breastpin wildly and hand it from its moorings, dragging with it a long length of chain. She is only about to consult her watch, which is fastened upon the end of the chain. The apparent breastpin is only the charm upon the end of a chain. It is so arranged as to dangle the eligibility of woman for any given occupation, write now to Miss Helen M. Congar and she will tell you of some woman who is already employed upon it.

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THE BUTCHERS' BALL!

A GOOD TIME ASSURED.

The ladies are all going. Be sure and have a new pair of our slippers. We've got new ones for the occasion. It'll make all the difference in the world in dancing, what you wear. We've everything you want in Fancy Ball Slippers, to match dresses—you'd better see them.

A SMOOTH FLOOR

To dance on, is half the battle, a good pair of Slippers is the other half—then you're sure to have a good dance. Get a new pair of our latest to wear at the ball, they're so nice, stylish, and neat. You'll like them the minute you see them. There will be lots of new slippers there, and you'll want a pair of ours.

WATERBURY & RISING, - - - KING & UNION STREETS.

Fancy the horror of seeing a woman cross a street without revealing as much as a fluff of muslin or a frill of lace! Picture the barrenness of effects—worse, the slightly tilted skirts to show nothing more interesting than a pair of boot tops. Of course, the girls could not and would not endure such a state of affairs. 'Twas out of the question. The whole condition of womanhood seemed at stake. Then some one (all honor be upon her!) thought of a way out of the dilemma—a way of approaching to wear petticoats without wearing them at all.

Inside of her tailor made gown, about two inches below the knees, she sewed a flounce of lace which was long enough to reach the hem of the skirt. Two inches below the first ruffle, was sewed a second one extending within half an inch of the bottom of the dress. Then came the moment for experiment. Breathlessly this woman of talent poised before the mirror, gave a little kick, grabbed up her skirt, jumped a puddle and turned quickly to the glass to observe the effect. It was highly satisfactory. There was the dress skirt and, hanging below it, were the lace skirts in charming fold and pose. Yet the costume from the knee up was as rich in outline as the heart of any full-limbed girl could desire.

Now, all the girls are doing that sort of thing, and no one knows just how it happens that there is apparently no petticoat there, and yet there must be one—for now you see it, and now you don't. Which fact goes to demonstrate once more that you should believe only half of what you see.

Jay Gould's box at the Grand Opera house is the best patronized one in town. It is never empty and is seldom occupied



ISN'T JACK LOVELY TO REMEMBER ME SO SWEETLY?

by fewer than half a dozen people. The other night there were eleven souls in it. The occasion was evidently that of a theatre party for the little folk of the Gould acquaintance. Five little men and four little maids occupied front seats or stood about the railing, while in the background could be discerned two anxious mammas keeping guard.

The conduct of the little people was such as to deserve comment anywhere. They laughed not aloud, gaped not at the audience, made no attempt to show off, and were as unconscious as children to the manor born should be. One of the little fellows, not more than eight years old, wore white kid gloves, and in true man fashion, he wriggled his hands across the iron railing, scrubbed off the sides of his chair and gave a vigorous brush or two at his clothes with them. The little ladies sat daintily erect, longnettes in hand, and one of them sedately drew the curtains about the railing so as to screen herself from the gaze of the audience while she admired the play. It was whispered about that no child in the box could lay claim to less than a millionaire's reward when the day of majority should arrive.

A funny thing came to the notice of a New York girl on the occasion of the last warm spell of weather. Crossing Seventh avenue she saw a pet young man of her acquaintance entering a door over which hung the ominous three gold balls with his winter overcoat on his arm. He was walking in a sprightly fashion and seemed to be at peace with his pocketbook, and with the world. And yet—there he was on his way into a pawn shop. Meeting the young woman later all was explained.

"You see," he said blithely, "I board and have so little closed room that I can't keep my coat in any kind of shape and so I hang it up."

"Hang it up?"

"Yes, that is I give it to my uncle. Pawn it, don't you know? They pay me about half its value. Perhaps, if I'm lucky, I get twenty dollars for it, may be a little more. They put it away in camphor for me and next fall I go after it. I have to pay four per cent. interest on the money for the length of time I have had it, but that don't amount to much. In return I have had the use of the money all summer, haven't had to pay storage on my coat and have been furnished with a guarantee that old unky would take good care of it for me."

High up on the arm of the young men of Duetown reposes a silver bangle bracelet, which tells to all who happen to squeeze that young man's muscle section that he is in love. Jewellers tried to re-

vive the wrist bangles of the days of the Louis's for our nineteenth century men, but 'twas impossible. They simply would not wear them. But they have consented to the silver band above the elbow. It is worn just below the muscle bump, which every man is always asking you to squeeze, and is so located that it is lost to sight, though it is never out of memory down the chain. Twenty-five dollars is the very cheapest sum for which the ivory likeness can be obtained. They used to cost fifty dollars, but an artist recently imported who makes a specialty of these says "They cost no more than twenty-five in Lunnun." And so one must pay no more than that in this country.

Another dainty personal gift is a likeness of one's self painted upon a coffee cup which is to adorn the bachelor quarters of one's best love. It painted by an artist who understands china painting, the colors do not change in the firing and the effect is as lovely as could be desired.

Still another way of giving one's likeness to one's best boy is by having it painted upon the inside of the case of his watch. This method possesses one advantage over those previously mentioned, namely, that of endurance. Seasons may wax and wane. Time may come and time may go, but as long as the ticking of that particular watch goes on, just so long will the dainty, smiling features look out from the inside of the golden cover. Nothing can erase it and nothing can cover it up, save another picture painted over it. And shame be upon the artist who could be prevailed upon to do so ruthless a deed.

CARRIE CARELESS.

STYLES FOR LITTLE MEN.

What Looks Well on the "Wee Boy" and His Bigger Brother.

New York, March 18.—I have just awakened to the fact that all children are not girls, and that the little men as well as the little women deserve to have some attention paid to their garmenting. While their styles are not as variable as those of their little sisters, there are still many points of importance to be chronicled in regard to what is fashionable for both big and little boys.

Upon diligent inquiry I find that there is nothing more becoming to the wee boy than the kilt suit, which is capable of such infinite variety, the different designs partaking of the individuality of the designers. Of course, the regulation highland kilt is always in style, and as tartan plaids are still the rage the little man and his mamma can be dressed off the same piece of goods.

Kilts of diagonal, cassimere, chevrot, serge or velveteen there are in a great diversity of styles, among the prettiest being one of stone-grey diagonal, bound and braided in black silk soutache. Sailor kilts of marine blue serge have several lines of white mohair braid upon the skirt, while the collar, cuffs and pocket-flaps are of white serge, trimmed with dark blue braid and wrought in blue stars; a white sash girdles the waist, the pendant ends finished with embroidered anchors.

Kilted suits for warm weather are fashioned from a number of excellent wearable and washable materials, such as chevrot, pique, duck, denim, etc. These cute little suits come from the laundry fresh, sweet and unfaded, and the embryo architect can erect mud forts, build sand palaces and run and play without fear of spoiling his clothes.

A boy's first trousers mark an important era in his small existence; with what delight he dons them, imagining that he has almost reached to man's estate. Fashion's fat has gone forth,

and the kilt is to be discarded at an earlier age and replaced by the more mannish pants and jacket. So says Mr. Best of the *Alpian Bazaar*, who replied to all my persistent questionings about "How little boys should be dressed," with patient courtesy, although he could tell quite as much in regard to a little girl's wardrobe. To-day we have taken the boys in hand, and under the guidance of the dictator of children's fashions, we are given a further insight into the masculine wear of Lilliput. Mr. Best says that boys now put on their little jackets are usually made of cloth and bound and trimmed with soutache; with these are worn knee pants and a silk or linen blouse, which shows below the jacket; collars and cuffs of heavy Irish lace or Venetian guipure lend a touch of elegance to the costume.

One of the newest and most fetching styles is the Taureador, the one quoted being of Russian green velvet richly braided in gold; the short bell sleeves reach to the elbows and are slashed and laced together with a gold cord and tassels; the knee-broches are also slashed and laced together like the sleeves; a blouse of white silk finishes the costume. If the Spanish bull fighter's idea is strictly carried out, a shirt of scarlet or orange silk and a gold tasselled Taureador sash would impart a very Spanish air to the costume.

Sailor suits more than ever conform to the regulation man-of-war suit and have naval insignia embroidered upon the collar, sleeves and shield; these suits are also made of washable goods.

There are many new ideas in plated suits, they are made of plain or checked material, either plated back and front or with stitched straps from shoulder to waist and a buttoned belt, the welt at each side forming pockets; others have yokes below which are tucks.

For boys over ten the single or double-breasted sack coat loosely fitting and slightly following the lines of the figure is eminently suitable; the suits with vests are also worn by boys of this age, the coat being the jaunty three button cut-away.

For younger boys the two or three piece suits bound with braid and trimmed with soutache are used for Sundays and holidays; the materials in vogue are the wide-wale diagonals, tricots, crepes, etc.

For full dress for youths from eight to sixteen, nothing is quite as appropriate as the stylish Eton or Tuexedo suits. Young men always look well-dressed in the unostentatious single or double-breasted sack coat, which is cut with deep regard to the latest dictates of fashion, and is made of cassimere, chevrot, and blue or black serge.

For driving and for cool days at the seaside are over garments for both little and big boys, being fashioned with due regard to age and becomingness; the reeders are the nicest thing for small boys and are provided with a sailor collar, that rolls or buttons closely at will, the buttons being a fac-simile of those of the U. S. navy. Up to ten years of age the English covert coat, the cape-coat, and the double-breasted reefer are exceedingly suitable.

For young men the most stylish thing is the fly-front overcoat cut rather short. Storm garments are an important feature in the clothing of boys for they are thus equipped for rainy weather in rubber coats, gossamers, and the rain-dyeing macintosh which looks like cloth.

A hat is to a boy what a bonnet is to a girl, and without stylish headgear the effect of the finest suit would be ruined. Woman can change the color of her ribbons and the shape of her hat, while the sterner sex has but small latitude for variety. To be sure the stylish boy knows all about the latest new thing in London, and a small but important change distinguishes last year's fashions from that of this season. Of course the Derby is always de rigueur and the imported cruet hat which is so easily rolled up and put out of the way. The most noticeable feature seems to be the dark trimmings of the left hats, even the lightest shades being bound and banded with black.

The silk sailor is a novelty for little boys and the English walking hat of stiff felt in grey and the Suede shades. The Tam O'Shanter in Suede leather, with gold bands are essentially new and natty, and also the continental in tri-corner shape with rosette and pompon. The signal service device is newer than the ordinary nautical emblem in yacht-caps, while a golden coronet is substituted on others.

Suede cricketer caps are shown in tan, brown, blue and black, and a nobby little turban for a wee section of masculinity is well dubbed "our dot."

Mr. De Boer—Miss Emma, perhaps I ought not to call during lent, for I understand you deny yourself all amusement.

Miss Emma—Yes, I do, Mr. De Boer. Come as often as you like.—Boston Budget.

"I tell you," said Mr. Schnadhorst in the lobby of the house of commons, the political situation in your district is something to raise your hair when you contemplate it."

"I think," said Sir Wilfrid Lawson, as he took off his hat and disclosed his bald head, "that I'll go off and take a look at it."—Pick Me Up.

Open Evenings. Duval, 242, Union street.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Spiders are seven times stronger in proportion than lions.

The chances of life in England are 40 per cent. greater than in India.

School children in Victoria, Australia, are carried on the street cars free.

The national debt of Great Britain at 5th April, 1890, was £689,944,027.

Spirits are said to be "proof" when they contain 57 per cent. of alcohol.

The admiralty knot equals 6,080 feet, while a statute mile contains 5,280 feet.

The first meeting house of the Wesleyan Methodists was founded in Bristol in 1739.

An extraordinary fact is, says a prison doctor, that a large proportion of criminals draw well.

In France the doctor's claim on the estate of a deceased patient has precedence of all others.

Western avenue, Chicago, is 24 miles long. Halsted street in the same city is 2 1/2 miles long.

There are nineteen millionaires in the United States senate, whose combined wealth totals up to about \$140,000,000.

Guido Aretine, an Italian monk, in the reign of Henry I., invented musical notes. This invention he thought would atone for all his sins.

The Romans subdued all England, and parts of Scotland and Wales, but did not reach Ireland, though its existence was known to them.

The name Osmanis, Othman, or Ottoman, is applied to the Turks in honor of the founder of the Turkish Empire.

The exports of steel from Belgium last year were 73,867 tons. The corresponding exports in 1889 were 69,692 tons.

The first service held in the present St. Paul's cathedral was the public thanksgiving for the peace of Hywicik, December 2, 1687.

Prof. Marshall, of Cambridge University, states that of £500,000,000 spent uselessly annually, £100,000,000 is spent by the working class.

The manufacture of silk was introduced into England in 1585 by refugees from the Low Countries during the government of the Duke of Parma.

The constitution of the United States cannot be changed except by a two-thirds vote of both houses of congress, sanctioned by three-fourths of the states.

Violet, violin, violoncello, are all derived from viol, signifying sweet, applicable to either sound or smell; the latter syllables being merely to distinguish or harmonise.

Ersted, a Danish physicist, discovered in 1819 the action of the electric current on a magnetic needle, which laid the foundation of electro-magnetism and telegraphy.

The largest state in the civilized world is Texas, which has an area of 274,356 square miles; the smallest is the little state of Monaco in Europe, which has only an area of six square miles.

During the year 1889-90 the post office delivered through the various post offices in the United Kingdom, 1,560,100,000 letters, 217,100,000 post cards, 441,700,000 books, etc., 159,300,000 newspapers, and 42,853,000 parcels.

The first general (Arminian) baptist church is said to have been formed in London in 1607; the first particular (Calvinistic) church in 1616. There are about 2,764 churches in England, Wales, Ireland and Scotland; and about 305,000 members.

The British Navy at the beginning of 1890 consisted of 49,693 men and boys, 4,200 coastguards, and 13,882 marines; or, including reserves, volunteers, and others, a total of 94,563, with 258 ships in commission, which were increased to 274 in November, 1890.

The value of the Egyptian antiquities that were discovered the other day hard by the Temples of Luxor, near Thebes, has not been exaggerated. From one of the galleries unearthed 152 intact mummies have been taken, 149 being of the 20th and two of the 19th dynasty—approaching, therefore, the date of 1400 B. C. Statuettes of the gods, votive offerings, 77 papyri, and many treasures besides have been found.

The population of all the Russias in 1889 was reckoned at 109,000,000, just about double what it was 60 years ago. During the Crimean war the Russians put into the field 1,275,000 men. The war-footing of the army at present amounts to 4,600,000 men, together with 400,000 cavalry and 3,853 guns. It is estimated that in cavalry alone Russia outnumbered the horsemen of the Triple Alliance by two to one. There are 20,000,000 horses in the country, of which it is reckoned that nearly half are capable of being easily trained for cavalry service.

The most famous Madeira ever known was the "1814 pipe." It was fished up from the bottom of the Scheldt, a short distance above Flushing, in 1814, having remained there since 1778 in a ship which had been wrecked in the mouth of the river in that year. It was sold by auction at Antwerp, the greater portion of it having been secured for Louis XVIII., who despatched an agent to secure it regardless of expense. Several dozens were presented to the French Consul at Antwerp, which he sold to the Duc de Raguse. In 1858, after the death of the Duchesse de Raguse, four dozens remained in her cellars, and they were sold for something over their weight in gold to Baron Rothschild.

Leeds has an area of 21,572 acres; Birmingham, 8130; Manchester, 5927; and Liverpool, 6210.

Blind-worms are no more blind than moles; they rather smell but very quick and brilliant eyes.

The Nice carnival was started in 1872 by a Greek Engineer bank in Nice, who took the idea from Rome.

The first public school for the blind established in England was at Liverpool in 1791; in London in 1799.

The first locomotive was constructed by George Stephenson in 1814. It travelled at the rate of six miles an hour.

It is calculated that in 90 years, at the present rate of increase, Australia will contain about 40,000,000 citizens.

The richest American college is Columbia, with an endowment of \$9,000,000. Harvard comes second with about \$7,000,000.

Of nineteen generals on the active list of the British army two hold the Victoria cross, viz.—Sir H. Prendergast and Sir F. S. Roberts.

Most of the numerous temples throughout China are painted red; everything lucky and pleasant among the Chinese is of vermilion color.

The Isle of Man is governed by an independent legislature called the Tynwald, consisting of two branches—the Governor and Council, and the House of Keys.

It has been estimated that 23,000,000 bushels of oysters are opened annually in the United States, and that this represents an accumulation of shells amounting to not less than 243,300,000 cubic feet, which if spread out would cover a space of more than 450,000 yards square to a depth of three feet.

The heart's case has an infinity of provincial names, as—Love in Idleness. Live in Idleness. Call me to you. Call me to you. Three Faces under a Hood. Look up and Kiss me. Kiss me ere I rise. Kiss me behind the Garden-gate. Pink of my John. Flower of Jove. Flamy, because its colours are seen in the flame of wood.

The Austrian empire contains 240,943 square miles; the German empire, 212,091; France, 204,091; Spain, 177,781; Sweden, 168,042; Norway, 122,280; Great Britain and Ireland, 120,879; Italy, 114,296; Turkey, 62,025; Roumania, 45,642; Bosnia and Herzegovina, 28,125; Bulgaria, 24,360; Serbia, 20,850; Netherlands, 20,527; Greece, 19,941; Switzerland, 15,235; Denmark, 14,533; Eastern Roumelia, 13,000; Belgium, 11,373; and Montenegro, 1770.

To prevent a crack in metal from extending further, the well-known means employed of drilling a hole where the rent ends, but, unless the hole is bored on the precise spot, the crack is apt to continue beyond the hole. To facilitate the search for the exact point, it has been found a good plan to moisten the cracked surface with petroleum, then wipe and immediately rub it over with soft chalk. The oil that has penetrated into the crack exudes and thus indicates with precision upon the whitened surface where the crack stops. Now for the drill!

Report says that Mr. Gladstone owns a lead pencil 39 inches in length, which on occasions, he uses as a walking-stick. Quite an interesting curiosity in the pencil line is one owned by a New York lawyer—a cheap, looking affair, but almost priceless in its owner's estimation. The wood of which it is made, came from a cedar tree that was probably centuries old before any cedar tree now standing began to grow. It was taken from the bottom of a marl bed in Orange county, at a depth of nearly 100 feet below the surface. Near it were found the remains of a mastodon. The knob of the end of the pencil was made from a piece of mastodon's tooth. The pencil has never been sharpened and probably never will be.

A combined land and water tricycle, suitable for rescuing drowning persons, was lately tried at Marseilles with satisfactory results. The speed attained was sixteen miles an hour and about two miles in the sea, under difficulties, but without extraordinary exertion. The wheels, 4ft. 9in. in diameter, and 4ft. apart centre to centre, are made of sheet steel, and of hollow lenticular form, having a dozen curved floats on the outside in addition to the usual india rubber tyres. The seat is raised 2ft. above the axle, and the immersion, when loaded, is 20in. The machine maintained its vertical position in spite of attempts—imitating the struggles and cluttings of a drowning man—to overturn it. When on its side, like a raft, it buoyed up two full-grown men.

Do tools grow tired? This seemingly absurd question is seriously answered in the affirmative by a correspondent in a technical contemporary. He says: "I called the attention of a shopmate—a grizzled old veteran—to the peculiar behaviour of a chisel. He looked it over and handed it back to me, saying: 'The tool is all right, only a little tired. Lay it aside again, just as a man that is tired will do. I did not believe the old fellow, and I really thought he was crazy speaking of a tool getting tired; but, as there was no help for it, the tool was laid away. I do not remember how long it was left to rest, but when it was again sharpened and used, it appeared to hold its keenest edge as well as it did before it got tired. Barbers tell me their razors, in constant use, get tired in the same way; and wood-choppers say their axes seem to get soft all at once. Possibly constant and hard usage may cause changes in crystallisation that would account satisfactorily for the peculiarity alluded to.'"

Official returns show that the population of Japan on December 31, 1889, was 40,072,020—20,246,336 males and 19,825,684 females—who occupied 7,840,872 houses.

Of foxhound packs there are no less than 154 in England and Wales, containing 6,501 couples of hounds; in Scotland, 9 packs, with 326 couples; and in Ireland, 16 packs, with 559 couples.

The first steamer from Liverpool to cross the Atlantic direct was the *Royal William* of 617 tons, and 276 horse-power, which sailed from Liverpool to New York on the 5th July, 1838, and returned on August 19th. The outward passage was performed in 19 days, and the homeward in 14 1/2 days.

Field-marshal's rank with admirals of the fleet; generals with admirals; lieutenant-generals with vice-admirals; major-generals with rear-admirals; brigadier-generals with colonels; captains with lieutenant-colonels; and senior to commanders and staff-commanders. All of these ranks rank according to date of commission or order.

The census which has just been completed in Germany shows that the growth of cities is almost as rapid in Europe as in this country, and, in some respects, even more wonderful. Berlin has gone up past New York, with a population of 1,574,485; Hamburg, with its big suburb of Altona, has 715,170 inhabitants; Leipzig is credited with 553,272; Munich has a population of 344,899, and that of Breslau is 334,710. Cologne has 282,537 inhabitants; Dresden, 276,085; Magdeburg, 261,981; Breslau, 209,405; Cologne, 161,266; Dresden, 245,515; Magdeburg, 114,296; and Frankfurt-on-the-Main, 154,513. Such gains as are here shown can scarcely be matched by an equal number of American cities. The period between the two enumerations, it must be remembered, is only half as long as that from 1880 to 1890, which is used in all tables showing the growth of American cities, and yet while there are but four places in this country in which the increase in population has been as much as 120,000 in the last ten years, Germany has four cities which have increased from 121,000 to 259,000 each in five years. It is the same with the smaller cities. Magdeburg has gained about as much in five years as Detroit or Milwaukee in ten, and Munich is growing much faster than Cincinnati or San Francisco. The crowding into towns is found everywhere in the civilized world. Next year the census to be taken in Great Britain will show that not a few cities have been gaining at an astonishing rate for old towns, but that where the population has long been dense. Even in ancient India the growth of the cities is out of all proportion to that of the country as a whole.

Prince Victor, it is said, has been disinherited by his father, Prince Napoleon, and Prince Louis has been named as the next emperor of France. This is a case of "nothing from nothing, and nothing remains."

The queen of Denmark is a fine pianist, and her daughter, the czarina, is nearly as good. At the Danish court chamber music is a daily occupation, generally a quartet, with the queen at the piano. Beethoven and Brahms are the favorite composers.

Philadelphians want to place the bodies of Benjamin Franklin and his wife under the dome of the magnificent new City Hall. Franklin now lies in a neglected grave at Fifth and Arch streets, and even that small location will soon be wanted for building purposes.

Some one came near getting U. S. Minister Phelps into trouble by circulating a report that he had appeared at some public function in Berlin arrayed in a gorgeous court dress. He wants his friends to know that on that occasion he wore the ordinary evening dress of an American gentleman, and was proud to do so.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., dined at a New York hotel with some friends a few days ago. She wore a dark suit with a turban and a sort of half-Newmarket, as she passed in, and looked bright and healthy. Her complexion was fresh and clear, but she limped quite noticeably.

W. H. H. Murray is again to become a resident of Gifford, Ont., where he was born and carried on for many years his famous stock farm as a diversion from his professional and literary labors. He has lately redeemed the old homestead and the ancestral acres, which were lost to him in the misfortunes which overtook him a dozen years ago.

One evening John Scott (Lord Eldon) had been dipping rather too deeply into the street, Edinburgh, and on emerging into the open air his intellect became in a considerable degree confused, and not being able to distinguish objects with any degree of certainty, he thought himself in a fair way of losing the road to his house in Picardy place. In this perplexity he espied some one coming towards him, whom he stopped with this query—"Do you ken whaur John Scott bides?" "Where's the use of you speiring that question?" said the man; "You're John Scott himself." "I ken that," answered John; "but it's no hissel' that's wanted—it's his house!"

How a Famous Nugget was Found and the Fact Concealed.

No one who was on the field at the time will forget the excitement that was aroused when the "Joker" nugget was found at Teetupla. No other has yet been obtained on Teetupla that can equal it in weight. It turned the scale at thirty ounces, and was bought by the government for the sum of £120. In size and shape it resembled a man's hand; it was thick at the wrist part, and tapered off towards the fingers.

The claim had been a good one from the first, and the owner was one of the wealthy men of Teetupla. So on this day, reclining full length, leaning on one arm, the man searched for nuggets. He made a sweep with his knife to push back some of the gravel, and his eye caught sight of the "Joker." He at once covered it with his hand, and sat up, rather wondering how he would secure his treasure without being seen. If the find became known, every man in the field would tramp to the spot while there was any chance of getting him. He made his claim, and so prevent him from working. A man in an adjoining claim looked up.

"Found anything?" he asked.

"No! Seen the colour, that's all. Pitch my coat over to me, will you? it's lying near you there. I want a smoke."

"Here you are, mate. But what's the matter? You look pale. Don't you feel right?"

"I'm all right; only the sun is a bit hot."

He was struggling with an insane desire to laugh; but he got his coat over the nugget and seated himself on the top of it. Then laughter overpowered him, and he became hysterical. Those about him wondered, but thought the sun had affected him. In a little while he regained his composure, and decided to go to his tent. In lifting his coat he managed to take up the lump of gold, and no one knew that he had found anything.

It was not until ten days had passed that the fact was noised abroad, and even then few knew the claim whence the "Joker" came.

Numerous other nuggets were found of weights ranging to twenty, sixteen, twelve, and ten ounces, and those of six ounces were almost common—almost, not quite.—*From Cassell's Pictorial Australia.*

Something Worth Trying for! \$100.00 in Gold.

This is what "THE LADIES' BAZAR" will give to the person sending them the largest number of sentences constructed from words contained in the quotation: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do even so to them." Every week I give the contest they will give a "Handsome Family Sewing Machine" valued at \$50.00, to the person sending them the largest number of sentences that week. If preferred they will give the winner a Solid Gold Watch instead of the Sewing Machine. Special prizes for Boys & Girls. They do not offer impossibilities. The above will be carried out to the letter. Everyone competing will have an equal chance. No dictionary required in this competition. Send 10c for sample copy of "THE LADIES' BAZAR" and full instructions. THE LADIES' BAZAR, 4 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.—A.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

President Diaz, of Mexico, is reported to have arranged a trip to France.

The tee given Rev. Dr. McVicker at the Astor-Willing wedding is said to have been \$10,000.

Mr. Gladstone does not smoke, and dislikes tobacco in every form. He has also a profound contempt for smart attire, and a deep-rooted dislike for new clothes.

Truxton Beale, the new minister to Persia, gets his baptismal name from his great grandfather, Commodore Thomas Truxton, who helped win the early fame of the American navy.

Although only 17 years old, Merritt L. Fernald, son of President Fernald, of the Maine State college, has been made assistant botanist and herbalist at Harvard. He is quite well known in scientific circles.

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The walls of Lady Randolph Churchill's London drawing room are hung in pale gold, the window draperies reproduce the same tints, the floor is of light colored wood, highly polished, and the furniture is of the Louis XVI. period, displaying much gilding.

Oliver Thorne Miller has posted from her home in Brooklyn no less than 20,000 printed slips asking the women of New York not to wear birds or their plumage. The request is simply and earnestly made, no reply being called for, and as a mark of good faith, the floor is of light colored wood, highly polished, and the furniture is of the Louis XVI. period, displaying much gilding.

Senator Manderson has received a present of the costliest hat ever seen in Washington. It is a tall white hat, much like the chapeaux worn by dressy men in summer, and it weighs twenty ounces. The cost was \$17,000. It was made of cancelled greenbacks worth that sum in the aggregate, and, except for its great weight, is a very genteel and desirable hat.

The Duchess of St. Albans, who, originally an actress, married first Mr. Thomas Coutts, the banker, and who died in 1837, left her immense fortune, amounting, it is said, to £1,800,000, to Miss Angela Burdett, who thereupon assumed the additional name of Coutts. It was stated in the newspapers at the time that the weight of this enormous sum in gold, reckoning sixty sovereigns to the pound, is 13 tons, 7 cwt., 3 qrs., 12 lbs., and would require 107 men to carry it, supposing that each of them carried 298 lbs., equivalent to the weight of a sack of flour. This large sum may be partially guessed by knowing also that, counting at the rate of 24 miles an hour, a sovereign in a minute for eight hours a day, and six days, of course in the week, it would take ten weeks, two days, and four hours to accomplish the task. In sovereigns, by the most exact computation (each measuring in diameter 17-20 of an inch, and placed at the rate of 24 miles and would extend to the length of 21 miles and 260 yards, or about the distance between Merthyr and Cardiff; and in crown pieces, it is 11 1/2 miles and 280 yards. It may be noted that £1,800,000 was the exact sum also left by old Jenny Wood, the banker

and millionaire of Gloucester, who died in 1836. After inheriting the property in question, Miss Burdett-Coutts distinguished herself by further works of charity and benevolence, and in recognition of her large-heartedness she was, in the year 1871, raised to the peerage as Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The Genesis of a Scandal.

Mrs. A. to Mrs. B.—"That Mrs. New-comer is so fond of her children. The other day when I called she was blowing soap bubbles with them through a common clay pipe."

Mrs. B. to Mrs. C.—"That Mrs. New-comer is so funny. Mrs. A. saw her amusing the children with a common clay pipe."

Mrs. C. to Mrs. D.—"That Mrs. New-comer smokes a common clay pipe."

Mrs. D. to Mrs. E.—"That Mrs. New-comer smokes a horrid pipe. I don't see how any woman in her sober senses could do that."

Mrs. E. to Mrs. F.—"That Mrs. New-comer smokes a pipe and drinks awfully."

Rebuking Royalty.

A reverend doctor, who was one of King Charles the Second's chaplains, whenever he preached before his majesty, was sure to tell him of his faults from the pulpit. One day his majesty met the doctor in the hall, and said to him: "Doctor, what have I done to you that you are always quarrelling with me?" "I hope your majesty is not angry with me," quoth the doctor, "for telling the truth."

"No, no, said the king, 'but I would have you for the future be friends.' "Well, well," quoth the doctor, "I will make it up with your majesty on these terms, as you mend 'I'll mend."

What It Costs.

Must be carefully considered by the great majority of people, in buying even necessities of life. Hood's Sarsaparilla commands itself with special force to the great middle classes because it combines positive economy with great medicinal power. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said "100 Doses One Dollar," and a bottle taken according to directions will average to last a month.—*Advt.*

Side by Side walks "Progress" WITH THE SWIFT GOING TIME.

We must keep pace with them. We're a little ahead if anything. The cheapest kind of advertising, is the kind that pays.

Advertising in PROGRESS is cheap, for it pays; if it pays it costs nothing.

"PROGRESS" GOES EVERYWHERE!

To the Country People, To the City People, To the Rich People, To the Poor People, To all the People.

AND ALL THE PEOPLE READ IT!

A FEW SETS LEFT.

Will you have one? They're going to be sold at once, and cheap too. If you want one see quick about it.

C. E. REYNOLDS, 101 CHARLOTTE STREET.

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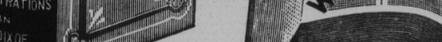
This Edition of Webster cannot be had elsewhere in this city. The number of copies for city subscribers is limited, and this offer will only be open for a short time. Persons in the city can have the book sent to them for inspection, with a view to taking advantage of our offer. The contents are as complete as they are valuable. The book is a perfect mine of information. No office can afford to be without it—merchants, lawyers, teachers, ministers—anyone in fact, who wants correct acquaintance with the English language and an infallible guide cannot afford to be without this great book. It is worth at least \$5.00. PROGRESS offers it to New Subscribers for \$1.75, and guarantees that they will be satisfied with their investment. Come and look at it—that will cost you nothing.

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CLEVE

"It ain't no Jennie—he's continual, for you'll just be at him. 'T on

Foor little comed during to 'jest give peace was in y mined husband his point witho

Jennie was inherited her had, much to covered an op child.

She had been three years—with the deterr rriage, and the almost foom h aun in the cit

share her home daughter, thou all its deat childhood's joy yielded to her

ter—far better gure, there covered an op child.

It was May, glad smile, so the prospect of ings

CLEVER AUNT KATE.

"It ain't no use in a-goin' agin your pa, Jennie," he had his own way round her...

"There was a young man in town who, I know, admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I think something would come of it."

"Well, I guess it don't," he interrupted with a sneer. "There's a young man in town who, I know, admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I think something would come of it."

"You're a young man in town who, I know, admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I think something would come of it."

"You're a young man in town who, I know, admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I think something would come of it."

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"You're a young man in town who, I know, admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I think something would come of it."

Hiram sat in her well appointed drawing-room the night of his arrival. "Yes, and I'm willin'." She ought to be settled,

"There's a young man in town who, I know, admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I think something would come of it."

"You're a young man in town who, I know, admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I think something would come of it."

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"You're a young man in town who, I know, admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I think something would come of it."

"Sane—Were you ever in a fight, Rodd? Rodd—Yes—no—no—that is—I once had a fight, but I wasn't in it."

"There is a demand for base ball players in Chicago. Reliable men that will not go out on strikes are wanted."

"She—So you are engaged to one of the Musgrave twins? How can you distinguish one from the other? He—I don't try to—Life."

"What do you know about Joseph, Tommy?" "He was de first dude mentioned in the bible. His father gave him a blazer."

"He—Tell me what you think of my last poem. I want to finish it, as I have other iron in the fire."

"Hogan—'It's February is the month I don't like.' Hogan—'Because I'm workin' by the day an' payin' rint by the month.'"

"So your papa has gone fishing, has he?" "Yes, the minister to Johnny's Cummo."

"What kind of a sickle was he use?" "Hook and lyn," replied the intelligent boy.

The Liver

When out of order, involves every organ of the body. Remedies for some other derangement are frequently taken without the least effect...

Ayer's Pills.

For loss of appetite, bilious troubles, constipation, indigestion, and sick headache, these Pills are unsurpassed.

Act Well

On the liver, restoring its natural powers, and aiding it in throwing off malarial poisons.

Ayer's Pills,

FOR ONE MONTH ONLY. A great reduction will be made in Hair Switches.

Ladies' and Gents' WIGS,

at the AMERICAN HAIR STORE, CHARLOTTE STREET, Up one flight.

THE NEW CANADIAN LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Edited by MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT. CANADA will number among its contributors...

5 Packs of Cards, FREE.

One Pack, May L.C.U. Home; One Pack, Escort; One Pack, Filtration; One Pack, Hold to the Light; One Pack, Our Sox; just hold two.

THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co.

Montreal. (Limited) Redpath Golden Syrup. We are now putting up, expressly for family use, the finest quality of PURE SUGAR SYRUP.

Advertisement for various goods including R.B. Gilmour & Co., Opera House Music Store, and Mrs. Kane's Millinery.

HOLMAN & DUFFELL.

1891 PAPER HANGINGS. 1891. Our New Stock is now complete in all grades.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,

60 Prince William Street. Kindly remember us when you are selecting your purchases.

Do You Want to Make Money?

HERE'S A WAY. YOU READ THIS ADVERTISEMENT, IT WILL EXPLAIN HOW. It stands to reason and good common sense that the extraordinary growth of our business...

20th CENTURY STORE, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET. J. A. REID, MANAGER.

Advertisement for a medicine treating dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, and liver troubles.

BUSINESS EDUCATION.

ST. JOHN INSTITUTE OF PENMANSHIP AND BOOK-KEEPING, 158 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Advertisement for Progress Engraving Bureau, featuring portraits, buildings, and advertisements.

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Have them prominent. Make everybody look at them. MOST advertisers have made success by using illustrations and cuts in their "ads."

"Progress" Engraving Bureau,

SAINT JOHN, N. B. Reproduce, enlarge, and reduce engravings of all kinds.

Advertisement for "ADS" and "PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU.

Advertisement for Ladies' Featherbone Corsets, highlighting comfort and style.

and millionaire of Gloucester, who died in 1886. After inheriting the property in question, Miss Burdett-Coutts distinguished herself by furthering works of charity and benevolence...

Must be carefully considered by the great majority of people, in buying even necessities of life. Hood's Sarsaparilla recommends itself with special force to the great middle classes because it combines positive economy with great medicinal power.

ks "Progress"

GOING TIME. We're a little ahead if anything. Progress is the kind that pays.

EVERYWHERE!

try People, People, People, People, People. READ IT! FEW SETS LEFT.

you have one?

you're going to be at once, and up too. If you get one see quick at it.

TE STREET.

TO THIS.

FOR ONE YEAR only \$3.75. Progress has more circulation than it has already.

JANUARY 1st, can obtain

year for \$3.25. Remit by Post Office or Express. Publisher of PROGRESS.



We have started this competition partly to revive an interest in a useful study, and partly to increase the interest of the young folks in PROGRESS. The questions will be given every week and the publisher of PROGRESS will give One Dollar for the first correct answer that reaches PROGRESS office. The rules and conditions that govern the Bible Question Competition will also regulate this. Answers will be received until the Saturday following publication, and the successful competitor will be announced the next Saturday. Answers should be addressed to "History Competition" care PROGRESS, St. John, N. B. All letters addressed otherwise will not be considered.

The first correct answers to the questions in the History Competition No. 3, were received from WILLIAM J. NESBITT, 134 Carmarthen street. The following is a list of those who sent in correct answers: William J. Nesbitt, 134 Carmarthen street; Histoire, 14 Elliot row; Harold A. Lynam, 294 Princess street; Marie, Fredericton; Edna G. Powers, 59 Acadia street; Grace A. Morey, 15 Coburg street; G. Harley White, Sussex; Bertie Rubins, 94 Sydney street; Bertha Cushing, Moncton; A Student, Fairville; Annie Milligan, 123 Hazen street; Mary McE. Hare, 199 King street east; Edward Jarvis, 7 Elliot row; R. E. Roach, 103 Elliot row; Frank Sherwood, Rothsay; Florence M. Lewis, Lancaster; Helen M. Seeley, 21 Dorchester street; Albert White, North End; Wilfred E. Wetmore, Clifton, Kings county; Maud Hanington, Dorchester; Millie Walsh, Petitcodiac; G. Grace Godfrey, Dorchester; Gertrude, 215 Charlotte street; Sadie F. Pheasant, 73 Mecklenburg street; Bertha Ballentyne, Rothsay; Violet E. Palmer, George street, Fredericton; Mabel Ross, St. Andrews; Mabel Anderson, 99 Princess street; Jack, 75 Buckingham street, Halifax; Francis M. Woodworth, Windsor; Kate A. Tobin, Digby; Miss Maggie Leavitt, Annapolis Royal; May Schuman, 12 St. James street; Lizzie E. Thompson, 47 St. James street; T. Stewart, Hampton; Snowdrop, 250 Waterloo street; Emily Vail, Sussex; Leon Henderson, 12 Erin street; Mary A. McKinnon, Sunny Brae, Moncton; Laura M. Steeves, Salisbury; Grace Butler, 62 Robie street, Halifax.

(1) In whose reign and in what year did the union between Great Britain and Ireland take place?
(2) In whose reign and in what year did England and Scotland become united under the name of Great Britain?
(3) In the reign of Queen Anne, 1707, May 2.
(4) What was the cause of the death of King William, who reigned conjointly with Queen Mary?
Ans.—From the effect of accident occasioned by his horse stumbling with him.
(5) Who was the last of the Saxon kings?
Ans.—Harold II.

HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION NO. 3.
1. In what battle was Harold II. killed?
2. What happened to the young princes, sons of Edward IV., in the tower of London?
3. In whose reign and what year did the "Invincible Spanish Armada" ascend the English channel to conquer England?
4. Who succeeded Elizabeth on the throne of England?

Origin of American State Names.
The origin of the names of the various States are, as near as we can find out, as follows:
Arkansas.—The name is of Indian origin, but has no known meaning. In 1821 the legislature declared the pronunciation to be Ar-kan-saw.
Alabama takes its name from its principal river, and is supposed to mean "Here we rest," which words are the motto of the State. The name was first given to the river by the French, in the form of "Alibamon," from the name of a Muscogee tribe that lived upon the banks.
California.—This name was first applied, between 1545 and 1539, to a portion of Lower California, was derived from an old printed romance, the one which Mr. Edward Everett Hale rediscovered in 1842, and from which he drew this now accepted conclusion. For in this romance the name "California" was already before 1520 applied to a fabulous island, described as near the Indies, and also "very near the terrestrial paradise." Colonists whom Cortes brought to the newly-discovered peninsula in 1535, and who returned the next year, may have been the first to apply the name to the supposed island on which they had been for a time resident.
Colorado.—Past participle of the Spanish Colorado, to color. So called probably from its tinted peaks, or from its vegetation, rich in many-colored flowers.
Connecticut.—Takes its name from its principal river, an Indian word meaning "long river."
Delaware.—Takes its name from the river and bay, named after Lord De la Warr, one of the early Governors of Virginia, and an ancestor of Lord Sackville, late British Minister at Washington.
Florida.—This name was given to a larger territory than the present State by Ponce de Leon in 1572, from the Spanish name of Easter Sunday, Pascua Florida

(flowery pasture), the day upon which it was discovered.
Georgia.—Named as a colony in honour of George II.
Illinois.—Derives its name from its principal river, which is named from the Indian tribe of the Illini, supposed to mean superior men.
Indiana.—Called from the word Indian.
Iowa.—Named from its principal river; the meaning of the word in the Indian tongue is variously stated to be "the beautiful land," "the sleepy ones," and "this is the place."
Kansas.—Named after the river; the word in the Indian tongue means "smoky water."
Kentucky.—Derived from the Indian tongue, and means "dark and bloody ground," alluding to the many battles of the Indian tribes.
Louisiana.—Named after Louis XIV. of France in 1644, by its discoverer, La-Salle.
Maine.—Named after a district in France.
Maryland.—Named after Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I.
Massachusetts.—An Indian chief's name.
Michigan.—Named after the lake; the word is Indian, and means "great lake."
Minnesota.—Named from the river. In Indian it means "sky-tinted water."
Mississippi.—In Indian means "father of waters."
Missouri.—Named after the river, and meaning in Indian "muddy water."
Nebraska.—Name is of Indian origin, and is supposed to mean "shallow water."
Nevada.—Name is of Spanish origin, and means "snow-covered."
New Hampshire.—Named for Hampshire county in England.
New Jersey.—Named after the island of Jersey.
New York.—Named in honor of the Duke of York.
North Carolina, South Carolina.—Named after Charles (Carolus) II.
Ohio.—Named from the river. The word in Indian means "beautiful river."
Oregon.—Name is of Spanish origin, and means "wild thyme."
Pennsylvania.—Named by William Penn, and means "the woody country of Penn."
Rhode Island.—The state perhaps was named after the Rhoades family, one of whom, Zachary Rhoades, was commissioner for Providence in 1638.
Tennessee.—In Indian it means "spoon-shaped." The state is named from the river.
Texas.—How and when Texas received its name has been a matter of much controversy. Some assert that it is so called because the original inhabitants had roofs over their dwellings, which in the Spanish language are called *tejas* or *teax*; others derive it from *teas*, which in the language of the aborigines meant friends; and still others from *teas*, which was used as an ally to the names of many Indian provinces to denote the inhabitants. The territory now called Texas was known to the Spanish missionaries in 1524 as Mixtecapan, and its inhabitants as Mixtecas; these were the sons of Mixtecatl, the fifth of the six sons of Itzac, and the reputed progenitor of the inhabitants at the time of its conquest by Cortez. Texas is supposed by some to be a corruption of Mixtecas.
Vermont.—Name is of French origin, and means "green mountains."
Virginia, West Virginia.—Named in honor of Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen."
Wisconsin.—Named after the principal river, which in Indian is said to mean "wild rushing river."—*American Notes and Queries.*

HE LENT HER A KNIFE.
How a Girl Appreciates a Courteous Thing Delicately Done.
"There are some lovely men in this world, even if they are scarce."
It was a pretty girl who was thus philosophically musingly optimistic and pessimistic in her view of the less assuming half of humanity. She proceeded to illustrate her position as follows:
"The other day I had to go down town by myself. I had to get rid of it some way, and there is a preponderance of masculinity down there that always scares me a little. This time I went on the elevated road and got off at Rector street. It was about 11 o'clock in the morning, and the train and the station were black with men. There was not a woman, a sister woman to be seen when the lace of my petticoat caught in something just as I was leaving the car, and with a loud, triumphant zig-zag ripped off to the extent of about two yards. There was all this white stuff hanging, and I had to get rid of it some way. I stepped to one side and began trying to tear the lace across, but the lace was as strong as the sewing had proved weak; not a thread of it would give. Everyone of the stream of men passing turned his head to look at me struggle, and I could feel my face crimson with exertion and mortification. That kind of a situation has a hashish effect, and though it seemed like hours I suppose it was only a minute, till a gentleman, busily talking to a companion, passed close to me and hardly turning his eyes my way, held out an open pocket knife; then he walked on very slowly and apparently absorbed in conversation. It was the work of a second to sever the lace, roll it up in my muff and return him his knife. My gratitude was too deep to express itself in what the plays call the smooth hollow phrases of society." I am not sure that I opened my lips, but I am sure that I looked things unutterable.
"He took the knife with just the slightest bow, and touching his hat returned to his muttons with his friend.
"It was a little thing you may say, but it was just the kind of a little thing that tests a man's breeding exquisitely."—*New York Herald.*

Edgar's Presence of Mind.
"Edgar!"
There were italics in her voice that sent a thrill of apprehension through him.
"What is it?" he cried.
"A hair on your coat lapel!"
"It can't be any one but yours!"
"Do not think to deceive me. My hair is brown; this is blonde, very blonde."
Edgar was silent for several heart-beats, and then, with a sigh of relief, said:
"Yes, my dearest. But this is an old coat. When I last wore it to see you blonde hair was the fashion."—*Washington Post.*

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS MUST BE TRUE.

Opinions of the People and the Press:

You can continue my paper. Can't do without it. "AMERICAN HOUSE." Fredericton, N. B., Feb. 2.

I am much pleased with PROGRESS and consider it good value for the money—the additional eight pages makes it even more attractive. St. Stephen, Feb. 26. T. D. M.

Allow me to congratulate you upon the marvelous progress which your paper has reached. Saturday's issue was one of which the province may feel proud. Such enterprise, pluck and skill are bound to bring their reward. Fredericton, N. B., Feb. 25. W. C.

It is indispensable in our home. Jersey City, Feb. 26. Mrs. G. A. DeF.

Enclosed please find subscription to PROGRESS for one year from Nov. 1, 1890, to Nov. 1, 1891. We are all more than pleased with the paper, and wish you every success. St. Stephen, Feb. 26. F. M. M.

Herein find P. O. order for \$2.25 to pay my renewal subscription to PROGRESS, and Webster's unabridged dictionary, per your offer. I congratulate you on your enterprise. Sackville, N. B., Feb. 26. T. A. K.

Please find enclosed subscription, which is more than enough for one year's reading of PROGRESS, and the well written articles of our "Credit Gwynne." Moncton, N. B., Feb. 26. G. R. S.

PROGRESS is always an amusing and welcome weekly visitor. Dorchester, N. B., Feb. 24. I. M. S.

I am much pleased with the paper and wish you every success. Bridgetown, N. S., March 6. G. S.

I received first copy of enlarged edition and must congratulate you on it, and wish you every success in your extension. J. S. BENNETT & Co., Knapdale, B. C., Feb. 21.

I congratulate you on the success your efforts have attained, and compliment you as well for your enterprise. Chatham, N. B., Jan. 28. E. W.

We are delighted with your enlarged paper. It contains very interesting reading. M. M. G., Newcastle, N. B., Feb. 27th.

I must congratulate you on publishing a live paper. Sackville, N. B., Jan. 21st. H. R. F.

I have not yet had my name on your list of subscribers but generally get it every week. If I fail to do so, my family are quite disappointed. J. F. Moncton, N. B., Jan. 18th.

Permit me to congratulate you upon such an assistant as "Astra." Hampton, N. B. M. T.

Congratulating you on your past success and hoping your subscribers may be handsomely augmented. Sackville, N. B., Jan. 27th. W. B. D.

Herewith I enclose a year's subscription to PROGRESS for his honor the lieutenant governor who bids me express his high appreciation of your paper, pronouncing it "the best, as to paper, printing and arrangement" on his list. HARRISON CARVELL, Government house, P. E. I., March 2nd.

I feel so much interest in the paper, I do not want to lose a single copy, for although there is much change in my birth-place in fifteen years, yet many of the society items are of much interest to me. Among the many good articles you publish, especially "Astra's talk with girls," I find my own and other young friends so pleased with them. Orange, California, Feb. 21st. Miss A. H. B.

Much pleased with the paper, and shall always take it at any price. J. A. Moncton, N. B., Feb. 28.

Let me add my best wishes for your usual success. D. I. Geological and Natural History Survey, Ottawa, Feb. 28th.

My copy goes the round of about a dozen fellows here. We are flooded here with *Buffalo Express*, *Blair's Telegram*, etc., but PROGRESS is unique. W. K. HATT, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., Feb. 26.

I am taking advantage of your offer to old subscribers, but I would gladly forward the extra dollar, as that then is certainly saved in stamps as I know the doings and whereabouts of my friends in both provinces without the effort of letter-writing. We enjoy every column and trust you may have the increasing patronage which the paper deserves. Weymouth, N. S., Feb. 27. Mrs. C. B.

Any one who knows St. John and its people as I do, would go without dinner on Monday with PROGRESS to read in the evening. That is me. Wishing you and your enlarged paper every success. Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 27. ALEX. MORRISON.

I congratulate you on the success which has attended your venture and that it is deserved. J. D. P. Richibucto, N. B., Feb. 28th.

Every Line is of Interest. The St. John PROGRESS has been enlarged to 16 pages, and is bubbling over with entertaining reading matter. Every line in its pages are of interest, and its circulation should largely increase.—*Halifax Recorder.*

Short Cut to the Point. This is what a Fredericton man writes when renewing his subscription to PROGRESS: "Send me PROGRESS of course. I don't want what little hair I have left pulled out. I was not aware my term had expired. Good paper."

The Largest in Canada. The sixteen page PROGRESS is "booming"; this is now the largest weekly paper in the maritime provinces, if not in Canada, and we wish it every success. There is room for us all, and our many bulky contemporaries only seem to help poor little *Our Society* along the uphill road.—*Our Society (Halifax).*

The Best Reading Going. The St. John PROGRESS comes out with 16 pages of the best original and selected reading of any paper in the province. It is also well illustrated. We are glad to see a paper of this kind established in our midst, and wish it all prosperity and success.—*Butler's Journal.*

Sackville Falls Into Line This Week. Please increase my order for PROGRESS. Send me five more. CHARLES MOORE, Sackville, Feb. 21.

And Still the Orders Increase. Please send me five more copies every Saturday. They like it very much. BUTLER, Milltown, Feb. 23.

Up To Magazine Standard. Tomorrow St. John PROGRESS increases its number of pages from 8 to 16 and its price from three cents to five cents. From a small beginning PROGRESS, true to its name, has made its way slowly and surely, until today it stands in the front rank of maritime province journalism. The society jottings from the numerous centres where PROGRESS has correspondents, have, of course, no great literary merit, but are chatty and exhaustive. But the leader and original columns of the paper are of a very different stamp. They are frequently up to magazine standard, and it is a matter of regret that their life is so ephemeral. The workmanship and general get-up of the paper is highly creditable to St. John. We wish you every success on its enlargements.—*Our Society (Halifax).*

The Order Increases at Five Cents. "We did not have enough paper." Better add five more. G. S. WALL, St. Stephen, Feb. 16, 1891.

Still on the Increase. You will have to send me five more copies of PROGRESS. Will get the right number after a while. Milltown, March 4. F. G. A.

The Very Welcome "Progress." The very welcome PROGRESS of St. John has been enlarged to sixteen pages, and is just so much more interesting and profitable reading.—*Windsor Tribune.*

We Will Excuse You This Time. St. John PROGRESS has been enlarged from eight to sixteen pages. Progress seems to be the motto of the publisher as well as the name of the paper.—*Yarmouth Light.*

Well Deserved Success. St. John PROGRESS has been enlarged and otherwise improved. It is certainly an excellent weekly and well deserves the success that it is apparently meeting with. Mr. Carter knows how to manage a paper—hence the popularity of the PROGRESS.—*Halifax Mail.*

How Does This Strike You? A Fredericton agent writes as follows to the publisher: "PROGRESS sells far better here at five cents than it did at three, and although we have increased our order for 25 extras the last two weeks, yet we did not have nearly enough to supply our customers. Please add 50 more to order after this."

It is Good. PROGRESS enlarged comes up to my expectations. Good. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

Fine Reading Matter and Illustrations. PROGRESS increases its enlargement today. It contains sixteen pages of the reading matter, including a great many illustrations.—*Fredricton Globe.*

A Credit to American Journalism. PROGRESS always was a welcome visitor and in its enlarged form it is a credit to American journalism. It is a handsome, ready, and well edited sheet. It will surely meet the success it deserves.—*Fredricton Herald.*

Proof of Popularity and Prosperity. Proof of the popularity and prosperity of PROGRESS is furnished by the fact that it is now a sixteen-page paper. Today's issue contains a very large amount of interesting reading matter, much of it illustrated.—*St. John Globe.*

Does Full Credit to its Name. The St. John, N. B., PROGRESS has been enlarged to 16 pages paper. In appearance, contents, and all-round attractiveness the PROGRESS does full credit to the ambitious name it bears.—*Portland Transcript.*

A Credit to St. John and Dominion Journalism. PROGRESS is just as progressive as its name implies. On Saturday it reached the *Beacon* office a sixteen-page sheet, and every sheet filled with entertaining reading or neat-set "ads." We must congratulate PROGRESS on its success. It is a credit to St. John and to Dominion journalism.—*St. Anns News.*

A Progressive Paper. The most enterprising paper in the lower province, by all odds the St. John PROGRESS. Ever since its first issue it has been an eight-page, hand-set, frequently-illustrated weekly, filled with current notes and gossip not only from New Brunswick towns, but from Truro, Amherst, Digby, Yarmouth, Halifax and other places in Nova Scotia. Its literary department has been ably edited, and it has been in all respects a model paper. But now not satisfied with its unequalled success, Editor Carter has doubled its size—made it sixteen pages—the largest paper in that part of the dominion. We wonder how it can be printed on calendered paper and in such fine style for two dollars a year.—*British American Citizen.*

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A Master Feat of Journalism. PROGRESS is making giant strides to prove itself worthy of its name. Its sixteen page issue of Saturday, though that was only the first number of its weekly series for the future, was a master feat in provincial journalism.—*Fredricton Globe.*

"Success Has Been Phenomenal." St. John PROGRESS is true to its name. It has made steady and rapid advancement ever since its first issue was published, and the progressive march of PROGRESS culminated last Saturday in a handsome, well filled issue of sixteen pages, which is henceforth to be the permanent size of the paper. The selling price has been changed from three cents to five cents, the latter price being proportionately the cheapest. The success of PROGRESS has been phenomenal and has even exceeded the anticipations of its founders.—*Portland Leader.*

A Generous Send Off. PROGRESS, of St. John, N. B., one of our much prized and brilliant foreign exchanges, recently made its appearance enlarged to sixteen pages and greatly improved typographically and otherwise. This welcome weekly visitor is owned and ably edited by Edward S. Carter, and contains a mass of useful and valuable information treated in a popular and entertaining manner. Its illustrations are superb and above those of the average weeklies, and the periodical instalments of local, society, fashion, humorous, fiction, general and Sunday reading is all that could be desired. PROGRESS has the *American Shipbuilder's* wishes for a continued success, which it richly deserves. It is published from the Masonic building, 88 Gernain street, St. John, N. B., and is \$2.00 per year in advance.—*The American Shipbuilder (New York).*

More Than the Ladies Look for It. When the enterprising proprietors of St. John PROGRESS started that paper, there were many who considered that a paper giving, as it does, special prominence to social matters throughout the province, could not be made to succeed. But it has become an institution which promises to be permanent, and it has been doubled in size and it now is issued as a sixteen page paper. It is the paper the ladies look for when Saturday comes, and as soon as they get it open their gaze rests upon the social events of the week, and they commence to discuss the dresses worn of which a description is given. We congratulate the publishers on the success they have made PROGRESS, and heartily wish its continuance.—*Newcastle Advocate.*

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