

# PROGRESS.

VOL. I., NO. 14.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1888.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

## THE MINISTERS GO, TOO.

LIKE ALL THE REST OF US, THEY TAKE HOLIDAYS.

City Clergymen Who Are or Soon Will Be Seeking Renewed Strength for Their Work—Where They Go and How Long They Stay.

If any man earns a holiday, it is he who ministers to a city church.

From January 1 to December 31, he is expected to share the sorrows of all the members of his flock, though very few of them divide their joys with him. His co-operation is sought for every public movement, and the more work his regular duties entail upon him, the more he is solicited to go outside of them. He is appealed to, daily, to extend aid, spiritual or pecuniary, to people who have no manner of claim upon him, except the broad one of common humanity. Every book-agent steers straight for him. Every tramp raps at his door for old clothes and broken victuals. No man has greater or more constant demands made upon his income. Progress doesn't wonder that some ministers "go wrong." The only wonder is that more of them don't resort to manslaughter or fall back upon suicide.

Yes, the minister earns his vacation; and Progress hopes that every one of the hard-working, devoted, talented men whose plans for a summer outing are here given, may enjoy himself to the measure of his deserts—that is, in the limit of his capacity.

Rev. Canon Brigstocke is summering at Riverside.

Rev. George Bruce, B. A., will probably spend most of this month at Bathurst, where he is the guest of the Burpees.

Rev. John B. Saer, B. D., has already enjoyed his vacation, having, with Mrs. Saer, but recently returned from the meeting of the Congregational union in London.

Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, M. A., has made no plans for a holiday, as yet.

It is likely that, since he has accepted the appointment of financial agent of the new Baptist seminary, Rev. J. A. Gordon will pass the summer in visiting the churches in the vicinity of that institution.

Rev. W. W. Brewer has spent the last three weeks in making a tour through western Canada. His trip took in Montreal, Quebec and Toronto. He will probably spend a few days of next week at the camp meeting at Berwick, N. S.

Rev. Canon DeVeber, of St. Paul's church, spent his vacation in visiting his sons at Woodstock about two weeks ago.

Rev. Dr. Macrae will open a new Presbyterian church at Campbellton, Aug. 12, and expects to spend a week away from home after that event. His pulpit will be occupied during his absence by Rev. Mr. McDonald of Hampton and Rev. Mr. Allen of New York.

Rev. H. G. Mellick, of Brussels Street church, has gone to Prince Edward Island, where he will spend three or four weeks visiting friends. Mrs. Mellick is visiting her parents at Granville, N. S.

Elder Capp, of Coburg Street church, has not decided whether he will take a vacation this year or not. His family are spending the summer in the country.

His Lordship Bishop Sweeney seldom takes a vacation, but quietly enjoys a drive in the country, which he takes quite frequently during the summer. Some of the priests stationed in the city will probably leave their duties during the summer to take needed rest outside of the city.

Rev. J. C. Titcombe, of Fairville, will sail for England next Wednesday, to be absent several months.

Rev. J. M. Davenport, of the Mission church, will visit his friends in England.

Rev. L. G. Macnell, M. A., and family are spending a few weeks on Prince Edward Island.

Rev. Mr. Pickles, pastor of the Portland Methodist church, is president of the Camp Meeting association. His vacation this summer will probably end with the meetings now being held at Berwick.

Rev. Dr. Pope and Rev. Wm. Lawson left here Wednesday to attend the Berwick camp meetings. Rev. Mr. Lawson will spend his vacation this year in Boston or in the New England States. He leaves here about Aug. 27, his family accompanying him.

Rev. Mr. Dienstadt, of Exmouth Street Methodist church, has been spending the week at Old Orchard, Maine, attending the camp meeting there.

Rev. S. H. Rice, of Fairville, is at present in England on his vacation.

Rev. Mr. Chapelle of Campbellton, Rev. Mr. Tredrea of Bathurst, and Rev. J. S. Eaty of Grand Lake are attending the camp meeting at Old Orchard, Maine.

Rev. G. O. Gates, of Germain Street Baptist church, has not decided where he will spend his vacation. He will attend the Baptist convention which meets at Wolfville, N. S., the 25th of this month, and after that may go on a visit to Boston, where he spent his vacation last year.

Most of the clergymen not mentioned above are undecided where they will go.

## A NEW COMPETITOR.

The C. P. Telegraph Company After a Share of the Western Union's Business.

Observant people who have travelled over the New Brunswick railway, of late, have doubtless noticed the coils of wire that are laid at the side of the track at distances of about a quarter of a mile apart. They are a part of the equipment of the Canadian Pacific telegraph company, which, in the not very far distant future, will have a St. John office.

Telegraphers who have seen the wire say that it is No. 6 gauge, larger than telephone wire, and much larger than that in common use with the Western Union, most of which is No. 8 or No. 9 gauge. Being so much heavier, it is of course more expensive, but it is also more durable. Unless the injunction is affirmed, it will be stretched on the same side of the track with the Western Union lines, and experienced people conclude, from the number of coils along the road, that two wires are to be run.

People who are "down on" the Western Union say that the new company will capture its New York business, as it did in Montreal. It has been hardly two years since the C. P. entered that city. There, as elsewhere, the service with New York was defective, lacking especially in promptness. The C. P. organized everything on the most liberal scale. Its outfit was of the best, and it made a great effort to apply the same rule to its staff. The Western Union had a dozen good operators, who were paid only \$45 and \$50 a month, and the C. P. engaged them at \$60. At the present time, it is said, the older company operates but one wire from Montreal to New York.

Just when the new company will open its St. John office is one of those things no fellow can find out, though the superintendent, when appealed to, winks, and says it will come as soon as the Western Union will want to see it. Its office will probably be in the old Bank of Montreal building.

A Fifty Dollar Block.

"Block me! Do they ever block me? Oh, somebody gimme a glass of water! Young man," he turned to questioning Progress, "are you green? Are you so unacquainted with the ways of our brethren that you seek information on such points, or are you trying to draw me out and get a 'blocking yarn' for publication? Do you know anyone—well, do you know many—who wouldn't escape paying 3 cents fery fare if it was possible? I've been in this toll box for years and I've spotted many men who make 'blocking' a business. One man in particular will save 3 cents on each side by presenting the collector with a \$50 bill. Fifty dollars! With \$400 a year salary and \$5 change, collectors don't usually find it convenient to break \$50, but the tender being legal, the owner can't be stopped from passing through the gate because I haven't change. But he is mean. I believe he keeps that \$50 bill just to work the block racket whenever he thinks it can't be changed. Some of these fine evenings I want to see him try the dodge on an 'honest' newsboy. Won't he get left?"

They Don't Like to Pay Duties.

In the customs parcels department of the post-office, the other day, Progress looked on while one of the affable officers and a young man opened a box of visiting cards.

"How much did you pay for these?" asked the officer, as he ran through them.

"A dollar," the youth replied.

"Give me 23 cents."

"Oh, take 9 cents!" suggested the young man. The official was examining another package by that time, and made no answer.

"I'll give you 9 cents," the ingenuous youth repeated.

"Twenty-three cents, I said!" the official repeated sharply; and the young man, with an agonized expression of countenance, went down into his trousers and hauled out a quarter.

"Do many people try to beat you down?" Progress asked.

"Not after they make up their minds that the levying of duty is strictly legal. People who have never had much to do with the custom house have the idea that if the postage has been paid on a package that ought to settle the whole thing."

No House Should Be Without It.

McAvity's "Pearl" rapid filter is shown on the fifth page. No person who would have pure drinking water should neglect to procure one and attach it to the faucet or water cooler. Thousands of them have been sold already and pushed as they are by the energetic manufacturers there is no doubt but in a short time every house with a water tap will have the filter.

They'll Go Home Whipped.

Arrangements were perfected, Thursday night, for a game Saturday afternoon between the St. Stephens of Boston and the Nationals. The visitors have won their series with the Shamrocks, but the Nationals say that they won't have any more victories to boast of. It will be a good game.

## PROF. DeMILLE WROTE IT.

"A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER."

The Harpers Published It Anonymously and Mrs. DeMille Wonders Why—Not a Plagiarism on "She," But Written Several Years Before Haggard's Romance.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

HALIFAX, Aug. 2.—The authorship of *A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder*, one of the literary sensations of the year, is no longer a secret or a mystery! From the few shining stars in Canadian literature, Nova Scotia can claim the greatest and most celebrated, Prof. James DeMille of Halifax and Judge Haliburton of Windsor.

DeMille excelled in romance, Haliburton in humor and each in turn rivalled the other in his peculiar success. DeMille's *Dodge Club* as a laugh-provoking and a charming piece of humorous writing can be well compared to the dear old *Sam Slick*; and some of Haliburton's southern tales, classed with DeMille's novels, stand the test very well. But none of Haliburton's, or in fact any other Canadian writer's work can compare with DeMille's *Cryptogram*. As a romance it stands at the head, the masterpiece of Acadian and Canadian literature.

And now I have unearthed another novel by DeMille that will compare favorably with nearly any of his best books—and that deserves a place among the standards of our literature.

Though published ten years after his death and without his name upon its cover, many of his old friends and admirers throughout America set DeMille down as the author, long before they had finished reading it. The charming style, the vivid descriptions and original situations could not be mistaken. It was DeMille's work, and, many say, DeMille's greatest.

The publishers—Harper & Bros.—refuse to divulge the author's name, but they admit that the novel had lain in their safe upwards of ten years.

The title of this book is *A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder*, and the way it was received by the critics placed it at once among the interesting few of latter day novels. They united in praising the style of the composition, the weird, unearthly situations and stamped it as one of the romances of the period, but they also combined in denouncing it as a plagiarism on Haggard's *She*. The plot of DeMille's story deals with a strange society of beings; the "strange manuscript" which furnishes the greater part of the book and the "copper cylinder" in which it was found by a party of English gentlemen on a yachting trip to the Mediterranean—and a very strange manuscript it was.

The narrative relates that one Adam More, with a shipmate, leaves his vessel to explore an unknown island in the southern seas. A snow storm hides their ship, and while seeking for her a powerful current carries them away. After numerous adventures, Adam More alone, his friend being eaten by savages, reaches a strange land at the South pole, where the usual order of things is reversed. The poorer a man here, the higher his rank, and the highest honor that can be done a citizen is to publicly kill him and eat him. The sole aim of the people is to become poor and if possible to die doing some brave act.

The manuscript tells us that there are strikes here—but strikes for lower wages, longer hours and more work. The inhabitants talk in some sort of Volapuk, travel through the air on immense creatures, half bird, half bat, live during the light season, which lasts half the year, in caves away from the sun, and during the other half year, when there is no light, come out from these caves and carry on all sorts of festivities till the next light season.

Of course the hero falls in love, and has many strange adventures. Here is where the resemblance to *She* comes—in this love affair of the hero with a strange woman who brings him into many curious adventures.

To set aside the accusation of plagiarism, and to make sure that Prof. DeMille was the author of this romance, an interview was had with Mrs. DeMille, his widow, who resides with her interesting family in the south-western suburbs of Halifax. In answer to an enquiry, she says she has authentic records to prove that the late professor wrote the strange story, and that it was sold to Harper & Bros. shortly before his death. She cannot account for the proceeding of the publishers in not printing the professor's name. But she has a clear remembrance of seeing the manuscript and of the day it was mailed to Harpers.

That settles the bugbear about plagiarism, and now comes the question, Could the plagiarizer be on the other side? Could Haggard have seen the manuscript before Harper published it, and selected points for his celebrated *She*? It is hardly possible; evidently both writers struck upon the same subject. But if DeMille's novel had been issued in good season, it would now hold the exalted position that is given to *She*, as the masterpiece of imaginative fiction.

## CALLED TO CENTENARY.

Something About Rev. J. W. Sparling, M. A., B. D., Now of Ontario.

During a short absence of Rev. Mr. Johnson, about three years ago, Rev. J. W. Sparling, M. A., B. D., of the Montreal conference, preached at both the morning and evening services in Centenary church in this city. On that occasion he made so favorable an impression on the congregation that they have invited him to become pastor of the church next year.

From the few shining stars in Canadian literature, Nova Scotia can claim the greatest and most celebrated, Prof. James DeMille of Halifax and Judge Haliburton of Windsor.

DeMille excelled in romance, Haliburton in humor and each in turn rivalled the other in his peculiar success. DeMille's *Dodge Club* as a laugh-provoking and a charming piece of humorous writing can be well compared to the dear old *Sam Slick*; and some of Haliburton's southern tales, classed with DeMille's novels, stand the test very well. But none of Haliburton's, or in fact any other Canadian writer's work can compare with DeMille's *Cryptogram*. As a romance it stands at the head, the masterpiece of Acadian and Canadian literature.

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## HOURS AT CAMP ALLEN.

THE RETREAT OF CITY PEOPLE WEARY OF HEAT.

A Darkey Lets His Tongue Loose and Talks of the Chief Justice and His Hymn-making—Men Who Fish, With and Without License.

PROGRESS strayed last Saturday from civilized haunts to the pleasant, refreshing wilds of York county and awoke Sunday morning upon the bank of the rapid river, ten miles above the Celestial city. It was 6 o'clock and the writer found his senses as the noisy clatter of a paddle bailing a dug out reached his ear.

A little, old man, bent and colored, wielded the blade and in a trice the old-fashioned vessel was empty.

"Hello! Where are you going?"

"I've jus' startin' fur d'istan' to tend me horses. Want to g'long?"

"Don't care if I do"—and in a few minutes the swift current was bearing us downward and across to one of the fairest and most fertile islands of the St. John.

Leek, for that was the darkey's name, was intelligent, above the average black, and ere long he gossiped of the past and present, of the dead and living, of the bad and good characters in the vicinity, of those who fished with and without license, of others who sought the whirling stream in hours of darkness and "drifted," capturing the lordly salmon against his will and contrary to the law. And as he talked, he moralized upon the prying, spying, sneaking habits of fishery inspectors and their aids, until one would almost think that Leek knew how to drift himself. But on the island the subject changed.

"This strip of lan' we're on b'longs Jedge Allen. You know him. He is one fine man. I 'spect him up 'fore long. Every summer, jus' 'bout this time, de jedge he comes an' work in de hay. What's he do? Oh, sakes! Everything, 'cept pitch on an' off. Goodness, though, I'd rake more'n 10 minutes with hoss an' rake than he'd do whole day long. But he gets plenty of tan an' 'joys hisself, I guess.

"This gettin' to be quite place fer city folk. See those tents thar," pointing across the stream. "Well, dey been thar since Thursday. My, oh, my, I can't fer life o' me see how Misser Will — an' his company put in de time, but dey do some-how, an' dey haf mighty good time, I tell you. I know'd those folk ever since dey so high. Dey 'pear all 'sleep yet. Let me see, tho', this 'Sunday."

Then the garrulous paddler wound his way along shore to the barn in the distance, within which a fine team of horses found shelter. After watered and fed and plied with cough balsam, he wended his way to the river. As he passed a gentle eminence he pointed to it as the place selected by rector Roberts of Fredericton for a week's outing with his family and friends. Then numerous picnic yarns in expressive broken English beguiled the tiresome return paddle. A few minutes' stop was made at "Camp Allen" and a close inspection followed. Two large and handsome tents, pitched at the base of a breakneck declivity about 100 feet in length; a temporary board table, shielded by a large awning and a convenient and well-built fireplace were all the visible belongings of the half score of ladies and gentlemen who chose this pleasant retreat to breathe pure country air and secure a monopoly of "tan."

It was a delightful spot. Back of the sloping and grassy glen, a winding avenue of cedars and willows led to the richer uplands. In front, a gentle decline ended at the river bank upon which canoes and boats awaited the pleasure of the pleasure-seekers. Shady nooks abounded along the winding shore where those of lighter, lazier temperament could lie and gaze upon muscular companion boatmen or the tireless anglers. Truly, those who chose "Camp Allen" knew what they were about.

A low growl from the canvas warned intruders off and in a few moments the soggy dug-out glided into the sand bank from whence it started and PROGRESS and his talkative companion separated.

Smoke "Morton's Choice."

Drunkness in the Graveyard.

"Day after day," said a lady to Progress, yesterday, "I am compelled to see the most revolting sights in the old graveyard, which we claim as one of the historic and beautiful spots of our city. One day this week, when passing through this place, I saw no fewer than five drunken women and three drunken men seated on the benches. They were noisy, and their language such that no person should hear. Cannot this thing be stopped? My children and hundreds of others delight to roam about the old graveyard, but since I saw that sight I have refused them permission to go to their favorite place.

"After I had passed the wretches, who defiled this beautiful spot with their presence, I looked around for a policeman. Not one in sight! It may be that policemen can't be everywhere, but their attention should be called to the facts I have given to you."

## HENRY'S CIGARS WERE LOADED.

And the Thief Was Identified by Means of the Explosion.

Mr. Henry T. Green, who was a St. John merchant until recently, but who is now in business on Clark street, Chicago, figured in a funny scene, the other day. He was fairly convulsed with laughter, says the *Chicago Tribune*, when he entered the army and asked for the desk sergeant.

"My place, ha, ha, was entered, ha, ha, by burglars la-la-la last night."

"Well, that's funny, I must say," said Desk Sergeant Hughes, "What are you laughing at?"

"Ha, ha, they stole two boxes of cigars."

"Well, that's not much, but I don't see what you are laughing at."

"One, ha, ha, box was loaded for a special order. Each cigar had about two drachms of powder in it."

Just as he finished Officer Murphy dragged a dirty-faced gainin to the desk. "Book this bye fer shootin' craps," he said.

"Leave go me collar," said the little prisoner, as he wriggled from the officer's grasp and stood at one side until he should be booked. He took a cigar from his pocket, borrowed a match from a policeman standing by, and began to puff away contentedly as he stood with his hands in his pockets, making an occasional face at Murphy when that officer turned his back.

Suddenly there was an explosion, and the dirty-faced lad fell to the floor, howling as though he had been shot. The room was filled with fragments of his cigar, and one piece struck Murphy in the eye. Every one was seized with consternation for a moment, when a shrill scream of laughter was heard and Mr. Green was seen in the chair into which he had dropped shaking with laughter and gasping for breath.

Desk Sergeant Hughes joined in the laugh this time, and booked the terrified lad for burglary in addition to the charge preferred by Officer Murphy. The half-dozen cigars found in the lad's pockets were passed around but no one seemed to want them, and they were put away as evidence against the youthful prisoner.

She Didn't Know Her Dog.

"Bruno! Bruno!! Bruno!!! come here, oh you naughty dog!"

She was charmingly handsome as she stood on the curbstone and tried to induce a noble Newfoundland to join her from the middle of the street. But "Bruno" as she called him, was obdurate. He paid no more attention to her beseeching calls than if she were a perfect stranger. He was ailing himself, proud and cool in the possession of a half-shaven body, and confident that in size, shagginess and appearance he came as near the king of beasts as they could make 'em.

Finding that he would not heed her, the young lady ran into the street, seized her prize by the collar and made a peripatetic until, a second later, a clear-cut whistle rang on the air and "Bruno" with a bound freed himself and the next moment was capering around a young gentleman on the other walk. He was followed by his captor who seemed astonished and very much puzzled by the statement that the owner of the whistle was the owner of the dog.

Fifteen minutes later these two persons, with two dogs, met on the corner of King and Charlotte streets. There was surprise all around; the dogs looked at one another, each thinking, if a dog can think, that he had found a twin brother. The same artist must have prepared them for warm weather, the coat of each having been cut in exactly similar style.

The real Bruno was there and trotted away by his mistress' side in a patronizing, protective kind of way. He didn't know that but a few minutes before she had mistaken another canine for him.

Where Does He Get It for Four Cents?

"S—say, mister, give us two cents? 'Know it isn't right to ask, but you know when a feller—when a feller—(hic), say, have you got two cents about yer?"

He was a very seedy party and one couldn't help knowing what he wanted the money for; so "mister" said, "why! have you got six cents?"

"No—no—so help me—(hic) only got two, see?" and he fished two cents out of his pocket.

"Well, you can't get a drink for 4 cents."

"Oh, yes, I kin. Got two. Guess I'm keepin' you too long," and evidently thinking "mister" wasn't going to ante up, the seedy individual went off to seek the man standing by the lamp-post.

The Smartest on the Road.

"This is the smartest little train in the provinces!" said an old traveller, as he sank back into an easy seat in the Fredericton express. "I am on the road the year through, in the three provinces, and I don't know a train that can touch it, either in appearance or speed. Then, there's nothing wrong with the men who run it, from the conductor and driver to the newsboy. They're all obliging and popular."

ets,  
ns, Wheelbarrows,  
g Poles, Hooks, Lines,  
Concertinas,  
nt, Mucilage, Blank and Memo. Books  
Bats, Etc., Etc., at  
Charlotte and Union Streets.  
Hotte and Princess Streets.

Y & DALY,  
Street.

ER SALE.  
ring and Summer Goods.

25 cents;  
cents;  
DRES, WATERED SILKS, PLUSHES,  
c. do. do., \$1.00 for 75c.;  
PURE SILK GLOVES, at greatly reduced  
ices to clear.

ortionately Low.

Y & DALY.

T. WM. BELL,  
eneral Importer

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

88 Prince William Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

HIGH CLASS TEAS A SPECIALTY.

Tenders for Supplies.

TENDERS will be received until SATURDAY, the 28th day of July, instant, at noon, for supplying the PROVINCIAL LUNATIC ASYLUM with the following articles for one year from the first day of August next, viz.:

BEEF and MUTTON—# 100 lbs., of the best quality, in alternate hind and fore quarters (quarter not to weigh less than 120 lbs.), as may be required;

BREAD—# 2 lbs. loaf, of superfine flour;

BREAD—# 2 lbs. loaf, of 3/4 superfine flour and 1/4 corn meal, or how many loaves of bread will be furnished per barrel of flour, and how much per barrel for baking;

FLOUR—No. 1 Superfine, # barrel of 100 lbs., also No. 1 Bakers';

RICE—East India, # 100 lbs.;

BARLEY—# 100 lbs.;

BROWN MUSCOVADO SUGAR—# 100 lbs.;

YELLOW REFINED SUGAR—# # #;

GRAIN—# # #;

COFFEE—Green, # # #;

TEA—Good Strong Congou, # # #;

CANDLES—Mould, # # #;

SOAP—Common, # # #;

BEANS—# bushel;

OATS—# bushel;

CORN—# # #;

POLLOCK—# quintal;

MOLASSES—# gallon, in casks;

CORNMEAL—# barrel;

SALT—Coarse, in bags;

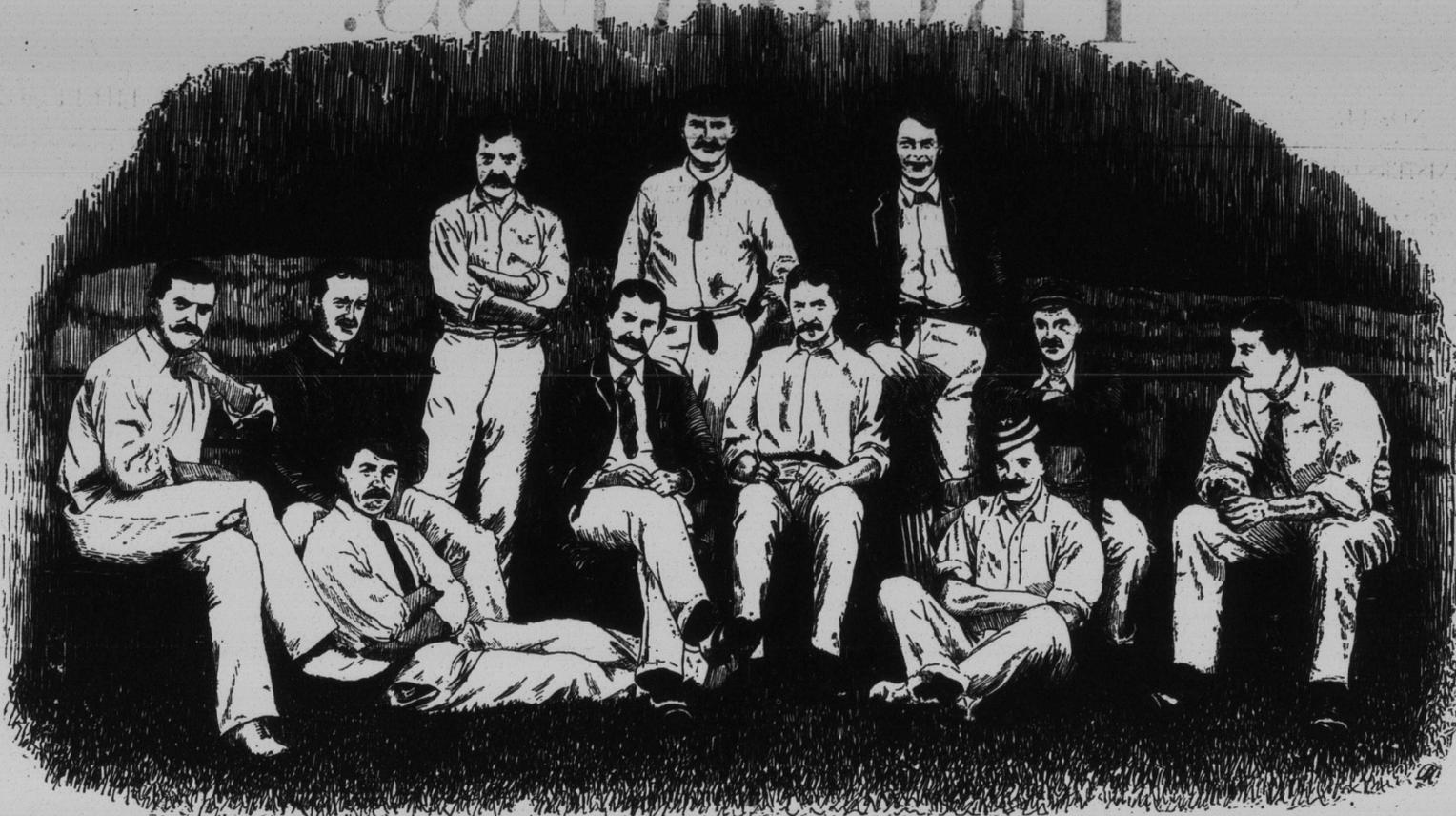
COTTONS, WOOLLENS, etc., of British manufacture, at what advance on the net sterling cost, such advance to include duty, freight and all other charges; original invoice to be furnished;

COTTONS, WOOLLENS, etc., of Dominion and American manufacture, at what advance on net current cost.

DRUGS and MEDICINES, according to specified list to be seen on application at Secretary's office.

SEPARATE TENDERS taken for FLOUR

D. W. TROTTER, Phoenix Club. C. BLACKER. F. TOBIN, Leinster Club. E. P. FITZGERALD, Trinity College. W. HAMILTON, Phoenix and Oxford Clubs.



D. CRONIN, Barrister. J. P. FITZGERALD, Trinity College. J. W. HINES, Trinity College. J. H. DUNN, Phoenix Club. LIEUT. J. H. DUNN, Eighth Regiment. — EMERSON.

THE IRISH GENTLEMEN.

PORTRAITS AND POINTERS OF THE VISITING ELEVEN.

They Won't Come to St. John in Person, but "Progress" Pictures Will Answer Just as Well, and Will Save the Cricket and Athletic Club Its \$200.

People who made the dismal prophecy that St. John would not see the Irish cricketers, this year, may be prepared to take back that remark.

See them above. People who are acquainted with them say

that they are coming to Canada on a boodling expedition. They look like it. Unless the steamer sinks, they will reach this continent about the last of August.

While they remain, they will spend their time in surrounding \$200 guaranties. When they have gathered up every dollar that isn't nailed down, they will go home—if they have not been lynched in the meantime.

PROGRESS' Dublin correspondent has, with his usual enterprise, forwarded certain valuable pointers on the "Irish gentlemen" pictured above, and from these hints and their portraits St. John cricketers can gain

as good an idea of their general style as though the exiles from Erin were on hand in person to raid the C. and A. club's cash-box.

The gentleman on the right, Emerson, is the \$10,000 beauty of the team. He has a large muscle and an athletic pocketbook. The portrait printed above was taken just after he had loaned a sovereign to Hamilton, the gentleman sitting next him. This circumstance, writes PROGRESS' correspondent, accounts for Emerson's despondent expression and the saturnine grin upon Hamilton's countenance.

Lieut. J. Dunn, of the Eighth regiment, who sits in the front row, has a bad eye,

but persons who are fond of him account for that by the statement that, as a military man, he feels it incumbent upon him to look fierce. He is a very brave man, it is said, and gathers his laurels by the bunch.

E. P. Fitzgerald and Trotter are placed in the background, in order that the chains attached to their ankles may not be too plainly visible. They travel in separate vans, but, when let out of the cage, take great delight in each others' society. It is understood that when both are on the field at one time the price of admission to the grand stand is doubled, though ladies and children are warned away.

Cronin, on the extreme left, contests the palm for good looks with Emerson. There is fierce competition between them in the matter of moustaches and it is even whispered that they are enduring a course of training to find out which will first be able to get his feet into No. 11 boots.

Blacker and Tobin, who have both retired to the background of the picture, are shrewdly suspected to be dynamiters in disguise. It will be observed that when the portraits were taken their attitudes were such as to give color to this impression. Blacker stands ready to jump the fence and Tobin has his hand on his revolver. It is understood that they will be shadowed by

detectives, while the team is in Canada.

Nunn, Hines and Fitzgerald, the remaining members of the team, have not, as yet, done anything to distinguish themselves. It is said that they can play cricket a little bit, but it will be all the same to the rest of the Irish gentlemen if they can't. The team doesn't care so much for cricket as it does for its little \$200—and it will get that every time, if it has to call in the constables.

That is really all there is to say about them. If they had come here, it would have cost the reader 25 cents to see them. PROGRESS exhibits them for 3 cents—and that is about as much as the show is worth.

FEDERATION OF THE EMPIRE.

BY G. E. FENETY.

No. 1.

Within the last twelve months the subject of Imperial Federation has been frequently engaging the attention of the Press, public meetings and leagues formed for the purpose in England and Canada. Ottawa, Toronto and Halifax have held forth upon the platform, and spoken out through prominent men on the side of a united Empire; but as nothing definite can be gathered from the sentiments expressed, or resolutions passed as to what is really wanted, it is next to impossible to join issue with its advocates and discuss the subject in all its bearings, whether for or against, unless in an anticipatory or speculative way. In fact this is the only great question that has ever been presented to the British public, having no special side to it; and yet it is one of many sides and capable of various definitions, all more or less reconcilable or divergent as the cause may be—for even men who agree upon the principle of federation, differ among themselves as to methods and possibilities. It is not enough, however, for the friends of federation, to advocate an abstract principle, and expect all who are in anywise interested in the subject, to accept their dictum as one of practical force. But then, after all do the federationists themselves know what they are aiming at? England and her Colonies united against the world, is a very sublime idea, to which exception in the abstract cannot be taken; but the idea itself does not seem to contain a single germ capable of fructification—nor does it offer even a ray of hope that it can be worked into shape or form by the usual methods, through the Press and the Platform, while the difficulties are so insuperable. The whole world—the Colonial Empire embraces every sea) England particularly—has not only to be educated to see alike but to act alike by one common impulse; and the object of this writing is not for the purpose of opposition, so much as to ask information, after showing from different authorities wherein the difficulties of union present themselves, and why, according to the judgement of the writer, Canada can never become a partner in the alliance without a surrender, in many respects, of the independence she now enjoys. This remark is made advisedly, as will be explained hereafter.

Imperial Federation means, it it means anything, the revolutionizing of all existing relationship between England and her

Colonies, and between the Empire at large and the rest of the world, and if ever consummated the old channels of trade must become so deranged that the entire commercial policy of England for the last forty years must not only be reversed, but acknowledged as an entire failure, and her former Statesmen no Statesmen at all. To federate, as before remarked, must also mean the surrender of a large measure of Colonial independence and self-government; for however comforting the idea that the Empire federated means a voice in the Imperial Councils of the Nation, it should be understood that that voice can only amount to a mere whisper when worldwide foreign questions are up for discussion, and the issues are peaceful or warlike. Now Canada is independent of any foreign complications, and while ready to assist in which she would have to submit, and justly so, when having a vote either in Parliament or at the Colonial Office. It would, however, be as one vote in fifty; and even the Colonies united upon any fundamental question, would weigh but very little if in opposition, and English politicians were determined to carry a measure. Take for instance the question of Colonial defence (which appears to be the paramount question among English Federationists—in fact, it forms the stock in trade of all their utterances, and it is only discovered now that the Colonies have anything to fight for)—how would Canada stand in the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in time of war, when he came to parcel out the respective burthens of taxation to be borne by the respective Colonies? The commercial advantages, were such possible, would go but a short distance as a countervailing offset.

It is remarked that the Colonies should bear their fair share of the outlay in their defence and for the general interests of the Empire. Indeed the only argument put forward by parties in England on the side of Federation, is in relation to Colonial defence, in perfect ignorance of the fact of history that Canada, about which we are more concerned, has never failed to fight the battles of the Empire, as will be hereafter shown, as often as occasion required. An "Imperial Federation League" has been formed in London, among whose members are some of England's best men, but few very prominent ones in the public eye, holding office, and very few, if any, in opposition to England's free trade commercial policy, although this is not stated for the purpose of emphasizing the fact. This organization publishes a paper called

"the Journal of the Imperial Federation," in which it is set forth: "A military organization of the whole Empire is worthy of consideration, especially when we look at the vast armies of the great Continental Powers as compared with that of the United Kingdom, and contrast them with their relations to each other at the beginning of the century. Wars are now short and decisive, and the country best prepared has an overwhelming advantage. It may therefore be well to consider whether our condition is a safe one as regards ourselves, or such as entitles us to the respect we ought to have from the other Great Powers."

Here, then, is the pith of the whole matter, viz., to convert the British world into one great military camp; and for this object Canada is not only to surrender her means, but her independence, in order that the Empire may remain intact, or as a tower of strength against aggression, wherever her foes may appear, whether in far off Hindostan, Australia, or the Isles of the sea in both hemispheres, and always vulnerable to attack, no matter how great soever the combination. And then the congeries of the German Empire and the Federated States of America are pointed out as examples of success; but there is no parallel at all in the respective cases, which are as wide asunder as the poles themselves. The United States or the German States are not separated by vast oceans.

At one of the League meetings held in London last year a number of speeches were delivered by prominent members, all of which are at hand in pamphlet form, and from which a few extracts will be made, that the reader may understand the general drift.

The Earl of Roseberry, after taking exception to Mr. Bright's expressed opinions to the effect that this Federation of the Empire cry was "childish and absurd," said—

"I suppose the position of the Imperial Federation League is this, that the armaments and fleets of this country may have to be increased in order to afford protection to our colonies and coasting stations. The colonies might, in that case, wish to contribute to the support of these armaments, and of course the contribution would be raised in whatever way the colony thought fit—whether by a protective or free-trade tariff is a matter it does not occur to us to investigate."

Another proposition involved in Mr. Brice's statement also requires notice. Why suggest the opinion that the Colonies would be unable to stand alone, or be at the mercy of France or Germany, if separated from England, and liable to heavy costs for defence? In the first place England is not going to give up her Colonies—nobody ever before entertained such a notion—therefore why speculate upon a mere hypothesis in connection with a subject so sublime? As far as Canada is concerned, she is so situated that Germany or France would stand but a sorry chance if her eagles came down here to swoop us up. Either would have to fight half a continent in arms, and then go home bleeding at every pore. It is not likely that two cousins living in the same house, although in separate rooms, would allow a stranger to molest them without uniting their forces to repel, no matter what their political differences. The fate of Maximilian would be that of the French or German invader, for royalty with our neighbors does not pass as current coin. Mr. Brice's arguments in favor of Federation will, therefore, go but a short distance in the cause, unless he devotes more of his attention to possibilities.

But Mr. Brice further says: "The main common object to be regarded [in Federation] was naval and military defence. England has now all the liability, nearly all the expense, and had also the control of foreign policy involving the issue of peace or war, for the Colonies as well as for herself." Mr. Brice, however, would give us a voice in shaping the Imperial policy, and in the war business, provided the Colonies would be willing to bear their share in the expense. It is feared that this voice, if the conditions be accepted, would scarcely prove to be anything more than the fatal coils of the constrictor, and from the effects of which (viz., our acceptance) there could be no escape. Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M. P., remarked:

"Federation is the watchword in vogue. I care not for the name, so long as the thing is done. But there are some few, who ought to know better, who call it Utopian. Utopian! when within one short week Canada, New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia, all flash through the ocean offers of their gallant sons as soldiers to fight for the Mother Country. Utopian! when our Queen accepts their willing services, and we, their fellow countrymen,

grasp the hands held out to us, not so much because we at present need them, but because of the loyal and friendly spirit of which they are tokens."

Why federate then for purposes of defence or offence, with such an effusion of loyalty as is here presented to the world—a willingness to fight the battles of the Empire, as the Colonies have always been, without compulsion, without extraordinary taxation, as a soldier goes into battle without questioning the cause of quarrel, but do as ordered? We want no change in our system, since the present works so well, according to the statements of Mr. Ashley. But then the speaker goes further. He says that the Colonies would under federation be represented in the great Council of the Nation. Then again (he says) "what the Colonies most need, in my opinion, is the power of bringing, directly and without delay, pressure upon public opinion in this country and on the Cabinet." It is our opinion that we have now greater leverage upon the Cabinet of England, or at the Colonial Office, than could possibly be obtained if represented at Westminster. If Ireland for centuries has been unable to make herself felt in the Imperial Parliament, what would be the chances of dis-jointed Colonies, without interests in common, to form a bond of union; or even if so formed, the representation at the utmost would not likely be that of Ireland today? But the solidarity of the Colonies could not be counted upon under any circumstances, while individuals are constituted as they are, when personal interests take the place of patriotism—when men are swayed by their ambition; even at the expense of their country's welfare. If the representatives of the Maritime Provinces in the Dominion Parliament were actuated by a single motive for a particular purpose, agree in common for the obtaining of a certain measure, (say, if you like, the fishery award of four and a half millions, leaving out Newfoundland which received its portion—insisting that this money should go to the Maritime Provinces) their united influence would be felt and respected. But how stands the case? We are divided by sharp party lines and dominated by cabinet officers, subject to one common head or a vast Western preponderating influence, so that our representatives might almost be chosen from Ontario or British Columbia, so far as any great advantages are concerned in respect to the Maritime Provinces, if they ask for special favors or conceivable rights.

What would it therefore be like in England? Our leading men if not placed in the lords, would have their heads taken off in some other exalted position, and continually bask in the sunshine of the Court and grand London Society, and be so influenced by the charms that surrounded them, that the pressure (to which Mr. Ashley refers) to be exerted in our behalf would be of a very negative character. The strength and power would be on the side of England, and our leading men become consenting parties in spite of themselves, whatever might be their disposition. How different at present (not having yet taken the fatal leap), Canada or Australia standing alone, acts unitedly as one people whenever their interests are at issue. For example, New

South Wales passed laws for the suppression of the Chinese, who like locusts had been overrunning the country, devouring everything, and interfering with the course of civilized labor, so that it was resolved to put a stop to their emigration. The English Government resisted, and remonstrated with the Colony, on the ground that the sanction of the measure would interfere with her treaty obligations to China; but the Colony was inexorable and determined, so that England at last yielded and consented to the Act, and John Chinaman had to submit. It federated with England, where would Mr. Ashley's pressure be found? Against New South Wales, to be sure.

But again, some time ago, when Canada in her tariff sought under the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, to impose discriminating duties in favor of the United States, the Duke of Newcastle, who was then Colonial Secretary, remonstrated, and was about to advise Her Majesty to disapprove of the measure. Mr. Galt was Finance Minister in the McDonald-Carter government, and he insisted upon the right of the Dominion to impose such duties as they thought proper. He said—

"The Government of Canada, acting for its legislature and people, cannot, through these feelings of deference that they owe to the imperial authorities, in any manner waive or diminish the right of the people of Canada to decide for themselves both as to the mode and extent to which taxation shall be imposed. In the imposition of taxation it is so plainly necessary that the administration and the people should be in accord that the former cannot admit responsibility or require approval beyond that of the local legislature. Self-government would be entirely annihilated if the views of the imperial government were to be preferred to those of the people of Canada. It is, therefore, the duty of the present government distinctly to affirm the right of the Canadian legislature to adjust the taxation of the people in the way they deem best, even if it should unfortunately happen to meet the disapproval of the Imperial ministry."

Three, only Separate, Not like the We used to When we kiss Simply to And lavishes Lavishes k But as they When hope And nothing A sacrament First of the Is sacred We have had We shall a When we kiss And we do How the writ Than eye I kiss thee, Which we Buried, forg For our lo The second Is full of We have ble We always We shall re Part of all We shall list In every p The earth is Which Lov I kiss thee, Which we The last kiss My love— Through my What it m We may die, Die with n Any sign th To die as I Token of wh Who see o This one last The seal of THE Miss Van of her lodgi about her w on her high- genteel lodg very genteel in patches, a blinds hung were worn a used as a de There were basement w Sairy Ann, her depart Possibly she rent for her rear, was a Gorgon, her creant lodg and baggag She need ne Miss Vande flected. He value among cumbrous to up to his ful ple never ex about their did what woman's? and admirer could find n ments now bread? W tage of her pawbrooke piece of jew wreck? Sh gnawing pain minded her water for s on short rat she had bee have withst there was s But to suffi nothing but humiliated h She was s with low col one of the p stunted lil yard, gave a ment on the was not thi pool's atten knob, she c crepe, tied banner of s where the tw upon her, w as she pass had flung h Now one d down upon sonal loss. She push the steps. led her to a custom of th admission to little white two children mother, the father with lap the self to sleep gently: "I am so The mother up piteously visitor. "Nothing less you cou "There, patting her hard on all together." Miss Van went silentl the door bel take, her c sented the have done s given them pathy. To of your very hard when upon sorrow There was s Miss Vande see grieve sm and this litt last rest wit hands—the kisses to be She wish flowers for

THREE KISSES.

Three, only three, my darling, Separate, solemn, slow; Not like the swift and joyous ones We used to know...

THE TIDE-LANDS.

Miss Vanderpool came down the steps of her lodging house and stood looking about her with an expression of discontent on her high-bred face.

and there were none in the city gardens, just recovering from the shock of a severe Eastern winter. She had no money to buy them from a florist. Up in the great house on the bluff that had been her home there was a conservatory, and in it there was a magnificent climbing rose that she had planted herself, years ago by, and nurtured into a vigorous growth.

was better so. She would have chosen this very way of death, if she might. She had been forced by one and ever since to open again, during these years of poverty and privation, and she gave a little hysterical laugh as she remembered it now.

had ever pressed any claims upon her. He would not have come now had he been on his feet. She had seen that the moment he opened the door, and shrank from her own thoughts. He surmised the look upon her face, and interpreted it in his own way.

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(No. 11 next Saturday.)



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN CITY SOCIETY CIRCLES

And a Summary of the Happenings Elsewhere in New Brunswick. Social Talk. Woodstock Whispers—Fashion's Favorites Who Seek River or Seaside.

The ladies who still remain in the city have devoted the most part of this week to calling and returning calls. The refreshing shower of Monday was most welcome to those who were anxious to appear in their prettiest when visiting Mrs. Dr. Alward, who has been receiving her numerous friends at her delightful little home, Sunnyside is indeed worthy of its name, and though at all times a most attractive spot, the many carriages, coaches and charmingly-costumed ladies gave it an unusually gay appearance this week. The grounds, etc., looked remarkably pretty, but inside the cottage was even more inviting. Mrs. Alward was most becomingly attired in a silk dress of a light but indescribable color. It had all the appearance of a Parisian robe, of course I returned from inquiring if it was Miss Turnbull also looking very pleasing, and greatly assisted in entertaining the visitors. The conversation committee met at the Institute, Monday afternoon, and I fancy were a little disappointed at not realizing a larger sum by their entertainment, but they hope to do better in the fall, though just what sort of an entertainment it is then to be I have not an idea—but it was proposed that there should be some dancing in connection with it and for this purpose it was suggested that a platform be built to cover the entire hall from the stage over all the seats, so if this idea is carried out those who are fond of the mazur will not have to complain of limited space.

The ladies are looking forward to ladies' day at the race course, which I believe is to be held very shortly. Not many years ago, St. John would have been shocked to hear of its daughters gracing the grand stands, but now it is considered quite correct, especially on ladies' day, which is hailed with delight by all the young girls who are fortunate in having fathers, brothers or young men who admire the lovely horses. When we all become possessors of fine-draws, I think they are called—will doubtless follow our English cousins' example and start off in the morning, all equipped for the Derby.

A London hostess in search of novelty has given a dinner with a green velvet table cloth with wreaths of Alpine poppies. Another used a white satin cloth, on which were placed large sacks of white satin, tied with silver cord, from which a wreath of white flowers was tumbling out. The Salvation Army has brought blue dresses into disrepute with at least one friend of mine. The other day, she being attired in a dress of that color—though hardly of the material or cut favored by the army—two women volubly admired her baby, as she passed them on Sydney street; then, before she was out of earshot, one of the females remarked to the other, "Looks funny to see a Salvation lassie with a baby, doesn't it?" My friend tells me that she has no special prejudice against the army, but so long as the use of a certain color causes her to be numbered with the blood-and-fire lasses she prefers to leave it off.

Happy bride—Isn't that lovely? So you have the house all ready? Young husband—"We can begin housekeeping at once." By the way, my angel, do you know how to cook?" Bride—"Oh, no, but mother does!"

Miss Hill, of Bangor, spent a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Snow at Mrs. G. Merritt's.

Hon. T. R. Jones, with his two daughters, left last Wednesday to spend a week at Hillsboro.

Miss Blanchard, of Philadelphia, is visiting Mrs. Taylor, at her Sand Cove cottage. House swimming parties are the latest fads in polite society. Young ladies who do not know how to swim meet at each other's houses, and after donning the conventional bathing costume, they strike out fearlessly from the safe harbor of a cushion. In this way they learn to swim, and they enjoy themselves without danger.

The Carleton Longfellow club is practicing for an operetta to be given early in September.

A fine portrait of Mrs. E. M. Estey, a well-known Moncton society belle, has attracted much attention to the window of Mr. H. C. Martin's studio, during the week. Mrs. Estey's bright, expressive face has never been more naturally pictured than in this work.

Mrs. H. B. Masters and child, formerly of St. John but now of Boston, are spending the summer with Mrs. A. W. Masters, jr. Mr. George W. Jones has gone to England to accompany his mother and sister home. They are expected to sail about the 15th.

Scotch toast is a Bar Harbor cottage delicacy. It is bread soaked in egg, then toasted, and finally fried in butter. It is eaten on decorated plates with knife and fork, and pronounced by the B. H. girls "just too lovely for anything."

North Conway hotels refuse to take in dogs with their patrons.

Mrs. Barnes has issued invitations for a garden party at Hampton, next Wednesday.

The danger in making wedding presents do double duty is suggested by this story in the Pittsburg Chronicle: "All at once, the idea came into her head that she had a great superiority of fruit spoons. Why should she not send some of them to her schoolmate for a wedding present? There seemed to be no objection, so she sent the butler down to the bank with orders to pick out a pretty case of spoons. The butler fulfilled his mission. None of the presents were tickled, so that it was altogether impossible to tell from whom this particular set of spoons had come. The spoons traveled once more to a hymeneal altar, and the lady who sent them heard nothing about them for several days. Then she received the following letter:—

Dear Madam—I am very grateful to you for returning the spoons. I thought they were too good for you when I sent them to you as a wedding present, and it is honest in you to send them back. Yours, etc.

"The New Brunswick railway," says the *Calais Times*, "made a hit when it secured Mr. Haggerty as a mechanical superintendent. His genius, skill, ability, energy and attention are becoming so well known that railway men of the states have their eyes on Mr. Haggerty, and the company will be lucky if they do not lose him." But surely

Mr. Haggerty will never be able to say good-bye to his friends in New Brunswick! Roddaway still keeps up its gayeties, but they are so varied and numerous it's hard to keep the track of them all. Mrs. Hall's reception, Wednesday evening, however, was among the most enjoyable events of this week, as was also Mrs. Morris Robinson's tennis party and evening dance. This afternoon, Miss Fowler is to have a picnic. I've forgotten where it is to be held, but an incident it will prove a very delightful ending to a most pleasant week.

Hampton is another charming summer resort, and not far behind Roddaway in the line of amusements and pleasure. It has a great number of visitors, this season, and boating parties, tennis, drives, picnics, etc., are arranged for each day, excepting Sunday, when, of course, they forget all frivolities and attend church.

The modistes inform us that the cloth dresses for this fall will have trimmings of bands of leather and kid bands in gray and tan-color, with open designs cut out and outlined with fine cords of gilt.

There were a number of evening and dancing parties this week. Mrs. King's is spoken of as one of the most enjoyable. Tuesday evening, a large number of young people spent a brilliant and gay evening at the residence of Mr. C. Kinneer, and Mrs. Stratton entertained a number of her friends Wednesday evening.

I heard an American visitor say that the St. John ladies were about the only people who really did understand how to entertain. They have the happy knack and charming way of making everyone feel at ease, which she thinks chiefly accounts for the success and enjoyableness of all their undertakings. I fancy she is about correct, eh? but the gentlemen also can do fairly well when they try hard, though I don't believe they have over-exerted themselves this week, as Dr. Barker's luncheon party of Wednesday is their only item of interest that reaches me.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones of the Dufferin and a party of friends left this morning to spend a week at Bar Harbor.

THE GOSSIP.

EVEN UP.

"My love," he said, and parted back her hair, That tossed in golden mist above her eyes; "Ask me no more, but hear me while I swear— You, you alone, I love. Will that suffice?"

"I have had fancies—yes—like other men— Youth's blood is swift, and youth's warm dream— ing roves." "My heart's at last is fixed. Ah! spare me then these questions as to other, earlier loves!"

"Tis not for you, whose innocent young heart Still hears the music of your childhood's chimes, To understand—" She stopped him with a start. "Don't go so fast. I've been engaged four times!" —Madeline S. Bridges, in *Puck*.

CELESTIAL TALK.

FREDERICTON, Aug. 1.—Mrs. and Miss Bailey, accompanied by Miss Mauger, went to St. John on Monday, where they will spend a week or ten days.

Mrs. Loggie is visiting friends in Nova Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beckwith, with their family, and Mrs. Godkin and her daughter have returned home from Grand Manan, where they have been spending a few weeks.

Now I must tell you all about Mrs. Black's delightful party. It was a most enjoyable affair. The house is well adapted for a party. Four rooms were thrown open on the ground floor, two for dancing—one of these extending the whole length of the house—and the reception and supper room; and the orchestra was stationed in the hall, and in the large hall on the second floor several card tables. There was a large tent on the lawn, which seemed to be enjoyed as a cool, restful retreat. The spacious veranda was prettily illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and provided with easy chairs, which were kept well filled during the evening. The evening was perfect, despite the heavy shower we had in the afternoon. About 10 o'clock the moon arose and shed her silvery light over the lawn, adding to the beauty of the scene. The supper was excellent, and there was plenty of delicious ice-cream throughout the evening.

Mrs. Black, who makes a charming hostess, received in a handsome white corded silk, high-necked and elbow sleeves, train skirt.

Miss Mauger, for whom the party was given, wore a very pretty dress of pale blue cashmere and surah.

Mrs. Gilmore wore an exquisite costume, consisting of a petticoat and vest of white plush and a long Watteau court-train of salmon-pink brocade satin, cut low at the neck and short sleeves; ornaments, Rhine stones, including a very handsome necklace.

Mrs. George Maunsell, a very handsome white satin, with long train and white lace front drapery.

Mrs. Arthur W. Carr, of New York, wore a steel-grey silk, made with long train.

Mrs. Col. Robinson, an elegant dress of black brocade satin, with jet trimmings.

Mrs. Judge Fraser, handsome black lace and jet.

Mrs. Major Gordon wore a very handsome grey silk, trimmed with crimson plush and white lace.

Miss Dever, of St. John, wore a white dress, with low bodice and white surah sash; Miss Temple, brown tulle over silk of the same shade; Miss Harrison, white surah; Miss Mary Brown, pale blue silk and brocade velvet. They were many other handsome dresses, but it would take too long to describe all.

Nearly a hundred guests were present, and I noticed among other strangers Mr. Mills, of the bank of B. N. A. in St. John, and Mr. R. D. Wilson from the same bank, and Mr. Davidson from Chatham.

There were six grass-widowers present, looking extremely happy, and enjoying themselves to the utmost.

During the evening one of our young military officers had a sudden come down hill walking; he tried very hard to ward off the catastrophe, but the recently waxed floor was too much for him. The amusing part of it all was that none of the other gentlemen dare laugh, each fearing his turn might come next.

It would be very hard to decide who was the belle where all the young ladies looked so well. This charming party broke up about 2 o'clock.

Mrs. Forgan, of Fredericton, is spending a few weeks at the favorite watering place of Nova Scotia—Digby.

A number of the members of the Fredericton W. C. T. Union went over to Gibson,

Monday afternoon, and established a branch union in that place, with seventeen members. Mrs. Dr. Barker was chosen president of the Gibson union.

Mrs. T. C. Allen is rusticiating at Clifton, Kings county.

Mrs. Inglis is visiting her friends in St. John, and Mrs. Alfred Street is also out of town.

Mrs. Hazen, wife of Mayor Hazen, with her children and Miss Frank Tibbids, are enjoying the sea-breezes at Bay shore, Carleton.

Misses Bessie and Lelia Botsford are visiting in Richibucto.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Morrison, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are visiting at the residence of his father, Mr. John A. Morrison, sr.

Mr. and Mrs. David Hatt have returned home from the "Beches," Richibucto.

Mrs. Eaton has returned to her home in St. Stephen.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Howie deeply sympathize with them in the death of their beautiful little boy.

I have heard that a well known bank clerk of St. John is coming to Fredericton to take to himself a bride, some time during this month. I have also heard it to be a very quiet affair, but I do hope they will let me know the day, that I may give a forenoon a description of the bride's dress.

Mr. D. R. Forgan expects to join Mrs. Forgan at Digby this week.

I learn that the ladies and gentlemen who spent last week at "Camp Allen" had a splendid time. Among those who were at camp the whole or part of the week, were Mr. and Mrs. W. T. H. Fenety, Mr. and the Misses Fenety, Miss Hunter, Miss Rainsford, Mr. Jaffrey and Mr. Carter. Across the river were Rev. Mr. Roberts and family, with Mr. George Thompson and Miss Nellie Hunter as guests. They will remain until next week.

Commander Cheyne is registered at the "Queen."

Dr. and Mrs. McLeod have gone to the North Shore to spend a few weeks.

Rev. Mr. Mowatt will join his family at Harvey, where he will spend a couple of weeks, and St. Paul's pulpit for the next two Sundays will be occupied by Rev. Mr. McLean of Harvey.

Mrs. Wm. Phair and her two children are in the country for a few weeks.

Mr. W. T. Whitehead has returned from his fishing trip on the Tobique. The party had excellent luck.

Dr. Coulthard and his party have returned from their fishing excursion on the Rungarvon. They are said to have captured a large number of salmon.

Messrs. Frank Sherman, Wentworth B. Winslow and Leo Labor started at 5 a. m. Monday morning to walk to St. John, and they arrived there at 5 p. m. yesterday, after resting over night.

STELLA.

WOODSTOCK WHISPERS.

WOODSTOCK, Aug. 2.—Miss Barnes, of Andover, who has just returned from Boston, is spending a few weeks in Woodstock, the guest of Mr. Holyoke.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Henderson left Wednesday morning, for Bathurst, where they will remain a short time.

Mr. R. E. Guy Smith, who spent his holidays here, returned to New York Monday.

Mr. Charles Bull and bride returned from their wedding tour a few days ago.

Major Grant and wife, of St. John, spent Monday in Woodstock.

Miss Burchell of Fredericton is making a visit here.

Dr. Rogers, who has been visiting his home in Connecticut, returned to Woodstock, Tuesday.

A large party was given at Mrs. Frank Bull's, Tuesday evening, and all who had the pleasure of being there had a delightful time. Dancing was kept up until an early hour in the morning.

Miss Burpee, of Fort Fairfield, Me., who spent a few weeks here with her friend Miss Cole, left for Vanceboro, Wednesday morning.

A very pleasant time was spent at Mrs. Dr. Griffith's, Wednesday evening, at a dancing party which was given for the three young ladies who are visiting there.

The First Baptist Church.

The Wolfville church, says the *Wolfville Acadian*, claims to be the first Baptist church established in the maritime provinces, if not in Canada, though some claim that the church in Sackville, N. B., was organized fifteen years before. The Wolfville church was organized Oct. 29, 1778, and is therefore 110 years old. It has had four successive pastors, viz.: Rev. Nicholas Pierson, from 1778 to 1791; Rev. Theodore S. Harding, from 1795 to 1848; Rev. S. W. DeBlois, D. D., from 1848 to 1884; and Rev. T. A. Higgins, D. D., from 1884 to the present time. At the organization of the church there were ten members; it now consists of nearly 400 members. Its history has been full of interest.

The Scheme Will Succeed.

The St. John News Co., directed by two young men who have experience, energy and an ambition to satisfy their patrons, has just begun operations. Its design is to take subscriptions for any and every periodical, daily, weekly or monthly, published here or elsewhere, deliver them promptly at subscribers' residences and make weekly collections. There is a field for enterprise in this direction and the scheme will succeed.

For An Idle Hour.

*Maive's Revenge*, by Rider Haggard, has been received by Messrs. J. & A. McMillan. It is published by the Rose Publishing company and costs 30 cents. It is Haggard's latest work.

Hawley Smart's new novel, *The Pride of the Paddock*, is published by the National Publishing Co., Toronto, and for sale at McMillan's. Price 25 cents.

They Fleete on the 21st.

The City Cornet band will hold its annual picnic on the 21st instant.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.,

61 and 63 King Street, St. John.

New Cloths for Early Autumn.

We have opened and placed on our Counters the most Elegant Lot of Cloths for Skirts, Costumes, and the New Smocked Ulster Wraps ever shown by us.

Our Stock, comprised of the Latest Novelties in Cloths from the French and German Markets, are placed on Sale as early as any of the large American cities have similar goods.

This will give our Customers an excellent opportunity to have them made up before the busy season.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. University of New Brunswick.

Michaelmas Term, 1888.

The Entrance Examination, the Examinations for County Scholarships, and the Senior Matriculation Examination, will Begin on the First Day of October, 1888.

The Scholarships in the undermentioned Counties will be open to competition:

Restigouche, Gloucester, Northumberland, Westmorland, Albert, Charlotte, Kings, Sunbury, Carleton, Victoria.

Copies of the new Calendar for the Academic year 1888-89 may be had from the Registrar of the University.

J. D. HAZEN, B. A., Fredericton, N. B.

University of Mount Allison College, SACKVILLE, N. B.

Fall Term Opens August 30th.

For information as to courses of study, expenses, etc., send for a calendar.

Young men and women desirous of taking a college course are invited to correspond with the President,

Sackville, July 9.

J. R. INCH, LL. D.

Avoid Dirty Water!

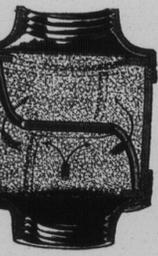
If your drinking water is discolored, tainted, or impregnated with impurities, deposits, animal or other matter, use a "PEARL" RAPID FILTER, and remember that unfiltered water is a fruitful source of cholera, typhoid and zymotic diseases.

These Filters are adjustable to any Faucet or Water Cooler, and are reversible so as to allow all deposits to be washed out.

Send for Circulars.

Price \$1.25 each—Mailed to any address.

Agents Wanted.



T. McAVITY & SONS, Manufacturers, St. John, N. B.

NEW STOVE STORE. GURNEY'S STANDARD STOVES.

We handle a full line of GURNEY'S

Stoves and Ranges

including—

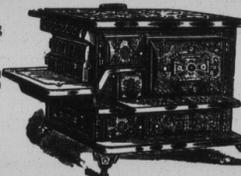
STANDARD,

HOME STANDARD

—AND—

MODEL STANDARD

(Wrought Steel).



These Ranges take less fuel to run than any range in the market, and cannot be excelled for baking qualities, and are finished in GUINEY'S well known style. Numbers in use in city, and all giving perfect satisfaction. We have also a full line of first-class TINWARE and STOVE REPAIRS kept on hand. Prompt attention given to all work entrusted to us and at reasonable charges.

COLES & PARSONS, 90 Charlotte Street. A few doors south of Princess Street.

Lace, Nun's Veiling,

—AND—

SATEEN DRESSES

Cleaned Equal to New Without Being Taken Apart

—AT—

UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY . . . . 32 Waterloo Street.

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Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Otitis, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Cholera Diarrhoea, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an illustrated pamphlet. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, \$1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2119, Boston, Mass.

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OF THE WORLD.

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With complete Index and Geographical Statistics.

In the present work, the special aim has been to provide the public with an Atlas which for all general purposes is practically complete and reliable, while at the same time is such a convenient and handy form, that it may be kept on a writing table or desk for ready consultation.

FOR SALE BY

J. & A. McMILLAN,

St. John, N. B.

Come and See

CHARLIE AND GEORGE

—AND GET—

THE EASIEST SHAVE

That can be obtained in St. John or anywhere else

GURNEY & LUNDY,

HAIRDRESSERS,

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Soda

—AT—

Crockett's Drug Store,

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A FOURTH CHAIR

—AND—

The Best Artists and Shavers

IN THE CITY, AT THE

ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SHOP,

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Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fittings at short notice.

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TRAINER OF

Vocal Culture and Throat Gymnastics

Specialty of Voice Placing and Diaphragm Breathing.

Address—Downville Building, First Sta.

Not a cheap sale but the inauguration of that policy in St. John, whose principle demands that a season's goods must be cleared out at the end of their season.

We shall adopt but one method to effect our purpose and that is to reduce to a literal half-price all goods which we wish clear.

We will not make a general reduction to begin with three lines: Colored Dress Goods, Curtains and Parasols.

These reductions take effect on Wednesday, July 18th, and each succeeding week I see other lines reduced.

Each succeeding week has seen other lines reduced; next week will see the last of these reductions, for then all summer goods will be brought into line—all summer goods will be selling for 50 cents on dollar.

Having defined our policy all that remains to do is to tell you exactly what we do and at what price.

We shall try to be as definite as possible, and it is not our intention or policy to mislead you in regard to what you may expect.

We have never believed in what might be called a double meaning in advertisement.

For some reason one is almost certain to find wrong ideas when anything extraordinary is offered.

There can be no deception on our part, never, for our goods are all marked in figures—dividing the original price by two, gives the new price in every instance on the line specified below.

Printed Cambrics, all light colors;

Chambrais and Dress Gingham;

Connection with this a case of Dark Blue, slightly damaged, at 8 cents.)

Colored Summer Dress Goods;

White Stripe Muslin;

Colored " "

Double-fold Boucle Nun's Veiling;

Blue, Pink and Cream, at 16 cents;

White Tussore Silk at 19 cents;

White Flouncings;

White and Cream (not Black);

Red Grenadine;

Red Spanish Laces;

AS I STATED LAST WEEK, I WROTE ALL I INTENDED ON THE ORGAN AFFAIR AND AS THE REV. MR. DAVENPORT SEEMS SATISFIED—

As I stated last week, I wrote all I intended on the organ affair and as the Rev. Mr. Davenport seems satisfied—

The Folio for August is to hand and is well worth perusal. The most interesting articles are James M. Tracy's six-part article on "Organ Playing and Organists," which draws special attention to the effect that German organists have had on organ playing and church music in Boston, and an article on Beethoven, his burial, disinterment and re-interment. There are also several amusing items anent musical persons.

Miss Jost of Halifax filled Miss Hea's place in St. Andrew's church, last Sunday, most acceptably—the latter lady being away on a well-earned vacation.

I hear that there are already a good number of applications for Trinity church organ. It will be no easy matter for the governing powers to replace such an accomplished musician as our friend Gubb, or to find one so ready to help in a musical way any good work—for the love of it!

Dr. Stainer was knighted by the Queen at Windsor Castle on the 10th July last. All the lovers of music will be glad of this further recognition on the part of her Majesty of honoring representative musical men—but the ones who will appreciate it most are those who at one time have sat in this great master's choir, members of which will be found all over the world, and who will delight in the honor done to their beloved master.

Did it ever occur to you that, although the bass-drum doesn't make good music, it draws a heap of bad—*Toledo Blade*.

This evidently was written after the *Blade* had had an application of the Salvation Army band.

"In the Mexican church choir no woman is allowed to sing." There are a great many church choirs in America in which women don't sing, but unfortunately they try. The Mexican church choir would be a model musical organization if the male singers were also obliged to keep their mouths shut.—*Norristown Herald*.

I think the above might be applied to choirs most anywhere.

The 62nd band will assist the choir and organ at the Mission church, Sunday morning, by playing the hymns, which will be: Processional, 391, *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, to Sir Arthur Sullivan's tune; 148, 270 and 437. The *Te Deum* will be by Mr. Morley. The music is sure to go well, as not only have the choir had extra practice, but the band was down at the church, Thursday evening, and had a good rehearsal.

FELIX.

Oysters R All Right.

According to a King square oyster-house man there is something in the old rhyme:

In the months without an "r," Oysters, deadly poison are.

He says that trade in oysters is always rather slow in those months and thinks that perhaps the old superstition has something to do with it. The oysters sold in St. John at this time of year are all American, which have been transplanted and are taken up when wanted for use.

Another dealer, who does a great counter trade, says that the boys around town dispose of oysters and clams at his counter every night in a way that would surprise anybody who had never been there. They will eat, regardless of superstition or anything else, so long as they get their dish served well.

The "boys" around town seem to have conceived a great fondness for clam chowder and consume all the dealers can produce. Clam chowder is cheap and it "goes well," they say. That the frequenters of the King square oyster houses fully realize this is apparent when one tries to get a seat at the counter.

She Wanted Jockey Club.

"A man who runs a soda-fountain has lots of fun with the delegates from the bush," said a popular druggist, the other day. "They always inquire for 'sody water.' Very often, when I ask, 'What kind?' they say, 'Oh, jest sody water.' One of them—she was a pretty girl, too—put on a new frill, the other day, though. After she said it was 'jest sody water,' she wanted, I thought I'd help her out and I asked, 'What flavor?' She looked around in a helpless way for a minute. Then she caught sight of one of those bottles on the show-case and the suggestion was such a relief to her that she fairly beamed. 'Give me some Jockey Club!' she said. I fixed her up a good dose of vanilla and she went away happy, and sure to ask for Jockey Club next time."

Bad Enough.

Hotel man (to tourist)—"How do you like St. John weather? Isn't it something fine compared with what you have in the states in summer?"

Tourist—"Well! there hasn't been any fog since I've been here; but if the fog is any worse than the dust, I'll leave the city by the next train."

A Lady Correspondent Wonders if They Can Take Care of Themselves.

To THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS:—I like good music, myself, but I am pretty sure that the hundreds of young men and women who throng King square every hand night, are not all inclined that way. I would venture to say that not one-tenth of them know an air the band played, or listened to one whole selection.

I visited the square, the other night, and was amazed at the crowd of people I saw, and yet, my companion informed me, it is just the same way every band night. I found people of all walks in life there, but I always found them in different places. The walks of the square were crowded principally with young boys and girls, who seemed to be all well acquainted with each other and laughed and talked as though they were members of one big family. It surprised me very much indeed.

It set me thinking; and next day, when Mary and I happened to be alone in the dining-room, I talked to her about the band and the square. Mary is our "girl." She is about seventeen years of age, but has more good sense than the majority of girls at that age have. She has been with us a long time now, and Mary and I have always been great friends. I guess she would tell me everything she knows if I asked her. Well, the next day, I asked Mary, for a joke, who that young man was that saw her home last evening. Mary did not blush—we are too good friends for that—but frankly told me that he said his name was Johnson, but she couldn't say for certain whether it was or not.

I was surprised. Did Mary keep company with a young man whom she knew nothing about?

"Well, you see," said she, "my girl chum said she knew him, to see him, and he always looked well and went with good, respectable-looking fellows, so when they came up and asked us if they could see us home I went with him and Alice went with the other fellow."

"And they were never introduced to you?" I asked, more astonished.

"No!" said Mary. "You see, they walked behind us a good deal of the night and whenever we would say anything they would say something too, or laugh. Then they would go in the opposite direction and every time they passed us they would smile and we would smile too. Then we got kind of as if we knew each other and when they came up and spoke we went home together."

"And do many girls get acquainted in that way?" I asked in amazement.

"Oh, yes," she said; "that is what they call 'catching on.'"

Then Mary and I sat down together, as I felt inquisitive and wanted to know more. She told me that they sometimes would only see a young man once; but, again, might have him accompany them home dozens of times, if they found him to be a nice, respectable young fellow. "Indeed," said Mary, "Mr. —'s son" (naming one of the wealthiest men in the city), "came home with me one evening last week and his chum went with Alice."

Gracious! I was thoroughly astonished at all this. The representatives of the best families in the city escorting our girl home! Surely some beside me will be surprised when they hear this. If anybody but Mary had told me this I could hardly believe it, but I know her to be an honest, truthful, reliable girl. I asked her if these young men knew whom the girls were. She said that sometimes if the girls thought the boys gave their real names, the girls would tell theirs too, but the girls were just as cute as the boys and could not be fooled.

Mary said she knew some girls who lived at home but thought their houses were not grand enough, and were ashamed to let the young men see where they lived, so they would take them to some good-looking house and say they lived there. The girls would go and stand in the hall until the young men went away, then they would come out and go home.

I am afraid that such actions on the part of our young people will not end in any good. Indeed, if some evil has not already come of this flirting, it is a wonder to me. All the girls who visit the square on band nights are not as sensible or as able to take care of themselves as our Mary is.

S. M. T.

We'll Be There.

York lodge, No. 3, L. O. A., intend holding an excursion and picnic on Partridge Island, next Wednesday. The committee have spared no pains to make this the picnic of the season and, for one thing, have secured bargains that will make certain the safety of women and children who attend. The government have built a splendid new wharf and there will be no trouble in landing. York lodge run a great picnic two years ago at this delightful spot and made a grand success, and that experience will be repeated on this occasion. Games of all kinds will be indulged in, to which suitable prizes have been awarded. The Artillery brass and string bands will be in attendance and provide music for dancing. The American boat landing has been secured and the first boat will leave the wharf at 10 a. m. Every one should go. See advertisement elsewhere.

A Real American Joke.

Mrs. Harrison, wife of the Republican candidate, is a painter of flowers.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Yes, but she will never have a chance to paint the flowers red.—*New York Sun*.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

The Grand Lodge of the Lower Provinces, British North America, meets at Master J. L. Stewart, of Chatham, presiding. The delegates from some lodges in this vicinity are as follows:

Plover, No. 22—Andre Cushing, Gilbert Burroughs, James Clarke, C. N. Skinner, M. E. Jones, J. A. Paul, D. A. Sinclair and two others who were chosen last night after Progress had gone to press.

Beacon, No. 23—E. B. Barnes, William Love, John Kenney, A. A. Wilson, Silson, No. 24—J. Arch. Milligan, W. J. Fraser, H. E. Colner, Charles Harding, John T. Nuttall, W. M. McLean.

No. 25, Fredericton—J. F. Richards, Chas. Sampson, Joshua Limerick, George Gunter, J. W. Taber and John Palmer.

A considerable number of these delegates, and perhaps all, will leave Monday morning by the steamer *Secret*. It is likely that the delegates from Victoria lodge, No. 13, of Fredericton, will accompany them. It is hoped that Past Grand Master Richards, of Fredericton, will attend.

Several ladies, among them Mrs. Murdoch and a friend, will be in the St. John party, and two or three of the Fredericton delegates will be accompanied by their wives or daughters.

It is mentioned as among the probabilities that Deputy Grand Master Weather- spoon, of Granville Ferry, N. S., will be chosen grand master, and that, if Grand Warden Joseph Wilson declines advancement—which his many friends earnestly hope that he will not do—Mr. C. N. Skinner, M. P., will be elected D. G. M.

The Grand Lodge of Ontario, with 260 lodges represented by more than 300 men, and the Grand Encampment, embracing 80 encampments and about 100 delegates, will meet in Barrie, next week. *Appropos of odds*, the *Dominion Odd Fellow* suggests that each of these two bodies should have its own time and place of meeting. "The Grand Lodge could confine its sessions to the larger cities, where accommodation would be always ample. In these places, public parades and displays are unnecessary, and do the order no good. Societies are common; the public take little interest in their processions; and the lodges, already well established, get no benefit from them. Let the Grand lodge meet quietly, do its business carefully, and attend to nothing else. Then the Grand Encampment could meet in any of the smaller towns that might desire it, and where public displays would advertise the order. The Patriarchs Militant could be in attendance, and assist materially. Indeed, more attention should be given to this branch in connection with the Grand Encampment sessions. Why not have the Ontario Regiment go into cantonment at such a time?"

The *Dominion Odd Fellow* scolds the 23 lodges that have not reported to the Grand Lodge of Ontario and suggests that every lodge not having its report in should be debarred from having a franchise in the Grand Lodge. Why not discipline the secretaries, instead? The lodges are not so much to blame.

The *Odd Fellows' Review* is agitating for the discarding of regalia. "We believe in having some insignia of rank and office," it says, "but we are of the opinion that something may be procured that will answer the purpose much better than the great horse-collar arrangement of the present day. The present regalia, besides being cumbersome, is decidedly objectionable from a sanitary point of view."

Knights of Pythias.

The Grand lodge, Knights of Pythias, will meet with Westmorland lodge, Moncton, in September. The exact date for the meeting has not yet been decided upon. An invitation to attend the sessions has been issued to Victoria division, Uniform rank, and New Brunswick and Union lodges, of this city, Frontier lodge, St. Stephen, and Cumberland lodge, Springhill, will be represented.

All the lodges throughout the jurisdiction are in a flourishing condition. The two in this city are receiving new members at every meeting.

It is probable that a large delegation from St. John will go to Moncton in September. The programme of proceedings has not been arranged, but will likely include a parade and other special events besides the regular business of the Grand lodge.

Independent Order of Good Templars.

The elections of officers for the ensuing term took place this week in the different lodges with unusual interest. The work cut out by G. C. T. Marshall and his co-workers promises a most successful year in this branch of the temperance reform.

Cushing lodge, Carleton, is officered with John Irvine, C. T., W. H. Thompson, R. S.

No Surrender lodge of Fairville has elected James Sample, C. T., and C. E. V. Cowie, R. S.

City of Portland lodge elected W. J. Southern, chief templar, and W. E. Hopkins, recording secretary.

Monday evening, Sirion lodge elected Miss B. Graham, chief templar, and Mrs. L. Lewis, recording secretary.

Tuesday evening, Finch lodge elected John Law, chief templar, and Charles S. Everett, recording secretary.

Monday evening, Coldbrook lodge was visited by G. T. Law and P. D. C. T. Mehan. David S. Betts was elected chief templar and R. W. Scribner, recording secretary.

Sunday afternoon last, a gospel temperance meeting was addressed at Golden Grove, by the grand treasurer and Messrs. Beaman and Wilkes.

This afternoon the little folks composing Sirion Juvenile Temple will publicly install their officers in good Templar hall. The chief templar is N. Renic, and recording secretary, F. Smith.

One of the grand lodge officers will pay a visit to Bayswater lodge this evening, and on Tuesday evening G. C. T. Marshall will install the officers at Millidgeville. Garfield lodge, at Gondola Point, will hold a festival in their hall on Wednesday evening, at which a good time is promised.

The fourth annual session of Peerless District lodge will be held in Temple hall, Portland, on Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 28, under the auspices of City of Portland lodge, at which the annual election of officers will take place.

Men and Women Are Unhappy Because They Miss the Gift of Speech.

I took a long walk the other day, and in the course of my ramblings, which, part of the way lay through woods, and part of the way by the side of birch-crowned bluffs that overlooked the sparkling waters of the big lake, I met only one thoroughly wretched-looking object, and that was a man. I came across lots of sheep, and a few cows, with here and there a busy colony of chickens, and one particularly jolly pig, but every animate thing looked care-free and happy, except the man! His hair was grizzled and thin, his countenance cadaverous and wan, and the furrows on his cheek were like the wheel-ruts on a much-travelled road. And why? Perhaps, thought I, because he had the power of imparting and making interchange of his troubles by means of the gift of speech.

Who ever heard of a wrinkled-faced cow, and yet cows grow old as well as men. Who ever saw a sheep with tear-beaded eyes, and a wan and sunken face? If sheep could meet together and talk of their ailments, as we do, and fill the hours of a morning call with details of a bad digestion, the complaints the blessed children fall heir to, and the horrors of the domestic question, perhaps sheep would grow old and wizened before their time, as women do. What is mankind's universal form of salutation? "How are you?" That's the first question we put to each other when we meet in the morning, or after a separation, and ten to one this question launches a full-rigged craft of human misery upon the tide of conversation that should be devoted to nobler converse. The Turks approach the subject more directly with the salutation, "How are your bowels?" But although we couch our sentiments in more ambiguous language, the result is the same. How would it do to change the form of inquiry to matters pertaining to the spirit rather than to the body? How is it with your soul? Are you happy? How goes the morning, or the day? Would not any of those salutations be better than a greeting that plunges at once into the condition of the liver, headaches, catarrhs, and hay fever? Try it.

And then when a trouble overtakes us, be it little or big, we never go off by ourselves as the stricken deer does, or the dog with a thorn in his foot, but we call our neighbors and friends together, or we put on our things and run down to mother's to talk it over and extract all the gall there is from the tribulation. Now it is all right when great griefs overtake us to seek human sympathy; without it this world would be like a desert land without an oasis, or without a rainy shadow betwixt us and the glaring, scorching sun. But half the little hurts of life it were nobler and more heroic to bear alone. If you need to take a particularly nasty dose of medicine, is it worth while to force every member of the family to share the dose, or to run around and compel all your acquaintances to taste also? Castor-oil and family troubles are far better taken in individual doses, and not administered on the communistic plan.

Another misery that would be spared us were speech denied us, and from which dumb animals are forever shielded, is the excruciating torment of having to talk when one has nothing to say. Have you not been there all of you? Seated together on a picnic excursion, with whom it was as difficult to start a conversation as to raise bangs on a billiard ball. How you struggle inwardly, and write in the throes of an attempt to start a topic! How you cast about for a witty remark to make that stony countenance relax, or a pathetic story to bring mirth to those fish eyes! Such agony leaves its trace on heart and brain, and it is purely the gift of human speech. A flock of sheep on a summer day lay out in the clover, nibble at the sorrel, chew the cud of happy fancy and are supremely happy without the interchange of a single sound. But a flock of men and women turned loose in a parlor for an evening party! Of what do they talk? With a babble of words, what do they say? Anything worth remembering? Anything uplifting? Anything helpful and strong? For anything that an angel might stop to jot down in his commonplace book, there is might far better be dumb sheep. There is nothing so inane under the sun as the conversation of people who have no ideas. The froth of whipped eggs is a tonic compared to it. I would rather spend my life with the cattle upon the hills, and the sheep in the fold, than put in a year with a brainless, idealless woman, or a society dude. Silence is heaven sent and born of eternal wisdom compared to the crackling of a fool's laughter and the braying of a fool's conversation. From both, dear Lord, deliver us!—*Amber, in Chicago Horseman*.

Notes and Announcements.

Messrs. J. & A. McMillan have been authorized to receive subscriptions to the memorial marble which the admirers of Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock) propose to place in Tewkesbury Abbey.

Sir Edward Arnold and Mr. Lewis Morris are said to be running one another hard for the future laureateship. Mr. Morris has Mr. Tennyson's favor, but the Queen has already distinguished Sir Edwin Arnold in knighting him.

Attractive features of the August number of *The Book-Buyer* are fine portraits and interesting sketches of William Black and of Edward Bellamy, author of *Looking Backward*. Arlo Bates' Boston letter and J. Ashby-Terry's English notes are as readable as usual. Extracts from and brief analyses of new books, with a number of excellent engravings, go to make up this delightful magazine, which is so essential to every reader and purchaser of books. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1 a year, 10 cents a number.

Walt Whitman has come, temporarily at least, out of the shadow. "I feel like a day's work again for the first time since I have been ill," he said recently to a Philadelphia friend. "There has been a sort of mist about my head for a long time, but it has cleared away." The poet had put in all day on his book, *November Song*, making the minute corrections and revisions, which, despite the apparently spontaneous character of his poetic utterances, constitute the greatest and, in his own opinion, not the least effective part of his literary labor.

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

COLONIAL BOOK STORE. Having extended our premises by taking in the store at No. 48 KING STREET, we now have splendid facilities for showing our well selected stock of Books, Stationery, Etc. Also our Special Lines of Fancy Goods, Winsor & Newton's Artist's Materials, and SPORTING GOODS, Of which we have a very complete line including CRICKET, BASE BALL, ARCHERY, FOOT BALL, BICYCLE, FISHING TACKLE, TENNIS, &c. T. H. HALL - 46 and 48 King Street.

American Steam Laundry. The Subscribers beg leave to inform the Public that they have opened A STEAM LAUNDRY - AT - Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street, Fully equipped with the LATEST MACHINERY and EXPERIENCED HELP to turn out FIRST CLASS WORK. We would respectfully solicit a share of the patronage of the public. GODSOE BROS. - Proprietors.

Progress Is No Stranger TO THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY. Established April 21, 1884, we have doubled our production every year, and today we are making more and better Cigars than any other two factories in the maritime provinces. We never misrepresented the filler of the BELL Cigar to the public. We don't pretend to give the public a clear Havana Cigar for 5 cent; but if smokers will cut the BELL Cigar open and compare it with other advertised cigars, they will find that THE BELL IS MADE OF WHOLE LEAF while others are filled with sweepings.

BELL & HIGGINS, ST. JOHN, N. B. JAMES ROBERTSON Maritime Saw, Lead and Varnish Works, Iron, Steel and Metal Warehouse. Lead Pipe, Lead Shot, White Lead, Putty, Colored Paints, Liquid Colors, Varnishes and Japans, and Saws of every description. Jubilee Chisel Tooth, Mill, Gang, Circular, Shingle, Mulay, Cross Cut and Billet Webs. All my Goods guaranteed equal to any made in the World. FACTORY—CORNER OF SHEFFIELD AND CHARLOTTÉ STREETS. Office and Warerooms: ROBERTSON'S New Building, Corner Union and Mill Sts. WILLIAM GREIG, Manager.

HALL STANDS, In Great Variety, At Special Low Prices, from \$6 each upwards. HARDWOOD BEDROOM SETS, For variety and special value cannot be equalled in this city. Walnut Sets, Parlor Suites, Side Boards, Mantle Mirrors, SPRING BEDS, MATTRESSES. We can meet any competition. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. C. E. BURNHAM & SONS. N. B.—More Baby Carriages arrived this week.

CHILDREN'S Spring Heel SHOES JUST RECEIVED. Also a Full Stock of Ladies and Gents Fine Shoes For Summer. Best place in town to get Shoes. S. H. SPILLER, 167 Union Street.

"The Book of the Season." LOOKING BACKWARD (2000-1887) By EDW. BELLAMY. FOR SALE BY ALFRED MORRISSEY, 104 --- King Street --- 104. COME TO BELL'S, 25 KING STREET.

Root Beer. A DESIRABLE SUMMER DRINK. PACKAGES CONTAINING Dandelion, Sarsaparilla, Wintergreen, Hops, Etc., Sufficient to make 5 gallons of wholesome Beer, 30c. each. C. P. CLARKE. A NICE SELECTION OF Best American Whips. Just Received and for Sale Low at ROBB'S HARNESS SHOP, 204 Union Street. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

SPORTS. It resulted as follows—three of the future—look for it. By this time, come to the corner business with t. In the two games hits and the 4 made 11 errors. Nationals stole 6. In short, at every point.

"The heaviest provinces"—as Atlanta—seem day and Saturday left on the ball for it.

When the "their change easily knock the regular battery hustle in order good enough.

The fact is the best manager of provincial club is over it; and the champions of the maining is to Beacons of Be these are the New England; the Nationals are they can divide them.

The M. S. C. the latter more pie for us now!

I give Robins for the work he games. He has played magnificent more solid with before. I am glad the club that a best.

Wagg, of course in every game playing I Frank White has usual. In fact, serves a hand-shake and if I had space him, in type.

The only fixt ahead, at this w games with the with the Colby. It is quite likely cricket team is game will be play. These matches, a that seem certain.

Secretary Bar pondence with the South Portl der if both gam former nine I bel latter, I know to them both here.

Judging from the National's tr ingratitudes is a fax.

The Halifax M head when it says made great stride services of Wagg more freely, run work together as before. How far shown today, wher field, did no left the rest of the for themselves. painstaking instu and a perfect k points of base bal a shrewd move y tutor."

The one thing, now is to raise th and shut off the v roost which is so the manure pile.

There is noth game the Shanro Luck isn't with serve, but when a ball it is easy to always result.

That was a bat Stephens, Welle nolly and three of ror—Sullivan's—the story of as seen on the barr

By their defeat day, the Clipper their lead in the J as well as the T have but one mo worst, if the last game and the C three would tie; they will do their the cup is theirs.

Now that the s close, I renew my Jennings on the which he has done The Jammers and quiet him. Speaking about that either Keef Clarkson points, are putting up gre will come out on t

It made me h boots when I read had signed Mains, who was brought the Portland, last won a lot of gam the club—had an the dirt-slingers c sisted by the parr ploded phenome

BOOK STORE.

Book store at No. 48 KING STREET, we have a well selected stock of...

ton's Artist's Materials, complete line including...

GOODS, BICYCLE, FISHING TACKLE, TENNIS, etc.

6 and 48 King Street.

m Laundry.

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ERY and EXPERIENCED HELP to ASSIST WORK.

of the patronage of the public.

Proprietors.

No Stranger

FACTORY.

production every year, and today we have more than any other two factories in the province.

ELL Cigar to the public. We don't sell for 5 cents; but if smokers will cut the price of cigars, they will find that THE filled with sweepings.

GIGGINS,

BERTSON

Varnish Works,

Steel and Metal Warehouse.

Putty, Colored Paints, Liquid and Saws of every description.

ng, Circular, Shingle, Muly,

to any made in the World.

AND CHARLOTTE STREETS.

Building, Corner Union and Mill Sts.

M GREIG, Manager.

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om \$6 each upwards.

DROOM SETS,

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de Boards, Mantle Mirrors,

MATRESSES.

and examine our stock before purchasing

E. BURNHAM & SONS.

A. H. MARTIN,

Watch Maker

JEWELLER,

37---Union Street---167

Root Beer.

DESIRABLE SUMMER DRINK

PACKAGES CONTAINING

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FOR SALE BY

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WHIPS.

A NICE SELECTION OF

Best American Whips

Just Received and for Sale Low at

ROBB'S HARNESS SHOP,

204 Union Street.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

It resulted as I had hoped with the Nationals... the future looks very rosy.

By this time, the Atlantas have probably come to the conclusion that they have no business with the Nationals.

In the two games, the Nationals got 28 hits and the Atlantas 12; the Nationals made 11 errors and the Atlantas 19; the Nationals stole 19 bases and the Atlantas 6.

"The heaviest batters in the maritime provinces"—as some people have called the Atlantas—seemed to lose their grip, Friday and Saturday; but there were no flies left on the ball when our boys reached for it.

When the "champions of Maine" use their change battery, the Nationals can easily knock them out, and with their regular battery the Skowhegans have to hustle in order to keep on top.

The fact is that we have now one of the best amateur nines in the country. No provincial club has any chance for victory over it; and now that it has whipped the champions of Maine, the only thing remaining is to try conclusions with the Beacons of Boston.

The M. S. C's and the Pittsfield clubs—the latter more particularly—would be just for us now!

I give Robinson his full share of credit for the work he has done in these four games. He has dropped funny business, played magnificent ball and made himself more solid with the public than he ever was before.

Wagg, of course, has proved his usefulness in every game. So has Whitenet, whose playing I cannot too highly commend.

The dates of the visitors are as follows: At Kingston on the 21st and 22nd; Ottawa, 24th and 25th; Orillia, 27th and 28th; Toronto, 30th and 31st and September 1st, and Hamilton, 3rd and 4th.

The Toronto game will be the one of the tour—Canada being pitted against the Irishmen. The gentlemen of Canada will oppose them, and the people of the Queen city of the west have a great game in prospect for the 30th and 31st inst.

I am glad to note that Jones and Henry will be there. After all, if we cannot have the strangers here we can send men to help defeat them. The team is composed in part of W. A. Henry, Halifax; G. W. Jones, St. John; E. R. Ogden, D. W. Saunders, A. C. Allan, W. Rose Wilson, W. W. Jones, W. Fleury, Toronto; A. Gillespie, Hamilton.

There is a cricket club at Seabright, N. J., also a lot of pretty girls. The club wants to go to Canada to play cricket, and the girls want them to go, though not for long, and volunteered to get up some tabular and theatrical to help defray the expense of the trip.

In the third series of bicycle races, Monday evening, Tom Hall won the mile handicap in 3.22 (lowering the club's record) and the two-mile race in 8.19 1/2. Hall tells me that 3 minutes is what he is trying for, this season. I hope he'll get there.

Doris and Sullivan's circus has gone to smash. John L. made a good ringmaster, but as a financial manager he was no good.

That amusing and long-winded newspaper controversy between McNamara and Scott, begun last fall, is being continued and will so long as those alleged printers can find men who are willing to put bluff on paper and carry it to the newspapers.

There is nothing the matter with the game the Shamrocks are putting up, either. Luck isn't with them, so fully as they deserve, but when a nine is playing good, stiff ball it is easy to forgive it if victory doesn't always result.

That was a battery contest with the St. Stephens, Wednesday. Four hits off Connelly and three off Riley, with only one error—Sullivan's—for both batteries, tells the story of as clean a game as was ever seen on the barrack square.

By their defeat of the Franklins, Monday, the Clippers appear to have made their lead in the Junior league safe. They, as well as the Thistles and Lansdownes, have but one more game to play. At the worst, if the last two clubs should win that game and the Clippers should lose, the three would tie; but if the latter win—and they will do their best, one may be sure—the cup is theirs.

Now that the season is drawing to its close, I renew my congratulations to Mr. Jennings on the success of the enterprise which he has done so much to encourage. The Juniors and their friends ought to banquet him.

Speaking about pitchers, it occurs to me that either Keefe or Ewing could give Clarkson points, this year. All the Giants are putting up great ball and I hope they will come out on top.

It made me happy clear down to my boots when I read, this week, that Anson had signed Maine, the "Windham wonder," who was brought out by Harry Spence, in the Portlands, last year. After Maine had won a lot of games for that club, he—or the club—had an off day, the nine lost, and the dirt-aligners of the Lowell press, assisted by the parrots, dubbed him an exploded phenomenon. After that happened,

I prophesied, in the Telegraph, that Maine would be in the National league within two years. This amused the New England league people very much at the time, but it strikes me that just at present the laugh is on my side.

Mains has been with the Davenport nine, of the Inter-State league, this season. He had won thirteen straight games when Anson caught on to him. Chicago needs him, or somebody, the worst kind. The aggregation of cross-eyed men that now represents the available pitching strength of that club would cover an amateur nine knee-deep with shame.

This is about the way the Boston Herald feels toward the great "Kell"!

You're our own ten thousand beauty And why don't you do your duty? Since we received the news, That you were hitting booze, This town has been a-buzz.

Now we know how you can fumble, And will you ever take a tumble? Pretty soon you'll need a bevel, To keep that old head level, For you're going to the de-vel.

A logician of an acquaintance says: "Baseball is the national game. The eagle is the national bird. Birds are game. Ergo, the eagle is a baseball."

Base ball has improved in every department but batting. Ten years ago the pitching, fielding and base-running of today would be considered marvellous; in fact it would create, if sprung on the public suddenly, a sensation in the sporting world. But as to batting. This department, in nine clubs out of ten, has not improved to any marked extent. Ten years ago players clenched their teeth, grabbed the bats as tightly as their strength would permit, looked fiercely at the pitcher and when they thought a good ball had been pitched, they made a dash for it. Exactly the same thing is done today. Where does the fault rest? Solely with the captain. He should make a player sacrifice himself and he should make his team practice playing the ball. Does it; Comiskey does it; Ewing does it; why don't the captains of other league and association clubs? As a rule players are allowed to bat as they like, but in this age of progression such a state of affairs should not exist. Fielding and pitching have improved to such an extent that only scientific batting and good base-running can overcome the improvement. A good sacrifice, just when one is needed, looks praiseworthy and is appreciated more in the grand stand than a base hit. Baseball players may not realize this, but nevertheless it is so.—New York Sporting Times.

So the Irishmen come August 12! but they give Halifax and St. John the go-by, and honor historic Quebec! That's all right. We can dispense with their presence, though, in truth, our boys would have given them a great reception.

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WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY, Incorporated 1851

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E. L. PHILIPS, Sub-Agent. St. John. R. W. W. FRINK, St. John, Representative for New Brunswick. OTHER SUB-AGENTS IN ALL CITIES AND TOWNS THROUGHOUT THE PROVINCE.

NEW BRUNSWICK CIRCUIT FOR 1888.

A Series of Trotting Events Never Before Equalled in the Provinces.

Purses \$3,800.

Saint John, N. B., 12th and 13th September, 1888.

Saint Stephen, N. B., 19th and 20th September, 1888.

Houlton, Maine, 25th September, 1888.

Woodstock, N. B., 29th September, 1888.

Fredericton, N. B., 3rd and 4th October, 1888.

MOOSEPATH PARK, ST. STEPHEN PARK, HOULTON PARK, Wednesday, 12th Sept., 1888, Wednesday, 19th Sept., 1888, Tuesday, 25th Sept., 1888

3-minute class—Purse \$150 3-minute class. Purse \$175 3-minute class. Purse \$100

Thursday, 13th Sept., 1888, Thursday, 20th Sept., 1888, M. D. PUTNAM, Secy., Houlton, Maine.

WOODSTOCK PARK, FREDERICTON PARK ASSOCIATION, Saturday, 29th Sept., 1888, Wednesday, 3d Oct., 1888.

General Conditions. All Races will be to harness, mile heats, best three in five, and be governed strictly by the rules of the National Trotting Association.

Entrance money will be Ten per cent. of the purse, payable 5 per cent. with nomination and 5 per cent. the evening before the race. Entries to be made with the secretaries of the respective tracks for the races thereon. Five to enter and three to start.

A horse distancing the field will receive first money only. Horses starting in the circuit will be eligible to enter the same classes throughout the remainder of the circuit.

Horses will be divided with 60 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, and 10 per cent. to third. Negotiations are pending with a view to having United States horses admitted to those to attend these races in New Brunswick, and vice versa.

Arrangements will be made for special freight and passenger rates on the different lines of travel. For further information address either of the undersigned, or the secretaries of the different tracks.

W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary, W. F. TODD, Chairman, St. Stephen, N. B.

Eccentric Hats. We have the Original and only ECCENTRIC HATS, IN A VARIETY OF QUALITIES AND COLORS.

HATS. HATS. MANKS & CO. Would ask the attention of buyers to their Stock of Men's Fine Felt Hats, OF LATEST STYLES.

ALFRED ISAACS, 69 and 71 King Street, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Choice HAVANA and DOMESTIC CIGARS.

How to Become a Base Ball Player, By John Montgomery Ward (One of the New York B. B. Club.) FOR SALE BY D. J. JENNINGS 171 Union Street.

TO THE Medical Profession. HEALTH FOR ALL. Choice Table Butter and Finest Quality Cream Received Every Morning at the Oak Farm Dairy Butter Store, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Oysters and Fish. IN STORE: 10 Bbls. P. E. I. Oysters; 2 " Providence River do.; HALIBUT, HADDOCK, CODFISH, SALMON, SHAD, MACKEREL, etc., etc. J. ALLAN TURNER, 25 North side Queen Square

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

Commencing June 26th, 1888. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, AT

16.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

18.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

21.30 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations.

23.30 p. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

25.30 p. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

27.30 p. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

29.30 p. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

31.30 p. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

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11.30 p. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

1.30 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

3.30 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

WET, SCATTERED OVER BEATS FIVE MILES LONG.

A Few Facts Tending to Prove That the Guardians of the Peace Can't Very Well Be at Every Place Where They Are Wanted.

St. John has reason to be proud of her policemen. They are a fine body of men, and though the force is small, for the size of the city, it is very efficient. All the men know their duty well, and, with the exception of a few, have plenty of it.

The police force is at present composed of the chief and 24 men, as follows:

- Chief of police—John Marshall.
Sergt. John Hipwell's division—Officers Geo. Corbett, John Smith, James Covey.
Sergt. Alex. Watson's division—Officers Robert Woods, Henry Kilpatrick, John Colwell.
Sergt. John Weatherhead's division—Officers Joseph Barton, Wm. Perry, Geo. E. Earle.
Sergt. Aaron Hastings' division—Officers Wm. Evans, George Fullerton, Thomas McGuigan.
Sergt. John Owens' division—Officers James McDonald, Fred Jenkins, George Baxter.

Besides these, there are four officers not in any division, who do special duty. These are: John Collins, stationed at the I. C. R. depot; Wm. Weatherhead, on Market square, day duty; Wm. Boyle, who is always on night duty with the division on the King square beat, and officer John Ring, attached to the chief's office.

The oldest officers are not always, under the present regime, promoted when a vacancy occurs, although they have always been as efficient as those appointed. Sergeants Hipwell and Watson are the oldest men on the force, both having been in this service for over 30 years. Sergt. Owens has been on the police force for about 26 years, and was the last sergeant appointed, yet men who have served only half that time were appointed sergeants before he was.

Each division changes its beat every week. By this arrangement, a division doing duty on a beat one week would not do the same duty again for five weeks.

During the day there is always a sergeant and one man at the police station. This division goes on duty at 6 o'clock in the morning and works till 7 o'clock in the evening. The other two men of the division are on King square and in Lower cove, day about.

After leaving day or office duty the division goes on night duty, taking what is known as the York Point beat. The men on night duty come at 7 o'clock in the evening and go home at 6 o'clock in the morning. The next week they go on "outside" duty, putting in an appearance at 10 o'clock a. m., and remaining until 1 p. m. The next change is to the King square beat on night duty. Two policemen of the division on this beat are always in the vicinity of King square, while a third is in the police station, one of the three men going in every hour. The fourth man in the division, with officer Boyle, covers the rest of the beat, which includes all the streets east of Waterloo street and north of Union street. The men take the King square half of the beat every alternate night. The succeeding week is spent doing night duty on the "Lower cove" beat.

The daily papers and the cranks who write letters to them are forever asking "where are the police?" Read and be happy. Let it be remembered that there are only four men in a division and one division covers a "beat." This is York point beat: From the corner of Duke and Germain streets to the harbor front, including all the wharves and by-roads; thence along Water street, Dock street and Mill street to Portland. Again, along Germain street to Wellington row and Carleton street, Dorchester street, Pond street and City road and all streets between that and the harbor. Quite a lot of ground to cover, isn't it? About midnight a man on this beat goes into the lockup in the ferry building, Water street, and eats his lunch and then the rest take turn about for lunch. During this time there are only three men to cover all this ground.

The men on the Lower cove beat have about the same amount of ground to travel. They take in from Union street, east end, southward to Sheffield street, including the back shore and all intervening streets. Their lockup is on Pitt street.

The division on "outside" duty has a man in Lower cove, one on Brussels street, and one in York Point, and the sergeant visits them all during the day. On Saturday nights, it is now the custom to take a policeman from the York Point beat and have him do duty in the country market. The York Point beat is evidently small enough to allow of this, and besides it is hardly possible that there should be any trouble around the wharves or Market square on Saturday night, of course.

The people living on City road, who are continually complaining of the disturbances in that vicinity, will gather from the above that it is hardly the fault of the police officers if, not being provided with horses, they fail to visit that locality oftener than they do.

Beside the central police station, there are four lockups, to which prisoners are taken until it is convenient to have them transferred to the central station. The lockups are on Water, Pitt, Brussels and Sydney streets, and there should be another

somewhere in the vicinity of the I. C. R. depot. A lockup is a small, dark, dingy room, with three or four cells in it—but men who are taken there never think of their surroundings. Prisoners taken during the night are removed from the lockups early in the morning.

Taken all in all, "a policeman's life is not a happy one." His hours are long and his acts are continually made the subject of complaint by people who have no idea how much devolves upon him. He does the best he can.

OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

Quaint and Curious Happenings Noted by the Maine Papers.

Joseph Penney, of Otis, a gentleman 80 years of age, was attacked by tame bees a few days ago, and before he could escape from them, came near being stung to death. For some time afterward he was very ill.

A correspondent of the Pittsfield Advertiser says that, while driving from Skowhegan to Hartland, the other day, he counted nine ladies driving two-horse mowers, and seventeen young ladies driving one-horse rakes.

There is a house on Foss street, in Biddeford, in which a large stone step appears in the vestibule. Within several hours of an approaching rain this stone becomes very moist on top, and the family have come to use this stone as a barometer. The stone is always under cover, and the family cannot account for the singular phenomenon.

Thomas Welch, one of the men working on the river at Bangor, made a great capture recently. He was on the logs at the Dirigo mill, when all of a sudden a magnificent 23-pound salmon jumped clean out of the water and landed on some drift wood. Welch immediately fell upon the fish, and the salmon was an easy captive.

A man by the name of Caldwell, who was selling spruce gum in Dover, last week, said that, with two assistants, he had dug, from last Christmas up to the advent of warm weather, over 1,300 pounds of spruce gum, the most of which they had disposed of. The scene of their harvesting operations is up on the west branch of the Penobscot, where the spruce trees abound in great numbers. The bulk of their crop they sell to the druggists, who retail it by the ounce.

James M. Steadman, of Bridgton, has suffered for over two weeks, and is likely to suffer for several weeks to come, with a fearfully bad hand, and thereby hangs a tale—a tale with a moral which should be known and heeded by all. Having while chopping in the woods raised a painful blister on his right hand, he adopted the advice of an acquaintance, who recommended applying kerosene to it. This seemed to work well, and so he continued from time to time making copious applications of the kerosene. The result is a hand so swollen, and such a mass of pulpy flesh, as to be a sickening spectacle. Mr. Steadman's case is only one of many instances where persons have been more or less injured by using kerosene for a supposed remedial agent.

The Systematic Borrower—Or Thief.

"There's a fellow who should be shown up in his true colors. It would be a real benefit to a score or so of his generous acquaintances, who as yet are unaware of his peculiar thieving propensities. I'll tell you how he does it—he played it on me last week to the extent of a V. He met me, shook hands and was very cordial in his greeting. When he left me he had borrowed \$5, on the understanding that I was to find the amount in my letter-box next day. 'Next day' hasn't come yet, though it's next week now. Never mind his name; everybody in town knows him, and from what I can learn he has played the same trick upon nearly everybody he knows. I call it nothing but thieving.

"Why don't I sue him?" Why, man, there are more judgments against him than you could carry out of the civic court. No, I was a fool to lend it, but I won't be an idiot and try it in that fashion. I've been thinking, though, that, some day when I've a spare hour, I'll hunt up a dozen or so of his victims who have at odd times contributed to his support, and propose some dire punishment, and draw it out so long that this systematic thief will long for eternal rest before we get fairly to work. It isn't the loss of the five or so much, but I hate to be added to his list of fools."

Bangor's Great Week.

The management of the Eastern Maine State fair, which holds its sixth annual exhibition at Bangor, August 28-31, have arranged for several special attractions. Three of the New England league base ball clubs—the Manchester, Salems and Lowell's—have been engaged for the week of the fair, and one or two games will be played each day of the exhibition. Large entries have already been made in all of the departments. A large number of trotting horses have been entered, and some fast time will be made. Several of the fastest horses in the provinces have been entered for the running races. The ladies' departments will be the finest ever shown in the state, and the baby and cat shows are always sure to please. It is expected to arrange to have President Cleveland and wife, and other distinguished visitors at Bar Harbor, to be at the fair grounds Wednesday, August 29.

THE SMALL BOY IN CHURCH.

He Wouldn't Keep Still if He Could, and He Couldn't if He Would.

Whenever a boy of seven or eight years of age enters a church, alone or with other boys of the same age, it is certain that everything is not going to be strictly serene in the particular place where he or they settle.

Last Sunday evening, a small boy wandered into one of the city churches about the time when the first hymn was being sung. He strolled down the aisle till he came to an empty pew, into which he went, stuck as much of his peaked cap into his mouth as he possibly could, and gazed steadily at the choir. He sat down when the rest of the congregation did, only he came down a little heavier and lost control of his feet, which bumped against the bottom of the pew, and continued to do so at intervals during the rest of the service.

When the congregation stood up to sing again, the boy stood up also, and tried to climb over the pew in front of him, and examine the books and parsons of the party sitting in front. Then he climbed upon his own pew, and peered into the darkness surrounding the bottom of the pew behind him, and was evidently puzzled and surprised to find that the carpets on the two pews were entirely different. He sat down again with the rest, but instantly got up again and walked to the other end of the pew, where he sat down once more, turned his hat inside out, lifted up the cushion and went back to his former seat.

The man in the pew ahead had a hard time keeping track of the boy and could never catch his eye, for he always was looking in the other direction and might be sitting anywhere when the man looked around.

The sermon was an awful dose for the boy. If he had known he was expected to sit down that long he never would have come. He was quiet for a few minutes and then a rumbling noise came from the bottom of his pew. He didn't seem to mind it, but while everybody was looking at him he was examining the chandeliers and colored windows of the church. He soon satisfied himself as to the windows and then commenced to turn his hat into as many shapes as it was possible to turn it. Then he bounced from one end of the pew to the other a few times and finally stretched out at full length on the seat and tried to paddle it out into the aisle—to the amusement of the giddy girls across the aisle and the horror of the more sober people in his vicinity.

While the congregation was singing again the boy meandered down the aisle on tip-toe and when the man in the seat ahead looked round (evidently surprised at the quiet) he was gone; although the man wasn't sure but that the boy was hiding under the seat.

The small boy in church should have his sitting on one side of him and pa on the other; and a large strap should hang in a conspicuous part of the home which the motto over the door asks God to bless.

THE Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

A St. John Delegate's Impressions of Its Features and Outcome.

AMHERST, N. S., Aug. 1.—The convention of the Young Men's Christian association of the maritime provinces opened on Thursday afternoon and closed Sunday evening. The attendance was large, and the interest well sustained. A great deal of good work has been done, and some addition has been made to the practical knowledge and experience of the association.

The distinctive lines of the work are being more and more clearly defined every year, and the prevailing opinion is decidedly in favor of limiting the associations to their legitimate and special work. It is felt that while inviting fields open up in general work, and while members of associations may take hold of the various kinds of Christian activity which are open to them—as, indeed, the training in association should fit them for such work—still the work of associations, as such, ought to be that for which the association was established, namely, work for young men by and among themselves.

The growth, extent and great influence of the association were clearly brought out, and of course members and representatives of associations, large and small, were encouraged by the consciousness that they and the associations they represented were parts of a Christian enterprise so useful, and of such grand influence and promise.

A great deal of attention was given to the question of how to keep up an interest in the work and extend the usefulness of associations, especially in smaller places. The result of the discussion was to show that while many fond suggestions as to methods of work were given, the attainment of success depends, as it does always and in everything, upon the earnestness and energy of the members individually.

Upon the whole the conference has been completely successful. A warm interest has been taken in the convention by the people of Amherst, both in their hospitality and in their attendance at the meetings, which have increased in interest, especially the evening gatherings, which have crowded the largest available place of meeting. A great amount of work has been undertaken and well done by members of the convention, by way of holding services of various

Lunch and Fancy Baskets, Express Wagons, Wheelbarrows, Fishing Poles, Hooks, Lines, Accordeons, Concertinas, School Bags, Slates, Pencils, Books, Ink, Mucilage, Blank and Memo. Books, Dolls, Toys, Balls, Bats, Etc., Etc., at WATSON & CO.'S, Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets. Branch Store Corner Charlotte and Princess Streets.

McCAFFERTY & DALY, King Street.

MIDSUMMER SALE. Clearing Out all our Spring and Summer Goods.

DRESS GOODS from 10 cents per yard; MEN'S SHIRTS AND DRAWERS from 25 cents; PARASOLS AND SUNSHADES at half price; TRIMMING SILKS, SATINS, BROCADES, WATERED SILKS, PLUSHES, VELVETEENS, reduced 25 per cent.; DRESS GIMPS, New Styles, 60c. for 45c.; do. do., \$1.00 for 75c.; LISLE GLOVES, TAFFATA GLOVES, PURE SILK GLOVES, at greatly reduced prices; ALL-WOOL GREY FLANNELS, 21 cents; 100 PAIRS BLANKETS at special low prices to clear.

All Our Stock Proportionately Low. McCAFFERTY & DALY.

kinds, especially upon the Sabbath, which was very faithfully occupied.

The immense meeting of about 1,000 in the Baptist church on Sunday evening was deeply impressive and likely to be long remembered by all present.

The Races at Moosepath.

Very interesting announcements to horsemen are made on the eighth page, where a splendid programme of races is given to the public. It is not necessary to reproduce it here, but everybody should read it. Moosepath will, PROGRESS believes, have a great crowd, Saturday afternoon, the 18th inst. The date and hours have been fixed to suit many persons who are at leisure on that day, and who will take a special interest in the sport, from the fact that so many strangers will be present. Halifax and its officers will be here in force, and with fleet ponies. Every possible arrangement for the comfort of ladies will be made. Referring to the event, a Halifax paper says:

Several Halifax ponies, among them The Tramp, General Babcock, The Boomer, Stella, Hunchback, The Lass and Muffin are in training for the races. It is expected that May Queen, Ida Grey, Twilight, Bismarck, Jennie June, Yorktown, Golden Maxim, Goblin Snob and Mistletoe will also take part. A large number of sporting men from Halifax will be present at the races, the Wanderer cricket club having arranged their cricket matches with St. John on the 16th and 17th, so that they might attend.

An unnamed Wanderer is in training in Moncton for the Provincial-bred race and a pony by Wanderer will also arrive from Moncton to take part in the pony race.

His Mother's Bread.

Sunday-school teacher—"Johnny, if a man came to your house and asked for bread would you give him a stone?" St. John boy—"Guess I couldn't do much better. Cook's left and ma's doin' the bakin' herself."

ST. JOHN SUMMER RUNNING RACES, Moosepath Park, SATURDAY, Aug. 18th, 1888.

First Race to Commence at 3 P. M.

FIRST RACE, Value \$65.

A Flat Race for Ponies 14 1/2 and under 5/8 mile on the flat; Ponies 14 1/2 to carry 161 lbs.; 7 lbs. allowed for each inch under gentlemen riders. The first pony to receive \$50; 2nd, \$15. Entrance \$4.

SECOND RACE, Value \$50.

A handicap one mile on the flat for horses bred and owned in the Maritime Provinces. The first horse to receive \$50; 2nd, \$20; 3rd, \$5. Entrance \$5. Four to enter and three to start. Weights will be allotted as follows: Ida Grey, 128; May Queen, 124; Goblin Snob, 122; Twilight, 124; Lily, 120; Bismarck, 110. Weights for horses not named above, if half-breds, to carry 110 lbs.; if thoroughbreds, 125 lbs.; over-weight allowed if desired.

THIRD RACE, Value \$50.

A Hurdle Race for Ponies 14 1/2 and under; one mile over four hurdles; top weight 161 lbs.; winner of first race to carry 10 lbs. extra. The first pony to receive \$40; 2nd, \$10. Entrance \$4; gentlemen riders.

FOURTH RACE, Value \$35.

A Race for Maiden Ponies, 14 1/2 and under; top weight 154 lbs.; 7 lbs. allowed for each inch under 5/8 mile on the flat; gentlemen riders; first pony to receive \$25; 2nd, \$10. Entrance \$3.

FIFTH RACE, Value \$100.

A handicap race for all horses top weight, 150 lbs. on the flat. The first horse to receive \$70, 2nd \$20, 3rd \$10, entrance \$7.50; 7 to enter and 5 to start. Weights in the above race will be allotted as follows: Yorktown, 150; Golden Maxim, 147; Bismarck, 128; Mistletoe, 128; Ida Grey, 128; Twilight, 124; May Queen, 124; Lily, 120; Goblin Snob, 112; Bismarck, 110.

Weight for horses not named above, if half-breds to carry 110 lbs.; if Provincial thoroughbreds 125 lbs.; over-weight allowed if desired. If entries of thorough-bred horses be declared, of Maritime Provinces should be received in addition to those named above, a competent gentleman will allot their weights.

Entries close August 11.

Races to be run under the rules of the American Jockey Club. Entrance fee must accompany nomination and be addressed to Mr. S. ROBERTSON, care A. C. Smith & Co., Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

PARTRIDGE ISLAND.

EXCURSION and PICNIC.

THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF YORK L. O. L., No. 3, will hold a Grand Excursion and Picnic at

PARTRIDGE ISLAND,

Wednesday, Aug. 8.

Ladies and Gents' Archery, Excelsior Air Gun Competition, and other amusements will be provided, for which suitable prizes will be given. THE ARTILLERY BAND will accompany the Barges each trip.

An efficient String Band has been engaged for dancing purposes. Suitable Refreshment tables will be provided. Barges will leave (Reed's Point) International Steamship company's wharf at 10 o'clock, and every hour thereafter.

Good stages have been secured for landing on the Island. Tickets 25 Cents Each.

R. McHARG, Chairman. RICH. G. MAGEE, Sec. to Com.

TENDERS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Coal, Public Buildings," will be received until FRIDAY, 10th August next, for Coal supply, for all or any of the Dominion Public Buildings.

Specification, form of tender and all necessary information can be obtained at this Department, on and after Tuesday, 18th inst.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works equal to the price of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. GOBEIL, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, July 14th, 1888.

Victoria Steam Confectionery Works.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

J. B. WOODBURN & CO., Manufacturers by Steam of Pure Confectionery.

PULVERIZED SUGAR always on hand. Goods shipped free on board at St. John. \$10, \$15 and \$20 Sample Cases, comprising a choice variety, sent to any address on receipt of P. O. order. CLEAR DROPS and TABLETS, in tins and bottles, a specialty.

44 and 46 Dock Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FOR SALE LOW:

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, AXLE GREASE, Riding Saddles, Side Saddles, CHAMOIS, SPONGES, Shawl Straps, Trunk Straps, FURNITURE POLISH, LAP ROBES, All kinds HORSE BOOTS, SUMMER BLANKETS, POCKET KNIVES, HARNES OIL.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

H. HORTON & SON, 39 DOCK STREET.

ROOM PAPER. - - - ROOM PAPER

I Have a Very Large Stock.

Persons wishing the same will do well to give me a call.

W. G. BROWN, MAIN STREET, INDIANTOWN, N. B.

W. WATSON ALLEN. CLARENCE H. FERUGSON

ALLEN & FERUGSON, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Etc.

Pugley's Building, Rooms 14, 15 and 16, Cor. Prince William and Princess streets.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY,

115 Sydney Street, opp. Victoria School.

MRS. H. M. DIXON, Stamping, Pinking and Fancy Work done to order.

BASE BALL.

HOW TO BECOME A PLAYER.

WITH THE ORIGIN, HISTORY & Explanation of the Game

By JOHN MONTGOMERY WARD.

Price 25 cents, at MORTON L. HARRISON'S, 99 King Street.

GO TO Page, Smalley & Ferguson's, FOR Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Gold Jewelry, Silver and Plated Goods, CLOCKS and BRONZES, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc.

43 King Street.

BUY THE NEW IMPROVED AMERICAN CLOTHES WRINGER FOR SALE BY ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO., Prince William Street.

LET US GO TO THE MEDICAL HALL and have a Nice Cool Glass of OTTAWA BEER, GINGER ALE, SODA WATER, or the EXHILARATING drink of the day, BUFFALO MEAD.

R. D. MCARTHUR, ST. JOHN, N. B.

P. S.—Season Tickets, which entitle you to 25 glasses, for \$1. R. D. MCA.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN APPEAL Composition Sidewalk will be laid on the Western side of that portion of MILL STREET extending southward from North street to the Asphal already laid on said side of said street, under the provisions of Act of Assembly, 30th Victoria, Chapter 74.

By order of the Common Council, HURD PETERS, City Engineer.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that an APPEAL Composition Sidewalk will be laid on that portion of the northernly side of CLIFF STREET lying between Colburn street and the road leading to the Thistle Run, so called, under the provisions of Act of Assembly, 30th Victoria, chapter 74.

By order of the Common Council, HURD PETERS, City Engineer.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that an APPEAL Composition Sidewalk will be laid on that portion of the northernly side of EXMOUTH STREET lying between Colburn street and the road leading to the Thistle Run, so called, under the provisions of Act of Assembly, 30th Victoria, chapter 74.

By order of the Common Council, HURD PETERS, City Engineer.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that an APPEAL Composition Sidewalk will be laid on that portion of the northernly side of the CITY ROAD extending northward from Blair Street, so called, to the northeastern line of property of E. V. Wetmore, under provisions of Act of Assembly, 30th Victoria, chapter 74.

By order of the Common Council, HURD PETERS, City Engineer.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that an APPEAL Composition Sidewalk will be laid on that portion of the northernly side of PETERS STREET lying between Colburn street and the eastern side of M. W. Maher's property, under the provisions of Act of Assembly, 30th Victoria, chapter 74.

By order of the Common Council, HURD PETERS, City Engineer.

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By order of the Common Council, HURD PETERS, City Engineer.

FOR SALE.

A FARM OF LAND IN JUVENILE SETTLEMENT, known as the McLeod farm, containing 240 acres, 20 of which are cleared. The soil is of rich black loam, with clay subsoil, and can be made one of the most valuable farms in the county of Sunbury. New and fairly good barn thereon. Apply to C. L. RICHARDS, Solicitor, St. John, N. B.

S. B. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF Cut Nails and Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads, Finishing Nails, Shoe and Hungarian Nails, etc.

Office, Warehouse and Manufactory: GEORGES STREET, St. John, N. B.

STILAS ALWARD, A. M., D. C. L., BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c., Office: CHUBB'S CORNER, CITY.

James H. read by Sophie E. by breadth, or friction. It Co., Toronto Millan. Edward novel, Look

Fawcett Chapman surpassing published in cents. A. M.

"We usual dull months, yesterday, that trade has been no mar is not only the others with brighter time vinced, are y