

# PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## STOOD BY HIS CLIENTS.

TWO SPOOLS BETWEEN WHICH  
ALD. ALLEN HAS FALLEN.

The Scheme Which Was So Nearly Accomplished—A Card Which Has Not Yet Appeared, but Would be in Order—The Elections Next Week.

The war cloud has hovered darkly over the city this week. Hardly had the public mind begun to feel at ease in the hope of a peaceful solution of the West End question of a free ferry, when the threat of a resort to the arbitration of arms was heard in trumpet tones from another quarter. This time it came from the common council itself, when Lieut. Stephen G. Blizard, R. E., and Ptes. Wm. Lewis and Patrick McCarthy vowed to lead an army to tear up the track of the street railway company and throw it into the harbor in case a certain bill became law. The loyal men would back them, they said, and all but one of the council seemed to think so. That one was Ald. Allen, of Queens.

The bill committee of the council has been the target for a good deal of sarcasm in the past. It has had plenty of fun and spent a fair amount of the city money. This year, however, it earned its expenses. It happened to be in Fredericton when an effort was being made to put through the bill of the Consolidated Electric Company, (limited).

This bill, as advertised, seemed a very innocent affair. Until the bill committee discovered the fact, nobody knew that it proposed to give the street railway concern a monopoly of passenger and freight traffic over the streets on which its track lay, and to give it a most extraordinary control over the streets in sundry other ways. With one exception the mayor and council were as innocent of the matter as babes. The exception was Ald. Allen, who knew all about the matter and held his peace. The Consolidated Electric Company (limited) was his client.

When the bill committee did find out the facts they hustled for all they were worth. Their alarm was not the less when they were told that a telegram had been sent to New York stating that a majority of the legislature would support the measure and that success for the company was certain. It looked then like a pretty deep kind of a plot.

The special meeting of the council held to nip the scheme in the bud provoked what the fact is wont to describe as a burst of indignation. Ald. Allen alone defended the bill and stood up for the clients who employed him as a lawyer against the citizens who had elected him as an alderman.

The picked contingent who went to Fredericton by the next train had blood in their eyes and the data for an injunction in their pockets. They proposed, if necessary, to restrain the legislature by a mandate from the supreme court in equity. It was not needed. The company's opportunity had lain in the chance of getting the bill slipped through quietly. In the face of the representations of the council, the legislature would scarcely have dared to pass it. The company's scheme is in the soup, and so, it would seem, is Ald. W. Watson Allen.

For when the committee appeared at Fredericton to oppose the bill, Ald. Allen was there as the defender of it. He had chosen between the people and the Consolidated Electric Company, in favor of the latter.

It is quite possible that after Tuesday next he will be in a position to act for his clients without violating any obligations to the citizens.

The following card has not yet appeared in the city papers:

TO THE ELECTORS OF QUEENS WARD: GENTLEMEN.—In accordance with the wishes of a large number of your ward for the ensuing year, I regret that such is the case, but I am in the hands of my friends, and at the present time they constitute a palpably apparent minority of the electors.

Public office is a public trust, but when the interests of the people clash with those of remunerative clients, so much the worse for the people. Business is business, and it cannot be expected that any ideal sense of duty should lead me to consider that the beggarly \$100 a year paid me as an alderman is a retainer to guard their rights. My account against the Consolidated Electric Company (limited), is for a much larger amount. If the people have trusted me in vain, I am sorry, and I am satisfied they will never do so again.

Gentlemen, I part with you with even more regret than you can feel in losing me. I do so only because you have no further need of my services. My loss is your gain. You have expected me to make a name for myself; I have done so. It was your hope that in any crisis I would show of what stuff I was made. I have done that also, and it is very evident you are aware of the fact. I leave you with reluctance, but with the firm conviction that I have done my duty to the Consolidated Electric Company (limited).

Yours no longer,  
W. WATSON ALLEN.

There is a general impression among the public that some such announcement as the above would meet the facts of the case. The logic of events would seem to make it difficult for Ald. Allen to imagine that the electors will endorse his course in acting as attorney for the company while the people trusted him to guard their rights. The facts need no comment. Everybody understands them, and no amount of explanation can make them any better.

In the meantime a number of the electors have brought out Mr. D. R. Jack to oppose Ald. Allen. Mr. Jack was in the council two years ago, and lost his place by the casting vote of the polling officer. He is handicapped in the present race by the fact that he has made no canvass and has been brought out at the last hour. Should he be elected under such circumstances, it will prove that Ald. Allen's position is fully understood by the electors.

The triangular contest in Kings is proceeding quietly, but all of the candidates have been hard at work. Mr. O'Brien's friends express great confidence in the success of their man, and some assert that he will lead the poll. The Barnes-Blackadar men, on the contrary, say that if one of their men goes the other will go also. They count on a square vote.

There is more street canvassing seen in Prince ward than anywhere else. Ald. McKelvey is at work and is about early and late, while Ald. Nickerson steps around with what is—for him—quite a rapid gait. The new candidates, Bell and Ryan are equally diligent and each is understood to be figuring on taking the head of the poll.

So far, Mr. Hamm is the only new man out for Wellington ward. In Brooks, where the contest between Messrs. Wright, Stackhouse, Baxter and Davis is progressing with unabated vigor.

A good many people supposed there would be no opposition in Dukes ward, but Mr. James Knox is out to try conclusions with Ald. Blizard and Tuffs.

Ald. Lively has decided not to run for Dufferin and Mr. Thos. Millidge is to the front for the place. Mr. Millidge has been an aspirant in previous years, and it may be that he will have no opposition this time.

There have been rumors that Ald. Allen had refused to offer again for Queens ward, but so far no announcement to that effect has been made and it is believed he will be in the field.

The fun next Tuesday will be limited in respect to area, but there may be a good deal of it in spots.

Hereby in Berryman's Hall.

PROGRESS has been asked to give a gratuitous notice of the fact that Dr. Macdougall will lecture in Berryman's hall at 3 o'clock tomorrow on "What is the seat of authority in religion: the Church, the Bible or practical reason?" The lecture is at the invitation of the secularists of St. John, and a collection will be made at the door. Dr. Macdougall was formerly a presbyterian minister, later he formed what he termed an independent presbyterian church, then he became a unitarian, and it would now seem that he is in accord with the secularists who follow after the precepts of Charles Watts. The doctor appears to have a hard time in satisfying himself as to the seat of authority, and there do not seem to be more than one or two steps which he can take before reaching the conclusion that he does not believe in anything under the sun. The rapidity of his evolutions must be slightly fatiguing to those who have been trying to keep up with him from the start.

Director Wisely's Party.

Mr. Robert Wisely, director of public safety, decided to have a few friends at his house, North End, last week, and fixed on Friday evening for the happy occasion. The invitations were written and dropped in the letter box at Hoben's drug store on Wednesday evening. Thursday evening arrived but no word was received from any of the invited guests, and a chance remark made to one who was met disclosed the fact that no invitation had been received. Further enquiry showed that nobody had received an invitation, nor did they reach their addresses until Friday morning, barely in time for some recipients to get ready for the party. Others received them too late. The next time anybody in the North End has letters which ought to reach the neighbor within two days, he will put his trust in something besides the average letter box.

Thought They Were Advocates.

During the trial of the Burns-Landry election case, at Bathurst, a Frenchman wandered into the court and seeing the two judges become possessed of the idea that they were arbiters. Judge King he imagined was the man chosen by Landry while Judge Tuck was the champion of Mr. Burns. When he came out he remarked: "I don't think much of Mistaire Landry's man, because he do not say much, but I like de oder man because he fought hard for Mistaire Burns."

Can They Have a Pilgrimage.

Some of the Knights Templars of Halifax talk of a project to invite the Encampment of St. John to make a pilgrimage thither at an early day. There is probably no reason why the latter body could not put on its good clothes and go. It is now several years since it had a pilgrimage, and the uniforms are sorely in need of an airing. A trip to Halifax could be very easily arranged.

## WHY NOT A YACHT RACE.

PROGRESS' HALIFAX CORRESPONDENT  
MAKES A SUGGESTION.

An International Yacht Race Between the Crack Yachts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—The "Lenore," "Youla" and "British Queen."

HALIFAX, N. S., March 31. There has been considerable talk here in a quiet way among those who own yachts and are deeply interested in yachting over the possibilities of bringing about a friendly race between the Queen of New Brunswick yachts, the British Queen, and the crack boats of Nova Scotia, Lenore and Youla, which sail under the colors of the Nova Scotia Yacht club.

For Halifax people yachting is an exciting and pleasant pastime. A series of local races arranged to take place every summer, and as the crack boats are pretty evenly matched there is much speculation over the result. The women take almost an equal interest with the men, and the wharves and banks of the harbor are well crowded with interested spectators whenever there is a race.

But it is poor fun, racing at all times with the same boats and knowing pretty well just what the result will be. If the breeze is strong and in a certain direction one yacht is bound to win, and if the conditions are different the other yacht will cross the line first.

The British Queen is the champion yacht of Southern New Brunswick, and I am not in a position to state whether Commodore Stewart of Chatham has anything the Miramichi that would make her throw out an extra race. If he has, so much the better, for the invitation would surely include any representative yacht from the North Shore.

Mr. Fred Murray, head clerk in the Queen hotel, is the owner—or one of the owners—of that good boat, the Lenore, while Mr. Harry Wild, the secretary of yacht club, owns the Youla. They stand at present on pretty even terms, for it is always a toss a toss up which will win.

PROGRESS hears from both of these gentlemen that they are not only willing but eager to see what the British Queen can do in Halifax waters and will do all in their power to bring about race. They are disposed to race for fun, for money or a trophy. The main difficulty in the way is the fact that there are nearly 300 miles between the two cities, and the British Queen would have to be transported to this city by rail. That is by no means impossible, and there is very little doubt that those who are interested in the matter would look after such incidentals as freight and expenses.

PROGRESS Halifax correspondent sends the above at too late an hour for Mr. Ross, the owner of the British Queen, to be seen and his views heard and expressed. But there should not be any difficulty in giving the Halifax yachtsmen a race. Interest in yachting matters has increased in St. John of late, and there are very many persons who would welcome the news of an inter-provincial contest.—[Ed. PROGRESS.]

He Strikes at the Right Time.

A Halifax life insurance agent had an eye to business when he gave the issuer of marriage licences desk room in his office. As soon as the prospective benedict had procured the necessary document he is asked if he carries any life insurance, and if not the agent gently persuades him that that he ought to in justice to his future wife, etc. The victim has probably more solicitude for his wife's future than he will have at a later period, and therefore easily falls in with the agent's ideas, and is insured before he realizes how much the agent has been his benefactor. The agent says, it's no use to ask a man again to insure his life if he won't at this stage, but, he represents a good company, he secures a good many risks in that way.

He Believes in "Progress" Now.

Probably there is no man that believes so thoroughly that PROGRESS is the "best advertising medium in the maritime provinces" than Mr. W. L. Temple, late of Halifax. He found that PROGRESS arrived at Pueblo, Cal., almost as soon as he did, but to make sure that the people of that town should be aware of the famous man who was to reside there, his friends (?) here secured every copy of PROGRESS that could be obtained and mailed them to the banks and business men out there, so that Mr. Temple will not want for credentials in starting business in that bustling town.

Cannot Stay in Dorchester.

Before Hon. D. L. Hunington was appointed judge, he was required to give a guarantee that he would reside either at Fredericton or St. John. This is not because Dorchester is deemed unworthy of the honor, but because there is an order-in-council on the subject. A judge must be where he is accessible to the majority of the profession, and where a motion made returnable at his chambers will not compel the parties to travel from the city to the camp.

## THE SERIES CONCLUDED.

The Articles by "Historicus"—Their Value and Interest.

With this issue the series of articles which have appeared in PROGRESS since November under the heading of "Random Recollections Joseph Howe and His Times" written by "Historicus," will end.

That they have been entertaining, instructive, and interesting very many indeed will acknowledge. Their worth, in fact, from a historical standpoint has appealed so strongly to many that the editor of PROGRESS has been asked frequently if they would not appear in a more substantial form. The majority of the anecdotes related in that series appeared for the first time in print; the scenes and incidents were described by an eye witness—perhaps the only person living who was in a position in those days to know the "ins and outs" of politics and public men, and who is now able to tell the story so interestingly and with such attention to detail and accuracy. "Historicus" is not a new contributor to these pages, as many have guessed, though his non de plume is strange. Very many of the older readers of PROGRESS have not failed to recognize the facile pen and graceful diction of him who taught the fight of responsible government in this city and provinces in days gone by, who surmounted every obstacle in his journalistic path and made his newspaper popular, successful and influential.

Several interesting series of articles have been written by him for PROGRESS, and all of them have been eagerly welcomed and read by its readers. All of them of a historical turn are worth preserving in a more substantial form—which PROGRESS trusts will be an accomplished fact in the not distant future.

At the Davenport School.

The statement of PROGRESS that Rev. F. F. Sherman had "accepted an appointment as chaplain in the U. S. navy" was a little misleading. The place was secured by hard work through the influence of Mr. Sherman's father, Judge Sherman, of Massachusetts, and the application was made four years ago. There were about 400 other applicants, and Mr. Sherman, in taking charge of the school, did not feel that it would be necessary for him to take the appointment should it come, as seemed unlikely. He now finds it imperative that he should do so, but it may be several months before he is required. There will, therefore, be plenty of opportunity to secure a head master to take his place at the school. The position will, of course, be filled by a clergyman, but whether he will be found on this or the other side of the water is as yet uncertain.

A New Fad in Hard Hats.

"Have you noticed the number of men who are wearing a dent in their hard hats?" was the query put to PROGRESS this week. "I won't say that they are conscious of the fact, but it is a fact just the same, and it certainly does not make a favorable impression." PROGRESS hadn't noticed it, and on saying so was further enlightened. "I imagine the reason is that people are not buying their spring finisets yet and their hats have become soft and easily dented, being about to throw them aside their owners do not give them much attention. If you want to see broken hats look around you at the Opera house some night after the show. The way it is done there is by placing the hat in the rack under the seat and then sticking your heels into it. Nearly every other man does it."

Billed Performers at the Opera House.

An audience that would make the heart of a theatrical manager glad filled the Opera House Tuesday evening, but with the performers it would have made no difference if the hall had been empty. They were a number of pupils from the School for the Blind, Halifax, and gave an entertainment that was a revelation to those present. There were, solos, choruses, brand new recitations and addresses, and it was hard to realize that the performers could not see how they delighted those before them.

This Year's Assessment.

The estimates of the treasury department for the assessment for the current year fix the amount to be raised at \$311,250. Last year it was \$301,450, and in 1890 it was \$294,562. The special assessment for ferry purposes is \$10,000 this year, instead of \$5,000 as it was last year. The latter amount was found to be too small, and it was considered that a mistake was made in not levying for the full amount of \$10,000 authorized by the act.

The Number of His Reasons.

It is understood that a St. John politician has 162 good reasons for regretting that he played a little game of draw poker in Fredericton the other night. That was the number of dollars. The gentlemen in question is said to be very apt with a flush at most times, but a bad man from Boston loomed up and wrought disaster in the camp.

## SAYS HE GOT NO MONEY.

THAT IS, AS FAR AS GATE RECEIPTS WERE CONCERNED.

Breen's Friends do Some Talking, and Claim that the Champion Wasn't Treated Fairly—They had a "Dead Sure Thing," and Knew it.

The friends of Fred Breen, the skater, have been doing a great deal of talking lately. Breen himself says very little. It is a way he has, and his brothers are a good deal like him.

The champion's friends say he was not fairly treated by his backers in the recent skating races, and his brothers bear them out, although somewhat averse to going into details.

Those who saw the first race of the series will remember the crowd on that occasion. Nobody doubted that it was a paying event, and Breen probably felt as pleased with the large audience as anybody. The larger the crowd, the more money for him, as it was understood by every one that the winner was to get all the gate receipts after paying the legitimate expenses of the rink. Each man seemed to think he would win. Breen's backers felt as sure that he would win, as they were certain they were living, and bet all the money they could get hands on, while some of them went so far as to offer to wager their property on the result. They thought they had a "dead sure thing." And so they had.

But when a proposition was made to McCormick to divide the gate receipts, Hughie rejected the offer. He, too, felt sure of winning. The old arrangement was adhered to, and the winner was to get the net gate receipts.

Breen's friends and relatives say that the arrangement with him was: That he should get the stakes and gate receipts, his backers being willing to depend upon their private bets. They also looked after the trainer and paid Breen's board while in town.

The evening of the race it was thought that the gate receipts would be Breen's greatest gain, as the crowd was without doubt one of the largest, if not the largest, that ever filled the rink.

But Breen says he never received a cent of the gate receipts.

That after the race one of his backers offered him \$30 as his share.

Breen's remark was, "If you want to keep the rest you'd better keep that too." He would not take the money.

Breen is not in the city at present, but his brother Hudson Breen is, and bears out the story.

Another Prince George Anecdote.

Another good story is told, somewhat at the expense of Prince George when in Halifax. He was by no means a stranger in the stores and moved about with such freedom that the people were not long getting used to the idea that royalty has much in common with them. There is one young lady who is not apt to forget the visit of the prince. She looked after the pictures in an art store, sold them when she could, but oftener showed them and quoted prices.

One day a smart looking naval officer paused at the window and looked at a picture of the queen shown there. He passed into the shop and inquired the price.

"Ten dollars" was the answer.

"Indeed, so much," said the prince.

"So much!" said the indignant salesman. "If you think ten dollars too much for a picture of her majesty you are not fit to wear your uniform."

The prince bought the picture, and when he left, the proprietor of the shop told his assistant who her customer was. It took her some time to get over the shock.

The Passengers Enjoyed the Trip.

The car was coming from the North End and was well filled. One of the last to get in was a woman. She passed her fare to an old gentleman near the box, expecting him to drop it in, and was somewhat surprised to see him pass it out through the slot to the driver. The driver looked at it, opened the door and dropped it into the box. Then the old man looked surprised. He was indignant, and began to remonstrate, saying the lady should get her change. Everyone in the car saw the transaction, and smiled, but said nothing, while the lady looked confused. Still the old man talked and argued, and only the statement of the lady could convince him that an outrage had not been committed. She had handed him a United States nickel. He thought it was a quarter.

What is the Name of the Bank?

A Quebec paper is authority for the statement a quantity of worthless money was put into circulation during the recent election, and the worthy habitants who accepted it in payment for their votes are now offering it at the stores. This money is said to be "in brand new bills, of various denominations, of a perfectly solvent New Brunswick bank, but of no value whatever, as they are unsigned by the authorized officers of the institution." The question is, of what bank are they, and how were they procured?

## ALD. WHITE IS NOT WISE.

He Owe An Apology to Both the Legislature and Reporters.

Ald. W. W. White appears to have got himself into a snarl with a very little effort. In the short space of two days, he succeeded in offending both the legislature and the newspaper men. At the meeting of the council on Monday he spoke to the effect that any bill could be passed through the legislature by the aid of money. That he did say this is proven by three independent accounts, one of them a stenographic report. When cornered by the legislators, he denied he used the words, and ascribed them to the reporter's ignorance or malice. He took occasion to make a general charge of ignorance and malice against the St. John reporters in connection with the common council.

Ald. White is not wise. He has not made the legislature believe that he did not insult it, and he has mortally offended a class of men to whom he owes a great deal. They have had very little to say about him during the past year, and he should be more than thankful that what they could have said was not said. He should have the grace to make an apology to both the reporters and the legislature.

He Couldn't Find the Gum.

Penny-in-the-slot machines that slip out a piece of tutti frutti are common in St. John, but Tom Crockett has the only one in the province which scents a handkerchief for the same sum. The machine is new and has many patrons, but the old idea of getting gum for the copper seems to be firmly embedded in the minds of the boys who pull the spring. The other day a little fellow with a handkerchief that he had evidently been using for some time, proceeded to operate on the machine. He pulled the spring, and got the handkerchief scented to an alarming degree, but he didn't seem satisfied. He viewed the machine all over, then made a minute examination of all its points. The proprietor saw him, and was somewhat amused, but before he could ask what the matter was, the youngster burst out, as though he had given the conundrum up. "Say, mister, where does the gum come out?"

Zeal Led to Overwork.

Rev. J. H. Geare, of the Mission church of St. John Baptist, is obliged to take a complete rest from his labors for a time, and will go to Boston for that purpose. His brain has been overtaxed by the enormous amount of work which he has had in hand since he became priest in charge, and the result is a breaking down which may necessitate his refraining from active work for some time. He has of late had 27 regular services each week, in addition to various meetings of organizations connected with the church, as well as assisting in the visiting of the sick and needy. Rev. F. F. Sherman will have charge of the services tomorrow, and there will be matins at 11 o'clock instead of the usual high celebration.

"Oratory" in the West End.

One of the latest attractions in the West End is the "Irish orator." Where the oratory comes in is hard to determine, but in many respects he leaves all the candidates for Brooks ward in the shade. He is quite popular with a number of city officials who have leisure time and like to enjoy it by witnessing his wonderful feats. These consist in eating raw beef and tallow candles. He is said to be an expert.

Liable to Take a Tumble.

A landslide which will make work for somebody on the old Portland police building is looked upon as one of the probabilities of the near future. A great deal of blasting has been done on Fort Howe lately, and much of the rock loosened was not taken down. If it comes of its own accord there will be a scene more exciting than pleasing.

The Day at Ottawa.

Yesterday was All Fools' day, and it was begun at Ottawa by bogus messages, summoning the members from their beds to an imaginary division of the house of commons. Those who were deceived have the satisfaction of reflecting that after all the members can never be any bigger fools than the crowds who howl themselves hoarse at election times.

Look Out for the Sweeper.

The director of public works has been authorized to procure a champion street sweeper for the use of the city. It comes on trial and is returnable if not satisfactory. The steam roller was not bought on these terms and has been relegated to a state of innocuous desuetude.

What Dr. Barker Got.

Dr. Barker did not succeed in getting the judgeship as he and his friends hoped. Mr. Hanington got that, but Dr. Barker was instructed by the government to defend John C. Ferguson in the police court, if that was any consolation to him.

A HALLOWEEN VIEW. His Opinion of Our Legislators—How They Compare With Those of Nova Scotia. A prominent Halifax gentleman who visited Fredericton this week, thus gives his impressions of our law-makers: There are more members in the New Brunswick House than in the Nova Scotia Assembly, and consequently a larger number of "back numbers"—men who appear to think that legislation is their heaven-inspired calling, without, however, having the faintest qualification for the business. But I must admit that in one respect the contrast between the two legislatures is in favor of your own. In debating talent I think it has the advantage. Such speakers as Blair, Stockton, Powell, Finlay (no doubt our correspondent refers to Mr. Finlay—Ed.), Pugsley, Alward, Tweedie and Mitchell cannot be duplicated by a like number of orators in the N. S. assembly, though Longley, Fielding and Cahon would rank with the average of them no doubt.

I feel convinced from a cursory inspection of the proceedings that, as long as the fight continues upon present lines of cleavage, it will be a long time before the Opposition succeed in ousting Premier Blair. Political history shows that governments have their critical periods, proceeding oftentimes from causes beyond their control, which, if they can manage to survive them, merely precede a longer and more secure tenure of office. The Dominion Government went through its critical period last winter and now appears to have been given a new lease of life. The government of Premier Blair had a close call of it two years ago, but now I should judge has little to fear from its opponents. The tide of popular sympathy is now setting in its favor. The opposition, I think, is badly led. It is opposed to the new taxation system, without being able to suggest any scheme to take its place. It criticizes the government for reduction of stumpage, but does not say whether it favors a higher or lower scale. It condemns the large increase in the railway d-b-t, but has not the courage to oppose the legislation when it is before the house. It makes numerous charges and insinuations of a virulent character which it does not seem able to back up. It claims that the government has been extravagant, but fails to specify where reductions of any amount could or should be made. I believe they have not as yet placed any plank of their platform before the country.

There exists an amount of personal animosity in the house that is hard to account for. Perhaps it is the old story of a family quarrel, most of the members now in opposition having once supported the government. (Our correspondent here makes some comments upon Mr. Hanington as a leader, which in a view of that gentleman's translation to a happier sphere Progress thinks it unnecessary to publish.) There is no discounting the great abilities of Premier Blair as a leader, and one cannot but regret that the logic of events has placed him in local rather than dominion politics, where his fine talents and strong personality would at once give him a leading place. At Ottawa he could hardly fail to take the place as a representative for New Brunswick that was for so many years filled by Sir Charles Tupper on behalf of Nova Scotia. He is a most incisive and impressive speaker; is of commanding presence; is well up in parliamentary tactics; is a most adroit and sagacious general, and though abated by his opposition friends, one cannot fail to note the admiration and respect which, nevertheless, feel for him.

Mr. Stockton reminds me in some ways of Premier Fielding, but he is a better speaker. He is a clever critic; whether he has the initiative faculty as a legislator, perhaps, will be solved in future years. I was fortunate enough to hear Mr. Powell's speech on the taxation question, and it was certainly of a much more elevated tone than any that came from his side of the house. One of the most logical speakers on the government side is Mr. Pugsley, and one of the most convincing, Mr. Mitchell. Mr. Tweedie I am unacquainted with (he was not in the house during the debate), but I was told that he had few equals anywhere in the art of retort. His address on Selkirk and the bear is (thanks to Progress) almost as famous in Nova Scotia as in New Brunswick.

MR. MULLALY'S BENEFIT. It Took Place Some Years Ago, but the Names are Familiar.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I send you another relic, it not very antique, at least old enough to be of interest to dealers in literary bric-a-brac of an older and a happier time. As in my last, the year in which this event took place does not appear on the surface, as if the framers and projectors of this passing show did not intend that their names should go down to posterity in this simple and unassuming manner: but with your kind permission they go in that direction just the same. The air of this programme has quite enough of the musty breath of antiquity clinging to it to go back to an earlier stage of the world's history than when it actually occurred. However, to be as truthful and correct as I possibly can, under the mystifying circumstances, I will only say that it took place at least a quarter of a century ago, when the red-coated defenders of "Her Majesty" made the old wooden sidewalks of the town quiver beneath their stately tread and the hand played Annie Laurie—when the young fellow who smokes cigarettes and falls in love with a high kicking skirt dancer had not arrived on the scene.

Old playgoers and old residents will, no doubt, remember a pretty, florid faced gentleman and two cherry faced, bright eyed, intelligent boys who were whole band of music in themselves. The melody they extracted from their instruments floated over the heads of the merry trippers in a heavy "Wax-n" ball room floor, it was heard sighing with the gladsome summer winds until the swaying summer trees and rustling leaves that sheltered the gay and witty through in some quiet country nook not far removed from the glowing beauties of the noonday sun. Balls, picnics and

parties were the oysters upon which they fed growing prosperous and correspondingly happy until beckoning fortune moved them away to other shores where loftier and more ambitious aims were gratified. For many years W. S. Mullaly led the orchestra at the old San Francisco Minstrel hall on Broadway, New York, where "Birch, Backus, Trambold" and "Bernard" and their merry band of fun makers revelled in mirth and drolleries for a long and happy time. He is now engaged in the same capacity with The City Directory one of the best of those horrible "Farce comedies" that have been touring the country successfully for the past few years. His younger brother, John, wielding the baton at the elegant Globe theatre in Boston for quite a long time, and is at the present writing at the Hollis street theatre in the same crooked city. The other names on this programme are all familiar enough, perhaps, and require no further apology or explanation from N. P.

West End, March 29.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 4.

Grand Complimentary Benefit tendered to Mr. W. S. MULLALY, late Chief D'O'Orchestra at the Lyceum.

THE ST. JOHN DRAMATIC CLUB. In Two Favorite Pieces.

The Entire Band of the 15th Regiment in Three of Their Choicest Gems!

A Host of Volunteer Talent.

A Combination of MUSIC, MIRTH, MINSTRELRY AND THE DRAMA! Making one of the most gigantic entertainments offered to the public of St. John for the entire season.

Part First. GRAND OVERTURE!

WILLIAM TELL, ROSSINI. By Entire Band of the 15th Regiment on the Stage, led by Sergt. Dixon.

After which the new and amusing Farce SNOOZLE AT HOME!

Mr. Nathaniel Snoozle, Mr. Wm. Nannery Intruder, Mr. F. McCaffery Mystery, Mr. T. E. Cotta

Violin Solo (De Beriot), Mr. W. S. Mullaly, Accompanied by Mr. H. Card.

Champion Clog Dance, Mr. J. Donnelly Con certina solo, Mr. H. P. Webster Stomp dance, Mr. Harry Day

Part Second. "PROTECTOR MARCH!" Composed by W. S. Mullaly, and dedicated to Protector Engine, No. 2, of Portland, by the Regimental Band.

Part Third. Scotch Ballad, By a Volunteer Selection, 111 Trotator (Verdi), 15th Band

The Evening's Entertainment will conclude with the following Farce: THE IRISH TUTOR!

Doctor O'Tool, Mr. J. C. Ferguson Doctor Tatt, Mr. Wm. Nannery Mr. Tibbel, Mr. F. J. Ritchie Mr. Charles, Mr. F. McCaffery Mr. M. Gill

Admission 25 Cents to all parts of the Hall.

Mr. Mullaly respectfully requests that as the tickets are going so rapidly it would be to the advantage of all that intend to honor him with their presence on this, to him, eventful evening, to purchase their tickets in advance, and save the usual crush at the door. They are for sale at Chubb's, Beck's, Hall's, McMillan's, Della Torre's, &c., and at the principal Hotels.

Good order will be rigidly enforced.

G. W. Day, Printer, 4 Market Street, St. John.

THE SANDBANK SCHOOL HOUSE. Some of the Reasons Why It is Not a Model of Its Kind.

Weston McAllister, of Calais, appears to take a deep interest in educational matters, if one may judge from an open letter he has addressed to the school board of that city. The Sandbank school house is the subject of his remarks, and he holds that its chief apparent functions is to disseminate diphtheria. Here are some of suggestions he makes to the school committee: You know or should know it is responsible for twelve cases the present year, two of which have proved fatal.

You know or should know the ground on which it stands was formerly a graveyard.

You know or should know there is an old drain under it.

You know or should know that the drainage from the buildings above it has percolated through the stone wall against the north side for many years.

You know or should know that the teachers have not been able to open the windows on that same side on account of the bad smell.

You know or should know that flth has gradually accumulated on that same side and rear until now there is quite a depth of it.

You know or should know that many of our most intelligent citizens sit it not a fit place for children to attend, and say it should be burned.

Why make a face of fumigating as you did a few weeks ago. You cannot have forgotten the curse pronounced on him who offends Christ's little ones.

Don't, I beseech you, be longer responsible for this state of things. Remove the little ones from this pest hole and destroy it.

The True Merits of Melissa.

As there may be some people who do not yet quite appreciate the great value of Melissa cloth for health garments, and as others may have been deceived by the misrepresentations of interested parties, we give the following description to remove false impressions:

Melissa proofed coats or other garments are just what the inventor and manufacturers claim them to be, neither more nor less. They are both rainproof, porous and odorless, therefore perfectly healthful and comfortable. They are common sense garments, and should be treated in a common sense manner. Although rainproof they are not waterproof in the sense that a water-cushion or bottle made of rubber is water-proof. Being porous, water can be forced through them, either by heavy pressure or by squeezing with the fingers. If they were absolutely water-proof they would be absolutely air-tight and therefore no better than rubber. Herein lies the peculiar value of the invention. Sensible people do not buy rainproof garments for the purpose of forcing water through them or of carrying water in them, neither do they take shelter under a water-spout, nor sit in a pool for pleasure. They buy rainproof garments to wear for the purpose of protecting themselves from the weather, and a Melissa coat or mantle will effectually protect the wearer for many hours in a heavy rain or snow-storm. Melissa has a peculiar water-repellent property which

prevents water when falling in the form of rain or snow on a garment from penetrating the cloth, and the true way to test the utility of a Melissa garment is not by pouring a stream of water on it from a watering can, but by wearing it in a heavy rain storm. The result will be found eminently satisfactory. Continued exposure to the weather will not impair in the slightest degree the rain-proof quality of Melissa. It is fixed and permanent. These garments, thoroughly well made from fine materials, are now on the counters of first-class dealers throughout the whole country.—A.

The Little Things Count.

As a rule people are good enough except in the little things of life. So many of them lack the ability to be agreeable; so many of them are bores, and have foolish notions that an hour's study might rid them of. A man who never steals might be very impolite and very tiresome. A man who is never guilty of murder may be unfair and have contemptible ways.—Atholion Globe.

A Prudent Man Eats to Live.

And he eats choice Breakfast Cereals and Hygienic Foods, such as Desiccated Wheat, Pearl and Flake Hominy, Wheat Germ Meal, Granulated Wheat, Farina, Rye Flour, S. R. Breakfast, etc., and buys them from J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte St.

COPLEY SQUARE HOTEL, Huntington Ave. and Exeter St., Boston. A NEW HOUSE OF THE HIGHEST CLASS, STRICTLY FIRE PROOF. Two Hundred and Fifty Rooms Elegantly Furnished, Sixty Private Baths. Located in the fashionable Back Bay district, five minutes by Horse and Electric Cars from principal places of amusement and shopping centres. Horse and Electric Cars from all Northern and Eastern R. R. Depots pass the house. F. S. RISTEEN & CO., Proprietors.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, NORTH CONWAY, N. H. A CURE FOR Drunkenness, Opium Habit and Nervous Prostration. This branch of the famous Institute Dwight, Ill., continues the same practice by the same remedies and methods. An experienced physician from Dwight is attending. House delightfully situated; quiet home; modern conveniences; Forest Glen Sp. Inc. Reached by mountain division of Maine Central R. R., 50 miles from Portland, Me. Price for treatment \$25.00 per week; Board \$5.00 to \$8.00 per week. Communications confidential. Write for full particulars to Manager Keeley Institute, North Conway, N. H.

For One Week Only! We will sell Spring Seat Lounges three different coverings, for \$4.50 From MARCH 28th to APRIL 2nd. EVERETT & MILLER, - 13 WATERLOO ST.

ALWAYS INSURE PHOENIX Insurance Company of your property in the PHOENIX HARTFORD, CONN. WHY? Because of its STRENGTH, LOSS-PAYING POWER, and record FOR FAIR AND HONORABLE DEALING. Statement January 1st, 1891. Cash Capital, \$2,000,000.00 Reserve for Unadjusted Losses, 203,831.17 Reserve for Re-Insurance, 1,812,908.88 NET SURPLUS, 1,017,028.28 TOTAL ASSETS, \$5,624,814.73 D. W. C. SKILTON, President. J. H. MITCHELL, Vice President. G. B. H. BURDICK, Secretary. CHAS. E. GALACAR, 2nd Vice-President. CANADIAN BRANCH HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL. GERALD E. HART, General Manager. Full Depo-sit with the Dominion Government. KNOWLTON & GILCHRIST, Agents, 132 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

OVERCOATINGS, WORSTED TROUSERINGS, TWEED SUITS, Very Low, at 127 and 129 Segee's Block, Mill Street. W. H. McINNIS, Tailor.

At the Clearance Sale, No. 12 King St. Sale still going on and is a great Success. Bargains in all Departments. All classes of Dry Goods at greatly Reduced Prices.

We hope to clear the entire Stock by May 1st. Retail Store, No. 12 King St. W. C. PITFIELD & CO. F. G. LANSDOWNE, Manager.

THE DOMINION SAFETY FUND Life Association. ESTABLISHED 1891. The only REGULAR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY devoted to the business of Life Insurance AT COST. Upwards of \$200,000 in Death Claims paid, at a cost of one-third the ordinary Life Premiums. The Association issues STRAIGHT LIFE and SPECIFIC TONTINE POLICIES. Under its Tontine Policies, SPECIFIC Cash Bonuses are payable, an instance of which is given below.

St. John, N. B., March 28th, 1892. To the Directors of The Dominion Safety Fund Life Association: GEN'L MEN.—We the undersigned, beg to acknowledge receipt of the sum of Fifty-five Dollars, cash, paid to each of us, being a FIFTH Bonus under the terms of our Specific Tontine Policies, issued in May, 1891. These policies continue in force for the full amount, with provision for further bonuses. We heartily recommend THE DOMINION SAFETY FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION to the Public for reliability and promptitude. MARSTON GULLIOD, W. G. LEE, FRED C. JONES, WALTER RANKINE, A. L. GOODWIN, J. B. ANDREWS, H. F. FINLEY, RICHARD RODGERS.

The Association has over \$250 of Assets for every \$100 of Liability and holds the same RESERVE that Level Premium Companies do. Full Dominion Deposit. A Dominion License. Official Inspection. For further information apply to our agents, or to CHAS. CAMPBELL, Sec'y.

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.

The "ROYAL DIAMOND." The latest and most stylish cooking stove in the market today. If you need a new cook stove to burn Wood, come and see our "Royal Diamond" or write for circulars. Every stove guaranteed. EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

ENGLISH CUTLERY. For Hotel and Family use, Fine Electro Plated Table Ware. T. McAVITY & SONS, - St. John, N. B. Singer Wired Cushion Tires vs. Cemented Tires.

"I take pleasure in informing you of the satisfaction which the 'Singer' safeties purchased from us as a result of our party of four, even as this summer. During our tour of 5,100 miles over the worst as well as the best roads of England and the Continent, crossing five mountain ranges, the expense of the entire party for repairs was less than five dollars. The 'Singer' wire-tires cannot be praised too highly. When we saw the endless trouble of other wherlmen with loose tires while our left secure, we began to appreciate the superiority of the 'Singer' in this respect."—J. A. Capps, Jacksonville, Ill. Singer Wired Cushion Tires are fitted to Singer Wheels only. Singer Tires stay on. Singer Safeties are appreciated from the fact that 20,000 were sold in 1891. If you want the best wheel in the world today order a Singer with Cushion or Dunlop Pneumatic Tires. Samples in stock. Catalogues mailed on application. C. E. BURNHAM & SON, Sole Agents for Maritime Provinces, 83 and 85 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Always ask for Islay Blend. TAKE NO OTHER! SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING Retail and Wholesale Dealers everywhere. Pronounced by the Government Chief Analyst Macfarlane, superior to all other Whiskies imported into Canada. See page 21 of the Official Report of the Inland Revenue Department issued Dec. 31st, 1891. REPORT ON "THE ISLAY BLEND" WHISKY. Registered by request of Messrs. MACKIE & CO., Lagavulin and Laphroaig, Island of Islay, Argyshire, Scotland. St. Bartholomew's Hospital, LONDON.

I have carefully analyzed and tested the above Whiskey, and am of the opinion that it is a very High Class Brand, of very delicate flavor, and mellow throughout; there is an entire absence of any artificial sweetening, or any other matter which render the majority of Whiskey deleterious. It is also entirely free from fusel oil. The slight color it has is obtained from lying in bond, and from a proportion of the Whiskey being matured in sherry casks. I can safely recommend it for medicinal purposes as being a reliable and thoroughly genuine article. (Signed) ALFRED ROBINSON, M.B., M.R.C.S., Eng., Etc. CITY ANALYST'S LABORATORY, 133 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, 30th, Sept. 1890. Report of Analysis of a sample of Messrs. MACKIE & Co.'s "ISLAY BLEND" of Whiskey, received on the 24th inst. I have made a careful analysis of a sample representing 800 dozen bottles of Messrs. MACKIE & Co.'s "ISLAY BLEND" WHISKY, and I find that it is a pure Whiskey, and entirely free from any coloring or flavouring matter, except such as is naturally absorbed by being matured in Sherry Casks. I am of opinion that it is several years old, and a superior quality of Whiskey. (Signed) JOHN CLARK, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S., Lecturer on Chemistry at the Royal Infirmary 21, School of Medicine, and Public Analyst for the City of Glasgow, etc.

IMPORT ORDERS SOLICITED BY T. WM. BELL, St. John, N. B. SOLE AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.



PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Montreal office, 55 St. John Street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Discontinuance.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by sending arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 11,700.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS.

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

AN ALPHABETICAL ORATOR.

One generation passes away and another takes its place. In the march of the centuries the throngs that press forward...

It is better now. The schoolmaster is no longer abroad and the biographer takes time by the forelock. There is no excuse for the world being ignorant of the lives of those who are as shining lights upon the hilltops.

His biography is to be found in numerous works of reference. One of these is a book entitled Our Dominion, published a few years ago, containing sketches of the lives of all who subscribed to five or more copies for free distribution.

There is no one better known or more respected at the bar of New Brunswick than Mr. A. A. STOCKTON, D. C. L., LL. D., M. P. P., is the opening statement.

AN EXCHANGE OF PLATFORMS. Mention has been made by PROGRESS of the resignation of Mr. JAMES BERRY, the official hangman of England, and his intention to lecture in opposition to capital punishment.

The author of a recent work on Siberia says that the Emperor ALEXANDER III., of Russia, is fond of violent exercise. He is likely to get his share of it if the Nihilists have good luck in giving him the shaking up which they have in view.

which has also stopped publication.—The connection between Mr. STOCKTON'S contributions and the mortality among the publications is not explained. In the later biography, too, Dr. STOCKTON explains what he meant in the earlier one by the term "a staunch reformer."

The attentive student of Dr. STOCKTON'S later career will see that in the next edition of the biography a revision of the political creed will be necessary. Fuller justice, too, should be done to Dr. STOCKTON'S efforts as "a director of the Provincial Building Society and legal adviser of the same," as the Cyclopaedia puts it.

One of the North Shore papers is authority for the statement that Hon. D. L. HANINGTON was sent to study law because, as a lad, he showed such aptitude for inventing stories without a foundation of fact.

BILLINGSGATE IN THE HOUSE. The common council has never been considered a model body as regards the amenities of debate, but it is very much better in this respect than the house of assembly.

The statement of PROGRESS that there was no resident janitor in the custom house, because Collector RUEL wanted one man there and Mr. MCCORDOCK another, appears fully borne out by the following telegram:

ST. JOHN, N. B., Oct. 21, 1891. Hon. FRANK SMITH, Public Works, Ottawa.—Rooms formerly occupied in Custom House here by SHAW, JANITOR, now vacant. Please instruct MCCORDOCK to give them to LAIRD, customs messenger, who has been in the service 33 years.

It looks very much as though some influence was used by somebody to prevent this recommendation of the minister of customs from being carried out. LAIRD was not given the rooms. They remained unoccupied for five months and then came the fire.

The local government opposition under the leadership of ALFRED AUGUSTUS STOCKTON, M. A., D. C. L., etc., etc., is not likely to be any greater success than it was under Mr. HANINGTON. He is not a man to make friends or to keep them.

The proposition to raise money for town improvements in Dorchester by resorting to a lottery is one that ought to be deleted at the outset. Such an affair would be distinctly against the law, and would be demoralizing in its tendency.

It is announced that the Duke of Argyll has had a new dukedom conferred upon him. As he has already sixteen distinct titles, one would think he must be bothered to remember them all.

There are too many reasons beside any that PROGRESS has given before why the resignation of the chief of police should be placed in the hands of the government at once. The citizens cannot expect an efficient force when the head of it has no knowledge of his acts.

The Moncton Times is good enough to remark incidentally that its exchange copy of PROGRESS is not always opened. This is welcome news, since we have more requests for exchange copies than we can comply with, and the Times' copy will be appropriated hereafter by some newspaper hereafter "not on the list."

AN OPEN LETTER TO "ABRA."

The Kitchen Only What People Like to See.—MADAM.—It is not my desire to "pick a quarrel" with such an entertaining and inoffensive neighbor as you are, still having read in your reply to "Sarah" last week, the hastily written, no doubt, but ill-chosen words "outside of a kitchen or a barroom," I cannot allow the statement to pass unchallenged or rather unnoticed as far as it applies to the kitchen, because the inference is that a lady or any person of refinement would not be found in a kitchen—you do not mean this perhaps, but your words imply such.

There are kitchens and kitchens, but as your remark is unqualified I feel called upon—if you will permit me, and not think me unkind, to show that it is an historical fact that the cooks of all ages, even of the pagan period were men of classical knowledge and refinement and were held in high estimation. An ancient Greek play writer Damonaxus says:

A cook who is no scholar Laugh at him as he sees; and if you hire one Who knows not Epicurus and his rules Discharge him straightway.

We are also told that there is "a harmony of flavor," and the management of a successful banquet is likened to the "music of a lyre when properly tuned." We are assured that "many are the sciences that the cook must learn" and it is distinctly stated that the cook must know astrology, medicine and geometry, for by these arts he will know the qualities and the excellence of the various fish, meats, etc., that he has to do with, that the kitchen needs to be divided into portions for each department; what meats are hard and indigestible, and what cause torture to the unhappy diner owing to the flatulency they cause; what degrees of temperature are required in cooking meats, to extract all the nourishment, and so on.

An investigation of Egyptian antiquities at the British museum of the culinary utensils found at Pompeii will show that from the elegant and decorated appearance of these (some of them) familiar articles, the cooks using them must have been people of taste and refinement. Herodotus tells us that "the ancient Persians were nice eaters," and the Egyptians, unquestionably, were adepts in the art of dining, and that classic chefs served Homeric feasts in palaces where "Ships The sunless treasure of exhausted mines, where Spoils of elephants the roof inlay, And studded amber darts a golden ray,"

and when mention is made of the famous chefs Agis, Nereus, Charides, Lampris, Apthonotus, Euthubus and Aristion, it indicates pretty clearly that these were men of thought, refinement, learning and research.

Passing quickly over the intervening time which has left its record of famous cooks, (although the art of the cook did decline until, at least, towards the close of the last century) we find today that the royalty and nobility of England are leading in a movement for the advancement of the science of cooking. "The Universal cooking and local association" has for its president W. Burdett-Coutts, Esq., M. P., and for patrons, H. R. H., the Duke of Cambridge, H. R. H. Princess Christian, H. R. H. Princess Louise, H. R. H. the Duchess of Albany, H. R. H. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, H. R. H. Prince Christian, General H. S. H. Prince Edward of Saxe-weimar, H. S. H. the Duke of Teck and H. R. H. Princess Victor of Hohenlohe.

In Boston, Providence, and New York, Dr. Thomas Eggleston of the school of mines, is personally superintending the "New England kitchens." Chicago and other large American cities, as well as Toronto and Montreal have fallen into line and it shows that the world has awakened to the fact that it needs better cooks; that cooking is a fine art and requires—nay, demands intelligence, study and practice to perform it properly; that the educated people—the heads of the households must learn to cook and then they can personally instruct their daughters and domestics. The latter have neither the opportunity nor the means to acquire the necessary knowledge.

The ladies of the leading Canadian cities and even in St. John have begun to realize this truth and are seeking for knowledge in the art and consider the preparation of food a branch of education that must be learned and practiced by themselves, the achievements of which they may well feel proud. It is for their encouragement that this letter is written, and for our daughters also, that they may know that the word "kitchen" is not a synonym for ignorance.

ED. SEASONABLE RECEIPTS. A Great Success. W. C. Pittfield & Co. have made a great success of their clearing out sale of the Turner & Finley stock.

A Splendid Showing. The large and striking advertisement on the eighth page of PROGRESS announces the reopening of Oak Hall. Truly the store makes a splendid showing within and without, fully bearing out what PROGRESS said it would be, one of the handsomest clothing stores in Canada.

FEN AND PRESS. The Moncton Times is good enough to remark incidentally that its exchange copy of PROGRESS is not always opened.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trail and at the book stores of G. S. Wall and, in Calais at O. F. Treat.] MARCH 30.—Miss Mattie Harris is visiting friends in Boston. The Odd Fellows of St. Stephen entertained their friends at Odd Fellows' hall on Thursday evening.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hanson are taking a trip to Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Mr. J. R. Laffin, who has been seriously ill, is now recovering. Miss Stella Robinson entertained about fifty of her friends very pleasantly last week.

Mrs. Henry H. Eaton and Miss Alice Todd have returned from New York. Miss Bertie Taylor is visiting friends in Nova Scotia. Mrs. Nevers, of Hamilton, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Frederick W. Gritmer.

Mr. William Robinson has returned from a business trip to Quebec and Montreal. Miss Rebecca Morrison, of St. Andrews, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Deinstadt. Miss Nettie Murchie has returned from Boston.

Mr. Albert H. Sawyer has returned from Beaton. Mr. Wilmo Brown is the guest of his sister, Mrs. W. Henry Maxwell. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dexter, Jr., have returned from Providence, Rhode Island.

Mr. W. A. Murchie has returned from Boston. Mr. Charles J. Tomney, of St. John, is in St. Stephen. Mr. Sarah A. Lyle and Miss Jennie Lyle are visiting friends in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Murray are residing at the "Windsor" until their new home is completed. Mr. A. A. McCluskey is in town. Frank C. H. Christie entertained a few gentlemen friends on Monday evening.

Mr. Walter Wolphendale Inches is visiting Dr. Leches at St. John. Mr. Fred Hutchinson is in town. The sobriety party in the vestry of the Methodist church on Tuesday evening, was a decided success, a large sum being realized for the benefit of the Sunday school. The web was composed of two hundred and thirty strings, and the prizes were both pretty and amusing, and refreshments were served during the evening.

Mr. Andrew Mungall left for St. John on Tuesday. Mr. J. D. Chipman is receiving congratulations upon his election to the office of mayor on Monday last. Mrs. T. J. Smith has returned from New York.

CHATHAM.

[Progress is for sale in Chatham at Edward Johnston's bookstore.] MARCH 30.—Miss Maggie McLaren who has been visiting Mrs. J. B. Snowball for some weeks, returned to her home in St. John on Tuesday. Mr. Dean of St. John, who is to take Mr. Montzambert's place in the bank arrived here on Friday last.

Mrs. Hutchison and Mrs. and Miss Pierce left for St. John the first of the week. Mr. and Mrs. Montzambert and Miss Adelaide left on Saturday for Ottawa. Miss Louise Howard arrived home on Saturday from St. John where she has been spending the past two months.

Miss and Mrs. F. E. Neale left on Friday for England where they intend making a short visit. Miss Hocken has returned from her visit to Moncton. Miss Aileen of Newcastle, spent Saturday and Sunday with her friend Miss Katherine Benson.

Mr. J. M. Robertson of Kerr & Robertson, St. John, is in town. Mr. DeBarrister returned on Saturday from St. John. Mrs. W. B. Howard entertained a few of her friends on Tuesday evening last.

The Misses Miller, of Millerton, were in town on Tuesday. Miss Lena Goggin is visiting her cousin, Miss Jane Seaside. Miss Josie Noonan has returned from her trip to Boston.

Miss Wheeler, of Newcastle, is visiting the Misses Bowser. A few of our Newcastle friends, Miss Sargeant, Miss Annie Harley, Mr. J. H. Sargeant, Mr. Johnston, and Mr. G. W. Howard were down to attend the rink on Tuesday evening.

Grand Master Walker visited the Miramichi lodge on Tuesday evening, and was entertained by the brethren to a supper in their dining room adjoining the lodge room. The band of the 3rd Battalion moved during the supper. Dr. Walker was accompanied by Mr. McEville and Mr. Frost of St. John.

Miss Staples has gone to Fredericton to visit her mother. [Progress is for sale in Digby at the bookstore of Mrs. Belle Morse.] MARCH 30.—The odd-fellows concert came off on Tuesday evening and was a great success.

The Baptist hall which was thronged to overflowing was handsomely decorated with flags and bunting whilst the stage was a veritable fairy-land with flowers and potted plants. The programme consisted of sixteen pieces. The soloists received hearty encores, Mr. Guy Viets and Mrs. C. A. Dakin played the accompaniments in their usual masterly style.

The choruses were well rendered, as was also the quartette and duet. The music by the orchestra was remarkably fine, Mr. C. A. and Henry Dakin, violins; Mr. E. W. McBride, cornet; Mr. Guy Viets, clarinet; Mrs. C. A. Dakin, piano; and Mr. Geo. Holdworth, bass. Marie Chalouner, a little Miss of some ten summers, quite charmed the audience with her proficiency as a pianist. The concert solo by Mr. McBride and the solos by Mr. Lewis Rice, of Windsor, were greatly admired.

Miss Maudie, Mrs. Milligan, and Mrs. Kinsman's solos were all that could be desired, these ladies are very popular with their auditors, their appearance on the stage being the occasion for outbursts of hearty applause. Miss Flora Jones is another favorite, being always sure to please. Miss Jessie Titus recited very prettily, and bids fair to become very popular as a reciter. Miss J. G. Campbell, of Weymouth, was in town on Monday.

Mr. J. A. C. DeBalinhard, who has been quite ill, is recovering. Mrs. Geo. Gilling, of Yarmouth, was in town last week for a few days. Mrs. Fisher has recovered from an attack of the grippe. Mr. W. H. Parker is on a visit to Campbellton. The many friends of Miss Ethel Gordon gave her a very pleasant surprise party on Wednesday evening.

Miss Bessie Byrne, daughter of Mr. Thomas Byrne, was married in Boston last week to Mr. J. H. Main of that city. Jock. TRURO, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fulton's, and at D. H. Smith & Co.'s.] MARCH 30.—Miss Nash, who made many friends when here a few years ago stopping with her uncle, Mr. E. E. Donohy, is here from England, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Gernsh.

Miss Munnis, who has been visiting her friend, Mrs. D. C. Blair, has returned to her home in Halifax. Dr. J. B. Coleman, late of the Philadelphia Dental College, is in town visiting friends. Dr. Coleman has not decided as yet where he will "hang out his sign," but he will probably seek distant fields for his labors. Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wilson returned on Monday from Maliland, where Mrs. Wilson has been paying home-friends a short visit.

HAMPTON.

[Progress is for sale at Hampton station by T. G. Barnes, and Geo. E. Frost, and at Hampton village by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.] MARCH 30.—Miss Beattie Peters paid a visit to the city on Friday.

Dr. F. H. Wetmore on Saturday. The many friends of Mr. S. W. Sprague, Jr., will regret to learn that he left his birthplace Friday evening last by the C. P. R. for Montreal, on route for Vancouver. He will be much missed as he was a very popular young man and had many friends.

Mr. Frank Hall has returned from his home in Annapolis. Mr. A. S. Lucas, 3rd secretary of the New Brunswick Sunday school association, occupied the Methodist pulpit here last Sunday evening. Mrs. C. S. March, who has been quite ill, is out again.

I hear the concert under the auspices of the curling club comes off next Tuesday. This event is looked forward to with interest, as some of our best musical talent is to take part in the concert. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sprague, of Moncton, spent Sunday in town with friends. Mrs. E. L. Whitaker went to the city on Wednesday.

Little Miss Gladys Sprague is quite sick with the measles, which is quite prevalent here. Mrs. Taylor and Miss City paid a visit to the city today. Mr. May Leonard, of St. John, is visiting at Hotel Leonard. Mr. Jackson, of St. John, is visiting her friend, Mrs. J. W. Sproule.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Frost entertained a few of their friends on Monday evening last. Mr. A. E. Snow was confined to the house several days this week with the influenza cold. Mr. Stephen Palmer, of St. John, is in town. Mrs. Wesley Fowler, who has been visiting friends in St. John and Fredericton returned home today. Mr. E. G. Evans went to the city today.

PUGWASH.

[Progress is for sale in Pugwash at Mrs. John Johnston's millinery store.] MARCH 30.—One of the most disagreeable months that we have ever experienced is over, and we are now enjoying brighter times. We are looking forward to having a great many visitors the coming summer, for the tourists here last season were loud in their praises of the scenery and bathing, also our pretty drives and generally beautiful sunsets.

There is something else we can boast of, and that is to have two golden weddings quite lately. The first wedding I noticed in PUGWASH in December, the last one occurred in the month of May. Mr. McLeod of the Gulf shore, who has spent fifty long and happy years together. They were presented by their friends with two armchairs, and two best wishes for many more years of companionship.

Two ladies from Coburn, N. Y., are expected quite soon to reside for the summer. A house has already been secured for them on Water street, owned by the estate of the late Mr. C. D. DeWolf. Mr. George's church was crowded with the party of the 15th to witness the marriage of Miss Beattie, second daughter of Mr. Elias King, to Mr. Mark Bertram, Rev. Alton Best officiating at the ceremony. The bride was neatly but plainly attired in a lawn colored costume with boue to match, and was attended by her sister Miss Celis, who wore a pretty pale pink gown. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Bertram were immediately to their home about two miles distant.

The social at the rectory was a success in every way. As a very pleasant break on the monotony of the past few weeks, Mr. Wilson, of Pugwash, who is here again, after having spent the winter in St. John. The indefatigable ladies of St. George's congregation are busily preparing for a fancy sale on the 24th of May.

Congratulations to Rev. F. Sherman on his appointment as chaplain to the United States Army. Mr. Sherman was at one time pastor of St. George's church in this parish and we all recall the kindliest recollections of himself and Mrs. Sherman. CHALMERS. BRIDGE TOWN. MARCH 29.—Mr. James McEivern and family are here again, after having spent the winter in St. John. Mrs. Robinson and daughter, of Annapolis, were in town a few days last week. Miss Nellie Healy is in present visiting friends at her old home in Round Hill.

Miss Kate Pratt is visiting relatives in Wolfville. Mr. Frank Fowler, of New Brunswick, is spending a few days with his parents here. Miss Crofton of Chatham arrived here last week and will take charge of J. W. Beckwith's millinery department during the coming season. Mr. Charles S. Strong is in town spending a few days with his parents in Halifax.

Mr. Louis Bath has gone to Moncton, where he expects to remain the summer. The indefatigable ladies of the Central book store, returned last week after a visit to her home in Wolfville. Mr. J. W. James, of Lawrence town, was in town on Monday. Mrs. Finkle, who has been the guest of Mrs. John E. Sargeant, returned last week from St. John on Monday.

Mrs. and Mrs. Hastings Freeman, of Halifax, spent last Tuesday with Dr. and Mrs. DeBlouis, Mrs. Freeman's parents. Rev. H. W. Cunningham and family expect to leave here next week, he having accepted a parish in Springfield, Ill., much to the regret of his parishioners here.

Among the strangers in town on Tuesday, I noticed Messrs. White and Stockton of St. John. Mr. Charles Ewon one of our most popular young men who has been in the Nova Scotia bank here for some time has been ordered to resign his position. Mr. and Mrs. Giles of Annapolis, spent a few days with Rev. J. and Mrs. Egan of this town. Rev. E. D. Grottery, rector of Granville for fourteen years, has accepted the parish here caused by the resignation of Rev. W. C. Dick. Mr. Stewart of St. John, was in town this week.

SPRINGHILL.

[Progress is for sale at J. S. McDonald's bookstore.] MARCH 30.—Mr. Lawson, of the Electric Light company left this week for Dartmouth. Mr. D. Kerr is in town. Dr. and Mrs. Byers and Mrs. Morrow, of Halifax, spent the first of the week in Londonderry. On Wednesday evening the club gave a banquet in honor of Mr. E. C. Dick, Mr. J. Grant and Mr. Lawson, all of whom are leaving Spring Hill.

Dr. Walsh, of Londonderry, and Father Mihan, of Amherst, were Rev. F. Egan's guests on Tuesday. Rev. W. C. Wilson, who has been away for some time, returned this week; his delightful parishioners tendered him a reception on the occasion of his arrival. Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Christie on their recent nuptials. Mr. W. C. Dick who leaves this week for Boston, will be greatly missed by the young people of the town, with whom he was so much favored.

The Methodist social at Miller's Corner was a financial success. MESS H. JOYS AND DRES OF OTHER PLACES. A Fancy Fines to Go To. Mr. J. H. Pitmanres left last evening for the scene of his future activities—Yarmouth Light. Too Late for The Census. A son belonging to Mr. A. McKenzie, of Windsor, gave birth to 22 pigs on Saturday last. All but one are alive and doing well.—Beverly Register. This Is Sarcastic. If any children are lost about town within the next few weeks their parents would do well to procure a set of grasshopper horns and drag the mud on the north side of John street—Yarmouth Light.

The N-ns was at Seal Cove. The Lord is blessing the people at Seal Cove. I expect to have baptism soon. I have been laid up with a bad sprain or broken foot, or do not out now, implying around. Pray for us.—T. O. DeWitt Esq. Intelligencer. The Iconoclast Howlett. Goodness knows this town is full enough of old relics and fossils and landmarks, without preserving all the dust-heaps and old chimney pots and rock-piles that turn up every time a house is knocked down to make room for a new structure. We have curi- nities enough of that sort in all consciences. The people here must make a living. Old chairs and old parties, and old magazines, and old iron and old houses are not graceful to look at. They are not fit for much. Most of them are eye-ores. None of them should be used in the building of a handsome new hotel. Let the little lot of rubbish go.—Quebec Chronicle.

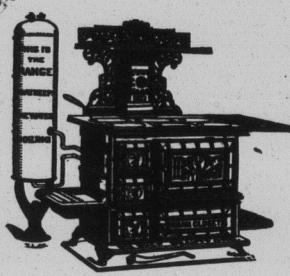
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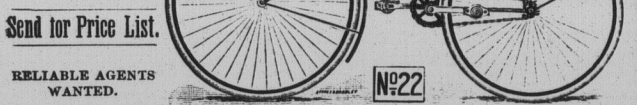
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Advertisement for 'Lame Horses' featuring the text 'Lame Horses. FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE' and an illustration of a horse.



St. John-South End. A very enjoyable meeting of the Hockey club (and positively the last of the season) was held at the Victoria rink on Saturday last. The ice of course was very wet and the ladies' dresses suffered accordingly. Refreshments were provided by Mrs. Geo. K. McLeod, Mrs. R. C. Grant and Miss Burpee.

The Whist club met this week at the residence of Mrs. Jeremiah Harrison, garden street, on Tuesday evening, and was a very pleasant gathering. Mrs. Fred Allison, of Sackville, and Mrs. McDonald, of Halifax, arrived on Saturday week, to visit their mother, Mrs. W. B. Robinson. Miss Mollie Robinson also returned from a visit to Halifax. Mrs. George McLeod returned from Picton on Tuesday. Miss Madge Turnbull is visiting New York. Mr. James Straton is visiting Montreal and Ottawa.

Mr. Walter Hall, who has been very seriously ill with congestion of the lungs, is slightly better. Mrs. Maggie Macleary, who has been visiting Mrs. Snowball at Chatham, returned home on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fellows and Miss Zoe and Miss Amy Fellows, who have been making a tour around the world are expected here today on Monday. They will be the guests of Mrs. T. S. Adams, of the Hotel de Ville, on Sunday last. Mr. Adams, about the 15th, Miss Lily Adams will accompany them to attend boarding school here.

Mr. Henry Green left on Sunday last for Missoula, Montana. Mrs. Green was severely bitten by a dog last week, and suffered much in consequence. Measles is very prevalent at Robesay, several of the boys at the Collegiate school are down with it. Four children of Mr. Morris Robinson are also ill with it. One of the whist clubs met on Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. Isaac Burpee, Mount Pleasant street, and was a very pleasant gathering. A large number of ladies were present and a very elegant little supper was enjoyed. Two whist clubs were formed in the city, one at the residence of Mrs. Burpee and another at the residence of Mrs. Burpee.

The meeting of the Ecclesiastical Reading club was held on Saturday evening at the residence of Mrs. Charles Holden, but as she was unable to receive them on account of the death of her father, the meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. Charles Holden. The selections given on this occasion were all from Holman, the readers being Canon Brinkstone, Mr. I. Allen Jack, Judge Peters, Miss Murray and Miss Marie Peters. Very appropriate music was rendered by Mrs. Gilchrist, accompanied by Miss Goddard. Mr. W. J. Wallace was taken suddenly ill with hemorrhage last Saturday and had to be conveyed home.

Prof. Stockley of Fredericton, has been spending some days in St. John, and was the guest while here of Mr. George C. Coster. Miss Maggie Hanford is staying at Robesay with Mrs. Robert C. Gilchrist. Mr. F. W. Murray has returned from England. Mr. J. S. Bois DeVeber, and Mr. Frank Starr went up to Kingston on Saturday to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Gabriel DeVeber. Canon DeVeber was prevented by indisposition from accompanying them. Judge King has returned from Newcastle. Rev. T. G. Johnston and his wife, of Blackville, Northumberland county, who have been visiting in the city, have returned home. I understand that Mr. Charles A. Macdonald is now removing from his present residence, King street east, to the residence of Mr. J. S. Bois DeVeber, on the corner of the Union street.

Mr. Peter Clark, a former resident of St. John, but who has been in the city for several years, has been making a stay with his friends here. Mr. Robert C. Gilchrist has returned from his home in Clifton Springs, N. Y. State, on a short trip. Mrs. C. D. McDonald is visiting her mother, Mrs. W. Beverley Robinson, Broad street. Last Sunday morning the death occurred of Miss Agnes Macdonald, daughter of the late Mr. Macdonald. Since the death of her parents she has resided in Coburg street, with her unmarried sister, Mrs. Robert C. Gilchrist. Mrs. Macdonald was a native of New York, was summoned and arrived in St. John on Saturday evening. I hear that Miss Beatrice Hatheway, will probably make a visit to England about the middle of April, and that Miss DeVeber, who has been saying with her since Mrs. Hatheway's death, will accompany her. Mrs. Crobie is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Gilbert, at Robesay. Dr. Walker has been visiting Chatham, and Richibucto, this week. Mr. Edward Neill intends moving soon into the large house on Union street, lately purchased by him. His mother, Mrs. W. H. Scovil, of Robesay, has recovered from a recent severe illness, and intends making her home with him in future. Rev. Mr. Thomson, who has been so seriously ill with the grippe, is now quite convalescent. Mr. T. Sherman Peters, of Gagetown is in the city. Mr. A. A. Wilson has returned from his trip to St. Andrews. Mr. Hedley McLaughlin left Saturday night for Chicago to attend to his business. Mrs. John of Eastport, is the guest of Mrs. Nel. He Perkins, Sydney street. Mrs. Man of Amherst, is the guest of Mrs. M. Black, Leinster street. Mrs. Edith Fisher, Leinster street, entertained a number of her friends Friday evening. A large number of Mr. Walter Peters' friends gave him a surprise party Tuesday evening. Mrs. R. T. Worden gave a party to her friends Thursday evening. The mock parliament of Stone church met on Thursday evening, when a very interesting debate was given by the society. Mrs. Desa Chapman of Dorchester, who has spent the past two weeks among the families of the central city came to St. John this week. She is the guest of Mrs. Lillie Hutchinson, Carlton street. Mrs. Fred Barr gave a delightful party Monday evening in honor of Miss Barr who leaves soon for N. Y. Mrs. Wm. Wheeler gave a drive what party Friday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Pattison, Coburg street, entertained a few friends on Monday evening. Mr. G. S. Cushing and bride returned to St. John Sunday morning, after a six weeks trip to California. Mr. and Mrs. Cushing are at the Dufferin hotel. Mr. E. McLeod went to Ottawa Sunday night. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, of Carlton street, tendered Rev. H. G. Mellick and wife a reception Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Mellick will soon leave for the Northwest where they will engage in missionary work. Their many friends wish them every success. Mrs. Daniel, King street east, will soon move to the Barton house, Elliot row, Mrs. Chapman having decided to return to England. Mr. Robert Reed and Mr. Hammond left Tuesday for Ottawa to attend the Royal Academy of Art exhibition. Miss Sadler went to Chatham last week to visit the Misses Marshall. Mrs. David Hart, of Fredericton, spent a few days in the city this week. Mrs. A. C. Edgcombe entertained the whist club Thursday evening. Miss Annie Fowler, of Fredericton, is the guest of Mrs. Edgcombe. Mrs. Edith Jordan, Elliot row, entertained a number of the King's Dan here last Thursday evening. Mr. Straton, Coburg street, has gone to Ottawa on business. Among those who will summer at Robesay are Rev. Mr. deBoyer and family, also Mr. Brock and family. Mrs. Alex. Gibson and Mrs. George Hart returned to Fredericton last Saturday. The DeForest Peters left last week at the residence of Miss Butcher, Queen street. It meets for the first time at the residence of the Misses DeForest, Charlotte street, on next Friday. I hear of a wedding to take place early next month between a young lady, daughter of Douglas and a South End young lady. Mrs. W. Turnbull left last Tuesday night for a short visit to Boston. Miss Mary Boyer, who has spent the last three months in St. John, left Tuesday for Newton, Mass., where she will enter the training school for nurses. Mr. George Sanderson has taken the house on Haven street now occupied by Mr. Thompson. Miss May Troop, who has been spending the

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

FOR ADDITIONAL NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.
Process is for sale in Halifax at the following places:
MORRIS' BOOK STORE, 24 George street

MARCH 30.—The fourth subscription concert given by the Orpheus club for this season came off on Tuesday night.

The First Walpurgis Night, Orpheus club, Ladies' auxiliary and orchestra; Priests' March, from Athalia.

The Orpheus club orchestra, conducted by Laura Sten, Orpheus club, Ladies' auxiliary and orchestra; Loreley, ditto.

The soloists, Miss B. H. Currie, in the third by Mrs. Hazerty, in Loreley, an un finished opera by Miss Madeline Hester.

I had the pleasure of hearing Monday evening rehearsal of this programme and came away deeply delighted.

The Walpurgis Night was beautifully done, and to the orchestra a large tribute of praise must be rendered.

The Priests' March, from Athalia, nothing is due but praise. Mr. Klugefeld had managed to induce an enormous amount of error and error into his orchestra, who did the best work we have had from them since their organization.

I have heard some few remarks concerning the superabundance of Mendelssohn's music on Tuesday evening, but where could one find a better contrast than Mendelssohn's music following after the busy busy of the Walpurgis Night?

Lauda Sion, if not so excellent as the latter, was good. Mrs. Hazerty's solo was very well sung. We have, of course, had it before, and Loreley also; indeed the vintage song in the last was sung even better by the club last year, without the magnificent aid rendered by Miss Hester, who, to state a plain fact, sang divinely.

On the whole we enjoyed such a concert as we have not had this season. One may have found other music more to one's individual taste than Mendelssohn's, but lately been a little out of fashion, but one has never heard the club sing better, or the orchestra do well. Mr. Potter and Mr. Klugefeld are to be congratulated.

Quite the event of Thursday afternoon and evening for people who care for the artistic and ornamental side of existence was Miss Hester's exhibition of china painting.

People who had been lucky enough to receive an invitation were prepared to admire and covet, some fortunate ones to buy although most of the clever artist's work is sold before the various exhibitions.

Long's pleasant and very pretty rooms were thronged in the afternoon and evening, and with good reason. The chief claim about the china which is a labor of love to Miss Hester, is the total absence of any unattractive or uninteresting designs.

They are wonderfully simple and pure in color, and would do honor to many a decorator who has a name to keep up in a larger city than Halifax.

Indeed, from the point of view of anyone but the Halifax people, it would be that case lose the occasional exhibition which is always a thing to remember.

Miss Hester would do well to move her studio to some well known artistic centre, where her undoubted talent would at once find its proper standing in the ceramic world.

It is an expression of admiration which is always to be appreciated, and which is not only a compliment, but a real help.

More appreciated her work could hardly be, but certainly if she cared for such vanity, it could become really famous. Some of the little pieces, bowls, and chocolate cups were especially dainty in execution and tone.

There were several others at the sight of which every woman in the room broke the tenth commandment of Lent's season though it is.

I do not know whether Miss Hester fires her own work, but I fancy she does; and the same of judgment and patience are required for that simple sounding operation.

Many a try in china painting has had a woeful surprise at the utter changes of its appearance after the firing. Miss Hester's work is a sister of Mrs. Longley, the wife of the attorney general of Nova Scotia, and is well known in social and artistic circles.

After all the ordinary and extraordinary pains taken to thoroughly fumigate and purify the city, which has just arrived with troops from Barbadoes, a couple of cases of yellow fever developed after her passengers were landed.

It is not, of course, possible that such a disease can live in our climate, but the troops will be obliged to make a longer stay here than was anticipated in order that the necessary precautions may be taken through which to render her safe for the outgoing batteries.

The Dwart Castle which brings a detachment up from Bermuda is another cause for detention, as the vessel has been delayed in leaving there.

Major Crookenden and Lieut. Berger are the two officers who remain in this garrison in place of Major MacDonald, Mr. Edwards, and Mr. Stuart.

The French consul general for Canada, M. le Comte de Turcotte, is with his daughter making a short visit to Halifax.

He was entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening by Mr. Franklyn, the representative of his government here, and by other of the principal people of the town.

St. John Cross leaves today for England, also Mr. Jones and Mrs. Reader and child.

Emily Courtenay will leave England according to the latest accounts, in time to arrive here on Easter eve.

Mrs. and Miss Courtenay, I understand, remain in England with friends.

Among the regrettable but unavoidable departures in May will be that of our friend, Major A. M. S., and Mrs. Grier, whose time in Halifax has expired.

They will be a great loss to the Rifle club, much by the way, will resume work on the range as soon after Easter as the weather may permit.

Mrs. James Morrow leaves on Monday for a short visit to her home in Toronto, and another of our "heating ladies" goes in the course of the week to New York.

This is a good time of year to be in Halifax, as there is always a social blank from now until June.

The engagement of Miss Baker, eldest daughter of Mr. Lorrie Baker, of Yarmouth, to the Hon. Victor Stoughton, B. N. is announced.

Miss Baker is well known in Halifax society, where she will be much missed on her departure.

I hear also of the engagement of the Hon. Victor Stanley, B. N., son of Lord Stanley of Preston, to another Canadian lady, who is indeed one of the belles of Halifax, and renowned for her exquisite face.

For the present I withhold her name, as the engagement reached me as a report, not an authenticated announcement.

This evening the band of the Leicestershire regiment, assisted by Mrs. Lear, Dr. Slayter, and Professor Currie, will give a performance of the Mafra Mater at the Academy of Music.

The object is an excellent one, but setting that aside the performance will be unique. Mrs. Lear, who has a charming voice, will sing the Infamata; Miss Hester, who was asked to take part, is unfortunately debarred from doing so by a professional engagement.

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at his rooms on Morris street, which are exceedingly prettily arranged with plenty of curiosities from all parts of the world, and an array of stags of wild beasts which would do honor to a professional fur-trader.

Dr. Dorman gave extremely pretty prizes; through St. John, that particular, that particular, a long way in advance of Halifax. His were the prettiest I have yet seen. They were all silver and extremely dainty.

The ladies' prizes particularly were magnificent. Every detail of Dr. Dorman's plan had been perfectly carried out, and the result was as might be imagined, excellent.

Mr. Norman Lee, the Garrison chaplain, was the originator of the pleasant little ball-players' reading, half concert, held at the Garrison gymnasium on Wednesday evening.

These festive events were at one time a great feature in Halifax. Though they are ostensibly held for soldiers only, there are always plenty of the brave rose of the civilian world.

Among the numbers on the programme were songs from Major Brady and Surgeon-Captain Fowler, an excellent clarinet solo from a corporal in the Leicestershire regiment, a piano duet from Mrs. Morrow and Capt. Montebell, A. S. C., and various other songs and recitations.

After the performance many small suppers were served.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Norman Lee gave a small tea, which was very cheery and pleasant.

Mrs. Kenny was also at home on Thursday, to a few people, and on Wednesday afternoon I heard of several such entertainments, notably one for the Comte de Turcotte and his daughter.

I am assured to hear that a Halifax gentleman who is just on the eve of marriage with St. John William Baker, the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dyanon Haque.

The bride was attended by her sisters, Misses Laura and Grace, Dr. Ross of the Monday acting as best man.

The bride looked extremely handsome in a very becoming London-made blue and white morning dress.

Miss Laura, wearing long-ankle-trimmed vermillion brocade, with hat to match. Little Miss Grace, a handsome rose color velvet trimmed with satin silk, with cap to match.

After the ceremony the bride and groom, accompanied by the bridesmaids, left for the afternoon train for St. John.

Among the guests present at the dinner were: Rev. Dyanon Haque, Dr. T. R. Alton of Windsor, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. R. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. and C. Priest, electrician of the McKay-Bennett.

The present from the bride's father was a diamond watch, a check from the bride's mother, an onyx clock from the groom's father.

Monday evening, a handsome silver lamp from W. A. Nos; a valuable ring set from Mr. C. Priest; the groom's present was a very pretty bamboo cabinet; the bride a silver teletote set; the groom's present to the bride a diamond ring set of jewelry; the bride made her diamond ring to Miss Laura, and a diamond pin to Miss Grace Baker.

The display of art of painting on the Monday-Bennett was in honor of the event.

Easter Lilies, Cut Flowers, and Roses.

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is the greatest Tonic and Strengthen I ever heard of or used. This is the experience of many. It can be yours.

Spring 1892 Spring

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We have laid out a number of clearing lines of desirable goods, which are worthy the attention of Buyers visiting the market.

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Characteristic.

It is characteristic of the House to have only the very best, and never deal in what is known in the trade as cheap instruments.

It is characteristic of the House never to ask fancy prices (as some dealers do, and come down if they have to). Every instrument is marked in plain figures at actual selling prices, which is always the lowest, consistent with quality and a fair living profit.

By these, and other strict commercial methods, I have built up one of the largest, if not the largest, retail Piano and Organ trades in the Dominion.

I was awarded a special diploma at the late Provincial Exhibition for the best exhibit of Pianos, consisting of Chickering, Knabe, Ball, DeLuston, Mason & Rich and Newcomb.

We possess the diploma of the exhibition in the Piano line.

Instantaneous Photographing of children a specialty. Crayon Portraits done in the highest grade of the art. GARDNER & GENTZEL, Proprietors, 16 Spring Garden Road, Halifax, N. S.

MAIDS MADE PLUMP AND ROSY.

Futtner's Emulsion

Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

QUEEN HOTEL, HALIFAX, N. S.

WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourists to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest bedrooms and the best table and attention of any hotel in the maritime provinces, if not in all Canada.

The QUEEN contains 130 rooms, and is fitted with all modern improvements, including bath-rooms and w.c.'s on every floor.

The parlors attract a great deal of attention, as nothing superior in that line is to be seen in Canada. The cuisine has been made a specialty from the first, and amply justifies its reputation. One visit will satisfy any one as to the superiority of the House.

J. A. B. SHERATON, MANAGER.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

Only Genuine Diamond Fast Black in the World, is made by Louis Hermsdorf the Dyer.

HERMSDORF'S FAST BLACK

Is unrivalled in the World; Is superior to all; Withstands all perspiration of the Feet; Only improves by repeated Washing. Does not injure the Fabrics; Will not turn green; Gives satisfaction to all



For All Kinds of Hosiery.

Louis Hermsdorf's Dyeing Works of the Guaranteed Stainless Diamond Colors.

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MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

PREPARE FOR Civil Service Examination, Nov. 1st.

Candidates coached by experienced Teachers at

Whiston's Commercial College,

95 Barrington St., - HALIFAX, N. S.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

BENS DORF'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA

It requires NO Boiling. It is easy of Digestion. It is a great Invigorator. It is a delicious Drink. It is guaranteed Absolutely PURE. It is very economical (1lb. makes 150 cups).

It is therefore recommended with confidence, when a beverage possessing all the above qualities is required and to all who value health and economy.

On account of the Purity, Delicate Flavor, and Nutritious Properties, it has received the hearty endorsement of most eminent Physicians and Chemists, both in this country and abroad.

M. F. EAGAR, AGENT, 181 and 183 Water Street, - Halifax, N. S.

We ask only a comparison of the QUALITY and PRICE of this with ANY other Cocoa

POWELL'S PIMPLE PILLS Act Like Magic. BLEMISHES REMOVING. PRICE 25 CENTS.

FOR sale by all Drug Gists, or sent on receipt of price, by MRS. E. A. KIRKPATRICK OF HALIFAX, HATTIE & MELVILL, HALIFAX, CANADA

ESTABLISHED 1868.

MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS for the Best PIANOS, ORGANS, AND SEWING MACHINES.

116 & 118 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S. TELEPHONE 138.

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SOCIAL

Process is for sale at Amherst, by George Douglas, at the Western Union Telegraph office, and H. A. Hillier's.

MARCH 30.—Our benefactors are beginning to wear a troubled countenance as they view the handsome carpets exhibited by some of our leading merchants, also the latest attractive designs in wall paper shown, for they painfully warn them that the time of book-keeping is not far off.

More than the ordinary number of spring fittings is reported; several new houses are nearly ready for furnishing, particularly the fine mansion of Mr. J. R. Lacey which is pronounced by many the handsomest place in Amherst, for my part, I scarcely know which to admire most, the picturesque home of Judge Morse with its delightful surroundings that bears the prints of nearly a century, or the more pretentious one just opposite in all its freshness and beauty of modern architecture.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rogers' pretty house on Rupert street is nearly ready for the happy couple to enjoy the novel pleasure of affixing keys, and the handsome cottage begun last season by Mr. R. Black is just receiving the finishing touches, and is a great addition to Victoria street.

Mrs. H. Dunlop will return to her house on Eddy street on the first of May. She will be a pleasure to meet her in her pretty home again, and to see her happily looking on in the careful hands of the gentleman who has occupied it for the past three years, and the festivities at Bally do not seem to have been long remembered with pleasure.

The latest bit of newswomen news is that Mr. and Mrs. H. Hayward about to dispose of their neat cottage on Havelock street, where they have resided for years, and will move to St. John in the course of a few weeks where they intend making their future home.

It has been quite a number of small gatherings during the past week, and pleasant surprise parties among the little folk have been much enjoyed.

Mr. C. E. Harris has been invited to give a lecture on Holm cottage on Friday last by the friends of the late Mrs. Harris. It was partly in honor of two young ladies from Moncton. It is considered quite "the style" now for our young bachelors to attend such gatherings with friends in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapman is spending a few weeks with friends in Truro.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Purdy have gone to New York for a few weeks for the benefit of Mrs. Purdy, whose health has been falling for some time past.

Miss Adeline McCully has returned from a prolonged visit to friends in St. John.

Next week Mr. and Mrs. N. Curry will leave for Truro.

Mr. D. T. Chapman is expected the latter part of the week from the same place.

Mr. Allan left on Tuesday morning to visit some of the leading American cities, and intends being out on a couple of months. Our doctors seem to prefer that chum as a health restorer and I hope he will return thoroughly refreshed.

The Misses Trueman, of Sackville, were in town on Monday.

It is a pleasure to see Miss Bliss in town again after her long illness. She will remain a few weeks the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. A. Dickey, Levis street.

Miss Beattie Wilson, on account of her recent sickness has been compelled to retire from her duties as teacher in the public school, and left on Tuesday to enjoy a few months rest with her mother in Boston. She was the guest of Mrs. J. E. Lawson for a week before going. Miss Black accompanied her on her journey.

Mrs. A. R. Dickey leaves today for a short visit to Ottawa.

Mrs. D. Hayward returned from St. John on Saturday.

Mr. R. Pugsley is in Montreal. I am sorry to hear that Mr. Pugsley, who intended going with him, was prevented by illness.

Mrs. C. E. Harris returned from St. John, where she has been for the past few weeks.

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The X. L. N. T. Club intend giving a concert in music hall that will X. L. all their former efforts. The first concert will take place next week. Prof. Barnaby is preparing for a mammoth recital of various musical choruses. Upwards of fifty members from the different choirs attend the rehearsals. It will rather out do anything of the kind gotten up here before, and will take place in Christ church during Easter week.

MARCH 30.—Mr. Walter D. A. Ryan has gone to Lunenburg, where he will study electrical engineering. Mr. Ryan is quite a naturalist and has a very nice collection of birds, birds eggs, minerals, etc., in fact has quite a museum which he has always been glad to open to the public on certain days. This will be closed until his return.

Mrs. Trueman's friends were sorry to hear of the death of her husband, Prof. J. S. Trueman. Her friends were glad to hear that she was in the Kentville academy or as a visitor at Mr. B. H. Calkin's. Prof. Trueman died in Georgia where he had gone for his health. He was a native of St. John and met Mrs. Trueman who was on her way home with her husband's remains.

The Ladies' Aid association has been practicing again and are intending to open an outdoor range with some time.

Miss Alice Webster has decided to leave home for some years and take up the duties in one of the institutions in the States where she has been together for christian work. Miss Webster had been in the city for some time, but her friends persuaded her to remain. To say the old and young, rich and poor regret Miss Webster's departure is to say the least.

Miss Davis has gone to St. John.

Dr. E. A. Kirkpatrick of Halifax, was in town on Sunday.

Mr. F. A. Masters has gone to Boston for a short visit.

Mrs. Rathburn has returned from New York.

MARCH 30.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry McCully of Port (Orrville, Mr. C. R. Smith, Q. C., of Amherst, and Mr. G. D. Frost of St. John, were in Parrisboro on Saturday last week.

Mrs. Coop has quite recovered from her recent illness. Her sister Miss Sutherland of Westmoreland is staying with her.

Mr. James H. H. Taylor, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Townsend.

Mrs. Hebb has gone to Lunenburg to remain for some time.

Mr. Norman Elderkin has returned from a week's visit to Truro.

Mr. C. W. Young of St. Stephen, was in town recently, also Mr. W. P. King of Truro.

Miss De Wolfe of Shelburne, is paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Price.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Ross, of St. John, on Friday, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Price.

Miss McDougall of Amherst, made a short visit to Parrisboro last week.

Mr. F. Kirkpatrick has removed to the house occupied by the late Mrs. Lewis.

Mrs. Gibbons returned from Pictou on Tuesday.

Mr. McElwain of Montreal, was in town this week.

Mrs. Bigelow went to Halifax on Monday. Miss Gillespie has returned from a visit to Amherst.

CHOCOLATE.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

examinations successfully at Bellevue Medical College, N. Y. Mrs. Stevenson of St. Stephen was the guest of Mrs. Harrison, High street, one day this week. The winter party given by Mrs. A. Jones on Friday evening was well attended. The first prizes were won by Miss Eva Orchard and Mr. H. Page. After the prizes were awarded the young folks tripped the light fantastic till an early hour in the morning. The invited guests were: Misses H. Seely, M. Branscombe, J. Travis, A. Ruddock, E. Orchard, L. Belys, Days and Corcoran, Mrs. T. Foster; Messrs. A. Farmer, C. Ferguson, H. Fare, A. Morrison, A. Branscombe, P. Day, J. Corcoran, H. Edgewood, Lettie and others. I believe that Dr. March intends to organize a series of Sunday evening concerts to be held in the Opera house. These sacred concerts have found great favor in the States, and under such able leadership will no doubt prove a success should they materialize.

PEANUTS. Mrs. Bedell, of Musquash, has been visiting friends here for the past week. Miss Minnie Cogswell who has made us such a lengthy visit, has returned to her home at Sackville. The Athena Chautauque circle met at the home of Miss Sadie Gray, street on Tuesday evening last.

Mrs. Gibson, who has been visiting relatives here, returned home. Mrs. Hanson, who has been on a sick leave, has returned to her post at Malrair building. Miss Bertha Wilson, of Moncton, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Rusk.

Miss C. Salmon, who has been visiting Miss Atkinson at Sackville, has returned home. Miss Josie Burns, who has been visiting relatives here for the past month, has returned to her home at Bathurst.

Rev. James McConnell, of Gibson, spent Sunday with his parents. He occupied the pulpit in Exmouth street Methodist church Sunday evening. Miss May Harper, of Sheldis, is visiting friends here.

Miss Smith, of Nova Scotia, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dill, Douglas avenue. I hear of a wedding that is to take place in the spring, when a Douglas avenue young man will lead to the altar a member of one of our North End church choir.

Mrs. James MacMurray, of Pictou, is visiting relatives here. Miss G. Patterson entertained about forty of her friends at a surprise party at the residence of Mrs. J. Patterson, Spring street, last week.

ARISTOTLE. On Friday evening Miss Beatrice Seely entertained the McFarlane-Robertson class. The waxed floors especially added to the very enjoyable evening.

Mrs. and Mrs. Coleman, of Quebec, are the guests of Mrs. L. Coleman, Douglas avenue. North End has sustained another loss in the departure of Mr. W. D. Fowler, who was a very active member in the Portland Methodist church, and who for some time has been vice-president of the Epworth league, whose members presented him with an address and beautifully bound Bible and hymnal. Mr. Fowler left for Vancouver, B. C., where he will reside in the future. He was accompanied by Mr. Sam Sprague, son of Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Hampton.

On Monday Miss Josephine Horncastle entertained the quadrille class conducted by Miss Ida Mowry. I believe the prizes for the future recollections will meet at each other's residence.

Mrs. Arthur McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McDonald, have taken up their residence in the McDonald household, Douglas avenue.

For the first few weeks Mr. Marshall Austin has been confined to the house through serious illness. Mrs. Livingston has returned from New York. Mrs. Arthur Sorrell, of Everett, Mass., has been visiting friends in the city. He returns home on Wednesday evening.

On Tuesday evening the Misses Seely, Mount Pleasant, entertained a number of their young friends. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all present.

On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Hoby, who entertained a large number of their friends in honor of the Misses Taylor, St. Stephen, and Miss Lillian Courtenay, a programme of 15 dances for the young folks and what for those who did not care to trip the light fantastic. Music was furnished by Messrs. Atkinson, Mott, and others.

Mrs. Brown was played by the Misses Holly and Taylor, Mr. Lee was served between the dances; later a most recherche supper was provided. Among those present were Messrs. W. Holly, Dr. Geo. Hetherington, A. Courtney, D. Nae, S. Vanwart, Geo. Hoben, Alex. Holly, Dr. Gray, G. Tapley, Dr. March, F. Flewelling, W. Shaw, Dr. M. F. Conroy, W. Purdy, Jas. Gregory, Dr. Draper, R. Travis, G. Waring, Dr. Smith, Miller, F. Taylor, J. Chesley, G. Myles, and others.

Mrs. W. Wiley received her guests in an elegant brown satin with nail head trimmings. Miss Bertie Taylor (St. Stephen) pink cashmere; down and up.

Miss Lillian Courtenay, crimson velvet spotted with yellow and chiffon to match. Miss Alice Taylor, white lace with trimmings of pink.

Mrs. Vanwart, black silk. Mrs. Chas. Miller, garnet silk. Mrs. Will Shaw, black silk; gold trimming. Miss Waring, gray silk. Mrs. Fred Tapley, blue cashmere; pearl trimmings.

Mrs. Draper, black silk and lace. Mrs. L. Nae, brown satin and lace. Miss Bertha Shaw, black tulle silk, en traine. Mrs. Gray, black silk. Mrs. Smith, garnet silk, trimmed with steel passementerie. Miss Shaw, pink embroidered bengaline. Mrs. G. Tapley, black jet-trimmings. Miss Emily Flewelling, black net; gold passementerie.

Miss M. Holly, cream cashmere. Mrs. J. Chesley, black velvet; orange feather trimmings. Mrs. Farmer, black silk, blue chilton. Mrs. Waring, black silk. Miss T. Shaw, blue green henrietta, trimmed with oriental silk. Mrs. McLean, black satin. Mrs. P. Nae, black silk and lace. Miss B. Farmer, brown satin; yellow chiffon. Mrs. Bruce, black lace, orange feather trimmings. Miss Harding, black silk, white lace. Mrs. Geo. Murray, black silk and lace. Mrs. Will Hayford, black silk and pink chiffon. Mrs. D. Nae, garnet satin, oriental passementerie.

Miss Buchmann, black silk. Mrs. Robt. Courtenay, black lace, trimmed with pink roses. Mr. Gaspar Tapley has returned from Quebec, where he has been during the winter months. Miss Katie Roberts, Liverpool, Eng., is the guest of Miss Jessie Hilyard. Mrs. Pugsley has recovered from her severe illness.

Miss Bertie Taylor, who has been visiting Mrs. Wiley's, left on Saturday for Hansport, N. S., where she will make a short visit. Her sister, Miss Alice Taylor, returned to St. Stephen. Mrs. Joseph Ruddock is recovering from her attack of grippe.

Miss Bertha Shaw, Cedar street, has returned home, having had a very pleasant trip to Moncton. Miss Annie Purdy has returned to St. Martins emmery. Mrs. Wortman and children of Moncton, are the guests of Mrs. Chas. Nevins. Miss Bessie Harrison is quite ill with neuralgia. Miss Alice Moore who has been visiting the Misses Holly, has returned home.

Mr. John Purdy left for Fredericton. Miss Bertha Knight has returned from a very enjoyable trip to Boston and New York. Miss Edith Ruddock is ill with la grippe. Mrs. James Holly has returned from Boston. On Friday evening Mrs. A. Jones entertained a number of her friends at her residence.

Mrs. G. Tapley who has been spending some months with Mrs. G. John Smith, has returned to her home, Douglas Avenue. CONSTANCY.

Visiting Cards for ladies are of the specialties of PROGRESS PRINT. Mail orders filled at one day's notice. Prices from 75c to \$1.00 according to quality.

MUSQUASH. MARCH 29.—Miss Annie Smith, who has been visiting to St. John, returned home Sunday.

Rev. H. M. Spike visited the city last week. Mrs. J. A. Balcom has been quite ill at her home here.

Mrs. Bedell is visiting her sister, Mrs. Clows, Oronocto. Miss Charlotte Spike has returned home from the city, where she has been spending a few days. Mr. John Woodford spent Sunday here with friends.

Mr. Albert Henderson went to Hampton last week. Miss Emma Henderson, who has been staying in St. John receiving vocal instruction from Mr. Custance, returned home last week.

Mr. C. C. Ludgate and Mr. R. Parkin, spent Sunday here. Miss Laura Knight, who has been spending the winter with her aunt, Mrs. J. E. Wright, Englewood Manor, has returned to her home in Bridgetown, N. S., the latter part of this week. Mr. Seely is out again after his recent illness.

YACHT. MARCH 30.—Spring is fast approaching, bringing with it bright days. The snow banks are growing wonderfully less and old mother earth is showing up again in many places. Our town has been quite excited lately over horse racing, of which we have had three days. The course was on the ice and gave persons on the wharves a fine view. As an account of a horse race would be a little out of place in your columns I will stop here.

Messrs. Robert Hutchinson, Q. C. and Wilnot Brown, manager of the K.N.Ry, left for St. Stephen last Thursday. Mr. Robert Arnold is in charge of the office of the former during his absence. Miss Emma Hannah returned last week from her visit to Moncton.

Mr. J. M. Robertson, of St. John, was here last Friday. Mr. Geo. D. Frost, of St. John, was also in town on the same day. The many friends of the late Mr. W. H. Crozier heard with regret of his death which took place at Keypoint, N. J., last week. Though his health was not very good when he left here about a month ago, his friends had no idea the end was so near. Deep sympathy is felt for Mrs. Crozier and family in their sudden bereavement.

Mrs. Fris, of Sheldis, is in town the guest of her brother, Mr. Geo. Wilson. Mr. and Mrs. Richard O'Leary, of the Band of Hope, are in town on Monday evening. Mr. David Grierson, of the K. N. railway, is on the ice here last night.

Dr. Thomas Walker, of St. John, arrived in town on Monday on a visit to the Masonic brethren. A supper was served at the Kent hotel at 12 o'clock the same evening. There are two weddings spoken of that will be celebrated in the near future.

Miss M. Chrysalis, a former teacher here, but who has been teaching in Campbellton for the past two years, is visiting in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hargett. AUBURN.

Ladies and Gentlemen's visiting cards printed at "Progress" office.

BATHURST. [Progress is for sale in Bathurst at McGinley's grocery store.] MARCH 30.—Mr. T. Swayne DeBrisay has returned from Fredericton, having purchased, as agent for Mr. Burman of New York, all the riparian rights in Gloucester offered for sale.

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Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hicks have the heart-felt sympathy of numbers of friends in the sad loss of their baby son, a bright little darling in his second year. His funeral which took place on Monday afternoon was largely attended. The service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Sweet, rector of the Episcopal church in Moncton.

Miss Josephine Meahan has returned from a long visit to Moncton. Mr. C. H. Cooperthwaite, principal of the grammar school, has been ill for a week or more, but is now recovering.

The news of Mr. Thomas O'Reilly's new business venture was met with the very sincere pleasure of his many Bathurst friends, who wish him continued success and prosperity. Rev. J. B. Babin (Tracadie) and J. Leveseur (Piquetteville) were here on Monday en route for Montreal.

Rev. F. E. Winslow, of the Bank of Montreal, and W. C. Winslow, barrister, of Chatham, are in town to-day. The supper and entertainment given by the S. of G. in their hall last Thursday was well attended and very enjoyable. The frequent applause and repeated thanks of the company were an appreciation of the efforts of the division members to entertain them. Among the particularly good things on the programme were "The Complete Guide" by Messrs. Draper and Stone, "This is Love" (song) by Miss E. McLean, recitation by Misses G. G. Stout and Thomas Armstrong and Miss Lily McLean. Little Lulu Ramsay sang "A Letter to Papa" in a sweet childish voice showing careful training. Mr. A. J. W. McKenzie filled the office of chairman in a most capable style, and contributed a reading and a speech to the evening's list of interesting items. The accompanying for the different songs were played by Miss Ramsay and Mr. Griffith Bishop. Master Harry McClelland, who came from college at Mr. McClelland's account of illness.

Mr. Colson Hubbard, of Carleton, was in town last week. The ladies of the Episcopal congregation have decided upon the first Tuesday after Easter as the date for their fancy sale and supper, the proceeds of which will go towards liquidating the existing church debt. Tom Brown.

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KINGSTON, K. C. MARCH 30.—As the ice is good and the weather fine, all the neighbors in this vicinity have been training their horses for some time.

While Mr. John Hill was out training his horse something gave way about the harness which caused the horse to run away. After leaving the ice Mr. Hill succeeded in overthrowing him in a snow bank. The shafts were broken but happily Mr. Hill escaped unhurt. I think the horse struck a 2.50 nail that time.

A revival among the Baptists of Kingston has been going on for some time; the Rev. L. A. Cosman, Mr. W. Smith, and Mr. T. Keenleyside, are the leaders. Several baptisms have been performed by Mr. Cosman; all was progressing favorably when Messrs. Cosman and Smith disagreed on some points and the church "divided." The question is, which is to be the coming B. minister of Kingston, Mr. Cosman or Mr. Smith. It is to be decided by a paper which has been drawn up to be signed by the friends of each.

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blood. The taint of scrofula, salt rheum, or other foul humor is hereditary and transmitted for generations, causing untold suffering, and we also accumulate poison and germs of disease from the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the water we drink. There is nothing more conclusively proven than the positive power of Hood's Sarsaparilla in cases of the kind in question. It is tried, does expel every scrofula or salt rheum, removes the taint which causes catarrh, neutralizes acidity and cures rickets, drives out the germs of malaria, blood poisoning, etc. It also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus overcoming that tired feeling, and building up the whole system. In its preparation, its medicinal merit, and the wonderful cures it accomplishes Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself. Thousands testify to its success, and the best advertising Hood's Sarsaparilla receives is the hearty endorsement of its army of friends. Every testimonial we publish, and every statement we make on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla may be relied upon as strictly true in every respect.

If you need a good blood purifier or building up medicine, be sure to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Further information and statements of cures sent free to all who address us as below.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. 61; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

Welsh, Hunter & Hamilton.

We Buy to Sell!

And We Sell to make you a Satisfied Customer!

DRESS GOODS.—The demands of Spring are more exacting than those of any other season of the year. When you come to abandon your Winter wraps, the dress becomes the noticeable article. Be warned by budding nature to be ready for smiling skies and balmy zephyrs, and pick the first fresh flowers of beauty from our Admirable Stock of Dress Goods while the assortment is complete. Grade, Style and Prices will be found in accordance with the requirements of the most critical and economical taste. Our Goods are New and Fresh, the Latest and Nicest Styles of the Season. Honest Goods that possess the Worth, and Honest Merit.

97 King St., - St. John.

W. TREMAINE GARD, Practical Jeweler, Optician and Goldsmith, No. 81 King Street, St. John, N. B. (UNDER VICTORIA HOTEL).

Importers and Manufacturers of FINE GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, Jewelry, Solid Silver Goods, Reliable Spectacles, Eye-Glasses and Clocks.

FINE DIAMONDS. And other Gems in stock and set to order in any style. Birthday, Friendship, Engagement, Wedding Rings, etc., Electro Gilding, Silver-plating and Etching and Engraving personally attended to.

Yours, very confidentially, W. TREMAINE GARD.

SOUTH BAY. MARCH 28.—Mr. A. D. Armstrong, of Green Head, spent Sunday at Gault Farm.

Miss Young, of St. John West, spent Saturday and Sunday with her friend, Miss Roxborough. Miss Blanche Cooper has been confined to the house for a week with a severe cold.

Mrs. Thos. Gault made a flying visit to St. John Tuesday. Miss Hamilton spent Sunday with her mother in St. John.

Mrs. Demmons, of Fredericton, agent for the Deaf and Dumb Institution, gave South Bay a call on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Barker, of Randolph, spent Sunday with Mr. John Gault. Miss Roxborough has been suffering from throat trouble for the past few days.

Miss Gregory, of St. John West, has been the guest of Miss Burton for a few days. Miss West, Miss Long and Miss Johnston, of Milford, spent Tuesday with Miss Lowerzy.

ROSELAND. [Progress is for sale at H. A. Johnson's.] MARCH 29.—Mr. C. C. Watt of Montreal, at one time a resident here and later at Chatham, where he is well known, was in town to-day or two this week. Mr. Lingley of Campbellton, is visiting town this week.

Mr. McIntyre of the "Chatham News," is spending a few days at New Richmond, P. Q., shooting wild geese which are reported plentiful. He is expected home this week loaded with game.

Mr. Morse who was quite ill for some weeks is again able to be out and is to be found at the old Chatham Hotel.

Dr. Dineen is about to visit friends in Boston for a few weeks. DOUGLAS.

Grand Opening Sale at the Oak Hall!

On Saturday, April 2nd, 1892, we will begin the greatest sale of Men's, Boys' and Children's Ready-made Clothing ever made in St. John. Here is a list of prices for the Sale which you should take advantage of and clothe Yourselves your Boys and your Children at a great saving.

All Goods Marked in Plain Figures.

Children's Summer Suits .90  
Oxford Suits \$2.00  
Blue Serge Suits 1.00 to \$4.00  
Dark Tweed Suits 2.00 " 5.00  
Light Tweed Suits 2.00 " 4.50  
Sailor Suits .90 " 4.00

BOYS' Knicker Suits, blue 2.75  
Knicker Suits, Oxford 3.40  
Knicker Suits, LIGHT AND DARK TWEED 3.00 " 7.00

MEN'S Blue Suits \$3.75  
Oxford Suits 5.00  
Black Suits 5.00 to \$17.00  
Business Suits, VERY STYLISH 6.00 " 13.00

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF YOUTHS AND YOUNG MEN'S SUITS IN GREAT VARIETY, FROM LIGHT TO BLACK, AT SPECIAL PRICES.

We guarantee the best assortment of clothing to be found in St. John, at prices lower than the lowest. Our Stock of Cloths for Custom Tailoring is the best ever shown by us. We are making Custom Tailoring a special department in our business, and guarantee a perfect fit and entire satisfaction to all who favor us with their patronage.

Our Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods department has been looked after very carefully, with a view to making it as perfect as possible. The line of Collars, Scrfs, Gloves, etc. carried by us are all new and stylish, and worthy of inspection.

Call and inspect our New Stock and New Premises, compare our prices and you will be convinced that Oak Hall is the place to trade at.

Oak Hall—Leading Clothing House of St. John, COR. KING and GERMAIN STS., SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS IN Irish Point and Swiss Applique Curtains!

From \$3.50 per pair.

SPLENDID VALUE. SEE SHOW WINDOWS.

A. O. SKINNER.

BANNER CHOP.

FAC-SIMILE LETTER FROM A MERCHANT, YORK COUNTY.

"Your Bannal Chop of which I have had before is of excellent quality in fact all that can be desired."

WE AVOID GIVING WORDS OF OUR OWN AND SUBMIT THE ACTUAL HAND-WRITING OF OUR CUSTOMERS. HALL & FAIRWEATHER.

MILLERTON. Life in Six Acts.

Baby. Sighing, crying, Night and day; Winking, blinking, Full of play.

Youth. Pussing, musing, Over a tea; Larking, sparkling, On the sly.

Middle age. Slaving, craving, Hoarding wealth; Driving, striving, Broken health.

Old age. Ailing, falling, Day by day; The undertaker Ends the play. -National Educator.

Do you entertain? Your invitations and dancing programmes should be looked after as carefully as your supper. Let PROGRESS PRINT do it for you.

ELECTION CARDS. To the Electors of Dukes Ward.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am again a candidate for your suffrages as Alderman for Dukes Ward. As in the past, I will impartially, in my best judgment, discharge the trust, if reposed in me. Soliciting your support.

I remain, respectfully, SAMUEL TUFTS.

To the Electors of Wellington Ward.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: At the request of a large number of the ratepayers, I shall be a candidate for the office of Alderman of your Ward at the approaching election. If elected I shall use my best efforts to advance your interests and those of the citizens in general.

Yours respectfully, J. B. HAMM.

To the Electors of Kings Ward.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: At the request of many voters in the Ward I shall be a candidate for Alderman at the election on the 8th of April next.

Should you send me to the Common Council I shall look after the interests of the Ward and the City generally to the best of my ability.

RICHARD O'BRIEN.

To the Electors of Prince Ward.

As the election is now approaching, the subscriber begs to offer his services as Alderman for Prince Ward.

Having been waited upon by a large number of the most influential voters of Queen Ward today, and requested by them to again offer as a Candidate for Alderman,

I have determined to comply with their request, and would respectfully solicit your support.

As I had fully determined that I would not offer this year, I have as yet made no canvass of the Ward, but will endeavor to see as many of my friends as possible during the short time now remaining.

I remain yours faithfully, D. R. JACK.

St. John, N. B., March 29, 1892.

To the Electors of Queens Ward.

GENTLEMEN: Having been waited upon by a large number of the most influential voters of Queen Ward today, and requested by them to again offer as a Candidate for Alderman,

I have determined to comply with their request, and would respectfully solicit your support.

As I had fully determined that I would not offer this year, I have as yet made no canvass of the Ward, but will endeavor to see as many of my friends as possible during the short time now remaining.

I remain yours faithfully, D. R. JACK.

St. John, N. B., March 29, 1892.

Ladies!

BE IN THE FASHION AND USE The New Heliotrope Note Paper & Envelopes.

YOU CAN GET IT AT McMILLAN'S.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1892.

BOTH SIDES.

Landlords and Tenants Tell Their Stories.

THE EASY GOING KIND.

"Make-Believe" House Hunters Who Never Move.

THE LANDLORD'S DUMB WAITER AND BASEMENT KITCHEN.

The Man Who Scores and Has a Long Lease-Rate and Other Objectionable Features, Including Back Yards—Small Rooms and Large Rents—All Want Folding Doors and Modern Improvements Without Number.

That it is one thing to "decide to move," and another to get a house that comes up to one's expectations is shown by the contributions PROGRESS prints today. They are all interesting, particularly to the footsore men and women who have wandered all over town with the "To Let" columns of the daily paper in their pockets, and a keen eye for a printed ticket in the window of a desirable looking house.

There are two sides to the story—the tenant's and the landlord's; while the "present occupant," it seems, frequently has a tale to tell, that is of vital interest to the house hunter. But PROGRESS' correspondents cover the ground pretty thoroughly. It will be noticed that in many cases the search for a more convenient house was not successful and it was decided to "stay on," while a few did not get all they wanted, but decided to make the best of it.

When PROGRESS offered a prize for the "best experience" no limit was made as to space; and the result has been a number of contributions longer than it was intended they should be. Nearly every one of them, however, shows a different view of the case, and is worth reading.

The landlords have only one defender, and although his contribution is long, it will prove a revelation to many house hunters who imagine that they are the only ones who have an unpleasant experience.

Owing to the number and length of the contributions received, it is impossible to print them all in one issue of PROGRESS. More experiences will be given next week, when the prize winner will also be announced.

ALL MAD DRAWBACKS.

"Sally" Gets the Opinion of "The Present Occupant" in One Place.

This year for the first time I was under the necessity of going forth to seek a new place of abode for the coming year. Accompanied by my sister and armed with copies of sundry newspapers, with all eligible (or rather supposed to be eligible) places marked therein, I went forth. We first applied to a gentleman who had advertised a "very convenient" and "pleasantly situated" flat at a rent of only \$150. The gentleman we found was a well-to-do man, and his manners and words showed us the "minim" with the greatest of pleasure. The house we found was "pleasantly situated" at what used to be known in old times as the "Back Shore" and was within a stone's throw of one of the huge dumps which still exist there.

But the house-owner's mind soared above these unprepossessing surroundings and he expatiated grandly upon the "lovely view" to be had out across the flats of Courtney Bay. We then started to go through the premises. The evidence of convenience we discovered was that the seven rooms of the place all seemed to open into each other. To get into number two it was necessary to go through number one. To reach number three we passed through numbers one and two and so on. The other "conveniences" were almost too numerous to mention and included the fact that there was no yard and also that the out-buildings were used in common with another tenant. We did not take this place but passed on to the next on our list. This proved to be a really pleasant house to the eye, but alas! we discovered after a short time it was not so to the nose. The sewerage was defective and many of the rooms decidedly "odorous."

The third place was also prepossessing in appearance, but the present occupant we found, reported that it was "as cold as Greenland," had very thin partitions and floors and there was a man upstairs with a five years' lease who snored so loudly he knocked the very plaster off the walls. Fourth place: an upper flat, reached by a long, dark and narrow pair of stairs; no windows to speak of in it; did not seem to have been opened for fifteen years at least; bore a generally "seedy" look, and the landlord never was known to make any "improvements." Fifth place: had the cellar in the attic and a mile off across an open space. Also, it there, from neighbouring chimneys, which would be a serious trouble on washday. We visited six more places, the "drawbacks" in which ranged from a defective flue to an upstairs neighbor with seven small, noisy and dirty children. The last place of all was the best—a charming abode on a quiet street, but, alas! there was one bedroom less than we could possibly do with,

and, besides that, the hard hearted landlord wouldn't take less than \$300 rent, whereas we were limited to \$250. So our search ended. We reached home weary and wan, and at a family caucus in the evening unanimously voted to stay where we were and "rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." Such in brief was my house-hunting experience of this year. SALLY LUNN.

THE LANDLORD'S SIDE OF IT.

He Only Had One House But It Kept Him Pretty Busy.

When the B-'s gave notice a year ago that they intended to vacate my house on May 1st, 1891, I made no effort to re-let it, and during the time it remained vacant I added the thousand and one contrivances known as "modern improvements." But now the 1st of Feb. had come again, all too soon, and I groaned in spirit, thinking of the inevitable trials which accompany the invasion of house hunters.

I thought I knew the characteristics of every one of them, from long and bitter experience, but it has been my privilege to meet with several new types during the last two months. Feeling that my business would suffer irretrievably, were I to leave my office in accordance with every applicant's desire to "see the premises," I determined to put each new comer through a rigorous examination, and give my time and attention to those whose ideas on rent, etc., coincided entirely with my own.

The next day when a tall graceful woman with a sweet face, opened my office door, and said inquiringly, "Mr. McQuire?" I felt in my bones that "that very desirable residence" I owed the pleasure of this visit. As usual, I was right.

My list of questions drew forth such satisfactory responses, that I walked up with Mrs. D.—and unlocked the doors of "No. 20."

"Electric bells" she remarked in an appreciative tone. A ray of hope that she might take in the painful necessity of dreary interviews ad infinitum, filled my breast and shed a pleasant glow upon my egotistic remarks as to the advantages the house offered. Although it had remained empty a year, the accumulation of dust failed to shock Mrs. D.—The drawing-room took her fancy, and a passing glance sufficed to assure her of the suitability of the kitchen. I reflected, "she's sure to be all for show," and I trembled. That species of house-keeper rarely leaves a house in the spotless order in which she finds it; but anything to escape the hordes of women I foresaw looming upon the horizon.

We had travelled from attic to cellar and again returned to the parlor. "If I could only persuade Jim to move," she began, when I interrupted her with withering sarcasm: "Don't you mean to move, Madam?" "No," she replied quickly, quite unabashed, "Not this year. We can't afford it."

She looked quite sad, and it is more than probable that I looked quite mad. If I didn't I am one of those who can hide their strongest feelings. I couldn't speak—didn't dare to. I opened the door and she went out.

When the wife of my bosom enquired with a bland smile that evening if the house was taken, I must have uttered the simple negative in a novel fashion, for she smiled more sweetly than ever, and with added suavely murmured, "As Carlyle says it's such a comfort to be born a paragon of sense, even with the temper of a rat trap." I must just remark here, in passing, that I can't see that her quotation was remarkably apropos.

From that day forth the first question I put to applicants was, "Do you mean to move this year?" It was certainly most awkward question for the old ladies known as "permanent boarders" and whose only recreation was house-hunting. They invariably "went away sorrowful"—that is when they told the truth.

Mrs. McK. dropped in one day with her ally Mrs. T. I had been expecting Mrs. McK., for during the 18 years of her married life she had made an honorable record of 23 moves, and naturally, eligible houses were becoming scarce. My turn had come at last. She assured me that she intended to move and had given notice, and not a house could she find to suit. Wouldn't I give her half an hour? It was only two o'clock I said to young Timson, my clerk, "I will be back about five," and joined the ladies.

We opened the outside door, but the inside lock worked badly. I twisted and tugged at the key, but the door wouldn't open. I heard Mrs. T. give an apprehensive cough and Mrs. McK.—respond with a sniff. I felt certain they were shaking their heads sorrowfully. I saw I was not using the latch key but my office key. I rectified my little mistake and we went in. Mrs. T.'s sharp eyes spied the dust and remark confidentially to Mrs. McK.—"I never did have much opinion of Mary V.'s house-keeping." I felt it incumbent upon me to clear Mrs. V.'s character, and spoke of all I had done in way of improvements. "Nice room this," ejaculated Mrs. McK.—"Mrs. T. preserved a non-committal silence, seemingly she was not enraptured.

"You see, Madam, I have put folding doors of the best patent between the sitting room and dining room."

"What a pity! There's always a draught."

"But then—porriers!" suggested her friend. "I'm surprised, Sarah, that you should have mentioned 'em to me. So very unhealthy. I must have fresh air."

"Open the folding doors," I put forth as a happy solution.

"And let visitors watch me eating my dinner?" I was convinced she must manage her own affairs. "Nice paper on this wall," she remarked approvingly to Sarah.

"Very."

"I hope there's no arsenic in it?" I assured her to the contrary.

"Well, then, can't you see anything amiss with the house. Can you Sarah?" "Well, you know, I always speak my mind." (I blessed her for her candour)

"and I can't say I admire the mantle. I don't like the looking glass" (I was not surprised. Neither did Queen Elizabeth when she was as old as Mrs. T.)

"Why, Madam? I objected, "it is the newest pattern."

"There ain't no necessity for sticking looking glasses in your fire-places. If your bonnet's crooked they may be handy, but the bed room is the place for mirrors and for bonnets too."

"No, Sarah, I don't agree with you on that point. I must say I love a bit of looking-glass."

I felt I had the majority with me, and quite elated, I led the way down stairs. "There's never a basement kitchen, surely?"

"Yes," I admitted meekly. The advantage of a mirror in the "setting-room" would, I was sure, be overbalanced by that of a dumb-waiter.

"I would never trust my china on one of those pesky waiters."

This was in such an emphatic and conclusive tone, that I felt we might as well part at once. They, however, seemed to enjoy my society, and roamed from one room to another in search of defects. They found little else. That wretched dumb-waiter headed the list, then came the darkness and dampness of the cellar, the limited amount of closet room, the gloominess of the low hall, the size of the front porch, the shape of the hall window, and the steepness of the back stairs. The want of an attic might have been overlooked, but with my own eyes Mrs. McK.—candidly admitted her disinclination to take the house.

"I never could bear the situation anyhow," Mrs. T.—whispered, as some balm for Mrs. McK.—'s disappointment.

"Let's go and have a look at the M.'s house." We had just come out and I was locking the front door when a gentleman came rushing up the steps. "So glad to catch you—have been waiting at your office for over an hour. Can't you show me around now—an very busy, you see, very busy—Thanks!" as I re-opened the doors. He darted ahead of me into the parlors, shot through them, and was in the sitting-room before I caught up to him. He made a rapid inventory of the room's merits and passed into the dining-room. "Dumb waiter" he remarked.

I proceeded to demonstrate its methods. "Oh, yes!" I see. Very ingenious. Infinitely preferable to the maids running in and out of the room. Yes, yes! His nervous brown eyes glanced hastily around each room as we entered, and what few remarks I ventured, were invariably cut short by "But, ah! I see."

He pulled out his watch. "Sorry, but I'm very busy in the office today.—Dunbar & Co., you know, but I'll send Mrs. Dunbar tomorrow," and he slammed the door after him.

Before Mrs. Dunbar appeared I had time for reflection, and the remembrance that I had not made one rational enquiry, led me to jot down a few leading questions on a slip of paper, to which I might refer should Mrs. D. like her lord and master, deprive me of my conversational powers.

When she entered I saw she was not a little surprised. She was a very faded, nervous little woman, whose energy seemed to have departed long since.

"Mr. Dunbar wishes to move this spring madam?" was my first enquiry as I offered her a chair. "Yes," she assented, sinking limply into it. "But, it's just too bad?"

"This apartment for so empty led me to make one of those neat speeches which being given by the enviable reputation of being 'quite a ladies' man.'—You see I have only just got over the grippe and I have been boarding a few months since we moved from Boston. We tried it for years there but I can't cook and didn't like it."

A wave of pity surged over me—for Mr. Dunbar. Young Simson's shoulders were shaking convulsively as he crouched over the desk.

"Excuse me, madam, for one moment. Simpson run over to Terry's and see if he can let me have that today."

"No. 2—What rent do you think of giving? I put this to her mildly. She "didn't know." Boston, I couldn't keep it. No. 3—How many children, etc? Tears filled her big blue eyes, and I shuddered.

"Only seven" she sobbed.

"Madam! Only seven," I remonstrated. "Yes, that's all. We've lost two. Little Annie died with grippe, and Willie died of scarlet fever. They were such sweet little things."

However "sweet" might have been the dear departed I couldn't honestly say that I believed the idea of letting seven children, under the weak control of such a woman as Mrs. Dunbar, run wild in my pretty little "Queen Anne" cottage.

It was bitter to relinquish a prospective tenant, but I plucked up my nerve, imparted the sad news, and showed her the door.

For the next two weeks I repeated my little questions to nearly a hundred fair women and in this way managed to cull from the number about fifty three to whom it was necessary to show the house; in every case there was some grave fault to prevent them taking it.

I came near giving a misogynist. The yellow-dowered paper on the sitting room made her eyes ache, and she volunteered a scheme of color for both that and the dining-room, touched lightly on dadas, triezes, panelling and gave me "free gratis for nothing" the addresses of firms all over the globe whence she should obtain the very newest designs. "The harmony would be perfect."

Reginald assented, and suggested that I should lay a hardwood floor in the hall, and hang the walls with a tapestry with some outlandish name.

This was all so new to me that I let them go on, and deluded them into thinking me the most obliging landlord extant.

There was some discussion as to the treatment of the ceilings and cornices, but "Margaret" carried the day, voting for "a pale yellow centre varied with warmer tones."

Every door in the house must needs be removed, a few enlarged; stained glass was absolutely necessary to their comfort in certain places, and they demanded a large bay window cut in the sitting room.

SPRING OPENING

LATEST LONDON, PARIS AND BERLIN FASHIONS IN

Black and Colored Cloth Jackets, Newmarket and Sac Coats.

Novelties in Fancy Style, Colored Jackets, all sizes, 30 to 44 inch Black Jackets.

French Novelties in three-quarter Cloth Capes, Lace and Jet, Lace and Ribbon Capes and Mantelettes.

Ladies out of Town ordering Mantles or Jackets for approval, will please state if Black or Colored is required, State limit in price, and send the following measurements: Bust, Waist, around Neck, length of Waist in the Back, and length of (under-arm) seam of Sleeve.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

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When we were in the drawing-room, they talked a good deal about "new cans," and I wanted to ask my wife what they're like, but her talents lie in the way of sarcasm, so I am reserving that little point till I meet a milk man willing to impart information. He ought to know more about cans than any one else.

But to resume—she with regard to the cellar, the kitchen or the back yard, (probably her talents don't lie in that direction) but she showered her attention on the bedrooms, halls, and staircase—arranging a "symphony" for each in her "sonnet's eye."

"No till 'Reginald, dear' had the audacity to demand a skylight cut in the large north room 'for a studio' did I tell them 'I saw they wished to turn the house inside out and upside down, and would sell cheap, but it would be quite out of the question to lease it to them under the terms they proposed.'

Just as I was meditating the advisability of destroying the place with a bomb, my sorrowful eyes were ended by the most lovable young couple I have ever had the happiness to meet. They had been boarding ever since their marriage, and to her girlish eyes every prospect was pleasing, and naturally, what pleased her pleased him.

Their tour round the place would, perhaps, have been more amusing to the average landlord than any of the preceding visitors, but it was the most natural, for she was my only daughter.

NO HOUSE LIKE THE OLD ONE.

This Man Got Left in One Place and None of the Others Sailed.

About six or seven months ago, Sara (that's my wife), and I kinder made up our (Sara's) minds to move, and in consequence had to undergo a series of experiences, which, being summarised would be about as follows: Enquiring of every householder we read the "ads" in any return advices of places that would just suit us. Some of them would and others wouldn't, and some that would, our incomes wouldn't, and others that wouldn't we wouldn't, for instance, the Rugby Cottage night into a Mount called Pleasant, occupied by Sara, and as we were alone, and not far from my place of business, and pretty centrally located, and healthy for the children, and beautiful place in the summer, and better satisfied than ever, we do not think we could better ourselves.

PAUL MUGGINS.

NO FRONT "ENTRANCE."

But There Were a Number of Other Interesting Features.

I have visited many places in the city and met with many curious incidents, but the one which I am about to mention, takes the cake in my estimation. I saw flat to let in a very respectable looking house with a shop. I went in and asked the lady tending the shop if I could see the flat. She told me I could, so I went up stairs and the tenant came to the door; she told me to come in; she showed me the parlor, it was not too bad, then we went to the kitchen. She said, we have a fine view out of those windows, the owner of the house having moved a back kitchen up against this part of the house, so if you wish to see the pleasant view we have please step up on a chair and you may see the blue water and perchance to see a musk rat now and then sailing down; that was about all I wanted to see on that side of the house. Now, the opposite side of the house was to rent also. I went to look at it. I was met at the door by four or five women, and they all said, come in, come in; I did go in, but was glad when I got out; the parlor, as usual, was not too bad, only it was used for a parlor, sitting-room, and all combined. She showed me the kitchen and begged me to take notice the many lamps in the ceiling, there was also a lamp hanging in the centre of the ceiling, and also some fragments of blinds on the windows; the woman said it was of no use fixing this part of the house up, as when the rain came in it fixed things up in great style. I asked the question, was there any Yankee settlers in this establishment? She answered me very politely, no; but we have slathers of bed-

bugs and rats to numerous to count; they would jump up on the table and deliberately walk off with the bread; the landlady also came up with me, and the woman of the house closed the door in her face and told her it was of no use coming up here wearing out her sole leather to show this flat, as she could do it, and, Mr. Editor, she did it to perfection. I have almost given up the idea of house hunting any more, as I have a terror of rats and bed-bugs, and so far have had such a bitter experience. I have almost forgot to tell you that their is no front entrance, that is the word she used.

W.

NO CHILDREN OR DOGS.

Where the Landlady of a Desirable House Drew the Line.

I will take a family containing eight, father, mother and six children. Now, for a family of that size you want quite a large house, containing about eight or nine rooms. Well the house this family are living in don't suit them at all, the rooms are small and they haven't folding doors in their parlors. These folks moved in about May and don't want to stay any longer if they can help themselves.

Now they think they will start house hunting, but first they look in the daily papers to see what places are to let, and to give them an idea where to start first.

So they start on their journey and oh! how they dread it. So they come to a house with to let up in the window, and they go to the door and inquire as to the people living in the house take them through, and then ask the ladies how much the rent is, and they nearly drop when they hear it; it is high (well anyway rents are high this year) the folks like this house very much too, and think it would just suit their family, but the rent is so high, so they leave there and when they get outside of the door they commence talking about the house they have just seen. One will say that it is a lovely house inside and such lovely clothes-presses, and a lovely large hall to put a hall stove in, and the bedrooms are so nice and airy and there are folding doors in the parlors, just what we want and everything on the one flat, no up and down stairs to it like the house we are living in now. But oh think of the rent, well anyway, I will ask my husband about it when I go home. So this is the way they talk till they come to another house with to let up; they go in this house and go through, but this don't suit them at all. The house is old-fashioned, the ceilings are bad, and anyway they don't care much for the street the house is on, but anyway they ask the rent and it is just the amount they would like to pay but they didn't think the house was worth it.

So they leave there and come to another house that is to let, and they go to the door and the landlady comes, a old lady, and looks as if she was cross enough to bite the head off of you any time, but she takes the ladies in and shows them around, but before they get through the landlady asks the ladies if they have any children or dogs, and of course they say yes, for they have children anyhow, and then the landlady said that she didn't want either children or dogs around her place. The ladies gave away, but they did not ask the rent, as children were not welcome, and they said between themselves that they would not live in a place with such a landlady around, if they never got a house to suit them.

So they think they will make for home now, as it is near tea time and then start out again tomorrow. When they get home they have to tell the whole family their story and what they did see and what they didn't see. So that night when they are asleep they dream of house hunting and fight with some cross old landlady. When tomorrow comes they think that they will start in a different direction from what they did the day before, but when they come to think they don't want to give their husbands too long a walk to their work, or their children a long walk to school.

But anyway they start again and when they come to a house that is to let, they go in and are taken thorough and they think it a very nice little house, and like the inside of it very much, so they come to the kitchen, but all of a sudden they stop for two big rats just run across the floor in front of them, and the ladies shriek and nearly faint with fright.

They give up that house and they come to another, but this doesn't suit them, for there are three or more families living in the house, and besides the hall is very small,—no place to put a hall stove in winter, and this they want if nothing more. They go home with no success, and they keep up this house hunting business, which they dread, for a week, and maybe longer, and at last get a house; but still there is some fault—the rooms are small, but they thought they could make them do, as they were sick and tired of house hunting, and the boss of the house, I mean the husband, would not pay a high rent.

S. F. E.

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OW WINDOWS.

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MIT THE ACTUAL WEATHER.

Six Acts. Boy. Fooling, schooling, getting tall; Gossiping, ranting, playing ball.

Manhood. Cooling, wooing, future wife; Gossiping, blabbing, tired of life.

Old age. Ailing, falling, day by day; The undertaker, ends the play, ends the educator.

our invitations and dancing looked after as carefully as some actors do for you.

ON CARDS.

of Dukes Ward.

date for your suffrages as

erman

past, I will impartially exchange the trust, if reposed in me.

respectfully,

MUEL TUFTS.

of Wellington Ward.

number of the ratappers, of the office of Alderman of which election. If elected to advance your interests in general.

Yours respectfully,

J. B. HAMM.

of Kings Ward.

oters in the Ward I shall man at the election on the

to the Common Council I create of the Ward and the of my ability.

CHARD O'BRIEN.

of Prince Ward.

approaching, the subscriber for as

for

Prince Ward

r, and if elected will do his interests of the ward and the

H. BELL.

16th, 1892.

of Queens Ward.

pon by a large number of of Queens Ward today, again offer as a Candidate.

erman,

ply with their request, and your support.

med that I would not offer made no canvas of the Ward, as many of my friends as time now remaining.

sin yours faithfully,

D. R. JACK.

20, 1892.

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ASHION AND USE

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Envelopes.

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RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

JOSEPH HOWE AND HIS TIMES.

And Incidental References to Some of His Prominent Public Contemporaries.

By "Historicus," Fredericton, N. B.

An Unpleasant Duty—A Great Mistake.

I now propose to draw these letters to a close in two more chapters, and in doing so most impose upon myself a most unpleasant duty in reference to Mr. Howe's latter days.

Had Bonaparte fallen at Waterloo, he would have been spared the humiliations of St. Helena. Had his name ended his days at Sedan, his Imperial greatness would not have been overshadowed by the Franco-Prussian war—losing a throne, as it were, on the hazard of a die.



HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

Had he then retired to private life, Howe's reputation today would have rested upon a noble and more enduring monument than what could be produced from stone or marble.

The great mistake of his life began in 1866. Howe considered his country sold into bondage—trans-ported body and soul into the arms of Canada—deprived of her political independence in more ways than one.

Confederation, with the Nova Scotians, meant the re-conquest of Canada, including the Maritime Provinces—this time by the French—for ever since the taking of Quebec by Wolfe in 1759, Canada has been living under French domination, and the struggle for the mastery has been continually going on between the English and French, especially in the Legislature of old united Canada.

The representatives from Lower Canada acted in concert as a unit—their laws, their language, their traditions, their religion, their generic influences, their amor patrie—all combined compact, moved by a single impulse, and whenever any one of their privileges seemed to be threatened, they would stand together shoulder to shoulder.

They were divided among themselves—party, and party only has always been the great pervading idea, in minor as well as important matters.

The French are predominant in the Dominion Parliament today, and both parties are under fealty to them. No Cabinet could stand ten hours, if it attempted to consider to their vested rights.

In New Brunswick we were treated fairly. The question of Confederation was submitted to the people at the polls

and—rejected, and the next year accepted. Whatever may be thought of this union today by the Maritime Provinces after twenty-five years experience, it matters not. Here the people accepted the union by means of a somersault—it was an open eye proceeding as far as New Brunswick upon constitutional grounds, and must stand until the time comes for the next important change!

Now, had the question in the same way been submitted to the people of Nova Scotia for their acceptance or rejection, there could have been no cause for complaint—

nor need Mr. Howe have gone to England to plead at the Colonial Office for exemption from the compact.

What Mr. Howe Should Have Done.

Had Mr. Howe, then, on his return without succeeding in his mission called his friends about him, (Nova Scotia throughout was terribly exercised over the wrong imposed upon her) and thus addressed them: "Gentlemen I have given my country nearly the whole of my life to her service—she has now been outrageously wronged—I have done my utmost on going to England at your request to have the blow at her independence turned aside—but the English Government have pronounced the verdict that the union must be maintained. I can do no more; and I now retire from public life for ever, and so bid you all farewell."

"I know myself now; and I feel within me a peace above all earthly dignities. A pure and quiet conscience."

Mr. Howe did not so act—hence in my humble opinion his great mistake. Had he retired there cannot be a doubt that his old political friends would have rallied about and provided for him, if needed, during the remainder of his days. His popularity never stood higher than at this time. Even his old political opponents had learned to appreciate his worth and the services he had rendered the country.

Here he should have stood still, when to advance one step in the wrong direction would be to forfeit a large proportion of the good that he had earned for him. As to the feeling entertained for him. As to the Governorship, it would have fallen to his lot as an honorarium for his past services, and which no Government could have overlooked when the occasion presented itself.

Abjuring all such considerations Mr. Howe's first step was to ask for "better terms"—so that he and the Hon. Mr. McLellan (afterwards Lieut. Governor) stated their case in writing, and were answered by the Dominion Government; and after some correspondence "better terms were conceded and accepted." Still the sharp iron had so pierced the souls of the people, that even those better terms could not condone the outrages perpetrated upon them by forcing them into the union.

"The done—but yesterday a king, And argued with kings to strive— But now"

Mr. Howe's popularity had so far waned by this time, even among his old friends

and staunch political supporters, that many of them even failed to recognize him upon the public streets—yes, even some of those who had risen to high positions in the state through Mr. Howe himself—for had it not been for the returns he had brought about and thus cleared the way for them, they never would have been heard of as would supporters. Mr. Howe might truly have said with Wolsey—

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my country, He would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies."

himself, as other Nova Scotians have done, Mr. Howe would rob a friend rather than touch unhalloved coin belonging to the State. He would not compound with his conscience and take advantage of his position to turn money into his own pockets, however excusable the chances, but rely altogether upon his salary, for the pay which the law gave him. To connect such a man with what now-a-days is called "boodling"—in plain English, *stealing*, would have been an utter impossibility.

Mr. Howe died in 1890, and was buried in the entrance door to the vault which his family rich had been unscrupulous, or like some other of the older politicians, in private life or among friends Howe was a host indeed. He was full of life and full of anecdote. No man ever laughed louder or enjoyed the conventionalities of the dinner table with greater zest than he. For him money had no charms—it was come day go day; while in public, (on the floors of the House) he was all accuracy and regularity, in private, in his own house, he took no heed of system or domestic requirements—that is to say, he would invite a friend to dine with him—the same day—and yet cause no preparation to be made at home for the occasion. He was hearty in his friendship, trusty and steadfast. As a loyal man in its true sense, and to British Institutions, his Sovereign never had a better subject; but then, he was equally loyal to his country, to his friends, to his political, religious or social cause, whether political, religious or social. There was no duplicity about him—nor did he show the usual art and cunning of the politician. If he made promises it was with the intention of keeping them. Even a political opponent would not step aside to throw a stumbling block in his way, but rather aid him. In short, the following old quotation I consider very suitable: "He was a Man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

The final article in next number of PROGRESS will be quite brief—suggestive of a Monument to Joseph Howe.

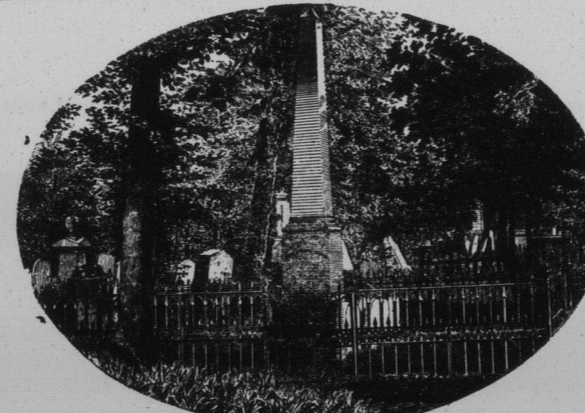
NO LONGER POPULAR.

Mark Twain Getting Dry While Bill Nye Is in Demand.

The gossip of literary circles is to the effect that Mark Twain's letters from this country ever produced, now allowing himself to become the follower of a man belonging to a school whose politics had ever been at variance with his own, and whose sympathies were in support of those persons Howe battled against from 1830 to 1847. Alas, that such a man should have lived to bear witness to his own fallen greatness! He stood in that Assembly like a majestic oak in the midst of a forest, denuded of its foliage by the lightning's blast—or a Sampson after being shorn of his locks—in emasculated form and a prey to his enemies—or use another similitude, he was like one who had fallen from the Eiffel Tower, almost dead before reaching the ground.

Appointed Lieutenant Governor. Mr. Howe, in 1873, was made Lieut. Governor of the Province he had so faithfully served; but his health was now so much shattered, that his honors were but short lived, for he expired in a few weeks after his appointment. He died (strong constitution suddenly broken down) at the age of 69. His funeral was the most imposing ever seen in Halifax—the procession extended from Government House almost to the Cemetery, in which the Army and Navy were represented in full force—all the public departments, the Mayor and members of the Corporation—private gentlemen, numbering many hundreds, turned out to manifest their respects, and to drop a last farewell tear over the bier of Nova Scotia's great Patriot.

Mr. Howe's remains repose in the Camp Hill Cemetery, and his wife and children rest within the same iron enclosure.



HOWE'S MONUMENT.

Concluding Remarks.

Thus I have endeavored, though perhaps inadequately, to draw a few sketches of the life of a man who in his prime would have reflected lustre upon any legislative body in the world. Considering the work he had given himself to do, commencing publicly at the early age of 30, and what he accomplished in the face of most formidable odds—at a time, too, when these Provinces were sadly and unfairly governed, it must be admitted that Mr. Howe stands forth today on record as the greatest man that British North America has yet known—if the term greatness may be applied to one combining so many essential and brilliant qualities. His abilities, his fearlessness, his command of language, his sentimentousness, his speaking powers, his complete knowledge of men, and his control (if the word may be allowed) of men—as a facile, trenchant writer, whether in prose or poetry (several volumes of his poems are in print)—his wonderful industry and aptitude, and on the whole the fold natural gifts for the benefit of his country—I say considering all these things, in British America, even to the present, it is doubtful if there is one like him to come after. And then he died poor! This implies more than can be written—for with all the opportunities he had for enriching

himself, as other Nova Scotians have done, Mr. Howe would rob a friend rather than touch unhalloved coin belonging to the State. He would not compound with his conscience and take advantage of his position to turn money into his own pockets, however excusable the chances, but rely altogether upon his salary, for the pay which the law gave him. To connect such a man with what now-a-days is called "boodling"—in plain English, *stealing*, would have been an utter impossibility.

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Rub! Rub! Rub! In the wash tub! That's the usual story on wash day. It's hard on the clothes but still harder on the washer. Surprise Soap changes this. It does away with hard rubs. Rub lightly with Surprise Soap the dirt will drop out, not be rubbed in. Thousands use Surprise the "Surprise" way, on wash days, to save wearing out the clothes by that hard rubbing. It saves hard work too. Surprise Soap does it. READ the directions on the wrapper.

Springtime has come! Former Records Broken. IN GUARDING AGAINST THE SHOWERS OF SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER. Although the air is now chilly enough, it will soon be too warm to wear an overcoat, and a heavy coat will be uncomfortable in wet weather. The rain is bound to come, but you are not bound to wear a heavy coat. Sensible people don't do it now a days; not since they found that they could have their ordinary clothing made waterproof. Then it does not matter whether you get caught in a rain storm or not. The cost of getting your clothing waterproofed will be saved in doctor bills. Ungar does it. Send the coat you usually wear and have it made proof against the weather. "It's all the go."

BE SURE and send your Parcels to Ungar's Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 88. Dr. Hallifax: 62 and 64 Granville street. It'll be done right, if done at. UNCAR'S. Comparing our prices with other Electric Belts. THE GERMAN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCES WILL CURE FEMALE COMPLAINTS. RHEUMATISM. LAME BACK. KIDNEY DISEASES. DYSPEPSIA. NERVOUSNESS. LUMBAGO, &c. We claim that our Belt is far superior to any other Electric Appliance Manufactured. ARE THEY ELECTRIC? So many bogus Appliances have been sold claiming to be Electric that produce no action whatever, that many persons have come to the conclusion that no Appliance can be made in this form that will generate a current. To settle this matter we will guarantee that we will refund \$500.00, Five Hundred Dollars, if a test by means of a galvanometer does not show that The German Electric Belt generates a current. Write for full information enclosing six cents for postage to Canadian Branch German Electric Belt Agency, Parkdale, Ont.

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IMPERIAL SUPERPHOSPHATE. - POTATO PHOSPHATE. THE PRIZE CROPS. 1st Prize for Potatoes, \$80.00, taken by G. Pickard, Saskatchewan. This is to certify that I the undersigned, assisted Mr. Lund to measure one acre of Potatoes, 1 and, and assisted Mr. Bower in checking and weighing the Potatoes taken from said acre, on which we used 5 barrels of your Special Potato Phosphate only, and find the crop four hundred and thirty-one bushels, 2 1/2 lbs., (63, 27 1/2). About three-quarters of the Potatoes were Beauty of Hebron, the remainder were Beauty of Hebron, and the same were at the rate of about 400 bushels to the acre, and Montana full-600 bushels to the acre. G. PICKARD. Affirmed before me this 13th day of Nov. 1891, at Saskatchewan. CHARLES E. LUND, J.P. (Signed) This is to certify that I have this day parted off one acre from Mr. Charles Pickard's potato field, and marked the bounds of the same for the purpose of a prize competition. (Signed) C. E. LUND, D. L. Surveyor. Dated at Saskatchewan, 26th Sept., 1891. SEND FOR CATALOGUE Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co., 89 Water St., St. John, N. B.

Rub! Rub! wash tub!

usual story on the clothes but on the washer. es away with hard ap the dirt will way, on wash days, rubbing. It saves

READ the directions on the wrapper.

has come!

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OF SPRING AND

ough, it will froat, and a wet weather. are not bound ple don't do nd that they made water- ether you get The cost of will be saved Send the coat proof against

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Mr. Charles Pickard's potato field, and

C. E. LUND, D. L. SURVEYOR.

Water St., St. John, N. B.



SUNDAY READING

SERMON.

Husband and Wife. BY REV. A. C. DIXON. Pastor of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, of Brooklyn.

Let marriage be had in honor among all.—Heb. xiii, 4.

Motherhood is as pure as maidenhood, and fatherhood as bachelorhood. On account of the times of persecution Paul advised against marrying; and he taught that, for the sake of being unincumbered in the work of the Lord, one could, if he wished, cease to marry, and devote all his time to spiritual activities. But withal, he insisted that he should marry if he wished, and no authority of church or state had a right to forbid him. He never dreamed of forming an order of celibates. It was left to each individual as to whether he or she would marry. And there it where, it ought to be left today. Orders whose members vow not to marry are not in harmony with the spirit of the New Testament.

Marriage and Divorce.

Marriage is for life. For one cause only divorce was allowed, but remarriage never, while both parties are living. "The wife is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth, but if her husband be dead, she is at liberty to be married to whom she will, only in the Lord." There is today more polygamy east of the Mississippi than there is in Utah territory. The difference is that in Utah men support their many wives, while in other states they throw them upon others for support, or cast them upon the charity of an unsympathetic world.

Let it be understood that marriage is for life, and it will become, as it should be, a more serious affair. Attachments will be formed upon a basis of character, rather than upon pleasing fancy that may vanish in a day. What one has or the position he occupies will not count for so much as what he is. Let it be understood also that those who have two or three living wives or husbands are polygamists, whether they live in Utah or Maryland, and there will not count as such a rush to the divorce courts that one knot may be untied for the sake of tying another.

Christian marriages should be "in the Lord." Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." A Christian should not marry an atheist or an infidel. This does not apply to non-church members, for there are many such in sympathy with christianity and would like to be christians. But it does apply with tremendous emphasis to those who are open opponents to christianity, like the unbelievers around the church to which Paul was writing. At your peril marry one who does not hesitate to express his opposition to the Christ you love. And if you disobey the scriptures and marry him, with the hope of converting him, you will have leisure to repent your folly. Such an illusion has wrecked the happiness of many a good woman. All honor to the Baltimore girl who, a few years ago, returned the engagement ring to her affianced as soon as she learned that he belonged to an infidel club. It brought him to his senses, and led him to think seriously of a subject which he had flippantly despised; and the result was his conversion.

Essentials to Married Happiness.

There are three essentials to happiness in married life: Love by the husband—not love of the sentimental, Thomas Moore type, which consists in saying soft things and repeating doggerel poetry, but a love which shows itself in unselfish devotion and strives to make the wife the very best and happiest woman alive. The measure of this love, as given in the New Testament, is enough to startle some of us indifferent, phlegmatic husbands. Listen! "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it." Must I love my wife well enough to sacrifice myself for her, as Christ sacrificed himself on Calvary? That's it exactly. Listen again! "So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself." We husbands are rather fond of ourselves. We are sure not to do what will hurt or irritate ourselves. Not for the world would we neglect our own interest and pleasure. Let us be as careful of our wives, if as husbands we would be in the line of apostolic succession. "For no man ever yet hated his own flesh; but cherisheth and nourisheth it." The opposite of hatred is love, and such love is here defined as "nourishing and cherishing." Not simply furnishing a home and supplying the table, but with continual thought and tenderness seeking the wife's highest good and greatest joy.

It is expected that the wife shall be sweet under all provocations; but the bible commands the husband to be sweet. "Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them." The Greek word translated "be not bitter" is *pickranio*. Is there any relation between that word and our English "pick"? so we may translate "husbands, don't pick at your wives!" In that way a bitter or sour spirit often shows itself. The dinner is not just ready in time, and in our restlessness we begin to pick at the wife. He is dyspeptic and nothing suits his taste, and that gives another opportunity for picking. "A contentious woman on a rough man, what man are alike." Drip, drip, drip! Who can stand it? It makes the flesh crawl and gives one that peculiar sensation best described as an inclination to jump out of your skin. Is such the effect of a contentious woman on a rough man, what must be the effect of a "picking" husband upon a gentle, sensitive woman? Husbands, don't pick at your wives. Be gentle and considerate. If the dinner does not suit, blame the servants, blame the stove, blame the butcher, blame everybody but her, for she has, nearly always, done the very best she can.

The Place of Honor.

Let the wife have the place of honor in the heart and home. "Husbands, dwell with your wives according to knowledge, giving honor unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel." Share your secrets with her. If you are not doing well in business, tell her so, frankly; and if the crash should come, the weaker vessel in nine cases out of ten will prove the stronger. The entwining vine may support the oak in a storm. And if you are doing well in business, tell her just as frankly. The larger bill at the dressmaker's will not hurt you in your prosperity. Honor her with your implicit confidence.

I spent an evening once, after preaching at a country church, with a man and his wife about 50 years of age. I noticed at that table they both talked freely to me, but not a word they said to each other. As we sat on the porch after dinner and talked, they very polite and talkative to me, but not a word passed between them. I learned afterward that they had not spoken to each other for five years. In an angry fit he had declared that he would never speak to her again, and she had returned the compliment by a similar declaration; and they had been true to their second marriage vow. So far as I know, they are still living, and have not yet spoken a word to each other. That may be better than the drip, drip, or pick, pick sort of life many lead. It might be well to try it for a change. But there is no need for either. A love that cherishes and honors the wife is sure to find a response that will make harmony.

"Let the wife see that she reverences her husband." This implies a loving subjection. The wife is told but once to love her husband. It seems to be taken for granted that she will do that, while the husband needs to be urged repeatedly. But the wife is exhorted to be in subjection to her husband. "Obedient to their own husbands," Sarah, who "obeyed Abraham, calling him Lord, whose daughters ye are, if he do well," is Peter's ideal of womanhood. "The husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church. Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything." It is time now for wives to be startled. As the members of the body respond to the head, so should you to the will of your husbands.

One Modification.

"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands as if it be the Lord"—Col. iii, 18. Obedience to God first. If the husband demands of the wife what she knows Christ would not approve she is not compelled to submit to his demand, "as it is fit in the Lord." Godly wives are often faithful as to their duty. Husband is worldly and all most commands her to accompany him to places where she thinks a consistent christian out not to go. In order to retain her influence over her husband she goes. But she is mistaken. There is one class of people I have never seen converted. A godless, worldly husband, whose wife is a professing christian, but who is as worldly as she is. During my fifteen years of preaching I have never seen one such reached by the gospel. The worldly husband or wife seems to effectually counteract the very power of the gospel.

A lady told me that she went with her husband because she thought by so doing she could retain her influence over him, and she has succeeded admirably. The influence she has over him has kept him from Christ, and will continue to do so until she repents and proves to him that she has something better than he has. If your husband drinks, why not get drunk with him a time or two to see if that will not have a good influence over him? The fact is duties never conflict. God demands subjection first of all to Him, and next to God is your husband. In the wide circle of what is fitting in the Lord, the wife should be in glad, loving subjection.

to lie and cost them their lives. Better for them if one had refused to lie. Ahab and Jezebel were too well united in their plan to rob Naboth of his vineyard. Let both be true servants of Christ and they have a common motive which will insure happiness. If I speak to any one who has not been thus united in the Lord, I beg of you to celebrate your second nuptials, while angels look on and rejoice. Let both yield their hearts to Christ and become His affianced. There is a marriage day in the future. The angels will be the waiters at the feast. That was a bright day when you stood amid the orange blossoms and outwardly pledged a devotion already given; but brighter than all the bright marriage days of earth will be the marriage of the Son of God to the Bride who by faith and faithfulness has made her ready. Take Christ as Saviour, Lord, Husband, that He, the glory of heaven, may, on that marriage day, in the presence of the assembled universe, claim you as His own, while the bells of heaven ring out their notes of joy.

HOW SUNDAY IS OBSERVED. A Traveller Tells His Experiences in Rome and Other Cities. Arriving in Rome Saturday evening, my first day in the Eternal City was Sunday, says Hon. F. J. Lamb of Madison, Wis. Here again business was openly carried on—shops open. If business was anywhere suspended, suspension was the exception, not the rule. Finding all the protestant English churches closed for summer vacation, I made my way to St. Peter's cathedral, the largest christian cathedral in the world. I found service in progress. It was a place of prayer dedicated to the worship of God, the God of the Sabbath. The number gathered around the officiating priest, that vast edifice was very small—less than thirty, I believe. The strangers visiting equalled, if they did not outnumber the adherents there worshipping. My observations in Rome convinced me that the travesties on the Sabbath, called the Continental Sabbath, is simply destructive of true religious life. While it has the sanction of the state religion, yet ordinary work, labor and sport, games, fetes, even gambling, are countenanced and directly authorized to that day. Singing, concert, spectacular display seemed to be the things relied on to get adherents to attend at the churches and cathedrals for a one morning service on Sunday. This was true also at Naples and its vast population. Much of such advertising seemed necessary to get the people at a morning service. But the streets were full of a busy mass of life, trading, hawking their goods, buying, selling, marching and counter-marching of soldiers, while large portions of the populace seemed to pursue pleasure as assiduously as they ever worked on week days. My stay in Venice did not include a Sunday, but I saw something of what Sunday was to be. In the midst of the piazza of St. Mark, the most public place by far in Venice, squarely in front of the great cathedral of St. Mark (with its English tower), a boarded structure had been erected—some eighteen or twenty feet square, some ten or twelve feet high. On this prominent in black and white, were placed Arabic numerals of large dimensions eight or ten inches long. The prominence of the structure on the most public place in the city naturally attracted universal attention. On inquiry, I learned the structure was part of the apparatus by which a lottery was to be drawn on the following Sunday. This gambling was authorized by the State and it seems to have a good influence over him? The fact is duties never conflict. God demands subjection first of all to Him, and next to God is your husband. In the wide circle of what is fitting in the Lord, the wife should be in glad, loving subjection.

THE CHURCH AND ITS WORKERS.

What They are Thinking and Doing Every-where.

This is the heartless way one Baptist brother "gives away" another. Dr. Lorimer, of Boston, while introducing Dr. Talmage to an audience in Tremont Temple the other evening, said that he might not be a good judge of masculine beauty; but he was obliged to confess that the last time he saw the Brooklyn pastor that gentleman did not appear very handsome. It was on shipboard, and Dr. Talmage was sucking a lemon. Mr. Spurgeon's love for his domestic pets was one of his most prominent characteristics. He once had a famous cat, and Dick's affection for his master often made him a welcome visitor to the study. His dog, Punch, was a beauty of the genuine pug variety, who revelled in a romp and seemed proud of the patronage his master lavished upon him. In the farm stock in the miniature homestead Mr. Spurgeon had a genuine pride. General Booth had a queer experience in Calcutta. A big enough building could not be got for him. For a lack of better accommodation, a circus manager's second offer of his large tent was gratefully accepted. There was some fear lest the lions and tigers immediately behind the platform should fail to appreciate the army's singing and "volley-firing." Just as the general began, reports the War Cry, the lions set up a roar loud enough to drown the sounds of many waters; but, it piously adds, "the God of Daniel was at hand, and in response to the exercise of faith the roaring was stopped."

Partnership Notice.

THE undersigned, desirous of forming a Limited Partnership under the Laws of the Province of New Brunswick, hereby certifies as follows:

1. That the name of the firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is "W. C. PITFIELD & Co."

2. That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the buying and selling at wholesale of dry goods and other merchandise, and generally a wholesale dry goods and commission business.

3. That the names of all the general and special partners interested in said partnership are as follows: WARD C. PITFIELD, who resides at the City of Saint John in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, before me, J. E. BARNES, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and for the said City and County of Saint John, and acknowledged the said WARD C. PITFIELD that he signed the said notice and certificate, and the said SAMUEL HAYWARD that he signed the same.

Given under my hand at the said City of Saint John this Twenty-first day of December, A. D. 1891.

(Signed) J. E. BARNES, J. P. City and County of Saint John.

W. C. PITFIELD, Partner.

SAMUEL HAYWARD, Partner.

WARD C. PITFIELD, Partner.

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SAMUEL HAYWARD, Partner.

By the River's Brim.

With the silent sylvan shade, I lay me on my mother's breast, Enraptured gazing o'er the glade In sunny shewn and glory laid, And summer joys, peace, and rest.

The river, chased by countless rills, Gilds a gleaming onward to the sea, While mind flies backward to the hills Where o'er the leathered bow, the dells, And forward to the ocean free.

Reflecting all the winding way On life, the river's counterpart, A ripple now, now rain-bow'd spray, Now wrap'd in gloom, now robed in day, But ever lasting from its start.

Yes, ripples radiant now in moon, Impelled by fate thro' glads and gloom, May greet the phantom of the moon, Where pearls repose, and mermaids croon Beyond the bounds of human ken.

O life—my life—a present joy, May sadly change ere night descend; And ere the holdest day be o'er, And manhood's years of earth's employ To reach at last its ocean end.

Vast ocean! Nearing now thy shore, I ask thee, holdest day and eve, Thy fill of bliss? Is that my store? It is, for One has gone before To make my entrance sure and free!

Thus circling orbs, earth, ocean, tides, All mute creation's boundless plan, With soul that in mankind resides— One mighty whole in nature glides To some grand end we may not scan.

Then, river, roll thee on thy way, The ocean sleep is not forever! One more fond summer's merry ray Shall woo thee into warbling day— Wake thee in dew, rain, brook, and river.

Yet I am far more blest than thee; Thy circuit thro' earth, air, and ocean But gives thee o'er and o'er to be, While mine is here—not so with me, My restoration's promise— Wm. Dow.

Mothers

Nestlé's Milk Food for infants has, during 25 years, grown in favor with both doctors and mothers throughout the world, and is now unquestionably not only the best substitute for mothers' milk, but the food which agrees with the largest percentage of infants. It gives strength and stamina to the weak, and the effects of hot weather, and has saved the lives of thousands of children. For further particulars, send address, and mentioning this paper, sending samples and description of Nestlé's Food. Theo. Looming & Co., Sole Agents, Montreal.

Nestlé's MILK FOOD

KOFF NO MORE

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE INVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOCALISTS. R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP. TRY THEM

Notice of Dissolution

THE undersigned hereby give notice and certify that a certain Limited Partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, conducted by the firm named "W. C. PITFIELD & Co.," for the buying and selling at wholesale of dry goods and other merchandise, and generally a wholesale dry goods and commission business, which by the certificate of Limited Partnership registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds of the City and County of Saint John in the said Province, was to commence the Twenty-eighth day of December, A. D. 1889, and terminate the First day of January, A. D. 1892, did terminate and is and was dissolved the said First day of January, A. D. 1892.

(Signed) WARD C. PITFIELD, S. HAYWARD.

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAINT JOHN, to wit:

Be it remembered that WARD C. PITFIELD and SAMUEL HAYWARD, parties to and the signers of the annexed notice and certificate, personally came and appeared at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, before me, J. E. BARNES, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and for the said City and County of Saint John, and acknowledged the said WARD C. PITFIELD that he signed the said notice and certificate, and the said SAMUEL HAYWARD that he signed the same.

Given under my hand at the said City of Saint John this Twenty-first day of December, A. D. 1891.

(Signed) J. E. BARNES, J. P. City and County of Saint John.

WARD C. PITFIELD, Partner.

SAMUEL HAYWARD, Partner.

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SAMUEL HAYWARD, Partner.

EXCELLENCE. RHEUMATISM. NEURALGIA. SCIATICA. STRAIN. LAMEBACK. IT HAS NO EQUAL.

Children's Clothing Department. Our high reputation for Juvenile Garments is well established, and this season we have exceeded all previous efforts.

E. C. COLE, - - Moncton.

They Are Here! Our Spring Goods have arrived. They are the best qualities and latest patterns and have been bought right.

HOME LIFE IN MALTA.

EVERY FAMILY HAS ITS LITTLE OPEN COURT.

It may be very small, but its indispensable... Not a Peasantry Home on the Island, and They are All Marvellously Clean-Courtyard and Marriage.

Looking back from within the environment of the fisher folk of the Adriatic, and even with all the fair domes and minarets of Venice in view across the opaline waters of the flashing lagoons, the peasantry of Malta are, to my eyes, set in a fair and sunny perspective.

They are thrifty and virtuous; loyal and loving; kindly and pious; patient and good.

Nine tenths of all the cultivated lands in Malta have been made by actually breaking up with pickaxes the surface of the rock to the depth of nearly two feet, leveling it, and piling upon this mass the same stone reduced to powder, as it is very soft and easily pulverized, mixed with layers of pumice and everything in the nature of soil which has for a long time been scraped together and treasured against this most important of all times with the peasant tenant.

To this reclaim and make available another half, or fourth, or tenth of an acre is the proudest act of the Maltese peasant's life.

He has less pride in his wife, his children or his animals. They have a wise and serious way of blessing the dead along these patriotic lines. I heard it at Dingli, where, after mass the peasants were berating the memory of a mean and miserly fellow but recently deceased.

They said very unpleasant things about him, until one who had not previously spoken set the current the other way in a perfect torrent of praise by the single remark: "But Luigi gave Malta another tumolo (about one-third of an acre) of land!"

No peasant farmer owns his own land. A nobility grew up under the regime of the Knights which exists to this day.

Holdings are nearly all under short, generally eight-year leases; but there are a number of 90 and 100 years leases, giving a virtual ownership. These tiny Maltese farms are very small. A few comprise as many as five salmas, or about twenty-one acres.

The most are from one to three salmas. And I know of many with no more than three modelli or less than an eighth of an acre land. In each of the rentals for these, with all repairs and improvements at the cost of the peasant tenant, range from \$5 to \$20 per acre.

If the peasants' holding is little and picturesque in its grouping of craggy terraces, his home and belongings are indeed snug and picturesque. There is not a squalid, poorly built rustic's abode upon the island. It is fitly scarcely larger than a sentry box, the walls will be of stone, which is so soft he can chop it out of the ledges with an axe, after which it hardens by exposure.

I have seen some roots of solid rock in thick flat slabs, but most are plastered with pozzolana, and all are huge and flat.

These structures are usually very low, occasionally two low stories, but often one, and always after the Moorish style of extending four, or at least three, sides around the open court. This is invariably however diminutive may be the home I have often seen them so small that members of the same family could almost join hands across the open court, but the court was there, with the open sky and its beautiful vertical light with the sunshine and the birds; and, better than all, that sense of snugness and neatness between every member of such a household and every other, and the feeling of accessibility and even companionship which draws close remotest household outcrochings and belongings, such as the tiers of little boxes in which we Americans live can never give.

As everything else yields to the exigencies of terracing the little patches of hillside artificial soil, one will find these sunny and lightsome abodes in all manner of odd situations. Every piece of made ground is diked and walled so as to prevent a "washout" and also to protect from the southern sirocco of summer and the bitter gregale of winter, and the little farm will sometimes be found for a distance of a few miles rising in what appears to be a series of cyclopean ragged stone steps, without a house being visible, or so built into the dike-walls that their flat roofs blend into the general perspective of furrowed rock. But you know that you can find them, scores of them, in any short distance. Some of them are really covered excavations in the corners of these tiny fields. Still others project into roads, which wind tortuously about them; and I have frequently become completely bewildered in the maze of narrow thoroughfares thus necessitated, within a mile's radius.

Though such extraordinary pains and labor are experienced to protect the land against the ravages of the occasional winter down-pours of rain, equal care and provisions are required to preserve the water, so precious in the long and burning summer months. Every steading is provided with immense tanks or cisterns cut in the solid rock. Tiny springs are frequent, and not a drop from these is allowed to go to waste. Where the spring happens to be located conveniently, little stone troughs are laid so as to irrigate, at pleasure, every square foot of soil, and every particle of the overflow is conducted by other tiny troughs to the cisterns. Spout lead from the dike walls and the flat roofs, and from every other possible projection or level, until the entire island is a network of rude appliances for complete irrigation.

But the results are wonderful. Two and often three crops are raised every year, and from May until October when the untitled surface of the island is as white as bakers oven and quivering with heat, within these pleasant homes and these walled fields, where the outward aspect is so hard and forbidding, there are endless wimplings of water, marvellous unweaving of vegetables, fruit and grain, and the matchless melodies of birds.

All these Maltese farm homes are very interesting and many are unique and picturesque. They are all meticulously clean, and are given unusual freshness by the constant applications by the housewives of a preparation of the punished stone, of a pale ecru color, of the consist-

ency of whitewash, to the stone floors, walls and ceilings. The granary, pens for animals and housing for fowls are all a part of the abode, usually, at convenience, in the first story, the family sleeping in the apartments above; but such extraordinary care is universal among the peasant farmers, that every such apartment I ever chanced to enter was at least as sweet and cleanly as a gentleman's boudoir.

Many of the walls leading from the rear of the court are covered with mosses and vines. Often the old Moorish *nora* or water-wheel stands silently or creaks dimly near the abode. Here and there tread mill of the Bible times on which all the wheat and barley of the island is trod out by oxen or cows. Against the walls will hang tremendous gourds, quaint old farming implements, or hugh scives with ratchets instead of wire screens, as all the grain is removed from the chaff in this primitive way.

Owing to the scarcity of wood upon the island hardly a wooden implement or article of furniture can be seen. Settles of stone are common, in many farmhouses I found stone slabs utilized as tables, and in others the same set securely into the walls of rooms for benches or beds. Window-panes are few, as the light from the sky through the open courts, and the tiny and infrequent windows a foot square are all sufficient.

Perhaps the most curious objects to be found in these Maltese peasant homes is what may be termed their stoves. The Maltese literally have no firesides. They require no artificial heat, and all their cooking—which is restricted to bread made of wheat and barley meal something of the consistency of a Scotch "bancock," fish which is plentiful and cheap, and certain vegetable stews in which are stirred scant shreds of cured fish or scancer bits of bacon for seasoning—is done upon a portable stone stove shaped like a jar, and resembling in everything but color a tinner's ordinary hand furnace in which his soldering irons are heated. Most of these are of home construction, cut out of any handy block of stone, with rude handles carved near the top; but some are of delft ware and more capacious and shapely. They can be carried about and the housewife can mind her cooking, it she likes, while at any drudgery of the house or fields.

Some and neighborhood life of these folk is as colorful as that of the Italian and Spanish peasantry. They are docile, calm, contented, ambitious only to thrive, and with a burning desire amounting often to a passion to be better tenants than their predecessors. They rise and go to bed with the sun. It belated at night no friendly evening candle light will guide the wanderer to a fireside.

The music of the guitar and mandolin alone would disclose the presence of this Arab home. For a little time after the night has fallen and the stars shine out the husbandman may sit and croon his weird strange chants. The wife sits by him with folded hands and closed eyes, occasionally venturing a minor note. The lads and the lassies thrum the stringed instruments. But they are only those three who belong in that one home.

There is no rustic courtship in Malta save of the sheeveyes sort along the Sabbath and Saints' days' lanes, as they all repair together for mass at the casals or villages. Then the women wear the falsetta or black cloaklike scarf. The hereditary custom is to cover the face with this. But they do not until after they are wed and are mothers, which is often at thirteen and fourteen years of age.

There are no curious conditions here preceding marriage except that the lover must be able to rent a bit of ground and purchase a donkey and two goats or sheep as the milk of the island is furnished by the latter animals; and he must solemnly pledge that he will never deprive his betrothed the life right of attendance at the festivals of St. Peter-Paul's, St. John and St. Gregory, which are respectively celebrated at Citta Vecchia, Valletta and Casal Zejtun. And this is not much to ask by a pretty woman who never wears shoes, is never from home on any other occasion, who holds her picturesque household bravely together, and who, before she is forty years of age and often a grand mother, will bear her husband all the way from a dozen to two-score of happy, hopeful progeny.

One feature of Maltese rustic life will always remain with me as a strange but pleasant memory. This is their Arab chants. These have been handed down from the Berber and Moorish invaders of many centuries ago, and, like the Gypsy language, are preserved vocally. But countless chants are improvised, and the hesitant and then outgoing ting character of these adds impressively to their weird effect. Men, women and children chant under all circumstances and conditions. I have heard it to that extent from surrounding workers in fields invisible by their huge walls from the highway, that it seemed as though some mighty organ were touched by hands so masterful that a splendid symphony came from innumerable minor discordant chords.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Some Pretty Big Things.

The largest heathen temple in the world is at Seringham, India.

The new clock being made for St. Paul's cathedral in London will have a face thirty feet in diameter. The hammer which strikes the bell weighs 680 pounds.

The largest congregation in America is St. Stanislaus Koska, in Chicago, which has 30,000 communicants. The number of attendants at the several masses every Sunday frequently exceeds 15,000.

The longest single span of wire rope in the world is that now in use in a dam at Austin, Tex. The main cable is 1,350 feet long and two and one-half inches in diameter. The hoisting apparatus will lift a weight of seven tons and carry it the entire length of the span in about a minute and a half.

Lost By a Comma.

We remember an instance in which the substitution of a comma for a hyphen cost the United States a very large amount of revenue. A clause had been placed in a Tariff Act admitting free of duty, among other things, "fruit-trees." But the printers made it "fruit, trees," and before the mistake could be remedied thousands of dollars worth of fruit and trees, which were properly taxable, had been admitted duty-free.—Fall Mall Budget.

THEY FOLLOWED COPY.

The New Man's Poem and the Printer's Interpretation of It.

"Horrors, what an obscure hand you write!" said the literary editor to the new space writer as he turned in a bit of poetry.

"Oh, it's plain enough," interjected the poet hastily. "The rhymes and the meter will help the compositor out, and there'll not be the least bit of trouble if they just follow the copy."

And the manuscript went hustling up the tube to the composing room.

"Say, what dod-gasted chump has been sent in his Chinese laundry bill for copy?" wildly yelled out slug 10 wiping a sudden burst of perspiration from his forehead and glaring at his last take. "I can't make head or tail out of this thing."

"W. J. Chinese or no Chinese," cried the hurrying foreman, "make whatever you can out of it and snag it up in mighty short order, for we're late now."

And the type fairly jumped from the case into the stick.

"Good Caesar!" gasped the proofreader, clutching at his broom. "Are you kidding or is this a premonition of nervous prostration?" Then he rubbed his eyes and stared. "By the gods! either I've got the blind staggers or slug 10's on a royal toot."

At that instant a scream came down the spout: "Rush that proof-reading for heaven's sake! We're late!"

The proofreader groaned, galloped down the column, hesitated, and then desperately thrust the slip into the tube, hushly murmuring: "I compared it with the copy, and that's as near as I can get to Hebrew these days."

That night the new space writer hurriedly wrapped up and addressed a copy of the issue without a glance and dropped it into the mail, with this brief note: "My Onliest Sweet and Dearest Marie—I sent you a number of the Sunday supplement containing my little poem. Your face was an ever present inspiration to me when I wrote, and happy thoughts of you inspired every sentence. Here you will find expressed what I have ever felt toward you, but have hardly dared to voice before. Till death, &c."

Miss Marie Cortland Van Clifton glared through the tender note, blushed with pleasure, and hurriedly opening the paper, read—

When the breeze from the bluebottle's blustering Twirls the toads in a tooroomaloo, And the whir-ker-whire of the wheddeesome whim Drows the dew in the shade of the shaly-go-ahce, Then I dream in the shade of the shaly-go-ahce, Brings the smell of the stale poppy-cods blummed in blue.

From the willy-wad over the way, Ah, the slithering shoe and the bluketty-blank In the blast of a hurricane's hickety-hanks Over the hills of the hocketty-how! Give the rickety the change of the way, If they care for such little-ies; But I'll be a willy-wad for ever, Keeps the biggely-piggely for me.

L'ENVOI. It is a pills-and-diddle and alibonoo, Yes the pills-and-diddle makes plenty ground, When the pill-and-diddle makes plenty ground, Seeking success in a sluzzy-slug, It is a pills-and-diddle and alibonoo heart, "Yaukkee doodle loo loo chee chee."

The new space writer and Miss Marie Cortland Van Clifton are not engaged now.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN." Many of the Characters Drawn by Mrs. Stowe Are Still Alive.

Charles E. L. Wingate, of Boston, has long had an interest in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and has found in the course of his researches that almost every one of its characters is an original in actual life. He thus tells of them:

of Mr. Clarke's grandfather, was taken as a model. Topsy was a colored girl named Mills, who belonged to Mrs. Banton, of Lincoln County, Ky."

How They Shave in Cuba. A correspondent in the West Indies writes us as follows concerning the Cuban barbers: "In lathering the patient no brush is used as with us. Instead a sort of bowl, made so that it fits about the neck, is used. In this the lather is made and applied to the face with the fingers of the operator. After the usual method of shaving the customer is invited to go to a wash bowl and wash his own face, after which he resumes his chair and the barber dresses his hair. This operation is regarded by the barber as the most important part of his vocation, and he spends twice as much time on the hair as he does in shaving. When the tedious process is ended the charge is ten cents in specie or twenty-five cents in the paper currency of the country.—National Barber.

"Good Caesar!" gasped the proofreader, clutching at his broom. "Are you kidding or is this a premonition of nervous prostration?" Then he rubbed his eyes and stared. "By the gods! either I've got the blind staggers or slug 10's on a royal toot."

At that instant a scream came down the spout: "Rush that proof-reading for heaven's sake! We're late!"

The proofreader groaned, galloped down the column, hesitated, and then desperately thrust the slip into the tube, hushly murmuring: "I compared it with the copy, and that's as near as I can get to Hebrew these days."

That night the new space writer hurriedly wrapped up and addressed a copy of the issue without a glance and dropped it into the mail, with this brief note: "My Onliest Sweet and Dearest Marie—I sent you a number of the Sunday supplement containing my little poem. Your face was an ever present inspiration to me when I wrote, and happy thoughts of you inspired every sentence. Here you will find expressed what I have ever felt toward you, but have hardly dared to voice before. Till death, &c."

Miss Marie Cortland Van Clifton glared through the tender note, blushed with pleasure, and hurriedly opening the paper, read—

When the breeze from the bluebottle's blustering Twirls the toads in a tooroomaloo, And the whir-ker-whire of the wheddeesome whim Drows the dew in the shade of the shaly-go-ahce, Then I dream in the shade of the shaly-go-ahce, Brings the smell of the stale poppy-cods blummed in blue.

From the willy-wad over the way, Ah, the slithering shoe and the bluketty-blank In the blast of a hurricane's hickety-hanks Over the hills of the hocketty-how! Give the rickety the change of the way, If they care for such little-ies; But I'll be a willy-wad for ever, Keeps the biggely-piggely for me.

L'ENVOI. It is a pills-and-diddle and alibonoo, Yes the pills-and-diddle makes plenty ground, When the pill-and-diddle makes plenty ground, Seeking success in a sluzzy-slug, It is a pills-and-diddle and alibonoo heart, "Yaukkee doodle loo loo chee chee."

The new space writer and Miss Marie Cortland Van Clifton are not engaged now.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN." Many of the Characters Drawn by Mrs. Stowe Are Still Alive.

Charles E. L. Wingate, of Boston, has long had an interest in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and has found in the course of his researches that almost every one of its characters is an original in actual life. He thus tells of them:

"Josiah Benson and Sam Pete were the prototypes of 'Uncle Tom.' The first half of the character's life was drawn from Benson, while the career of Pete, who died exactly as Mrs. Stowe described, formed the basis of the second part of the story. Benson, who became a preacher, had shown fight while in the service of a cruel master and, being overthrown, both of his arms were broken. The arms were never set and Benson remained a cripple until his death, five years ago.

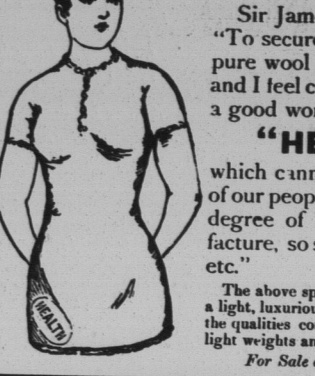
"The original of George Harris is still alive. A few months ago he visited Boston to see his brother Milton, an employee in the sub-treasury here. Lewis George Clarke, for such is his real name, was the first slave who, after running away from his master, was allowed to take the platform against slavery. Twice he was sold at the block, the first time at Stanford, Ky., to Tom Kennedy, the original Legree, and the second time at Garrett, Ky., to Kennedy's son. At the latter sale Clarke brought \$1,250. Though Clarke's parents were slaves they were nearly white, and his sisters, the majority of whom he was sold at the block, became the wife of a Frenchman, who bought her in the auction pen at New Orleans and took her to Mexico; she died some years ago.

"Lewis made his escape in 1811, a year after his brother Milton had run away, and went to Canada in the way stated in the story. At one time an attempt was made by the original of Marks, the lawyer, to kidnap Lewis and his brother, but though Lewis was carried to the court house at Madison, he was quickly rescued by the abolitionists. Eliza, who was chased by the bloodhounds over the ice, was not the wife of Lewis, but otherwise the incident was true.

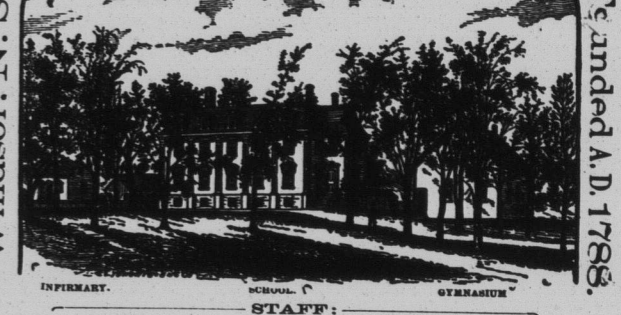
"It was when Lewis Clarke was living with Gerrit Smith that Mrs. Stowe saw him and obtained the facts for her powerful novel. He has often maintained that so far from being overdrawn the sketches of life could have been made, with truth, even more vivid. He, himself, has of late been a lecturer.

"A few years ago the original of Eva was living in Washington, and as her death has not been chronicled she may today be still in the capital city. She was Miss Letcher, of a prominent Southern family, and became the wife of Gen. Kennedy, the master of Lewis Clarke. Kennedy was made over by Mrs. Stowe into Legree and his son in St. Clair, while the Letcher family served as prototype of the Selbys. The death of Eva necessitated the choice of another girl to give the coloring of truth to that pathetic picture, and so Annie Campbell, a daughter

DOCTOR'S ORDERS.



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HEAD MASTER: REV. ARNOLD MILLER, M. A.—Classics and Science. Toronto and Victoria Universities, Ont. RESIDENT ASSISTANT MASTER: MR. JAMES C. SIMPSON.—Mathematics, German, Provincial Certificate, Province of Ont. Late of the Engineering Staff, Canadian Pacific R. R. TRINITY TERM COMMENCES APRIL 6.

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# THINGS WORTH KNOWING

A ton of coal yields nearly 10,000 feet of gas.

Less than 800 persons own half the soil of Ireland.

The greatest depth of ocean yet discovered is a little over five miles.

Three times as much spirits are consumed in Scotland, according to population, as in England.

The average weight of the brain of a man is 3½ pounds; of a woman, 3 pounds and 11 ounces.

An infant at birth usually weighs one-twentieth of the maximum weight it ought to attain in middle life.

In the Chinese language, the same word may be either a noun, adjective, verb or adverb. The language is monosyllabic.

Fifty cities in the United States have a population of 10,000, and twenty-two have a population of over 100,000 of each.

A cocoon of a well fed silk worm will often yield a thread 1,000 yards long, and one has been produced which contained 1,295 yards.

In Australia no newspapers are published nor railroads trains on the Sabbath. Telegraph offices are closed and all business is suspended.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood, 80; at 60 years, 60. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

The cocoanut trees of Florida are due to nuts washed ashore from a wrecked vessel sixteen years ago. Now the State furnishes all the cocoanuts used in the United States.

The most reliable authority on the population of the earth makes it 1,480,000,000. The figures for China have been reduced by 55,000,000. The increase since 1880 has been 79,000,000.

A man breathes about 18 pints of air a minute, or upward of 7 hogheads in a day. The average weight of an adult man is 140 pounds 7 ounces. The weight of the circulating blood is about 28 pounds.

The eyeball of the owl is immovably fixed in the socket, hence the look of wisdom that that bird always appears to have. In the horse an eye in which white predominates indicates a vicious nature.

Blood travels from the heart through the arteries ordinarily at the rate of about twelve inches a second, while its speed through the capillaries is at the rate of three-one-hundredths of an inch per second.

The average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 9 inches; of a Frenchman 5 feet 4 inches, and of a Belgian, 5 feet 6½ inches. The average weight of an Englishman is 150 pounds; of a Frenchman, 136 pounds; of a Belgian, 140 pounds.

There are 4,322 rooms in the Vatican. The length of the statue museum alone is a fraction over a mile. Conservative writers say that the gold contained in the medals, vessels, chains and other objects preserved in the Vatican would make more gold coins than the whole of the present circulation.

Rats and mice are found almost everywhere on the earth's surface except in the central portions of the African and Australian continents and in the cold regions of the extreme north and south. Rats, too, are widely distributed, and are, indeed, found everywhere in the tropical and temperate portions of the world.

The ordinary load for a camel is 600 pounds for a long journey, though if the journey is to last only a week or 10 days, 1,000 weight is frequently placed on the back of an average animal, but not without strenuous objection on the part of the beast, which watches the process of loading with great anxiety, and frequently interrupts it by rising and refusing to kneel to receive more.

As a matter of fact, the average life of all the babies that come into the world is only about 38 years; very few live to be over 90, and not more than one out of 2,000 sees his 100th birthday. In the year 1889 out of every 1,000 persons living in following countries there died: in England, 18; in Norway, 17; in Sweden, 16; in Austria, 27; in Hungary, 32; in Germany, 23; in France, 21, and in Italy, 25.

The highest clouds, cirrus and cirro stratus, rise on an average to a height of nearly 30,000 feet. The middle clouds keep at from about 10,000 to 23,000 feet above the surface of the earth; the lower clouds seldom lower than 3,000 or higher than 7,000 feet. The cumulus clouds float with their lower surface at a height of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet, while their summits frequently extend upward to a height of 16,000.

Easter may come as early as March 22 and as late as April 25. Since 1803 Easter has occurred three times on the 19th, five times on the 16th, five times on the 14th, four times each on the 2nd, 11th and 12th, four times on March 31, four times on April 6, three times on the 4th, 5th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 13th, 14th and 22nd of April and 27th and 28th of March. March 22, 1818, was the earliest date upon which it has occurred. Nine days in March are represented, viz.: 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st.

According to the estimates of French and German statisticians, there have perished in the wars of the last thirty years 2,500,000 men, while there has been expended to carry them on no less than the inconceivable sum of \$19,000,000,000 as the cost of war with Prussia, while her loss in men is placed at 155,000. Of these 80,000 were killed on the field of battle, 36,000 died of sickness, accidents or sui-

cide, and 20,000 in German prisons, while there died from other causes enough to bring the number up to the given aggregate. The sick and wounded amounted to 17,421, the lives of many thousands of whom were shortened by their illness or injuries.

## "PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

He (passionately)—Do you ever think of marriage? She (frankly)—What else does a girl have to think about?

Rosalie—Now, don't tell any one what I have said. Grace—I won't. I'll stay home from the sewing class on purpose.

Old Country Lady (watching an elevator boy take up a load of passengers)—Lord a massy! How strong that young 'un must be to lift that 'ere thing.

Mother (to Jimmy caught in the act of smoking a cigar)—I don't want you to let me see you at that again. Jimmy—And I didn't want to let you see me this time.

THE WEATHER GRUMBLES. If winter lingers in the lap of Spring, And lovely Spring is worthy of her name, Why blame him then, you booby-headed dame? How many of you would not do the same?

Visitor (to little Johnny)—Are the students in your class very bright? Johnnie—Guess you'd think we ought to be if you'd see the polishing off some of us get every day.

Bride (just after the wedding)—Alfred, you promised to give me a surprise after we were married. Say, what is it? Groom (widower)—I've got six children, my pet.

One of her pets—She—I always have a great many pets about me. He (tenderly)—Am I one of them? She—Yes, you are my pet aversion.—New York Herald.

"Ah," mused Mr. Hungry Higgins, as the "charitable officer" steered him toward the city wood-yard, "I have once more struck the popular chord."—Indianapolis Journal.

A clergyman one hot Sunday, observing a deacon asleep in church, called out: "Brother Austin, please open the window a little. Physicians say it is unhealthy to sleep in a hot room."

Tom—Which hill do you prefer for tobogganing—Corey's or Shaw's? Sallie—Oh, Corey's. It's a much steeper, and the morn have to hold on to—er—the er—toboggan so much tighter, you know.

(He seriously)—"We must devise some means of obtaining your father's consent." She—Well, let us put our heads together, and— (but after that he did not care whether they had papa's consent or not.)—Puck.

A Valuable Bird.—Customer (to bird fancier)—"How much for this parrot?" Fancier—"Five hundred dollars." Customer—"Whew! Isn't that rather steep?" Fancier—"No—he can't talk."—Epoch.

I don't think," said Clara, "that these flowers match my complexion, do you?" "No, they don't," said Amanda, "and you mustn't go out that way. But I wouldn't bother to change the flowers if I were you."

"What do those letters stand for?" asked a curious wife of her husband as she looked at his masonic seal. "Well, really, my love," he replied encouragingly, "I presume it is because they can't sit down." She postponed further questioning.—Texas Sitings.

Widower (to little daughter of attractive young widow)—You are growing very fast, Flossie. I suppose when you are as old as your mother you will be thinking of marriage. Flossie—Yes, for a second time.—Texas Sitings.

Van Trim—But you admit you love me? Madge—Yes. Van Trim—And your parents favor me? Madge—Yes. Van Trim—Well, how is it you won't marry me? Madge—"I'm not quite sure yet whether Fido loves you as he should."

Dolley—"Well, old fellow, I asked Miss Amy last night to marry me, and she declined." Gossin—"Did she deliberate, as though hesitating to pain you?" Dolley—"No; she produced her negative by the instantaneous process."—Harper's Bazar.

Dukane—Beg pardon, Larimer, but what name was that you called your wife just then? Larimer—I called her "Revised Dictionary." "Isn't that rather an odd name to apply to the wife of your bosom?" "Not at all. You see she always has the last word."

Mrs. Gadding (retiring)—"We have had a very pleasant evening and we wish to return thanks for your kindness." Mrs. Brown (crusty old bachelor, peering over his paper)—"Quite right, ma'am, for whenever I see a widow I always look out."

"I am afraid you think I am getting up in years," said Miss May Truc, playfully to Cholly, as they sat looking at the flickering logs in the grate. "Not at all," said Cholly, gallantly; "you're not so old as you look. I mean," he added, correcting himself, "you look a great deal younger than you are."

Charlie—So you are to be married? Gus—Yes, and to the nicest girl in the world. Charlie, she's worth a million.

Charlie—You don't say so! I congratulate you, old boy. Gus—Yes, she's worth a million of such girls as ones for society. Charlie—Oh, Gus (he murmurs as he goes off), poor devil, I pity him.

## MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The Empress Eugenie paid 1,000 francs (\$200) per ounce for a braid of hair that exactly matched her own.

Gertrude Souine, a pretty girl of 18 years who lives in a town in Aroostook Co., Me., has never been known to laugh or even to smile. While intelligent in other matters, she apparently cannot understand a joke and is unmoved by the keenest witticisms.

Willet, the Queen's jester, died recently at Beeston, near Nottingham, aged 86. The deceased who was known for 60 years as one of the most versatile performers in the circus ring, earned his title through appearing before Her Majesty and the Prince Consort at Windsor in 1844, when he was a member of the Van Amburgh's Company.

The story goes that when young Mark Twain (Master Clemens) heard that his father had been presented to the Emperor of Germany, he said to his sister, "If this sort of thing goes on much longer there won't be any one left for you to meet except the Ruler of the Universe," which shows that Twain junior is an unflinching chip of the old block.

The Marchioness of Dufferin, it will be remembered, interested herself in securing more and better medical treatment for women in India, while her husband was viceroy of that country a few years ago. Now 400,000 of her sex get the benefit of attendance, and the staff which she was largely instrumental in establishing consists of nine women doctors and thirty-one assistants.

The newspapers of Athens relate that a Russian officer has brought to Prince George of Greece the cane with which the latter struck down the Japanese ruffian who made an attack upon the person of the Emperor of the East. The cane has been completely covered with gold and bears the Emperor's monogram surrounded by the imperial crown and bearing the following inscription:—"To Prince George as a souvenir of his courage."

The young King of Serria has to pass examinations just like the other young men, except that many might feel somewhat abashed by the presence of the number of distinguished men before whom he is to appear. These are the Metropolitan, the Prime Minister, and a large number of other court and state dignitaries. It is said that the young king is doing much credit to himself. When the examinations are over he will be presented with certificates by his professors, which documents will be placed in the court archives.

William Waldorf Astor, who is or is not the head of the house, always wears his overcoat collar turned up about his ears in winter, even on days that are clear and bright. His eyes are usually bent upon the ground. Occasionally he wanders into a table in a far corner and eats an extremely modest lunch flanked by two bottles of ginger ale. He does not look up at all, though the eyes of half the people in the place are upon the man who is the worth of property.

When he has finished his lunch he tips the waiter liberally, pulls on his overcoat, turns up the collar, tilts his hat very far down over his eyes and wanders forth with the Astor air of preoccupation.

James Berry, late public executioner of England, has started on a lecture tour. The subject of his lecture will be "Capital Punishment," in which he will deal with both sides of the question. In America, he said, he had already received guarantees for \$145,000 for twenty lectures, and his experiences will also be embodied in a book which will shortly be published. In regard to his professional work there are two points on which Berry specially prides himself. These are the almost unnecessary suffering on the criminal, and the addition of a spring to prevent the rebounding of the flaps of the scaffold on the system by Calcraft, Marwood, and other executioners the doors of the trap, sometimes used to fly back and batter the head of the criminal as the body fell into the pit. This is now averted by Berry's invention, and has thus robbed a very gruesome ceremony of at least one of its worst details. Personally Berry is a strong opponent of capital punishment, and expresses a hope that he may live to see the day when it will be expunged from the statute book.

Mr. Gladstone's courtesy is so universally known that it need not be enlarged upon at this time of day. Anxious as he is to please every one of his innumerable correspondents, there are some requests to which he cannot accede—locks of hair, for example. If the right hon. gentleman possessed the flowing mane of a small army of aesthetic young men he would have been completely bald long since if he were as generous with his locks as with his postcards. The other day a young lady, who is also a warm admirer of Mr. Gladstone, applied for a small lock, but the G. O. M. replied to the effect that, as age had left him so little, he would have none at all if he were to grant even a few of the most pressing requests. The lady who applied all drew at Hawarden at present is little Miss Drew, Mr. Gladstone's two-year-old grandchild. A recent visitor to Hawarden says: "I never saw a prettier sight than when she ran through the open door which divides the drawing-room from the Grand Old Man's sanctuary, and pulling him imperiously away from Homer or the Blue-book, or whatever was engaging him. The first intimation we had in the next room was a peal of laughter on Mrs. Gladstone's part at the obvious necessity of capitulating to that daring invasion, as musical and hearty as ever came from human lips, for his little one is his greatest attraction. Presently the Grand Old Man and the little child, separated by eighty years of time, came hand in hand together into the drawing-room. Mrs. Gladstone runs to the piano, and strikes up a lively waltz tune, and in a second the two partners are dancing together, the Grand Old Man putting into his partner's a lot of funny, old-fashioned little steps, learned of our great-grandmothers seventy-five years ago, which it was impossible to view without delight and applause, although so much pathos mingled with comedy in the touch-scene."

# "August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time I was a great sufferer. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. Then in a few moments that horrid distress would come on and I would have to eat and suffer again. I took a little of your medicine, and felt much better, and after taking a little more 'August Flower my dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I have never had the first sign of it. I can eat anything without the least fear of distress. I wish all that are afflicted with that terrible disease or the troubles caused by it would try August Flower, as I am satisfied there is no medicine equal to it."



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A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

"We cannot hold out much longer." It was a man's voice in troubled accents that fell on the ears of a young girl, who stood with her shoulder leaning against a post, within a small stockade in southeastern Arizona. Time, soon after the close of the Rebellion, when war and rumors of war were still floating in the air along the Mexican border. "Is it then so bad as that, Capt. Dashwood?" said Edith Searle, as she approached the stout figure in blue who stood near. "I thought we were in no immediate danger. You so stated this morning, and surely nothing has since occurred to change the situation."

"You, Ingham? I thought—" "Never mind what you thought," interrupted Ingham. "I would not allow myself to be influenced by the whim of a girl. I see the danger is real, and I will undertake to find aid for Darkwood to-night. I do not reckon the danger as great as do you, captain. I have a disguise that may aid me, and once beyond the enemy's line, on a fleet horse, I shall be safe."

Edith trembled like a leaf in the wind. An awful weariness seemed to possess her limbs. What had she done? Slain a human being with her own hand! The thought was a terrible one. She dared not look at the prostrate Apache, but turned away. "Edith," It was a faint yet startling voice calling her name. The girl turned and staggered to the side of the man on the ground. "Edith—I meant to save you," said the man in a husky voice. The girl knelt quickly and peered into the painted face. "My God!" she exclaimed, it is Sergt. Ingham!

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International Steamship Co. WINTER ARRANGEMENT TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING Nov. 2, the 8 steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 12.5, standard.

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