

Pet Warerooms.
NG, 1889.

ERE and HOUSEKEEPERS will want to
and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
for the coming season, I will be able to
ATEST NOVELTIES in

PESTRY CARPETS, with borders to match;
PATTERNS, ART SQUARES,
S,
BEST VALUES ever QUOTED in this city.

HOTELS and PUBLIC BUILDINGS.
ER, - - 58 KING STREET,
HN. N. B.

Corporation Contract.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the
Commons Clerk's office, until MONDAY, 26th
inst., at 12 o'clock, noon, for
PAVING WATER STREET,
with CEDAR BLOCKS, according to plans and
specifications to be seen at the City Engineer's
office.

No tender will be recognized unless signed by
the parties tendering, with their occupation and
place of residence.
Tenders must be accompanied by a certified bank
cheque for Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars, which
will be forfeited if the person tendering declines or
refuses to enter into a contract when called upon
to do so. All cheques except those of party whose
tender is accepted, will be returned as soon as
contract is entered into.
The lowest or any tender not necessarily ac-
cepted.
February 6, 1889.

By order, HURD PETERS,
City Engineer.

THE LATEST
SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO
The New York Labor News Co.,
25 EAST FOURTH STREET,
New York City.

VICTORIA HOTEL,
(FORMERLY WAVERLY).

81 to 87 King Street
ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK - - - Proprietor.

Shorthand

LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtain-
ing a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and
Type-writing and an acquaintance with the duties
of a business amanuensis, should enter for our
evening courses in session every evening (Saturdays
excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to
J. HARRY PEPPER,
Conductor of Shorthand Department,
St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute.

HORSE BLANKETS,
For Fall and Winter.

Surcingle, Halters, Etc.,
- - -
ROBB'S HARNES SHOP,
204 Union Street.

MORE GOODS
At 50 Cents a Week.

Spring Mattresses, Lounges, Chairs, Lamps,
and don't forget the Wringers.

F. BEVERLY, 45 Germain St.

ELEGANT and ATTRACTIVE GOODS
FOR PRESENTS.

PERFUMES in great variety;
TOILET BOTTLES, ODOR CASERS,
CELLULOID HAIR BRUSHES;
MIRRORS, etc., with and without cases;
MANICURE SETS;
Plain and Mounted WALKING STICKS;
VIGALIGETTES;
SMELLING BOTTLES;
SHAVING MUGS and FITTINGS.

With other Articles Suitable for CHRISTMAS SEASON
all of which are offered at moderate prices.

C. P. CLARKE,
100 KING STREET.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

SALE.

Days.

DRY GOODS

Daily

than half price.

and BROCADES, at

ce.

GOODS, at less than Factory prices.

ancy Goods,

RE-QUARTER THEIR PRICE.

Trustee,

FERTY & DALY.

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

VOL. I., NO. 44.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

AH THERE, MONTREAL!

St. John Organized Its Carnival
Within Ten Days

WHILE YOU WORKED WEEKS

We Saw No Ice Palaces, But Neither Did
We Hear Any Chestnut Bells.

A DISPLAY TO DREAM ABOUT.

The People Who Organized It and Carried
It Through Deserve to be Famous for all
Time—and Therefore Their Names are
Printed in "Progress." With the Full
Account of the Great Show!

Have you got over the surprise party?
The biggest surprise party St. John has
seen for many a day—the carnival drive!
Where are the fault finders? There are
none. It was a booming success and every-
body thinks so.

From "King Carnival," the splendid and
fitting head to such a magnificent pageant,
to the wee Sheldan pony in the rear, there
was nothing to be ashamed and much to be
proud of, much to be enthusiastic over.

All honor and credit to the boys; all
tribute to the active brains, willing hands
and open purses of such originators as
Blake and Skinner, Carvill, Wilkins and
Golding.

To them was due the inception of the
idea and much of the arduous, hasty and
effective organization which resulted in such
a grand show, Wednesday.

Gentlemen, we salute you!
PROGRESS does not propose to tire its
readers with a fifth description of the scenes
Wednesday afternoon and evening. It
wants to treat everything in a way of its
own and give credit to the boys who helped
give the citizens such a gala day.

When it is remembered that, ten days
before the grand procession, not even the
originators knew of it, the result seems
marvelous. Not only was this event of
many winters not advertised abroad but
little of it was known to many citizens.

Not one of them was asked for a cent to
help the affair along, and to some persons
deeply engrossed in business the first in-
timation of what was going on was Mayor
Thorne's proclamation that Wednesday
afternoon would be a half holiday.

Even then there were many inquiries,
"What's the half holiday for?" which shows
how little was the general preparation for
what proved a great event.

But when the employees of such estab-
lishments as Manchester, Robertson &
Allison, the McEvitys, Lordlys, Howes,
Burnhams, Whites, Hazelhursts, Skinners,
Bells and a score of other enterprising firms
set out to celebrate a half holiday and make
a show, they always succeed.

So it was on this occasion. The big dry
goods house took the lead and let every-
body understand that they never do things
by halves. Whatever they do is done well
and reflects credit upon an enterprising city
and a go-ahead firm.

King Carnival, the first prize winner,
was truly emblematic of the day and the
event. It was a great indication of what
should follow, but was so different from
anything in the procession that it added
uniqueness to its beauties. A large num-
ber of the firm's employees took pride in
this, their charge. Among them were:

G. Young, "King Carnival"; F. Alston, "Lord
High Chancellor"; J. E. Edgett, "First Lord of
Admiralty"; R. Edgcombe, F. Nelson, G. Cooke,
A. Rogers, H. Brunscombe, J. Woodford, H. Lilley,
T. Pingley, F. McDermott, J. Woodford, G. Higgins,
A. Fawcett, couriers; A. Trentowski, court jester;
G. Jackson (driver); F. Williams, E. Hickson,
P. Davis, W. Higgins, J. Stammers, W. Barnes, A.
Porter, jockeys; A. Hea, J. Nixon, O. Branscombe,
A. Belyea, G. Smith, G. Fanjoy, R. Ritchie, F.
Kingston, H. Steel, O. Williams, G. Palmer, J. An-
giovine, J. Walker, W. Lee, J. Warkes, W. Hender-
son, P. Leskey, J. Arnold, J. Henderson, attend-
ants.

Messrs. S. F. Davies as Sir John Macdonald;
A. Greer, as Mayor Henry J. Thorne; P. Day,
as President Thorne of the Board of Trade, and
F. Whelpley, representing Portland, Me., and
Geo. Bisset as St. John, created lots of fun in an
open car, which was chiefly noticeable for the
very suggestive mottoes which decorated it,
such as, "We ask no favors but demand
our rights," "St. John must be the winter
port," "A city with a single thought, two
Thorn(e)s that prick as one," "Coming
events cast their shadows before," "St. John
needs a tonic, what shall we give her?
Canada's winter port," "St. John first,"
"Party second," "The Liverpool of
America."

And this, too, was from Manchester's!
Well done, artillery! Both the St. John
and Portland brigades came to the
front finely and added much to the general
glorious effect of the pageant. They made

a great show and the original spirits who
thought of representing the forced march
from St. John to Quebec, should be proud
of their idea. It took.

But perhaps the salvage corps didn't
show up! Who didn't wonder what snow-
shoe and tobogganing club that was on the
pyramid? It was the salvage corps in
disguise. The boys were cheered again
and again, and their rollicking songs did
much to enliven their part of the procession.

It was hard to get a glimpse of more
than half a dozen of the boys at a time,
but they can all be found below in the
names of:

R. W. W. Frink, captain, E. O'Shaughnessy, Chas.
A. Clark, John H. Leah, John F. Ashe, E. E.
Mansh, William Casner, Fred James, John M.
Shanks, L. B. Lordly, Chas. Lordly, Arthur Mc-
Michael, Frank Fales, Thos. H. Bell, Harry DeFor-
est, Geo. K. Berton, Clarence Lugin, Geo. Lugin,
F. Starr, Dr. Hetherington, Hugh P. Kerr, Chas.
MacMichael, Messrs. Fowler and Parker, and Prof.
White.

Messrs. Howe's mammoth cradle gave
several spectators convulsions. It was
very funny. The infantile and labelled
lads had a fine time, and the silence was
never oppressive where they were. Three
mottos, "Rock a bye Baby," "Winter
Port" and "St. John and Portland, helped
out the representation, which was chiefly
the work of:

B. Denison and T. Cromwell, "County Members";
C. Reynolds, "Atlantic Service"; G. Stephenson,
"Socking Bells"; T. Young, "Chewing Candy and
Doll"; A. Boyd, "Wind Bag"; W. McAfee, "Dry
Dock"; E. McDonough, "Merchant's Man"; J.
Akerley, "Wind Bag"; G. Worden, "Fishery Ques-
tion"; H. Baldwin, "Navy Island Bridge"; L.
Daval, "St. John Life Boat."

Lordly & Son's recent heavy order from
the Algonquin hotel was very happily and
neatly emphasized by an Algonquin hut
suggestive of the first residents of St. An-
drews. Harry R. Lordly was "Chief,"
Frank Thompson "Squaw," and an intelli-
gent canine performed duty as the chief's
hunting dog, while the encampment was
guided from street to street by Walter A.
Lordly. Another feature of the firm's
show was some splendid samples of the
furniture to be sent to the Algonquin.

Danny Dias in a night cap was there too,
Danny has handled so many "night caps"
that he was quite at home.

Geo. D. Travis and Harold Climo are
true artists. Theirs was a great political
hit on the future of St. John. The winter
port was here and the wharf with the grain
elevator, and riding in the harbor was an
unballasted cork shell of a boat labelled
"The Board of Trade."

Bonnell & Cowan had plenty of faith in
the good nature of the crowd and sent out
their finest glass show case filled with the
choicest good things in their grocery. But
the exhibit was accompanied by trusty
clerks and driver.

Perhaps there was no funnier display of
its kind than the employes of F. Beverly got
up. Mr. J. L. Beverly was at the head
of it and the boss was of the opinion
yesterday that the exhibit had proved a
first class advertisement. It was a laundry
on runners, and all the new and old fangled
rulers in existence were on deck. Mr.
Beverly carried out his reputation as the
wringing man admirably and his brother was
assisted in his complete arrangements by
Charlie Flewelling, Fred Addy, John Hall,
and Fred Trifitz. In the procession Beverly
junior and his chum Pullen preceded
the firm's show in a light sleigh.

"Give me bow dem reins, Agusty," and
Fred Blackadar and Arthur Adams as a
colored deacon and his blacker spouse hit
their audience "in the neck."

Ex-collector Ross, of Halifax, should
have been present and laughed at the
Hazelhurst display, which was a take-off on
the fishery incident that won him his conge.
Several fishery mottoes were given a promi-
nent show, and the following interesting
pamphlet free distribution:

THE FISHERY COMMISSION!
AS SPECIALLY REPORTED BY A REPRESENTATIVE AT
WASHINGTON.

HAZELHURST'S FOUNDRY, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Bayard—"The war secretary's daughter has
Chamberlain on the hook, and I think I can land
West without any trouble. You fellows try if you
can snare that old shark Tupper."

Tupper—"Ab, ha! That's a question of bait
and you fellows haven't got the bait."
Chamberlain—"You are an old sardine."
Tupper—"Have you smelt anything fishy about
this crowd?"

Putnam—"Nary a smelt."
Tupper—"We can box you fellows every time."
Putnam—"Oh, you can?"

Tupper—"Yes, we'll box the can business, too."
Angell—"Beware, sir knight! Forbearance has a
limit."

Tupper—"I have figured it out, my friend, and the
limit is just three miles."
Angell—"Don't say that! This is too—too much."
Tupper—"Ah! A Frye would be more to your
taste—eh?"

Bayard—"Sir! We will not be trifled with. We
have a navy."
Chamberlain—"Of oyster boats, I believe. Look
out you don't get them in the soup, old man."

Sackville-West—"We're getting in a pretty pickle
now, surely. Let's get to business."
Bayard—"The pickle is all right. We want to salt
you fellows. That's what we're here for."
Angell—"Yes, you fellows are too fresh along-
gether."

Tupper—"We decline to accept the testimony
even of an angel on that point. We are not fresh,
and you chaps may as well acknowledge the
fact. We are not to be yanked this time. Let's
get to business."

Chamberlain—"Yes, let's get to business. I want
to get used good married."

Putnam—"Confound these fellows! They are all
anglers. We may as well give up at once, I sup-
pose. I'll go and draw up the modus vivendi."
Chamberlain—"And I'll go and take out a li-
cence."

Tupper—"Bless you, my children!"
Bayard—"Old man, gimme your fipper."

Adam Bell, one end of the Bell cigar
factory firm, was right side up and in his
glory. His special pride was a frozen
spring porker, which a pawa-broking Jew
was making to market on a toboggan.

His representation was led by himself in
a fancy double turnout. Following him
was a large bell and Miss A. Alchorn as
the belle, driven by Henry Frederckson.

Mr. Paul and his dog; "Bay service,
\$9,000 subsidy," driven by Wm. Davis.
"Our Infantry"—Miss E. Alchorn, nurse;
Miss Chamberlain, as Capt. H.; Miss
Mahoney as Capt. Ed.; Miss O'Brien as
Capt. Mc.; Miss Nellie Tracey as Col. B.;
Miss Kate Moynahan as Major T.; Miss
Hattie Knox as Capt.—driven by
Peter Quinn.

Delegates from Loch Lomond—Wm.
Clarke and Ed. Quinn.

That aborted structure, the police sta-
tion annex of Portland, was there, too.
Painting and roofing were what the gentle-
men gave the crowd, and among the artists
and workers were A. M. Magee, William
Magee, William Elliott, John Magee,
James Doherty, William Thomas, and
James Slattery.

But to many people—to hundreds, one
might almost say—the fun of the procession
centred in the Toboggan Slide. It
was a dandy of its kind, and the enthu-
siastic crowd that played at tobogganing for
the amusement and diversion of the citizen
included many base ballers, who seemed
to care little where their slide ended, so
long as the horses of the following turnout
didn't kick too viciously. Mounting the
slide, they would race down with great
swiftness, and dodge or in some way
escape death from the rest of the proces-
sion. The daring sliders included:

Sam. Milligan, Al. Wilson, Geo. McCarthy, Thos.
A. Crockett, Leslie White, James Kennedy, Geo.
Whitcomb, Archie Cowan, Sam. Ritchey, Frank De-
forest, John Slater, Geo. Turnbull, John Brooks,
Geo. Seward, John Ward.

Make your bow to Mr. Seaton, ladies
and gentlemen. We can't lend him any
brains this week. He showed that his head
and heart were in the correct latitude when
he erected tombstones over "Annexation" and
its near neighbor, "Unrestricted
Reciprocity" and displayed them on each
side of his conveyance. His assistants
were:

George McWilliams, foreman, D. Sullivan, M.
Donovan, R. A. Wood, M. McCarthy, William
Johnson, T. Powers, W. Smith, teamster.

No fault could be found with the spirit
or enthusiasm of the furniture merchants.
John White and his employes and some of
their lady friends appeared on the route in
an elegant parlor fitted up with the best
the showroom afforded. It was imposing
as well as elegant.

The only feature of the Montreal drive
that was borrowed was the mammoth rub-
ber shoe which held W. A. Cather, Mr.
J. M. Humphrey's traveller. The shoe
came by express and showed everyone that
it was indeed mammoth, measuring 12½
feet in length and 3½ wide.

The public could not fail to "catch on" to
and applaud "Schreiber's shed," a sign
on a sled upon which Fred Skinner, John
Henderson, Harry Henderson, G. Willis,
Jas. Duffell, George Clark, F. Holman
and E. Hatfield crowded, all representing
city hackmen.

"Inch-Arran" was also from the Skinner
establishment and F. B. Linton made a
fine Sir John Macdonald, while R. S. Sime
was the Jehu.

There was too good a chance for an "ad"
for Mullin Bros. to get left and they were
there with a small shop hung on to a
smaller conveyance. The partners pre-
ceded their display in which they were
assisted by C. E. Rich, of Boston and G.
M. Atwell, of Chicago.

A gay crowd of young clerks had a fine
time as Mrs. McCarthy's Carnival and
Driver Belyea handled the ribbons of his
express team—his contribution to the show
—and there was plenty of fun inside. Those
who helped make it were:

James Nice, A. Hawkes, William Irvine, O.
Charlton, A. Brogan, H. Leighton, J. Lettney, S.
Dismore, T. McAlpine, B. Vickery, W. H. Stevens
P. Smith.

McCarthy's foundry turned out in great
force and made a show in themselves.
There were nearly a hundred of them and
they made enough noise with their "agoniz-
ing music" to draw all the attention of the
crowd. The turnout included:

Troubadours' sleigh and (3) horses: Driver Wm.
McCarthy; Musical director, Wm. McDevitt; Musi-
cians, J. Gallivan, J. Reoch, G. Lewis, J. Dis-
more, F. Woody, J. Mitchell, R. Smith, J. Blake,
Joe Nichol, W. Allan, B. Allan, D. Hunt, A. Glas-
gow, R. Henderson, W. McMaster, W. McShane Jr.,
Huckleberry picnic: Sam Seale, W. Gleason, T.
Brown, J. Carroll, G. McManus, T. Wilson, W.
Ellis, B. Nugent.

Brass Monkey Bell Ringers: Mat Rolston, W.
Thompson, J. Dougherty, J. Congala, W. McGuig-
an, T. O'Brien, W. Unkniff, W. Brownrigg, J.
Jones.

Loch Lomond delegation in the "Starlight":
M. McAulay, T. Murray, J. Walker, J. O'Donnell,
A. Mason, W. Kelleway, H. McAulay, S. Brodie,
J. Graham, J. Hickey, J. Gowdow, J. Johnston, E.
Gulick, F. Collins, J. O'Regan, E. Tele, E. Diney.

C. Marshall, R. Henderson, J. Bannister, J.
O'Brien, J. McAfee, F. Gordon, W. Akroyd, W.
Vail, W. Donohue, J. Danis, J. Hatfield, F. Lynch,
W. Shemmel, D. McManus. (M. McAulay in com-
mand. J. Hurley as Lisa Taylor.)

The other half of the "Starlight" was occupied
by different characters, some fancy and some comic,
represented by E. N. Jones, J. Currie, F. Estey,
S. C. Hoyt, J. Bauer, J. Rolston, L. Johnson, W.
Stewart, V. Dykeman, J. Nichol, Eddie Jamieson,
Willie Nichol, Wm. McShane, J. Axtsord, J.
Grove, R. Nichol, W. Macarty, W. Bell, D. Ellison,
J. King, C. Fletcher, E. Graham, J. Lister, G. Tren-
towsky, F. Barbour, T. Ballard, J. Owens, W. Sir-
ling, J. Willis, A. Norris, W. Runceman, J. Mc-
Hugh, W. Sharpe, J. Hefferan, G. Duval, W. Rav-
Ruge, A. White, R. Isaacs, P. McKinnar.

Mr. J. H. Pullen's fine art show attracted
much attention. It was assisted by:
Chas. Tull, George Daly, Sam. Watson, Robert
Rier, Patrick Fitzpatrick and Thomas Bonnell.

Burnham's great furniture show was an-
other trade feature. It was a good "ad."
for home products and the best on the
market. Those who assisted were:

John Miller, John McMurtry, Chas. S. Everett,
Thomas Chapman, Whitfield Morrell, Ernest
Everett, W. Wetmore, W. Carleton.

Mr. J. E. Wilson, of Union street, was to
the front with plenty of his wares. He
was assisted by Messrs. Winchester and
Johnson.

Other representations and features of the
parade were Isaac's cigar factory, Leonard
Bros.' boneless codfish, "Uncle Alvin and
His Footman," a pair of clowns, A. W.
Sege's carpenter display, Fleischmann's
yeast, mineral water, "Coal for the Ferry,"
Moxie Nerve food, Ungar's laundry, "The
Lime Kiln Club," "The Balbougie Club in
Secret Session," The Imperial Oil com-
pany, G. S. Fisher, roofer, N. B. Silver
and Gold Mining company, "Koon Divi-
sion, S. O. T.," Danielle's "Court of the
Mikado," James Whitman, boots and
shoes, and Turnbull & Co.

Then the bands! What would the show
have been without them? Thanks for the
fine music and splendid turnout, boys.
You couldn't have done better if you had
tried harder. Wilkins' supper was good
and you enjoyed it.

A pleasant after feature was Sheriff
Harding's presentation to the Salvage
Corps showing his appreciation of their
show.

To make a brief mention of the races and
the rink carnival, both filled a gap and were
eminently successful. Moore's Tom won
the race with Dolan's Dan second.

Miss Emma Robertson as Lady Teazle,
and I. H. Northrup as Robinson Crusoe,
took the prizes at the rink. Both char-
acters were deserving of prizes.

In the carnival parade the "Bay Service"
took second prize and Golding's black
horses third. Messrs. J. H. Harding, D.
B. Warner and D. W. McCormick were
judges.

Here is the opinion of a Montreal gentle-
man, Mr. L. A. Morrison.

To THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: I took a mental
note of your carnival procession and the charac-
teristic outfits that made up its display yesterday,
from a window in the Royal hotel, and I consider
the whole thing reflects a great deal of credit on the
energy and enterprise of the promoters, in view of the
fact that I understand it, that but little more than a
week has been occupied in making all the prepara-
tions. "Comparisons are odious," the adage says,
and yet having had the pleasure of witnessing the
Montreal carnival two weeks ago, I cannot help say-
ing that I was better pleased with your display yester-
day than with the "Caldithump" processions
there, but which, of course, was only one of the
features of the Montreal carnival. I did not see
anything in your procession but what was educa-
ting, or laughable, or clever, or witty. Your
"Winter Port" and "Fishery Commission" were
both admirable hits and well arranged, and were
much superior in that way to anything that the
Montreal procession furnished. I consider your
Salvage corps quite equal to the best show and re-
presentation of the Montreal carnival, and I was
pleased to find that your committee and citizens had
wisely refrained from any display, such as the stu-
dents' display at Montreal, that would in any way
jar on sensitive nerves.

I shall not attempt in making a comparison or
speaking in reference to your drive to go into de-
tails. That was not my purpose in writing you, but
simply to express my pleasure at the success of your
carnival and the hearty spirit of good-fellowship and
gay light-heartedness that seemed to animate every-
body, and the apparently entire absence of anything
rude, unbecoming or demoralizing. And the kindly
smile of a Beneficent Providence in giving you good
sleighting and a bright day, added very materially to
the cheerfulness of the occasion.

I think you are quite equal to an ice palace under-
taking, even if the weather in St. John is a little
fifal in the winter time; but I would be sorry to
learn, if you ever do go into a full-grown carnival,
that your hotels and private houses so far forgot the
courtesy due to your city and the provinces as to
double and treble their fares—as they did in Mont-
real. I think everybody that came into the city,
yesterday, from the country was well entertained at
the usual prices, which I have no doubt paid the
entertainers.

My advice about an ice palace is short, and might
be worth remembering: If you ever take it up for
consideration—table it. L. A. MORRISON.
St. John, Feb. 28.

Is there any reason why St. John should
not have a carnival week in 1890?

INDEED THEY ARE.

I know a man who didn't see the show:
When all his friends the neighboring sidewalkers
lined,
He stayed indoors and swore he wouldn't go.
(He's blind.)

Another didn't even hear of it—
Though surely 'twould have given him info.
Able though he was his ear drum split.
(He's deaf.)

And there's one more who never seems to mind
These signs that prove the town's a-going ahead,
Nor ever sorrow when it falls behind.
(He's dead.)

WE'VE GOT 'EM ON THE LIST.

They Should Have Been in the Parade and
Will Be, Next Time.

Considering the short time they had to
work in, the carnival committee covered
about everything. Some features, however,
were necessarily omitted. The tableaux
which follow will be shown next year at the
latest; and there is some talk of bringing
them into a second procession, to take place
April 1:

Tableau, "Annexation": Mr. Ellis waving
the United States flag from the top of
the post-office.

Tableau, "There's No Place Like
Home": An escaped patient freezing to
death on the steps of the Provincial Lunatic
asylum.

Tableau, "One Good Turn Deserves
Another": Mr. Paul, the Milicite philoso-
pher, and Mr. Belding, of the Sun, wind-
ing each other up.

Sleigh containing Distinguished Visitors:
Hon. C. L. Richards, of Lincoln, Neb.;
Mr. William Kidd Pickering, of Halifax.

Moving Picture, "Prevention is Better
than Cure": The board of health sprinkling
chloride of lime over the Portland council.

Double Tableau, "Unrestricted Reci-
procity": Part I, Chief-of-Police Marshall
driving Whitebone's little black mare;
Part II, Uncle Abe Whitebone selling
beer at midnight.

Tableau, "Two of a Kind": The board
of trade and Howe's circus.

Double Tableau, "Rank": Part I, A
justice of the supreme court; Part II, The
bucket shop.

Tableau, "Warranted all Wool":
Keeper Barnes of the Marine hospital sell-
ing a sick sailor's trousers at auction.

Tableau, "Scarlet Fever": Mr. Glaze-
brook lecturing on Socialism.

Tableau, "Fresh Pork": Mr. Colling-
wood Schrieber hung up by the heels.

Sleigh containing Distinguished Visitors:
Mr. Thomas Maclellan, of America; Citi-
zen George Francis Train, of the world.

Double Tableau, "The Sunday Ques-
tion": Part I, The Sabbath Observance
society

NEW BRUNSWICK EDITORS.

These Good-Looking Men Make Good Newspapers

AND SO GET RICH OUT OF THEM.

Facts and Fancies Relating to Messrs. Clarke, Macnutt, Wood, Smith, Cropley, Stewart, Holyoke, Robidoux, and Others Whose Portraits Do Not Appear But Who Get There Just the Same.

It is not every man who can run a country paper. It is not even every good city newspaper man who can successfully run a rural weekly. The conduct of such a sheet requires a happy blending of various qualities which are not called for on a daily paper, and for which, as a rule, no due credit is given.

It goes without saying that the country editor should understand his business. To understand his business it is necessary that the editor should understand his constituency. He should know the country



GEO. J. CLARKE, ST. STEPHEN "COURIER."

and its people. He may have a dim and uncertain idea of the Eastern question or the political import of Boulanger's election, but if he is acquainted with the topography of his own county and the wants of its people he has the knowledge essential to his success. His function is, primarily, to make a good local paper, and if after that there is room for anything else, well and good. If not, it is of little consequence. In these days of cheap weekly editions of daily papers, the local journal is not supposed to give the news of the world, as in old times. This is the editor's opportunity to distinguish himself on his own stamping ground.

Every country editor should be a practical printer, and should be able to make-up his own paper and feel a pride in the way in which he does it. Time and labor expended in such work is better employed than in writing long and labored editorials. Indeed, though country readers demand the regulation "leader," editorial matter unless fresh and pointed, may very well give place to something else—even to selected matter, if it is of the right kind.

An editor, equally with a prophet may be without honor among his own people. They may not be disposed to place much value on his editorial utterances, but if he makes a good looking and readable paper, they, as well as the outside public, can appreciate the fact.

The province of New Brunswick has no reason to be ashamed of its showing in the way of weeklies. Outside of the city



D. G. SMITH, CHATHAM "ADVANCE."

of St. John there are some sixteen weekly papers, nearly all of which are highly creditable specimens of their class. With possibly one exception all are solidly established and likely to continue to prosper in the future. Some of them are worthy of special mention.

Notable among these is the Albert Maple Leaf, which is in many ways a representative country weekly. It has been developed slowly and surely from small beginnings, and its evolution is an interesting and instructive bit of history.

Nine years ago, Lovett M. Wood, a young man living in his native village of Hopewell Corner, now Albert, learned of an opportunity to buy a second-hand amateur job press and a few pounds of type. He secured them and conceived the idea of starting a weekly paper in the village. He entered into business with a cash capital of about \$7, and issued the first number of the Maple Leaf. It was the size of a sheet of note paper, with two columns to a page. The little press was only large enough to allow the printing of one column at a time, so that eight impressions were required for each sheet. As it was necessary to print with great care in order to make the columns

fit side by side, the process was painfully laborious and slow. Fortunately the edition was not large, as the editor issued no more than he thought he could sell. He had no difficulty in disposing of all he had printed, for his neighbors bought it as a curiosity, which it was in every sense of the word. People laughed at it as a new notion of "Lovey" Wood's, and very few had any faith that the Maple Leaf would last for more than a few weeks. Mr. Wood had a different opinion. He had enough confidence in himself to think that he could run a paper and succeed so long as he followed Mr. Micawber's theory of not allowing his expenditure to exceed his income. So he issued more papers of the same size and style. Soon after this he had a remarkable piece of good fortune. He leased the outfit of the defunct Moncton Dispatch, at a low monthly rental and brought it to Hopewell. Then he was in a position to put out a larger and better paper, and he did so. Little by little, as increased patronage warranted, he enlarged the size of his sheet.



G. L. HOLYOKE, WOODSTOCK "PRESS."

Each week he printed just what his subscription list called for, and no more. He did not try to sell single copies, because he wanted the people to subscribe. They did so slowly, for two reasons. First, because a dollar looks as big as a bed quilt to a good many Albert county men, and second, because they did not think the paper would live. They compromised by subscribing



H. A. CROPLEY, FREDERICTON "CAPITAL."

for short periods, but they all paid in advance, because Mr. Wood would not let any man, whether he was his own uncle or the high sheriff himself, have the paper on any other terms. And most of the advertisers were compelled to testify their faith in the same substantial way.



L. M. WOOD, ALBERT "MAPLE LEAF."

Starting on the sound principles of advance payment, and of venturing no more than beyond a safe limit, the Maple Leaf began to prosper. As fast as it did so, Mr. Wood continued to enlarge and improve it, and the excellent weekly of today is the result.

Had a city newspaper man gone to Albert county to establish a paper with the outfit which most men would consider necessary, he would have sunk money in the venture and retired disgusted with the place and the people. Mr. Wood was compelled by circumstances to take the one course by which success could be reached. He allowed the paper to be developed as the country became ripe for it. He took off his coat and worked, and he managed the business end with energy and prudence. The Maple Leaf is now not only a well-conducted specimen weekly, but its typographical appearance leaves little or nothing to be desired.

Quite different, however, was the origin of the St. Croix Courier, which is another successful and clean-looking paper. It was started nearly a quarter of a century ago, with a very complete outfit, but then it was in a town which at that time was

lustily booming. The Courier was founded by David Main, who got his experience on the St. John daily papers, and going to a live town he had not the discouragements which usually fall to the lot of a city man who seeks pastures new. He gave the town a live paper, and at one time he had a design of changing it to a daily. Perhaps it was as well he did not. It fulfils its mission admirably in its present form.

The Courier furnished two good men to the St. John dailies, one of them being D. G. Smith and the other J. L. Stewart, now rivals at Chatham. Since Mr. Main's death, the Courier has been edited by George J. Clarke, who has kept the paper fully up to its old-time standard. At the present time it is the best country weekly in the province. It ranks next to the family Bible in Charlotte county, where every man takes it and none borrow it. Crammed with news from every corner of its constituency, which is carefully culled and edited, the Courier can well stand alone on its merits as a newspaper. Its



J. L. STEWART, CHATHAM "WORLD."

political policy is generally Conservative, though it occupies the somewhat comfortable position of a supporter of both local and dominion governments. It is owned by a company, composed of gentlemen who don't look for money out of a newspaper, and, relying on this, the manager and editor of the Courier spend part or all of the earnings, if they please, in making



C. C. MACNUTT, FREDERICTON "FARMER."

the paper better and the property more valuable. Mr. Clarke gets up a bright editorial column, and what is better than that, touches topics that touch the people.

The Miramichi Advance is another clean looking sheet which gives its attention



FERD. ROBIDOUX, SHEDIAC "MONITEUR."

largely to local matters and devotes a good deal of editorial space to topics of sectional interest. It was started by a city newspaper man and a live one at that. D. G. Smith, the editor, was a remarkably keen reporter in St. John years ago. Like David Main, when he flitted he went to a prosperous and not purely country district. He adapted himself to his changed circumstances and in a short time Chatham began to realize that there was a hustler among them. A single glance at the Advance shows that it is a fine property. There are plenty of advertisements and good ones at that, the subscription price is half as large again as the average weekly and every newspaper directory gives the Advance a very snug circulation.

Mr. Smith hasn't been content to own and run a newspaper. He has dabbled a little in town politics with varying success. He has known the joys of victory and the pangs of defeat; and his fellow townsmen do him the credit of saying that he is a good fellow, pleasant and jovial and an efficient councillor on the board.

Like most of its local contemporaries the Advance depends somewhat largely on the fishing and lumbering industries and rejoices

and sorrows with the people in good and bad seasons. Right glad is PROGRESS to learn that this winter has been great for smelt and lumber. May every lagging subscriber come to the front and bring his neighbor with him!

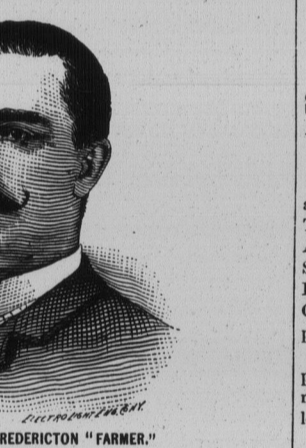
The Chatham World is chiefly remarkable as a contradiction of the theory that a semi-weekly paper has a small chance for life. It used to be the belief that, as compared with a weekly, tri-weekly or daily, such a sheet had all the odds against it. The World lives and is believed to prosper, though it is quite evident that the editor's whole heart is not in his work. Mr. Stewart is a good newspaper man and was once a prominent figure in St. John daily journalism. It is understood that he stays in Chatham because he cannot see his way clear to get out of it without loss.

When the Woodstock Press discards boiler plate matter on its outside pages, it will be a very creditable specimen of journalism in the river counties. It has as a rival the Sentinel, which is half a century old, and is the senior among the country weeklies. The Press is ambitious, how-



J. L. STEWART, CHATHAM "WORLD."

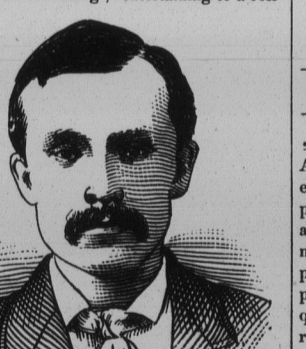
ever, and gives a great deal of live local news in readable form. Its editor is George L. Holyoke, and he is a good one. PROGRESS likes one of Mr. Holyoke's happy peculiarities. He persists in letting the people know the exact approximate circulation of the Press—2000—and with the knowledge that the editor and publisher is prominent in church and Sunday



C. C. MACNUTT, FREDERICTON "FARMER."

school circles, the advertiser can accept that with his affidavit.

The Press is one of the few country papers that sometimes has the enterprise to get the latest news from St. John by wire. Its inside pages are well put together and must be exceedingly entertaining to a resi-



FERD. ROBIDOUX, SHEDIAC "MONITEUR."

dent of the up-river counties. The Woodstock papers should have fine prospects, with the best agricultural districts in maritime Canada around and above them.

The Newcastle Union Advocate was started in the exciting days of the confederation question, and was for some years the only paper of any importance north of Moncton. Its editor, W. C. Anslow, is one of two brothers who took off their coats and worked as hard as any of their men. The other brother, John J. Anslow, is now running the Windsor, N. S., Hants Journal. The Union Advocate has always enjoyed a good circulation, and despite of opposition in later years, is able to hold its own against all new comers.

The Sackville Post and Borderer is a paper which is always well printed and has a great variety of local news. The Borderer, which was established in 1856, was sold to parties who transferred it to the Post, about ten years ago, giving Sackville one local paper, which is about all it needs or can stand. With one paper there is some chance of reducing accounts to a cash basis. With two there is an undue proportion of musty hay from Cookville, knotty wood from Midge and doubtful butter from

NEW SPRING CLOTHS!

M. R. & A. have received their First Importation of Novelties in JACKET, ULSTER and CLOAK CLOTHS, including

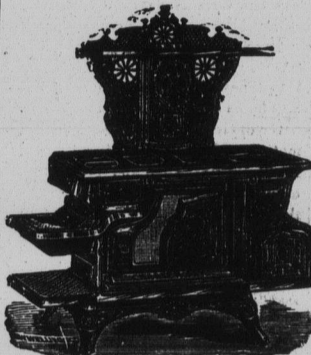
Fancy Mixed Cheviots; Fancy Stripe Cheviots; Oriental Stripe Cheviots; Line Stripe Alice Cloth; Self-colored Box Cloths.

Plain solid colors in both Alice and Box Cloths, include Bottle Green, Olive, Cardinal, Grenat; Slate Fawns in several shades, Browns, Navy and Myrtle.

Our "Making-up to Order" department will re-open on Monday, 4th inst., when we will be able to make all kinds and styles of OUTFITS GARMENTS to order at short notice.

PRICES REASONABLE consistent with good work and style. MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

OUR IMPROVEMENTS ARE NOW COMPLETE, AND IN A FEW DAYS



We will be ready to extend a warm welcome to all our old Customers, and to as many new ones as may favor us with a call.

We also beg to apologize to those Customers who, during the past three weeks, have found us in such a sorry plight as our store has presented while the alterations have been in progress.

As an off-set, however, we will in the future have a much better opportunity to display our wares, and we think all our Customers will appreciate the greater comfort and convenience with which they will be able to inspect our large and varied stock.

EMERSON & FISHER, Stoves and Kitchen Hardware, 75 and 77 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

P. S.—Seasonable goods and specialties will be announced from time to time, as occasion offers.

CLOTHING GIVEN AWAY FREE!

MARCH 6th,

"Oak Hall" Clothing Store, No. 5 MARKET SQUARE.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

WE will give away on the EVENING of WEDNESDAY, March 6, ONE of our CORKSCREW SACK COATS; ONE of our CORKSCREW PANTS and VEST (to match coat), and ONE pair of our Two Dollar and Fifty cents Pants. These goods are all first-class. The suit is good value at Twenty-two Dollars—although we sell the suit for Sixteen Dollars and Fifty cents. All that is required of you is to call at OAK HALL CLOTHING HOUSE, 5 MARKET SQUARE (LOOK FOR THE RED LIGHT), any time not later than SATURDAY EVENING, March 2, and register your name, and you will have a chance FREE OF CHARGE (won't cost you a cent), of getting either the coat, the pants and vest, or the pants. No person can register their name more than ONCE.

P. S.—Persons living in the country, by sending their name to us by letter or postal card, can have their name registered and have an equal chance. But no two names can be sent in one letter or card, the sender must write their own name to the letter or card. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., No. 5 MARKET SQUARE.

LOOK FOR THE RED LIGHT.

FOR GOOD VALUE

Union and All-Wool Grey Flannels; Ladies' and Children's Wove Hosiery; Ladies' Vests; Black and Colored Cashmeres; Gloves; Jerseys and Jersey Coats, Embroidered Cloth Table Covers; Gent's Ribbed Shirts and Pants, etc., etc., GO TO

PITTS' General Dry Goods Store, 179 UNION STREET. 179

Abouhagan and Wood Point. The former editor of the Post was W. C. Milner, the philosopher, who reluctantly withdrew from active journalism because the country had need of him as collector of customs. The present editor is Mr. E. Woodworth who puts less philosophy into his articles, but is quite as conscientious as Mr. Milner in regard to telling the truth.

The French have a really good and well printed paper in Le Moniteur Acadien, which is published at Shediac. It is very fair in its discussion of political questions and has as its merits a large circulation. Its editor is Ferd. Robidoux, a man whom his compatriots should be proud of, for his bright, handsome, newsworthy sheet gives evidence that he is capable of doing great work on behalf of any cause he undertakes to champion. In every essential particular Le Moniteur Acadien is far and away ahead of most of the French weeklies published in the upper provinces.

The Harvey Observer and Sussex Record are comparatively young papers. The former is in the interests of the Conservatives of Albert county, while the latter, the first King's county paper, has had the distinguished honor of having George Francis Train as assistant editor. The other New Brunswick country papers are the St. Andrews Bay Pilot, which is likely to develop into a new paper or have opposition before long and Le Courier des Provinces Maritimes of Bathurst.

Fredericton, as the capital of New Brunswick, has no "country" papers, but it has some good weeklies and a semi-weekly. These are the eight-page Capital, the Maritime Farmer, which is chiefly notable for pungent paragraphs on general

matters, and the Reporter, semi-weekly, which is 45 years old.

If Editor Macnutt doesn't wake up and supplement the splendid advertising patronage extended to the Farmer by some live local matter, some of his friends in the newspaper business may bring him to his senses in a hurry.

The Farmer is to Fredericton, Wednesday, what PROGRESS is to St. John, Saturday. People look to it for current local comments, and the more there are of them the better they are pleased. Mac is never in a rush, and never gets flurried. He gets to the office anywhere from 10 to 11 o'clock in the morning, and gives the people a chance to pay subscriptions and send in their new "ads." before he leaves. He is a happy and prosperous specimen of an editor and takes life easy, caring for little save that the Farmer goes to press sometime Wednesday and that the bills are paid Saturday. Politically his paper is Conservative, decidedly so in dominion politics, but not so pronounced in its opposition to the local powers. In fact there is a dim and hazy idea with many Frederictonians that the Farmer is on the local fence and very apt to tumble off on the right side.

The Capital has had a career of varied success. It was a weekly, then a tri-weekly, and again a weekly. The average newspaper man jumps to one conclusion when he sees the Capital: that there is a waste of good paper, good ink and fine presswork. With a considerable amount of work, which editor Cropley has never been able to put on it, the Capital should take no second place. It has age and an established reputation for reliability and cleanliness, and now that its owner has been wise enough to drop the book business, it should, with plenty of attention, come rapidly to the front as a favorite organ of the people. It is always talked about, the citizens look for it regularly, and they should always find it full of crisp, fresh news.

WHALEN-DUSENBURY.

AN ECHO OF THE WEDDING BELLS IN GUMVILLE.

The Nuptials of Josiah L., Second Son of Adonijah, and Alberta, Youngest Daughter of Zachariah's Eleven—The Guests, the Costumes and the Ceremony.

The placid surface of life in Gumville settlement has been disturbed by a ripple of uncommon magnitude, this week. Those envious persons who were not invited may not regard it so, but all who were there pronounce the affair to have been beyond all question the leading society event of the season. It was a dazzling display of the talent and culture of Gumville—a majestic upheaval, in fact, of the Gumville upper-crust. Gumville is not a large community—or rather it is quite large on the map, but the people seem to maintain a distant reserve towards each other, living about two miles apart as a rule, I should say. But we Gumvillians were always proud and sectional, so I suppose we will simply have to keep right on multiplying and replenishing till we fill up the gaps.

The event I allude to was the union of Alberta May, youngest daughter of eleyon of our esteemed citizen, Zachariah Dusenbury, Esq., J. P., and pound-keeper to her majesty, and Josiah L., second son of six of our equally esteemed townsmen, Adonijah Whalen, now deceased, and formerly deacon of the Free will connection in Lower Gumville. Squire Dusenbury's palatial residence was the scene of a brilliant inflooding of the blue blood of Gumville. The mansion was elegantly decorated at the front, by four large sunflowers, which bowed their blushing heads on either side of the front door; at each end, by a pyramid of turnips and potatoes, respectively, waiting to be rolled into the cellar; and on the roof by Mr. Dusenbury's brindle feline Uncle Thomas, and second cousin Aunt Mariar, owned by the next door neighbor, John Elijah Whalen, son of the late Hezekiah, while over the door was the beautiful motto worked in red paint, on a pine shingle, "All cattle runen at large on the highway will be pounded by me! Zachariah Dusenbury, Esquire, Justis off Pease."

But it was inside the homestead that the main display was made. The walls of the parlor, where soon the fond Alberta was to be absorbed into the being of Josiah L., were strung around with greenery. Surrounding the cookstove was the motto, "E Pluribus unum," signifying that one of Zachariah's daughters was to be "hitched" but there were lots more to spare. Miss Huldy Handsome, our pretty little school-marm, Abijah Dusenbury's girl, composed that text and Abijah, who was a trustee for the district, put up another one, "Cave Canem," for he said if Josiah at the last minute should "cave" he would certainly cause him. Over the back door was the motto, "God Bless our Home." Zachariah had had that motto a long time. Twice he was burnt out and that was all he saved from the wreck, but Mrs. Dusenbury, who was a regular snortin' radical, used to say, "I tell you, 'Riah, a good healthy insurance policy will bless your home more than all the pious mottoes twist here and Jericho." There was another text hung up which I had most forgotten. Huldy, the mischievous little critter, had hung up a string of onions over the settee where Josiah and Alby used to do their sparking, and they formed the words, "In onion there is strength," for Alby was mortal fond of that kind of fruit.

This was intended for a joke, but Josiah smothered down his bliss enough to scowl real wicked when he saw it. As the wedding guests came in, the ladies embraced Mrs. Dusenbury and wept all over her at the loss of Alby, and the gentlemen sat down by the stove, stiff and solemn like with Zachariah, and asked each other how the crops were, how much pork they were going to kill, and how it was that the Society's Polled Angus bull which they got from the Stock Farm was sprouting out horns a foot long? While they were discoursing on these topics the ladies were hovering around the table admiring the elegant and costly presents which had been brought and sent to Alby. There was a nest of milk-pans presented by a mother of the bride; an axe-handle and a two-year-old heifer (the animal was tethered to the table), from Mr. Dusenbury; a rolling pin from the groom himself, which seemed to amuse that vixen Huldy very much; a picture of Hetrack, Meataxe and Abendigo from Mrs. Whalen, and three bushels of seed oats from Adonijah. Nehemiah Whalen's wife (daughter of Jedediah Harris by his second), contributed an elegant barrel of soft soap labelled, "White there's life there's soap." Zephaniah Harris, (brother to Jedediah and uncle-in-law to Nehemiah Whalen), sent a beautiful set of crockery with a tag inside of one of the articles marked, "When this you see, remember me." Jeremiah Slocumb, brother-in-law to Nehemiah Whalen by the latter's first wife Deborah Slocumb, and step-brother to Zephaniah Harris by the latter's third wife Naomi Slocumb, and roadmaster for Upper Gumville, District No. 4, sent a charming pair of stockings to the bride striped with red at the bottom and spangled over the top with hornets worked in arrasene. Isaiah Slocumb, twin-uncle to Uriah Harris on his grandmother's side and adopted son of Nancy Slocumb by her present husband Jeremiah Slocumb, sent a lovely rat-trap mounted on cardinal plush and ready for business.

SO THEY WERE MARRIED.

A COUNTRY WEDDING MORE THAN FORTY YEARS AGO.

The Old Folks Didn't Assist Very Joyously at the Union of Tom and Susan, but all the Neighbors Came In and Everybody Else Was Happy.

While reading a description of a recent grand wedding in the cathedral, my mind went back to the days of 40 years ago, when a wedding was something to be remembered, and when people considered themselves fortunate to receive an invitation. Then the guests were not politely blackmailed into giving presents, nor were they expected to appear in elaborate toilets. There was lots of fun for the young folks, and pleasant news and gossip for their elders, for Mrs. Blisters from Queensbury met her old friend, Mrs. Shorts, from Nashawak, and indulged in confidential conversation. No one thought of declining an invitation to a wedding, and often a wagon load would drive from Gagetown, or even Long Reach, to Kings-clear, or wherever the festivities took place.

I have one of those old-time weddings in my mind now. The bride was the daughter of a wayside innkeeper, and the groom was the hostler in the same establishment. There had been some opposition on the part of the parents to the match. They thought Susan might "look higher" than to take Thomas, who had recently arrived from the old country, and had nothing but his good looks to recommend him. However, as Susan had a will of her own, they were obliged to make the best of it. Verbal invitations were sent round to the neighbors and friends, by a boy on horseback, who, on arriving at the required house, rapped at the door with his whip handle, without dismounting, and shouted: "Hello, there! I've brung you a bid to the weddin' at Crow's. Old man Crow and old lady Crow's give in, and the young folks are going to be spliced to-morrow. Tell ye what there'll be lively times at the tavern. Yer to come at early candle light!" he yelled, and started off at a gallop.

On our arrival the next evening, we found the barn full of horses and the yard full of wagons, and on stepping inside it was almost impossible to get through the crowd. The parlor was not a very large room, and it was literally packed with human beings. A couple of young men were trying to urge their way through the mass of humanity with chairs that had been borrowed from the neighbors. "Just set on my lap, Mrs. Selkins," a good-natured dame would say to a friend. "I guess not, Mrs. Grits, I'm most too heavy; besides, I'd miss your dress." Everybody was on the tip-toe of expectation, and there were numerous inquiries as to where "they" were likely to stand, it being the ambition of each to face the bridal party. The bride's mother, a very stout old lady, in a reddish-brown cobourg dress, a large linen collar and a lace cap, trimmed with white ribbons, sat on a splint-bottomed chair near the fire, while a young girl, with very creaky shoes, and arrayed in a pink calico dress, fitted in and out, and conversed in whispers with the old lady.

Presently the bridal party made their appearance. The groom wore a short-waisted, scant-tailed coat, and a very elaborate vest of many colors. His hands were encased in his first pair of gloves, which must have felt like handcuffs. The bridesmaid, who came in with him, looked and felt very important. The groomsmen, a sheepish-looking little fellow, blushing scarlet, then entered with the bride, who was at least a head taller than him. Her dress was a white checked muslin, with low neck and long sleeves. A bow of pink satin ribbon, with long ends fastened to the front of her dress, did duty as a bouquet. Her black hair was in a twist at the back, and she wore three curls on each side in front. A white ribbon was carried round the twist, and ended with a bow and ends at the back of her neck. The "Squire" was on hand to perform the ceremony, but, from want of practice, perhaps, or nervousness, he made several mistakes, and had to turn back once or twice, but that was a trifle, and did not matter. The old lady sighed frequently and sniffed in the corner, and occasionally groaned, "She is lost to me now!" The old man remained in the bar-room, which he had to himself, and regaled himself with some choice "Jamaky sperrets," which he kept for state occasions. It was only when the ceremony came to a standstill that he was hunted up to give away the bride. At the conclusion of the ceremony everybody shook hands with the bride and groom, and wished them much joy. The old lady unbent sufficiently to kiss the bride and wish them both "luck," and then waddled back to her seat. Evidently she was not being entertained. Presently cake and liquor were handed round, and great was the clatter as the attendants in the kitchen washed the tumbler after one lot had partaken so that they might do duty for others, there not being enough to go round. After this refreshment most of the men repaired to the bar-room to hear and give news, and several horses were "swooped" during the evening. In about an hour tea was handed round. There were seven kinds of

DRESSMAKING.

"EXCUSE ME," but you are mistaken!

FAIRALL & SMITH HAVE a large DRESS and MANTLE-MAKING DEPARTMENT in connection with their business, which is under the management and direction of a thoroughly competent and EXPERT CUTTER, whose work and prices are giving universal pleasure and satisfaction.

FAIRALL & SMITH.

SOLE AGENTS for that REMARKABLE KID GLOVE 64c.

cake, sage cheese, light bread and biscuit, to which every one did ample justice.

Then the real entertainment began. There were plays by the dozen. "I won a rich widow," "Oats, peas, beans," "Here come three landlords out of Spain," spinning the plate and forfeits, which was funniest of all. The young men generally aimed to kiss the bride and nearly always accomplished it, rather to her disgust, till the groom came to her rescue and declared that there had been enough of that and the next one would have to kiss him, a remark which was considered very witty.

Before separating the bridesmaid was called on to sing "The Bride's Farewell," which she did in a very high key, to great applause. Then everybody shook hands with Tom and Susan, who were "staying on" for a while, and wished them joy over again. This ended a country wedding of over 40 years ago. PROVINCIAL.

THE PEERLESS FOUNTAIN PEN.

Has all the requisites of a PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN.

A FREE FLOW OF INK. ALWAYS READY TO WRITE.

FOR SALE BY ALFRED MORRISSEY, 104 King Street.

Dispensing of Prescriptions.

Special Attention is Given to this very important branch.

Medicines of Standardized Strength used. By this means reliable articles will be supplied, and in each case compounded by a competent person.

WM. B. McVEY, Dispensing Chemist, 188 Union Street.

Trunks Retailed at Wholesale Prices

R. O'SHAUGHNESSY & CO., Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Trunks, Bags & Valises, Fishing Tackle.

83 Germain Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE Province of New Brunswick OF

The Commercial Union Assurance Co. (Limited), OF LONDON, and Phoenix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn,

A. C. FAIRWEATHER, CHAS. J. TOMNEY, Barrister-at-Law, General Agent. Sub-Agent.

BARNHILL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B.

A NICE LOT OF

PERFUMES, In Bulk,

JUST RECEIVED AT

T. A. CROCKETT'S, 162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.

JAMES S. MAY, W. ROBERT MAY, JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors,

84 Prince William Street, P. O. Box 303, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount for cash.

W. WATSON ALLEN, CLARENCE H. FERGUSON ALLEN & FERGUSON, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Etc., Pugsley's Building, Rooms 14, 15 and 16 Cor. Prince William and Princess streets.

A. & J. HAY, 76 King Street. Spectacles, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

JEWELRY made to order and repaired. WEDDING RINGS guaranteed 18 K. fine.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. HORSES and Carriages on hire. FINE FIT-OUTS at short notice.

BEST Violin Strings, PERSONALLY SELECTED

For Sale Cheap.

MORTON L. HARRISON, No. 99 KING STREET.

All the numbers of SEASIDE POCKET LIBRARY always in stock.

A. P. BARNHILL, Attorney, Solicitor, Notary, etc.

OFFICES: COR. PRINCESS AND PRINCE WM. STREETS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY, 115 Sydney Street, opp. Victoria School.

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

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing January 7, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 18.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrew, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

FULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 12.35 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations.

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

FULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. Returning to ST. JOHN FROM Bangor at 16.45 a. m.; Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Vancouver at 11.15 a. m.; 12.00 noon. Woodstock at 11.20 a. m.; 18.40 p. m. Houlton at 11.15 a. m.; 18.40 p. m. St. Stephen at 19.35 a. m.; 19.45 p. m. St. Andrews at 19.20 a. m. Fredericton at 17.50 a. m.; 11.50 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 16.45; 11.00 a. m.; 14.00 p. m.

LEAVE CARRINGTON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.25 a. m.—Connecting with 8.40 a. m. train from St. John. 13.20 p. m.—Connecting with 3.35 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. † Daily except Saturday. † Daily except Monday.

F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

1888--Winter Arrangement--1889

ON and after MONDAY, November 29th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express..... 7.50 Accommodation..... 11.20 Express for Sussex..... 8.35 Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 18.00

A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 7.00 Express from Sussex..... 8.35 Accommodation..... 11.20 Day Express..... 18.20

All trains meet by Eastern Standard Time. D. BOTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20, 1888.

Victoria Hotel.

D. W. McCORMICK, Proprietor.

Hotel Dufferin,

St. John, N. B.

FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS - Proprietor. FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION. Also, a First Class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,

28 to 32 Germain Street, St. John, N. B. MODERN IMPROVEMENTS. Terms - - \$1.00 Per Day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 Cents. E. W. ELLIOTT, Proprietor. Best \$1 House in the Maritime Provinces.

Hawarden Hotel,

Cor. Prince Wm. and Duke Sts., ST. JOHN, N. B.

WM. CONWAY, Proprietor. Terms, \$1.00 per Day; Weekly Board \$4.00.

BELMONT HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIBLE, Proprietor.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

NG CLOTHS!

First Importation of Novelties in CLOAK CLOTHS, including

Striped Cheviots; Stripe Alice Cloth; Self-colored Box Cloths.

Box Cloths, include Bottle Green, Olive, several shades, Browns, Navy and Myrtle.

Department will re-open on Monday, 4th inst., and styles of OUTFITS GARMENTS to order

with good work and style.

ERTSON & ALLISON.

MOVEMENTS COMPLETE, AND IN A FEW DAYS

We will be ready to extend a warm welcome to all our old Customers, and to as many new ones as may favor us with a call.

We also beg to apologize to those Customers who, during the past three weeks, have found us in such a sorry plight as our store has presented while the alterations have been in progress.

As an off-set, however, we will in the future have a much better opportunity to display our wares, and I want think all our Customers will appreciate the greater comfort and convenience with which they will be able to inspect our large and varied stock.

Stoves and Kitchen Hardware, WILLIAM STREET.

es will be announced from time to time, as

EN AWAY FREE!

CH 6th,

othing Store, NET SQUARE.

ASER & CO.

NG OF WEDNESDAY, March 6, ONE OF COATS; ONE OF OUR CORSCREW coat), and ONE pair of our Two Dollar all first-class. The suit is good value at \$16.00. The suit is good value at \$16.00.

any time later than SATURDAY me, and you will have a chance FREE OF either the coat, the pants and vest, or the more than ONCE.

by sending their name to us by letter or 1 and have an equal chance. But no two sender must write their own name to the ASER & CO., No. 5 MARKET SQUARE.

D VALUE

als; Ladies' and Children's Wove

ock and Colored Cashmeres;

sey Coats, Embroidered

rs; Gent's Ribbed

ns, etc., etc.,

eneral Dry Goods Store,

STREET. 179

matters, and the Reporter, semi-weekly, which is 45 years old.

If Editor Macnutt doesn't wake up and supplement the splendid advertising patronage extended to the Farmer by some live local matter, some of his friends in the newspaper business may bring him to his senses in a hurry.

The Farmer is to Fredericton, Wednesday, what Progress is to St. John, Saturday. People look to it for current local comments, and the more there are of them the better they are pleased. Mac is never in a rush, and never gets hurried. He gets to the office anywhere from 10 to 11 o'clock in the morning, and gives the people a chance to pay subscriptions and send in their new "ads." before he leaves. He is a happy and prosperous specimen of an editor and takes life easy, caring for little save that the Farmer goes to press sometime Wednesday and that the bills are paid Saturday. Politically his paper is Conservative, decidedly so in dominion politics, but not so pronounced in its opposition to the local powers. In fact there is a dim and hazy idea with many Frederictonians that the Farmer is on the local fence and very apt to tumble off on the right side.

The Capital has had a career of varied success. It was a weekly, then a tri-weekly, and again a weekly. The average newspaper man jumps to one conclusion when he sees the Capital: that there is a waste of good paper, good ink and fine presswork. With a considerable amount of work, which editor Cropley has never been able to put on it, the Capital should take no second place. It has age and an established reputation for reliability and cleanliness, and now that its owner has been wise enough to "drop the book" business, it should, with plenty of attention, come rapidly to the front as a favorite organ of the people. It is always talked about, the citizens look for it regularly, and they should always find it full of crisp, fresh news.

PROGRESS.

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

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

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

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

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

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)

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

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

THE CARNIVAL.

In some respects the carnival parade is more worthy of mention and remembrance than any show ever got up by the young men of St. John. There have been more imposing and more costly pageants, but they have been the result of mature deliberation and elaborate preparation. The beauty of this show was its sudden evolution from almost nothing, and its complete and astonishing success. It was a marvel and a triumph.

It was not only interesting and amusing, but instructive. It showed in its way what the people of St. John can do, despite of difficulties, when they put their energies into an undertaking. It was a sample of healthy energy, which if directed in any channel must produce proportionally successful results. It has its lesson, which is not likely to be lost. It proves that we are neither dead nor sleeping, and that our people have that valuable adjunct to all anatomies—a backbone.

There was a significance too in most of the representations. They were not meaningless tableaux or commonplace allegories. They bore upon vital and important issues which mean much for the city of St. John. There was a world of meaning in some of them. First and last, the carnival was a success. It will have a healthy and stimulating effect on the citizens. It was more than a mere holiday show. It was an object lesson of pluck, energy, self-reliance and hope.

NOT AS IT SHOULD BE.

It is a curious fact that in a salary sense the positions of newspaper men in St. John are reversed. To put it in a clearer way, the men who work longer hours and do more and better work than others on the same staff do not in many cases receive half the salary of the "gentlemen of ease." There are few strictly local men on the city press who can call on the counting room for more than \$10 Saturday night. This is not right. The average morning newspaper man is on duty from noon of one day to 3 and 4 and frequently 5 o'clock the following morning. No matter what the weather is, rain or shine, darkness or light, he is found at his post, and for this he grinds along year after year, with little hope of advancement, for the munificent yearly salary of \$500 or perhaps \$600. The fact is that he does the work and the other end of the staff, called by courtesy the editor, drops into the office at 4 o'clock p. m., remains till 5.30 or 6 o'clock, calls again sometime between 9 and 12 in the evening and draws all the way from \$1,500 to \$2,500 every twelve months. When the good time arrives and every man is paid according to what he does and not for what he is supposed to do, the boys will all be happier and the newspapers better.

FEED THE PRISONERS.

An article in the Moncton Transcript, signed with the initials of the editor, takes a very sensible view of the system followed in the treatment of prisoners in the jails of this province. That system appear to be to give enough bread and water to sustain life, and make virtual starvation the penalty of crime. Nor is it alone the criminals who are thus kept hungry to vindicate the majesty of the law. While imprisonment for life is to a great extent abolished, there are still cases where men may be put in jail by civil process, and these, in the ordinary course of things, have the same diet as rogues and vagabonds undergoing sentence. Then, too, jails are largely places of detention for men awaiting trial, who have been committed on prima facie evidence, but who may later be proven not guilty. In any event, they are innocent until convicted by a proper tribunal. There is no warrant in the law of God or man for depriving these men of suitable and substantial food.

Mr. HAWKE takes exception to a proposition that men kept on a diet which results in physical deterioration should be compelled to earn their food by stone-breaking or other hard labor. He is quite right. No decent man will work a horse unless he feeds it for work, and a man, even a criminal, is entitled to as much mercy as a beast. Prisoners sentenced for long terms should have a proper amount of exercise and work, but they should be fed

for that purpose on a diet which would give them bone and muscle at least.

There are some people who think that their less fortunate fellows can live on any kind of food. The man who advocates a bread and water diet for a prisoner, who has perhaps been guilty only of selecting a vicious brand of whiskey, is the kind of a man who believes the working classes ought to live on mush and molasses. It is to be hoped such men are not in the majority even in the county councils. It is, however, the county councils that are responsible in the matter.

Perhaps the best excuse for such a state of affairs is ignorance and indifference on the part of the councillors. It cannot be that the trifling additional expense, which could not affect the municipal assessment, to any extent, deters them from being simply humane. Will some of them, who have perhaps never thought of the matter, now give it their attention with a view to reform? It is to be hoped so.

Our jails are houses of correction, and should be schools of reform. They cannot be as they now are. Criminals or unfortunate inmates of our prisons are entitled to be treated and to be fed as men.

Good reports of PROGRESS have evidently gone further than the boundaries of our province. We have never had cause to complain of the advertising patronage given us by St. John merchants, and we think that they get better value for their money spent with us than with any newspaper in St. John. But we record with some pleasure, this week, an unsolicited order to insert the advertisement of a wholesale and retail Halifax dry goods firm for one year. We take this as a further indication that PROGRESS is appreciated by our Halifax and Nova Scotia friends. If it meets with proportionate favor in the smaller cities and towns of Nova Scotia we will all spend happier Saturdays and Sundays confident that thousands of our sister provincials are contented in the possession of their favorite journal. PROGRESS was rightly named.

The Halifax Recorder prints a letter received by a druggist from a lady who wished to procure two cents' worth of love powder. She only wanted "enough to charm one person," but she was anxious to know "if it will make any difference to keep it awhile, in case I should not be able to give it to him at once." The druggist, unhappily, had none in stock. The only love powder that is always effectual is gold dust. It will keep. The Halifax woman should get some of that.

Rev. THOMAS FREDERICK FOTHERINGHAM bubbled over Monday night when he said: Surely the time has come for every patriot to lay aside all party issues and bend his energies to check the threatening advance of Rome. "We hold the keys," said one priest with insulting triumph. "We let in whom we please and we keep out whom we please." Shame upon Orangemen, upon Protestants, that it should be so.

The Canadian Press association, which is mainly composed of Ontario "journalists," met in Toronto the other day and adopted resolutions to the effect that they were "opposed to any increase in the duty on plates used by newspapers." Naturally, if they had to rely on their own brains, as newspaper men do, it is probable that these "journalists" would have to go out of business.

Mr. COLLINGWOOD SCHIRBER's letter to Mayor H. J. THORNE has proved quite a boomerang. He is having some warm compliments paid him by the maritime Canadians. The citizens of St. John roamed him and the Halifax chamber of commerce came to time admirably. Will Messrs. SKINNER, KENNY & Co. back up the people?

The opinion of Mr. L. A. MORRISON, a well known Toronto manufacturer, on our display Wednesday printed elsewhere will be read with interest. The comparison was kindly made at our suggestion.

There's nothing small about the Portland Aldermen. They want \$100,000, instead of \$60,000, to pave Main street. We trust that they are not thinking of silver dollars for paving purposes.

The management of the carnival learned two things Wednesday. They won't change the advertised route next time, and they will draw a color line.

Mr. GEORGE A. DAVIS and Mr. JOHN R. MARSHALL have gone to law. The conflict of two cranks is always interesting.

Mr. PIGOTT ought to come over here, now, and begin life as an Ottawa correspondent.

SEVERANCE.

[The song, "Severance," composed by Mr. Porter, the conductor, and sung by Dr. Slayter, was a feature of the evening.—Halifax Evening Mail.] The tide falls, and the night falls, And the wind blows in from the sea, And the bell on the bar, it calls and calls, And the wild hawk cries from his tree. The late crane calls to his fellows gone In long flight over the sea, And my heart with the crane flies on and on, Seeking its rest and thee. O Love, the tide returns to the strand, And the crane flies back over sea,— But he brings not my heart from his far-off land, For he brings not thee to me.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

WEIGHTY WORDS FOR Canada's Daughters!

The Enormous Regular Sales of Thousands of Boxes of



For all Waters.

For all Waters.

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

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

Every bar weighs 16 oz. Cannot injure the most delicate fabric. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

WM. LOGAN, Sole Manufacturer.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE,

38 King Street,

(OPPOSITE ROYAL HOTEL),

Open about March 20.

PEN AND PRESS.

What was the matter with the esteemed Telegraph, Wednesday morning? It announced a funeral a day ahead of time; set people astray as to the route of the carnival parade, and concluded by announcing that "George Paxton, a young professor," etc., was dead. In view of the fact that Dr. George Paxton Young was an eminent man of the ripe age of 71, the announcement was a pretty bad ball of his kind.

The death of Philip H. Welch, last Sunday, removed the brightest and most prolific paragon on the continent, a man who was a gigantic joke trust all by himself. Up to within a few days of his death he supplied the New York Sun, Times, Drake's Magazine, Epoch, Puck, Life, Judge, Harper's Bazar and a dozen lesser publications with those sententious brieflets of his that always went straight to the mark as a bullet from a gun—though for four years he was often under the surgeon's knife and lived in the knowledge that cancer must soon end his work.

Mr. Payson Tucker, the man who, as general manager, has made the Maine Central one of the best railroads on the continent, established a righteous precedent, last Saturday. As soon as the news of the Kingman accident was received by him, he at once sent word to the newspaper offices, and promptly placed in the hands of the reporters all the particulars of the affair as far as known. Mr. Tucker said there was nothing to conceal about the accident and he desired the public to have a full and correct account of the sad occurrence. That is another example of Mr. Tucker's admirable methods of doing business. Like all sensible men, he knows that the reason why newspapers sometimes publish inaccurate and exaggerated accounts of such occurrences is that they can't get at the facts.

WE WANT THE WORLD TO KNOW OF THE GREAT SUPERIORITY OF LOGAN'S "IDEAL" SOAP.

A BALLAD OF SKATING.

What skating! My beautiful cousin declare That there's nothing like skating—such glorious sky! Such glitter of frost on the grass! and the air Like well-iced champagne at a dance in July! Such partners! Such partners! Miss Kitty's so pretty— As darning a girl as ere role at a fence, And Miss Mabel's so slender, so graceful, so tender, That a fellow must— That is, a fellow with ease. "Help me up with my skates, Fred!" Miss Kitty has feet As dainty as girlish disdain could demand, And she knows that the boot is adorably neat, And laced like a glove, which she trusts in his hand. "Hold me up, Fred! I'm falling," Miss Mabel's unstable, Slim waist and soft fingers, just plead to be clasped. "I'm sure, if I stumbled, I should feel so humbled That I doubt if I ever—" Here—meaning—he grasped. Miss Kitty's trim feet wheel and wheel on the ice Like a hawk on the wing, in their glide and their grace. Miss Mabel's slim waist feels uncommonly nice And she screams if I try to—relax—my embrace, And air-tastes, though low by Reannur, like Saunur, If not quite champagne, and the sky looks her best. But the fact that Miss Kitty's audaciously pretty And Miss Mabel so tender— You know all the rest. —Douglas Staden, in Frederick Langbridge's Poets of Play.

New Goods FOR 1889.

BARNES & MURRAY.

Cloths, Dress Goods, Prints, Buttons, Laces.

Our reputation for Lowest Prices for reliable goods will be fully sustained.

17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

The New Crockery Store,

94 KING STREET.

CUT GLASSWARE in Tumblers, Wines, Carafes, Finger Bowls, Bar Tumblers, etc. JUST RECEIVED.

Full lines of above, which I am offering at Lower Prices than ever. C. MASTERS.

YOU CAN GET FOR 50 CENTS, A Strong Five-Foot-Six Artist's Easel, at GORBELL'S Art Store,

207 UNION STREET. PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

CLOSING SALE.

The Last Fifteen Days.

THE BANKRUPT STOCK OF DRY GOODS

— IN THE STORE LATELY OCCUPIED BY — McCafferty & Daly

MUST BE SOLD BY MARCH 10th. Dress Goods, 9 cents and upwards, less than half price.

SILKS, SATINS, VELVETS PLUSHES, VELVETEENS and BROCADES, at One-third Usual Price.

TABLE LINEN, TOWELS, TOWELLING, SHEETINGS AND ALL DOMESTIC GOODS, at less than Factory prices. Trimmings, Laces, Fancy Goods,

LISLE THREAD AND SILK GLOVES, COTTON HOSIERY, ALL AT ONE-QUARTER THEIR PRICE. By order of the Trustee, M'CAFFERTY & DALY.



THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

Steam Book & Job Printing Rooms. Corner of Church and Canterbury Streets, St. John, IS FULLY EQUIPPED WITH RAPID AND IMPROVED MACHINERY,

And a Large and Varied Stock of PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL TYPE, to which recent additions have been made.

The attention of the public is respectfully invited to our extensive facilities for doing ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, INCLUDING BOOKS, MAGAZINES, REPORTS, PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, CIRCULARS, PRICE LISTS, DRAFTS, RECEIPTS, LAW CASES, NOTES, CHECKS, ORDERS, BILLS OF LADING, POSTERS, HANDBILLS, DOGGERS, PROGRAMMES, BONDS, MORTGAGES, INSURANCE, BANK AND LEGAL FORMS, BUSINESS, VISITING, and WEDDING CARDS.

Orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to. Estimates on all kinds of Printing will be promptly furnished.

MORE GOODS THE LATEST SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS.

At 50 Cents a Week. Spring Mattresses, Lounges, Chairs, Lamps, and don't forget the Wringers. F. BEVERLY, 45 Germain St. New York City.

SOCIAL EVENTS

And the... ham, Dor... Bathurst... Jack Frost... he has been... meter last... think many... the cold snap... an sure there... heaving and... weather of a... On Thursday... attended the... again began... people were... lags they wou... of the skater... per party at... A small tob... Jardine start... though the hill... ment was... On Monday... about 60, and... drove out to... They did not... genuine surpr... refreshments... of the intend... ears of Mrs. D... seemed to hav... reception, and... all who were... While calling... ago, we discus... sets of the time... point of view—... fortune had... other lands. O... whereabout... being in Boston... place; Miss M... Bayard, in Lon... ker and Miss... Hatheway, in B... in Boston; Mrs... and Miss Katie... names of many... cry at the tim... have married... make great cha... winter. Mrs. E. I. Sim... to their former... Miss Ida Nicl... Boston, where... Nicholson, and... After an attack... duration, Mrs. T... lost her daugh... early age of six... disease become... abatement. Mr. and Mrs. J... return from the... Mr. and Mrs. Str... street until May... Dr. and Mrs. A... took place in Hal... their honeymoon... the Royal. The Misses De... to Fredericton. Dr. Holden h... Louise Holden is... Now that Marc... present quite a... play of goods, an... their attempt to... chiefly in having... certain times, and... them. This plan... and New York... during their sprin... bargains. Howe... customer to their... stance, I paid 30... day, but on retur... more, was amaz... same material, the... one day, the next... I must say when... feel proud of our... that they compa... cities of even la... showing some ve... only 10 cents a ya... full morning gown... The fashion of... weddings seems... some of them in... the Duke of New... carrying muffs. I... with flowers, pray... used in their ste... The Metropoli... dent he met with... jured his right th... to carry on his... stand. The closing... Mechanics' Institu... and the manage... Miss MacLachlan... horse, choruses... other well chosen... amateurs have kin... very good concert... Are you going... question pretty ge... Well did they d... greeted them on... M.A. "Progress" is... Saturday noon... new George and... FEBRUARY 27.—Y... ing so near or t... our habits, I can... evident—social ga... very rare in this... impromptu dances... able dimensions... new gown for a... maiden hair fern... where can be seen... week, while eyes... Zaire nos, and s... know one well-kn... carried the above... wears a white aster... out" (I fancy a flower... in default of the... don't mind telling... contracted this habi... summer on his vac... pany reminds him... he seems always s... wish I could hint... however, he is ever... unchangeable. The death roll in... festivity. The m... was a very sad... Mrs. Colonel Noy... The dance to have... been postponed in... Mrs. Proctor, who... buried from 90. F... ago. She was well... and her untimely de... an unfortunate ev... last, when Mrs. Saw... street took fire, and

FOR 1889. MURRAY.

Prints, Buttons, Laces.

Best Prices for reliable fully sustained.

CHARLOTTE STREET.

Shoekery Store,

STREET.

Graffes, Finger Bowls, Bar Tumblers, etc.

CEIVED.

ing at Lower Prices than ever.

MASTERS.

FOR 50 CENTS,

Artist's Easel, at

'S Art Store,

STREET.

SALE.

Days.

DRY GOODS

Daly

10th.

than half price.

and BROCADES, at

ce.

GOODS, at less than Factory prices.

cy Goods,

QUARTER THEIR PRICE.

Trustee,

ERTY & DALY.

TELEGRAPH

Printing Rooms

bury Streets, St. John,

ED MACHINERY,

AND ORNAMENTAL TYPE, to which

been made.

ed to our extensive facilities for doing

PRINTING,

LETS, CATALOGUES, CIRCULARS,

AW CASES, NOTICES, CHECKS,

POSTERS, HANDBILLS,

BONDS, MORTGAGES,

D LEGAL FORMS,

WEDDING CARDS.

Estimates on all kinds of Printing will be

THE LATEST

SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO

The New York Labor News Co.

43 EAST FOURTH STREET,

New York City.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX

And the Happenings in Social Circles of Fredericton, Moncton, and other places.

Jack Frost has at last paid us a visit, even though he has been rather tardy in doing so, the thermometer last Saturday showing 19 below zero.

On Thursday evening, the 21st, quite a number attended the carnival at the Victoria rink, and things again began to look like the good old times when, if people were to absent themselves from those gatherings they would be quite out of the world.

A small toboggan party got up by Mrs. Robert Jardine started out Friday evening, the 22nd, and though the hill was in good condition, their enjoyment was somewhat marred by a slight rain storm.

On Monday last, a surprise party, numbering about 60, and gathered together by Miss Parks, dove out to the residence of Mr. James L. Dunn.

They did not adhere to the original custom of a genuine surprise party, and took their baskets of refreshments with them, for I suspect some rumour of the intended expedition must have reached the ears of Mrs. Dunn, as all necessary arrangements seemed to have been made to give them a welcome reception, and a most enjoyable evening passed by all who were present.

While calling at the house of a friend a few days ago, we discussed among other subjects the distress of the times—I mean, of course, in a society point of view—and we fell to envying those whom fortune had favored in allowing them to winter in other lands.

On going over the money-ladies' whose whereabouts we knew of, we spoke of Miss Maree being in Boston; the Misses Hazen in the same place; Miss M. Hazen, in Dublin; Miss Emily Bayard, in London; together with Miss Nellie Baker and Miss Gertrude Deary; Miss Beatrice Hatheway, in British Columbia; Miss Fanny King, in Boston; Mrs. H. J. A. Godard, in New York; and Miss Katie Bayard in Halifax.

Of course the names of many others may have slipped our memory, at the time, but those together with many who have married and made their homes in other cities, make great changes in our social gatherings this winter.

Mrs. E. I. Simonds and family will shortly return to their former residence in Waterloo street. Miss Ida Nicholson left on Monday evening for Boston, where she joins her sister, Miss Belle Nicholson, and remains there for about a fortnight.

After an attack of scarlet fever of only five days' duration, Mrs. Thomas McLellan, on Sunday last, lost her daughter, Miss Beatrice McLellan, at the early age of sixteen years. Very alarming has this disease become, as there seems small sign of its abatement.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Sturdee are expected to return from their trip on Sunday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Sturdee will reside at 144 Carleton street until May 1.

Dr. and Mrs. Grier, nee Sawyer, whose marriage took place in Halifax early this week, are spending their honeymoon in St. John and are registered at the Royal.

The Misses Dever have returned from their visit to Fredericton. Dr. Holden has returned from Ottawa. Miss Louise Holden is still visiting that city.

Now that March has set in, our dry goods shops present quite a spring-like appearance in their display of goods, and I notice how strongly is evinced their attempt to copy the shops in the United States, chiefly in having their goods marked down for a certain time, and placed at special prices.

This plan is adopted so generally in Boston and New York that often, while visiting those cities, during their spring sales, I have procured great bargains. However, one must needs be well accustomed to their method in getting them; for instance, I paid 30 cents a yard for dress goods one day, but on returning the next for a yard or two more, was amazed to find it was charged \$1 for the same material, these only being marked down for one day, the next other articles taking their place.

I must say when strangers visit St. John, I always feel proud of our shops, as the general opinion is that they compare most favorably with those of cities of even larger size. Macaulay Bros. are showing some very pretty light figured delaines, at only 10 cents a yard, which would make very tasteful morning gowns.

The fashion of bridesmaids carrying bouquets at weddings seems fast going out. I noticed the absence of them in the description of the marriage of the Duke of Newcastle and Miss Candy, the maids carrying muffs. I have heard also of slippers filled with flowers, prayer books or walking canes being used in their stead.

The Metropolitan is still suffering from the accident he met with some few weeks ago, having injured his right thumb. He has, however, managed to carry on his usual correspondence with his left hand.

The closing concert of the course of lectures in the Mechanics' Institute takes place on Monday next, and the management has again been entrusted to Miss MacLellan. I hear the programme will embrace choruses and solos from *Ernani*, besides other well chosen music. Some of our favorite amateurs have kindly consented to take part and a very good concert is anticipated.

Are you going to the market? has been the question pretty generally asked by many this week. Well did they deserve the good houses that greeted them on each evening. TRIP TO NEW BRUNSWICK.

HALIFAX, N. S. "Progress" is for sale in Fredericton at the bookstores of W. T. H. Fenwick and James H. Haselthorne.

FEBRUARY 27.—The ball at the residence of Sir John and Lady Allen last Thursday evening was a very brilliant affair and everyone present seems to have enjoyed it to the utmost, judging by the numerous remarks I have heard to that effect. The house was very prettily decorated with flowers, there being an abundance of beautiful calla lilies and other choice hot house plants.

I heard a few days ago that Maj. Gausson, of the commissariat department, is awaiting orders to be transferred to another station. Mrs. Gausson is a Halifax lady.

The first of the parliamentary dinners at government House will be given to the members of the house of assembly now in session here, to-morrow evening by the chief justice, acting administrator of the government in the absence of Lieut-governor McLellan.

The Robinson Girl was presented at the academy last evening, with the following amateur cast: Count Arabin (Governor of New Brunswick)..... Mr. G. E. Book The Duke (Governor of the Cape)..... Mr. D. C. Gillis The Countess (Princess of the Orange)..... Miss I. Macdonald The Duke's Secretary..... Mr. R. Blackmore The Duke's Chamberlain..... Mr. W. A. Remson The Duke's Secretary..... Miss Lawson The Duke's Secretary..... Miss Hilda Glayton The Duke's Secretary..... Miss Hilda Glayton The Duke's Secretary..... Miss Hilda Glayton

It was a great success. Everybody was present. Miss Laine as Arline, looked charming, and her rendition of "I Dreamt I Drove in Marble Hall," was superb. The conductor of the Orpheus club, Mr. C. H. Porter, is to be congratulated on the great success that was scored.

This item from a Halifax paper will interest many of our readers. A happy event occurred at St. Luke's cathedral, Tuesday morning, and when most of the friends of the interested parties heard of it today they were rather surprised, as it was not expected to come off till after the 15th inst. It occurred, and the fire on Inglis street, Sunday night, upset some family arrangements and resulted in a wedding taking place some weeks earlier than anticipated.

At 7 o'clock this morning Dr. Henry Grier, staff surgeon, led to the altar Miss Sophie Sawyer, only daughter of the late Col. Sawyer, and one of the most charming and popular young ladies in the city.

A number of friends of the couple had heard of the hastily arranged plans and were at the cathedral to witness the ceremony, some of them afterwards accompanying the couple to the railway station. The bride was attired in a navy blue travelling dress, with seal skin jacket and velvet hat. The bridesmaid was Miss Scott, daughter of Capt. E. A. Scott; she wore a plain walking dress of green, with black jacket. The bridegroom was accompanied by Dr. Weston, of the army medical staff.

The Amateur Dramatic club announce their second performance for Monday and Tuesday evenings, March 4 and 5. The comedy, *A Wonderful Woman*, and the amusing farce, *Boots at the Sea*, have been selected to form the programme. They will be cast as follows:

A WONDERFUL WOMAN. Marquis de Frontaine..... Capt. Price, W. R. R. Viscount de Milleville..... Col. Guter Rudolph (a young painter)..... Mr. Ackworth, E. A. Taylor..... Mr. Beale, W. R. H. Servant..... W. A. Duffy Madame Hortense Bertram..... Mr. A. E. Jones Cecile (her niece)..... Miss Stewart Maid..... Miss King

BOOTS AT THE SEA. Jacob Farwig..... W. H. Hill Frank Friskley..... L. J. Fuller Higgins..... W. Wallace, W. R. R. Peter Pippin..... Mr. Beale, W. R. H. Miss Moonshine..... Miss Grant Emily Moonshine..... Miss B. Stirling Sally..... Mrs. Tobin Miss Kenny, Miss Meynell and Miss Lewis, three Halifax society ladies, leave on the 9th prox. for England. They will be married there by military officers.

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The floor of the double drawing room was in a perfect condition for dancing, and the music furnished by Hanlon's orchestra was particularly good. Refreshments were served throughout the evening and at the usual hour an elegant supper. Card tables were provided upstairs for those who did not care to dance, and I have heard some gentle murmurings over the fact that too many of the gentlemen preferred the cards to the dancing.

There were many very handsome costumes among them a number of new ones just obtained for this occasion. I heard three young ladies spoken of as decidedly the belles of the evening—Miss Mary Brown, Miss Harrison and Miss Kitty Benson.

Lady Allen received in a dove-colored silk, with black lace trimmings. Lady Tilley wore a rich black satin with gold passementerie trimmings, low-cut corsage with bertha of gold fringe; ornaments, gold. Mrs. Judge Fraser: Peacock of tan-colored foulard, court train of crimson velvet, ostrich feathers in her hair.

Mrs. Forrester looked exceedingly pretty in her wedding dress, the bodice and train being of white silver brocade, with the front of white Bengaline silk, handsomely trimmed with lace and orange blossoms, the bodice cut low in the neck and sleeves. She also wore a handsome pearl necklace. Mrs. A. G. Beckwith: A lovely costume of rich crimson *jaquette* and silk, Y-shaped bodice and short sleeves; ornaments, gold and natural flowers. Mrs. Major Gordon: A handsome crimson tulle over satin of same shade, steel trimmings.

Mrs. Hillard: A lovely dress of halberge silk with spotted tulle overskirt, a beautiful and unique necklace of heliotrope-tinted shells. Mrs. Macmillan: A rich costume of white satin and silver blue plush, blue pearl beads. Mrs. Sewell: Black velvet, with black lace trimmings; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. Harry Beckwith: A handsome brown satin with coffee-colored lace trimmings. Mrs. Charles Beckwith: Old rose satin, court train, cream lace overskirt, ostrich feathers; ornaments, pearls.

Mrs. E. H. Allen: Pale blue satin brocade, cream lace, blue ostrich tips; gold ornaments. Mrs. Hilson Green: A very handsome cream costume, embellished in crevices of same shade, and trimmed with beetle wings. Mrs. Hemming: White satin and tulle. Mrs. John Black: Milk green poplin, trimmed with pink plush and pink pearls; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. John Allen: Mauve silk with black lace trimmings.

Mrs. George Miller: Decollete costume of black lace and silk, long train. Mrs. Albert Gregory: Black lace over white satin, ostrich feathers. Mrs. J. Henry Phair: Silver-grey moire antique, with white lace trimmings; ornaments, topaz and gold. Mrs. Inglis: White satin, on train. Mrs. Capt. Young: Black silk with black, yellow-spotted tulle overskirt, gold and black tulle, yellow gauze over white silk; pearl ornaments.

Mrs. Mary Brown: A lovely dress of silver striped gauze over white silk; pearl ornaments. Mrs. Harrison: White China silk, low cut corsage trimmed with ostrich feathers. Mrs. Douglas Hazen: Cream brocade, with gold trimmings. Miss Kitty Benson: Cherry moire silk, with white tulle draperies, blush bodice, pearl necklace.

Mrs. M. T. Tibb: A very pretty palm-colored silk, with white lace trimmings; ornaments, pearls. Miss Ketchum: Black lace, scarlet satin bodice and sash. Miss Laura Wetmore: White satin, with Limerick lace; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. Poyry: Black lace and natural flowers. Mrs. O'Meara: Pale blue dress, ostrich feathers. Miss Ada Dever: White silk and tulle, blush roses.

Mrs. Scarnell: White china silk. Miss Harriet Rainford, who was the debutante of the evening, looked very pretty in white. Her dress was cashmere, with lace trimmings, white ostrich feather fan.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Miss Stevenson: White china silk, Nile green ribbon. Miss Botford: Black lace dress, cream sash and shoulder bows. Miss Louisa Fisher: Nile green striped granadine, natural flowers. Mrs. Campbell: Blue china silk, trimmings of coffee-colored lace; pearl necklace.

There will be a large party, Thursday evening, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hilyard, The Pines. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon gave a dinner party last Wednesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Street will give a party, Thursday evening, for their son Lee.

A large party of young people have gone to Springhill, this evening, to have a dance at the hotel, the young ladies taking the supper with them in baskets. The "Colossus," with four horses, has been hired for the occasion. Mrs. George Babbitt will chaperone this party, and a delightful time is anticipated.

Capt. and Mrs. Young have a small card party this evening. Dr. and Mrs. Harrison are to have a card party Friday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Beck are to have a small tea party, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. David Hatt will entertain their friends at a party Friday evening. Lady Tilley spent last Sunday in St. Stephen. She has again returned home.

Mrs. Capt. Wood (with her son, Dr. Dow Wood, of Boston, formerly of the city, are the guests of Mrs. Whipple, Mrs. Wood's sister. They were on the ill-fated train last Saturday, but fortunately escaped with the loss of their baggage.

Mrs. Forrester is receiving her friends this week. On Monday she was a very pretty dress of cream Henrietta cloth, cutaway, with large white pearl buttons, opening over a full vest of cream sash; diamond ornaments. Miss Dever and Miss Stevenson received with her. The latter wore a costume of apple green cashmere, with cream trim-

When Low Price and High Quality set the pace there's sure to be a quick stepping business. Such a combine don't come from haphazard buying or selling. There must be thought and know-how behind it all.

First. 75 cents buys a dollars' worth on all goods advertised—and many more. Second. The "movement" is going all through the business, and each department is stepping into line. The price success anticipates the press—newspapers. Therefore if you have wants look for your supply in the proper place—probably you will find that the price-chopper has been ahead of you. You wouldn't have the heart to say, "chopper, spare that price."

6,300 pairs of Women's real Kid Gloves

LADIES, Langtry

We have not found it necessary for some time to advertise the celebrated LANGTRY BUSTLE, which folds up when sitting down, as the demand has continued to increase since we first introduced the LANGTRY in St. John, but as a

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER SHAPE has just appeared, we take the opportunity of informing the ladies

4 Buttons 50c., 4 Buttons 85c., 4 Buttons, handsomely embroidered, tans, browns and grays, 90 cents. We have sold dozens up in the thousands in the past two years. Our 4 Button, LeBean non-splitting, at \$1.30, equals any Glove in the market shown at \$1.60.

BLACK CASHMERE HOSIERY. Women's Stockings. A quick bargain.

CORSETS. A Corset in shape and make exactly like the C. P. Novelty. Domestic manufacture. Jean with satin strips; all bones, two side steels. The price is \$1.00.

We never before heard of a C. P. Coutil Corset at \$1.25. All sizes, 19 to 33; also at 45c., 70c., \$1.25, \$1.50.

HAMBURG COTTONS. Special Bargain in 36-inch Cottons. Miss Dever wore a pretty black dress with white trimmings. The blinds were closed and a delightfully large open fire burned at one end of the long, handsomely furnished drawing-room, and the pleasant effect of twilight. Tea and cake were served by the bridesmaids.

A quiet wedding took place at the residence of Mrs. Alfred Whitehead, this morning, when her niece, Miss Bertha Clark, was married to Mr. J. V. Gentry, of Bear Island, Rev. Mr. Dobson officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Gentry left immediately for a bridal trip to Boston and New York, followed by the good wishes of many friends. Their future home will be in this city.

Mrs. John V. Ellis, of Carleton, is the guest of her sisters, the Misses Babbitt. Mr. R. T. Clinch, superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Co., St. John, is here. Miss Stevens, of Bangor, is visiting Mrs. F. B. Edgcomb.

Hon. A. G. Blair is expected home from Ottawa, Saturday. He was among those present at the reception given by Mrs. Mackenzie and Madam Laurier, at the Grand Union hotel, Ottawa, last Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Hall are expected home from the South on Saturday next. Dr. McAllister's back home again, looking exceedingly well after his trip. Mr. W. T. H. Fenwick has on his counter magnolia blossoms from a garden at Tallahassee, Fla., which look very little the worse for their long journey.

The Misses Dever returned to their home in St. John, Tuesday. The skating club met with Miss Mary Brown, last Friday evening. A very pleasant time was enjoyed. They most next Friday with Miss Annie Inghin, at the residence of Mr. Flewelling.

New Spring Dress Goods. MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

WE ARE NOW SHOWING ALL THE NEW AND DESIRABLE FABRICS FOR SPRING COSTUMES, COMPRISING THE LATEST COLORINGS AND TEXTURES. TRICOT CLOTH, 56 inches wide, specially adapted for TAILOR-MADE SUITS, IN ALL THE NEW COLORS FOR STREET WEAR.

VELVET SUITING, 50 inches, a light weight of cloth most desirable for DIRECTOIRE COSTUMES.

WOOL HENRIETTAS, TWILLED AMAZON CLOTHS, FRENCH HOMESPUNS, CASHMERE DE INDE.

FRENCH FOULES, SERGES AND ARMURES, all 40 inches wide, in staple and new colorings.

PLAIN AND FANCY FRENCH DEBEIGES, 40 inches wide, for COMBINATION COSTUMES.

MARCON FRENCH CASHMERE, as sold by us only, for the past three seasons. We have now in stock a full range of the new colors for Evening and Street wear. PERSIAN EMBROIDERY TRIMMINGS TO MATCH ALL SHADES OF CASHMERE, THE LATEST NOVELTY FOR TRIMMING.

A Special Novelty for Spring Suitings. OUTFITTING CLOTH. NEW DESIGNS IN ALL STAPLE AND FASHIONABLE COLORS. SEE OUR SHOW WINDOWS FOR NEW GOODS. MACAULAY BROS. & CO., 61 and 63 KING STREET.



Electro-Plated Graniteware. COMPRISING: TEA AND COFFEE POTS, BUTTER COOLERS, PUDDING DISHES, STEW PANS, FARINA KETTLES, and other articles.

Graniteware is acknowledged to be the most wholesome and pure ware yet introduced for ordinary table and kitchen use.

Our stock of CUTLERY should be examined by intending purchasers; ours is the best and largest assortment ever shown in St. John.

T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 King street.



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that our agency is supplied with a LARGE STOCK, and we shall be pleased to fill all orders or send out on approbation.

Bustles sent by mail anywhere, postage paid, on receipt of price.

Manufacturers' Selling Agency, - 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

CREAM CHIPS. CREAM CHIPS. The most delicious Confectionery in the market, 20 CENTS PER LB., - AT - HUGH P. KERR, - - King and Dock Sts. - ALSO - Try KERR'S COUGH TABLETS and BUTTER SCOTCH, in 5c. Packages.

MANKS & CO., HAVE OPENED: FINE ENGLISH BLACK FLEXIBLE FELT HATS, ALL QUALITIES AND PRICES, 65c. to \$3.50 Each. Also: Late American Styles, Fine Finish; Heavy and Medium Cloth Caps. 57 KING STREET.

NOW OPEN WITH A NEW STOCK OF Wall Paper, Window Shades, Etc.

F. E. HOLMAN, 48 King Street.

JOHNSON'S FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE. Cure Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Whooping Cough, Otitis, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Cholera, Typhoid, Erysipelas, Eczema, Scalds, Burns, Ulcers, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, by post, 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, \$1.00. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. L. B. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 1118, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

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LAME HORSES. Do not give up your horse till you have tried Fellows' Leeming's Essence. It will cure Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Swellings and Stiff Joints. PRICE 50 CENTS.

Fellows' Leeming's Essence For Lameness in Horses, stands prominently above all preparations used by Horsemen as a remedy for Splints, Spavins, Curbs, Ringbone, Sidebone, Strains of the Back, Sinews, Hoof, Knee, Fetlock, Pastern and Coffin Joints, etc. Every well regulated stable should keep a supply of the essence on hand.

INDIGESTION CURED. Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters are a sure cure for Indigestion, Jaundice, Bilious Complaints, Bad Breath, Sick Headache, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, etc. PRICE 25 CENTS.

MOORE'S Almond and Cucumber Cream, FOR SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN. It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips. It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from exposure to sun or wind, or treated by excessive. It removes Tan, Pimples, Scaly Eruptions and Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and brilliant. An excellent application after shaving. PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Sample bottles, 10 cents.

Prepared by G. A. MOORE, DRUGGIST, 100 Brussels St. cor. Richmond.

NEW BOOKS. "The Story of Mexico." By Susan Hale. "Essentials of Physics and Chemistry." Written especially for the use of students in medicine. By C. W. Cutler, M. S., M.D. "Bible Characters." By Chas. Reade. "The Pocket Gazetteer of the World," a dictionary of general geography. By J. G. Bartholomew.

J. & A. McMILLAN, Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers, 98 and 100 Prince Wm. street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Oysters. Oysters. - IN STORE - 65 bbls. Hand-Picked P. E. I. Oysters 10 kegs Pickled Pigs' Feet; 10 "Spiced Lambs' Tongues. - FOR SALE LOW AT - J. ALLAN TURNER'S, No. 3 North side King square. OYSTERS delivered on the half shell. Orders for hotels and families promptly attended to and sealed to order.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

It may be said that the canon of simplicity... that it lacks one essential, lasting quality. It may please; it may be ingenious, brilliant even; it may be the fashion of the day, and a fashion that will hold its power of pleasing for half a century, but it will be a fashion. Mannerisms of course will not deceive us, nor extravagances, eccentricities, affectations, nor the straining after effect by the use of coined or far-fetched words and profligality in adjectives. But, style? Yes, there is such a thing as style, good and bad; and the style should be the writer's own and characteristic of him, as his speech is. But the moment I admire a style for its own sake, a style that attracts my attention so constantly that I say, How good that is! I begin to be suspicious. If it is too good, too pronouncedly good, I fear I shall not like it so well on a second reading. If it comes to stand between me and the thought, or the personality behind the thought, I grow more and more suspicious. Is the book a window, through which I am to see life? Then I cannot have the glass too clear. Is it to affect me like a strain of music? Then I am still more disturbed by any affectations. Is it to produce the effect of a picture? Then I know I want the simplest harmony of color. And I have learned that the most effective word-painting, as it is called, is the simplest. This is true if it is a question only of present enjoyment. But we may be sure that any piece of literature which attracts only by some trick of style, however it may blaze up for the day and startle the world with its flash, lacks the element of endurance. We do not need much experience to tell us the difference between a lamp and a Roman candle. Even in our day we have seen many reputations flare up, illuminate the sky, and then go out in utter darkness. When we take a proper historical perspective, we see that it is the universal, the simple, that lasts.—Charles Dudley Warner, in the Atlantic Monthly for March.

Mr. Collier's Weekly Magazine. The readers of that fresh, vigorous and always interesting periodical, Once a Week, must feel a little conscience-stricken sometimes, when they reflect that for such a wealth of literature they pay only \$4! But the paper seems no whit the worse for this, for it has just enlarged to 24 pages, and its promises for the future are more generous than ever before. The current number has a strong and satisfying novelette by Mr. James Franklin Fitts, not to mention other features of almost equal interest. We learn from it that Mr. Stockton's "\$10,000 story," "Ardis Cleverden," will be begun in No. 21, out March 9, and that the same issue will contain an illustrated novel by Edgar Saltus, bearing the title, "The Girl with the Naked Eye." Other announcements are made, but these would be better learned from Once a Week itself, which, by the way, gives for the same subscription price about three times the amount of reading matter contained in any of the popular monthlies.—New York: P. F. Collier, 104-110 Attorney street. Price, \$4 a year, 10 cents a number.

A Great Newspaper's "Style." The following note seems to invite a private reply, but we trust that our esteemed correspondent will not object to the response herewith subjoined: DEAR SIR: If you have a convenient copy of your rules for style, which are applied in The Sun, will you kindly supply me with one, and oblige yours truly, C. C. PACKARD. Toledo Sunday Journal, Feb. 21. We have no printed rules for style in The Sun, and are accordingly unable to comply with the request of our friend. The chief requisites of style that are desired in this office are good English, good grammar, good information, good humor, good thinking, and good writing. Avoid slang unless an important idea can be expressed in it much better than in any other way. Know the whole sense of the words you employ and use them with discretion. Feel what you are writing and say what you feel. Never admit affectation into your thinking, and you will not have any in your writing. Above all, endeavor to know the Constitution of the United States, Shakespeare, and the Bible; pay your debts, and stand by the laws of truth, friendship, and fidelity. If this does not form a pretty fair system of rules for style, we shall be glad to receive additional instruction from whomsoever may be fitted to impart the same.—New York Sun.

Andrew Lang on Amelie Rives. In America you have seen, not long since, the "catching on" of a novel, followed by excursions and alarms, as it were, of a presidential election. To name the novel, The Quick or the Dead, is almost superfluous. The hubbub, as usual, has arisen, I understand, upon a "point of order." People have not so much asked, "What are the literary merits and demerits of the work?" as a different question—"Was this a nice book for a young lady to write?" Why, if a young lady had not written it, who on earth would? An old lady? A middle-aged man? An infant in arms? Criticism exists for the improvement of the author and the guidance of the public; but it is not easy to reckon what the trouble about Mrs. Chanler's tale has done for either audience or author. The truth about the novel probably is that, amidst a perfect tempest of deranged epithets and deplorable style, a gleam of real and rare talent may be seen like a star through a witch's storm.—The Forum for March.

Notes and Announcements. Col. T. W. Higginson's new volume of poems, The Afternoon Landscape, is inscribed to "J. R. Lowell, Poet and Fellow Townsman." The Pall Mall Budget says that since Mr. Swinburne has become so violent a Unionist he may yet become Psalmist to the Prince of Wales. The editor of Tinsley's Magazine has been giving some interesting reminiscences of William Black's early literary career. His first novel, Love and Man, was too psychological for the public, but the editor be-

lieved the writer promising and accepted a second novel, In Silk Attire, which was more favorably received. The next serial, The Monarch of Mincing Lane, was again a failure. This did not dampen Black's belief in himself. He fancied there was a species of organized opposition to him among the reviewers, led by the Saturday Review. Accordingly, at his own request, The Maid of Kilmory was published anonymously. It succeeded, and was received with especial eulogy by the Saturday Review. It was published in book form under his own name and his reputation established.

Mr. S. R. Carpenter has prepared an article on "Hendrik Ibsen," the great Norwegian dramatist, which will be accompanied by a portrait in Scribner's Magazine for April. Wilkie Collins has been in such poor health of late that he has spent nearly a year on his new novel, The Lord Harry, which, various American syndicates are fighting to obtain for publication.

Mr. George P. Putnam, the New York publisher, asserts that, of the five American concerns which reprint English books without permission or payment, four are managed by Canadians, who began their business in Canada.

Mrs. Margaret Deland, author of John Ward, Preacher, one of the three religious novels which have attracted so much attention, is only about 30 years of age. She is said to be so devoid of the usual variety of genius that her first poem got into print without her knowledge, and so conscientious that she re-wrote John Ward six times before it passed into the printer's hands.

Quida once naively remarked that "England has produced three great novelists—Thackeray, George Eliot, and myself!" This historic bit of egotism was recently surpassed by Mr. Edgar Fawcett, as he sat in his boudoir surrounded by smoke, Saltus, and some attendant satellites. The question under discussion was contemporary fiction. Mr. Fawcett gave it as his decided opinion that none of the works of modern novelists would live. Observing that his sweeping assertion was coldly received, he added: "I think, however, that I have written some books that will fill the requirements of the future."

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal intimates that Mrs. Cleveland will venture into literature soon after her retirement to private life. "Her undertaking will be a modest one, consisting of a magazine article, which, however, may evolve into two before it is finished. What periodical will secure the article cannot be definitely said, but in all probability the readers of the Century will find it one of their forthcoming numbers. The Century's editor, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, is a close friend of the Cleverdens, and it is doubtless due to his persuasion that Mrs. Cleveland has consented to write something for publication."

The new edition of Ruskin's works superintended by himself and so romantically printed amid the rural scenery of Kent, is now off for the market. The edition de luxe consists of 450 copies, the ordinary edition of 500 copies, the set of six volumes weighing twenty-nine pounds, Three plates never before published, "Lake of Zug," "Chateau de Blois," and "Dawn After a Wreck," have been added, a number of plates destroyed have been re-etched, others touched up, and making 200 in all, render the two editions unique and the final word from Mr. Ruskin. In view of this, it is not surprising that all should have been subscribed for before they were ready. Mr. Ruskin's pecuniary share in the work amounts to \$30,000.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL. The carnival and the minstrel's performances are responsible for the slowness of the musical and theatrical departments, this week. By next Saturday, if fortune favors us, we will have the burnt cork washed off.

"Ada Gray has come to town again," says the Toronto World. "She will appear in her new play, East Lynne."

St. Louis has soured on Mary Anderson. Her manager, in laying out the route, announced only five performances for that thriving village and eleven for Chicago. St. Louis people think it an insult to their own dignity that so many more pearls should be cast before Chicago swine, and this is the way the critics are getting even with Mary.

She is a long-limbed, expressionless, featured woman, with a reach that would make a prize fighter's fortune, and voice that is large and somewhat rich, but that has never been attuned to agreeable music, and that can no more interpret the low, sweet melodies of the soul than a mule can sing a lullaby or a buzz saw can warble "The Last Rose of Summer." The insensate quality of her histrionism, sometimes mistaken for classical repose, and often referred to as innate coldness, is really due to the absence of a force which is nearly always necessary to greatness in a tragedian.

As for Perdita, the delineation of the sweet girlish rusticity and rosy warmth of love which crown the character of this delicious creation of Shakespeare is as far beyond Mary Anderson as the constellation of Hercules is beyond the dead and dinky moon. You might as well talk of the versatility of a martinspike or the protean quality of a chunk of red granite. It is as sensible to assert that Mary Anderson is twins or triplets as to assert that she is versatile. "She is always Mary Anderson, un-

disguised and unchangeable—pretty to look upon, agreeable to listen to in declamatory bursts, beautifully robed, and pictorially attractive, but a mediocre actress at every point, and a particularly unpleasing actress, because she does not add a solitary artistic beauty to her personal charms, and there is not a single scintillation of intellectual strength or force in any portion of her work.

A tablet in memory of Joseph Maas will shortly be placed in Rochester cathedral by his widow, the dean and chapter of the cathedral having given the necessary permission; the lamented tenor was formerly a chorister at Rochester.

Absent-minded base ball player (as a crashing chord nearly lifts him off his seat)—"Good play!" And then, catching an interrogative glance from Mrs. Quarterest, he adds—"I—I—beg your pardon! What is the score?"—Ex.

A Halifax friend whom many will recognize by his initials, "E. F. S.," writes from New York to praise my "capital comments" on recent performances there, and adds a paragraph which is so much to the point that I must quote it: "What is the matter with Mrs. Potter?" you query. I saw her in the character of Cleopatra at Palmer's last week. It came home to me very strongly that she lacked that natural power necessary to make one feel what is being portrayed, and from "the silence of the applause" throughout the performance, I think the audience generally must have been of the same mind. If they went away satisfied it must have been at having beheld the beautiful Mrs. Potter.

LEON. HE CAN STAND A JOKE. A Fredericton Wag Gets Off a Few at the Commandant's Expense. There is no more popular and competent gentleman in the military service of Canada than the genial commandant of the Infantry school at Fredericton. It is needless to say that the esteem in which he is held by the corps is shared in by the citizens generally. The following document has been forwarded to Progress, as having been picked up on Queen street, Fredericton, evidently the work of a somewhat cheeky wag, who thought he could improve upon the colonel's last annual report. Probably no one will appreciate its contents more than the commandant and his efficient staff themselves:

Infantry School Corps, Fredericton, Nov. 17, 1888. To Major-General Sir Frederick Meddlesome. Sir: I have the honor to submit this my fourth annual report of the Loyal School of Infantry and Corps under my command. The completion of the period of five years since this branch of the permanent force of Canada (the Infantry School Corps) was first organized, affords a fitting opportunity to inquire, 1st. Whether it pays for the country to maintain a permanent force of loaders in order that a few gentlemen may draw big salaries, and 2nd. Whether such force has been so established as an integral part of our defenses that the average servant girl may safely venture, unarmed, on the back streets of the town after dark? I have no hesitation in answering the former inquiry in the affirmative, as the following figures will show:

As to the former question I can bear cheery testimony to the fact that the relations between our domestic classes and the corps under my command continue to be of a most friendly and harmonious character. Though it was not our good fortune to take part in the Northwest rebellion, not less appreciated by the authorities was the part taken by the corps in knocking down an electrician on the front street a short time ago as well as fighting with the citizens on several occasions during the past year. Lieutenant Hevings deserves credit for the extraordinary ability he has shown with the Hopkins Range-finder. The Corps generally are becoming skilled in its use and by its aid can locate the canteen with marvellous accuracy. Pte. Mason, who stole some gin, I regret to say, from our esteemed caterer, Sergt. Bottler, used the Range-finder with great effect last week in finding the American laundry. The hand is more efficient now than ever. The drummer too is efficient. In time they will be sufficiently developed to play Brick Hill waltzes. They beat the entire corps at base ball last summer. Their base-bawling has always been good. In case of actual hostilities they can be relied upon for a home run. It cannot be too often repeated that everything tending to encourage the men to remain in barracks will prevent them from flocking to the drinking saloons of the town. Hence the advantage of a comfortable and well-regulated canteen, which will ensure early promotion to the guard-room. I regret there is not sufficient space in the officers' square to permit of laying out another lawn tennis court. By a rigorous exclusion of the lower strata of society, however, much can be accomplished for the general elevation of the cultured classes. We have now two cross-eyed men in the corps. Their value in case of flank movements can hardly be over-estimated. It will be observed that there is a marked falling off in the cost of medicine for the corps for this year as compared with formerly, a result attained by the pleasing interest manifested by the newspapers in the affairs of the corps. Too much praise cannot in my opinion be given to all the officers under my command for the able, energetic and timely alacrity with which at all times they have reported themselves for duty on pay day. I have the honor to be, Sir, Your most obedient servant, G. L. MARTEL, Lt-Col. Com. L. S. of Infantry.

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IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.

G. E. F.'S INTERESTING CHAT FROM FLORIDA.

The Natives Are Worse Than St. John People in Many Ways—Evidence of the Scott Act—Lectures That Are Not Attended and Empty Pews in the Churches.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Feb. 16.—Thermometer 75°, and rising—close and sultry—doors and windows wide open—fans going—heavy, looks like rain.

The governor of Florida appears [to be] a very quiet man. He lives in retirement, boards with a lady round the corner from our domicile, and walks about and looks like any other man, as Sam Slick would say. "Quite natural like." Not so when I was a boy at home, and such a dignitary thought of. A governor 50 years ago was supposed to contain the qualities of 50 men, the incarnation of all rolled into one, and, figuratively speaking, he really was such a personage—for the legislature could only act through him—his fiat was law; in other words, no law was possible without his permission. Then, in a social sense, a governor was regarded by us youngsters as one of the wonders of the world, and it was an honor to be carried through an ordinary life when his excellency condescended to speak to a commoner, or any one outside of his council or drawing-room. Those were royal days, however, ere responsible government had fairly got its head above water, the glory of which has all but departed. No wonder that those dignitaries swelled like mists across the Appian Way. The colonies served as asylums for the recuperation of the purses of old generals and half-fledged home politicians, out of business and seldom very brilliant.

The salary in New Brunswick then was \$15,000, and in Nova Scotia \$20,000. No more to do than then was at \$9,000, although the responsibilities may be less, for a colonial governor now-a-days divides these among his advisers. The salary of the governor of Florida is \$3,500. But salaries with such men here are of no consequence, it is the mark of distinction that takes them away from their usual occupations, while their accounts with their bankers are large, and their financial credit all but unlimited. Nor is his honor here supposed to go largely, if at all, into the entertaining business—give rich dinners and large balls, at lavish expense, for the delectation of the public at large—especially the capital public. No—he husbands his resources, as no doubt other governors have done, for the benefit of such charities as tax his attention.

The cocks crow here all night—they begin at dark and end at daylight, when they go to breakfast I suppose. Stygia seems to have more charms for these interesting animals than the coming of Aurora. With the colonial chanciere it is otherwise; he has more consideration for the disciples of Morpheus.

I looked into the house of representatives yesterday for a few minutes—in time for the final passage of the board of health bill. It was voted on section by section, and numerous amendments were proposed, discussed and carried all in a business-like parliamentary way, the speaker being quite *au fait* in his ruling. There was one thing, however, that struck me as rather odd. The last section of the bill, as read by the clerk (who by the way reads all the bills and the amendments, instead of the chairman as with us), was as follows: "This act shall go into effect immediately on its becoming law"; that is, after receiving the governor's assent. Now it was my humble opinion at the time that the word *bill* should have been printed, for there can be no acts until a bill has passed through all its stages. Only then it can be called an act. Am I correct, Mr. Speaker Pugsley? But it was still equally odd to me when the honorable gentleman from Orange proposed a rider to the section, as follows: "To go into effect so soon as it has received the governor's assent," or words to that effect. Now, as no bill can become an act until after it has received his honor's confirmation, the addition was tautological or superfluous. The rider, however, was not accepted for the reason just given. So that after all mistakes are made in the best regulated houses here as elsewhere.

I am not aware whether there are any temperance societies in this quarter of the globe—nor have I seen any evidence of their necessity that causes me to make the remark—for I have not observed since my coming here that *rara avis*—an intoxicated man. The last drunken man I saw was in Fredericton. Tallahassee has no Scott—more properly speaking, "Local Option Act," as such a measure is called here. But this I do know—there are more beer and wine bottles lying about Tallahassee than St. John ever knew in her palmiest days—no reference to "York Point" this time. Almost every garden bears testimony to this fact. Instead of tiles which we use in Fredericton for hemming in the flowers, every bed is surrounded by wine and beer bottles with their necks planted downwards, making a very pretty arrangement, especially when artistically done; and were it not for the impression it might convey among my temperance friends at home, I would remove the brick tiling I now use in my garden, and substitute wine bottles—if I only knew where to get them. Perhaps pickle bottles will answer as well. Still

the wonder to me is, where do the good folks here find all the bottles with which to garnish their flower beds?

I attended a lecture, the other evening, when a gentleman delivered an address upon the proper observance of the Lord's day. The public had been invited by placard, posted several days beforehand, to give their attendance; and if ever I thought a subject demanded a full house, it was on an occasion like this. We went early so as to get good seats; but had it not been for our party and half a dozen others, the speaker would have had no hearers, and yet he handled his subject as earnestly as though he was addressing a crowded house. I also attended a course of lectures delivered by another gentleman (Rev. Mr. Fox), on Swedenborgianism. I do not believe there were more than a dozen persons present at each lecture, all of which were most ably handled, and no charge for admission.

On Sunday evening last, I attended divine service in Rev. Dr. Carter's church, when there were not half a dozen present. The choir consisted of the organist, one lady and one gentleman—all the rest were *absentes*. The night was not stormy—merely somewhat dark and misty—had it been one of New Brunswick's winter nights, with great bodies of snow and ice on the ground, and the mercury some degrees below zero, and there was no larger congregation than this in any one of our churches, we should have understood matters. The conclusion, however, forced upon our mind, in accounting for such slim attendances on the several occasions referred to, was that the people never went out at night, or that one service a day was as much as they required. Our Fredericton and St. John churches are better attended at night than in the morning. Being nearer to the North Pole at home, I suppose, makes us feel our responsibilities the more. A warm country like this seems to take the religious fervor out of one—or, what is it? On the last occasion referred to, when there were so few present, I was reminded of a circumstance which happened to me a few years ago when in London. One Sunday afternoon on walking down to the Strand I heard a church bell ringing, but whence the sound it was difficult to tell. By dint of perseverance, and pushing through sinuosities, the streets all seeming to run in no particular direction, but gather in a snarl, I at length found the little church and entered. There were only three persons present, besides the minister—I made the fourth. What was in the choir I knew not—for it stood away in the back ground—in the gallery, but I think the organist had it pretty much all to himself. As soon as the sermon began one of the congregation took a fit and it required the whole of the rest of the congregation (three of us) to hold him and carry him out, which we succeeded in doing after considerable rattling, and laid him on the grass, where he soon afterwards recovered. On returning to our seats we found the minister still preaching,—as it there had been no interruption—to empty pews—unless it might have been to the organist, who had kept his seat in the gallery without any concern as to what was going on below. However, coming back to Tallahassee, Dr. Carter did not give us a sermon on this occasion, but dismissed us after the second hymn, so that through the remissness of the people not turning out, or rather not turning in, we did not have the pleasure of listening to a second and eloquent discourse last Sunday, such as the first one was in the morning. I hope the Tallahasseans will hear of this.

It has just begun to thunder terrifically. The lightning is sharp, vivid, and seems a little trying to weak nerves. We have no conception at home of the concussion caused by heaven's artillery in this latitude. Our peals may be compared to the beating of a drum with those of a heavy Armstrong cannonade. However, I am all right. I just put my head out of the window and discovered that there is a lightning rod upon our house. So bang away. G. E. F.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.
Rev. Mr. Bruce on Sabbath Observance.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: In your last issue a correspondent refers to the meeting held in connection with Sabbath observance. He heads his article, "A Dangerous Element"; and he points out how certain statements made by some of the speakers have impressed him, and what results are likely to flow from the utterance of such views, and, indeed, as he finally expresses it, from the presence of "a band of clergymen and pious laymen who have never risen to a just conception of the Deity," and who are "a more dangerous element in our day than an infidel club with the same number of members."

Your correspondent seems to be in earnest in his anxiety lest men got wrong views about God, and he also speaks in a kindly way of the members of the society and their motives. He thinks they are so much behind the age that their well-meant efforts will bring ridicule upon religion, and he says that men will choose no God rather than accept "the orthodox God of petty caprices and vengeful passions."

I shall not enter upon this matter farther than to say, and in this I am sure your correspondent will agree with me, that it is well to state the views of an opponent fairly. It may be your correspondent thought he was doing so when he referred to what was said about the character and actions of God. Perhaps he will kindly refer to his letter and explain how he arrived at his version of the quotations.

One or two points of only limited importance may be noted in passing. The society is not the Evangelical Alliance under another name, although your correspondent may have thought so, from seeing some of the members of one society mentioned as being present at the meetings of the other. The only other point I notice is that the meeting was a public one, called by the society, and for the applause which greeted certain remarks the public, not the members of the society, alone are responsible. They may have been right or wrong in their opinions. Your correspondent will allow them liberty of judgment in this, I am sure. But, as to the matter at issue, the utterances of two of the speakers: I take it for granted that the argument for the right of men to a Sabbath of exemption from needless toil is admitted by your correspondent. This was the substance of the addresses of the evening, and your correspondent, I suppose, agrees with this, and will help in obtaining it, as a right of which men and women ought not to be deprived.

Your correspondent has passed by all this, the aim and sentiment of the society and the meeting, however, although it was clearly expressed in the different addresses, and he has seized upon two almost incidental remarks, which he dwells upon as evidence of the narrowness and intolerance of the society. I have no desire to give peculiar prominence to the argument drawn from these remarks but I cannot think it right that your correspondent's statements should be allowed to pass unnoticed. As to the special matter to which exception is taken, we may briefly put the objectionable doctrine in the form of two statements: (1) That loss and suffering result from the disregard of the Sabbath rest, and (2), and especially, that God has anything to do with this loss and suffering. Your correspondent seems to deny these statements. As to the first, I hope your correspondent is not so ill-informed as to deny that serious loss and injury come from the disregard of the Sabbath. If he is, it will not be difficult to convince him, I think, by references to existing circumstances, and the declarations of millions of men in all conditions of life. An induction can be made which, I venture to believe, will convince your correspondent. As to the second, I shall only ask your correspondent if he will state precisely his view of the relation which God holds, not the "orthodox God," but his God, to the laws which govern life and all human concerns. St. John, Feb. 21. G. BRUCE.

"Their Lordships" Predecessors.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: I am glad to find that PROGRESS is so outspoken. If the papers in the past, and your contemporaries, had been as attentive to the duties of their calling as PROGRESS is today, our citizens would now be the better for it.

I read with great interest your strictures of the 16th upon the disposition shown in a certain quarter, and by a few Jenkines, to introduce into this province the *lordly* idea in connection with the bench, where, for the last 100 years, we have been exempt from it, whatever way the sister province may have deported herself in reference to it. What are those busy-bodies, those toadies and tuff-hunters thinking about, at this time of day, when all political tendencies in the colonies are in the direction of a pure democracy, which ignores all titles, and puts its veto upon hunkeyism wherever it raises its head? It is enough to have the seed of knighthood engrained upon our political stock; but when it comes to introduce a *baron* title, or adjective prefix, to our judiciary, it is more than we are prepared for, although intended as a mark of courtesy to the bench. The Parkers, the Carters, the Chipmans, the Botsfords, the Streets, all judges unsurpassed anywhere under the British flag for learning and high integrity, managed to conduct the business of their respective courts without any of the abject formula which snobdom is now striving to introduce for the first time. Nor would any of our former judges tolerate such a silly innovation, and our present judges should be equally opposed.

Probably some of your older readers will call to mind a circumstance, quite pertinent to the present occasion, which happened in our court room some 30 years ago. A gentleman from Nova Scotia was interested in a case before the court and was on the witness stand. The judge (Robert Parker) not catching a certain statement, asked the witness to repeat it, when he turned to the judge and addressed him as "my lord." His honor passed this over, but when the witness addressed him the second time in the same way, the judge looking quite gravely at the witness remarked: "You will please not address me thus. I am aware that in Nova Scotia, the term 'my lord' is a common address, but in this province we have never thought it requisite to use it."

Let the wisdom of Judge Parker be considered and sustained. PROGRESS seems to be of the opinion that a certain judge above on a recent visit to St. John put this stupid idea into the empty heads of the originators. By dint of good luck that young man (with scarcely a bribe in New Brunswick) went to Ottawa and became stuffed with a sense of his own importance, and placed in a high position, for reasons not at all understood in St. John, and then comes down here as a new being to inform our judges, through said empty heads, that they ought to be called *lordes*; and moreover, forsooth because Chief Justice Allen has just been knighted, he is the first judge to be victimized, for reasons not at all good sense of the judge to suppose for a moment that he will lend himself to any such nonsensical conspiracy. BLACKSTONE (Undiluted).

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

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E. L. PHILIPS, SUB-AGENT.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

He Don't Want to Have His Feelings Hurt Again—A Sermon from the Gallery.

Being's I got kept in 'after school last composition day cos I hadn't any wrote, and ma says to pa, when I cum home, "Hiram, what are we goin' to do with that boy? Good land, see how the boosom of them new pants is wore!" (O, if she had only knowed all). Now then, I guess I'd better hustle myself to keep from havin' my feelin's hurt that way agin.

Maybe I didn't mention it before, but pa is one of the trustees of our church, which is the most respectable in town, 'ceptin the 'Piscopals. There's nothin' he likes so well as sittin' in the amen corner and bein' looked up to by the common ones as a leadin' pillar of the tabernacle. He is regular pious, pa is, and ma sez he's got a second blessin' hid away somewhere in his Sunday clothes only she don't know 'zactly where he keeps it. He sez if they'd only allow him to take up the collekshun and lead the singin' offener he'd be ready to be wated up any minute.

Well, the other day, we had a man at our place sawin' wood for us, and pa, after beatin' him down ten cents a cord on the sawin'—for he allers said that piety and economy goes hand in hand—sez he o him, "Boh," sez he, "why don't you come to church this fine bracin' weather? Have you aired your sinful soul in the tabernacle lately at all?" sez he. "You ain't 'zactly the style for our tabernacle, warn't sez he, "not bein' used to wearin' broadcloth and minglin' with the leadin' families of the town, but never mind that," sez he, "cum rite along and we'll be glad to see you and give you a seat near the dore or in the gallery. Salvation's cheap, you know." (I guess it must be, or pa would never have laid in such a stock as he has).

"Why," sez Bob, leavin' on his saw kinder pensive like, I thought, "fact is Mr. Smith I have been 'tendin' your church for nigh on fifteen years but it 'pears like to me as if I'm out of place there and aint wanted among such grand folks as your gettin' to be. I suppose you never bothered yourself to take a look up in the gallery, now did you, deacon? Well, I've been sittin' up there with wife and family for all these years, deacon, and there aint annybody belongin' to the church ever showed any concern for Bob and his'n. They have never sed they was glad to see me there, deacon. They have never come to my humble little home to see how wife and childer was, 'ceptin' the minister would sometimes hunt me up. They never even axed to know my name, nor said a word of kindness to Bob and his'n all these years. Every Sunday I see the rich fokes down stairs with their fine bonnets and clothes on and I hears the preacher say as how our Saviour was meek and lowly with never any pride nor any style nor any fills and uphishness about him, and how he loved to 'sociate with and help the poor and the afflicted ones of earth. But it don't seem to me, deacon, as if anybody wants to 'sociate with Bob and his'n, 'ceptin' the man what passes the collekshun box. I'm poor, deacon, I'm ignorant, sez Bob wipin' his forehead, but I'm onnest and I does what I can and gives what I can for the good of all. I don't want and I aint fit to go into your fine parlors or sit in your fine pews down stairs with the cushions and carpets in 'em, but you don't know, deacon, how I'd 'preciate a little sympathy for Bob and his'n. 'Ts awful cold and lonesome goin' in and out of that church Sunday after Sunday and year after year when nobody belongin' to it ever has a word of welcome or of kindness to Bob and his'n."

"It don't seem to me that that's the religion of the good book, deacon, is it? I goes in the back stairway and out the back stairway for them ax goes in and out the front stairway looks at me, if they looks at all, stiff and haughty like as if fokes as them wasn't made to mingle even at the seat of mercy with the likes of Bob and his'n. Is there any back stair and front stairway to Heaven, deacon? When the Chariot is sweepin' through the gates will the meek and lowly be hangin' on behind? Is there any Pullman cars for the proud and haughty, and flat-cars for the likes of Bob and his'n on that route? Will Peter at the gate be too busy a bowin' and scrapin' to the notables to notice the poor and nameless ones? O, no, deacon, the track that leads above is just a strate and narrow road which rich and poor must grub along together. I like your church, deacon, and I lived and died in it, and I would like to live and die in it too, but it 'pears to me its got to be too stiff and grand and stately like, for us common ones and I guess I'll go to the Salvation Army after this, where there's some that's not too high and lifted up to speak to the likes of Bob and his'n."

And with that Bob took to sawin' away agin' and it seemed to me that the old hard look that cum into Pa's face once before when he was cussin' himself for bein' so respectable was roostin' on his majestic profile agin'. "That's a sermon never heard preached before in this town, Jimmy, sez he, but there's a heap of gospel in it, twixt you and me." JIMMY SMITH. Fredericton Feb. 23.

"Cleanliness Is Next To Godliness."

The American Steam Laundry,

LOCATED AT
Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street,

HAS THE
Latest Improved Machinery, the Most Competent Help, the Most Efficient Supervision, and, therefore, Everybody says,
DOES THE BEST WORK.

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GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

GODSOE BROS. - Proprietors.

DANGER!

People having FEATHER BEDS and PILLOWS do not seem to realize the DANGER there is in using them without being cleansed, especially in times of an epidemic, as feathers retain all the exhalations and poisonous matters exuding from the person, and by so doing spread sickness through the family. Our STEAM CLEANSING PROCESS eliminates all poisonous matters and leaves the feathers in a better condition than new. Leave orders at

UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY.



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

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

A. G. STAPLES, Plain and Decorative Painter,
Shop, 175 CHARLOTTE STREET; Residence, 141 BRITAIN STREET.
All descriptions of House, Sign and Decorative Painting.
A special feature is made of Decorative Paper Hanging, Tintin; and Frescoing in either Oil or Water Colors.

Advertising Pays—in "Progress"

"PROGRESS"

Is a Good Paper to Advertise in:

BECAUSE it voices the sentiments of enterprising Canadians, is tied to no party, believes in "business" rather than politics, and esteems the good of the people to be the highest law.

BECAUSE every woman reads it. It is the only paper in the Lower Provinces that makes a feature of Society news, devoting nearly a page every week to the social happenings of all the important places in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

BECAUSE every book-buyer, musician, theatre-goer, and sportsman reads it. Its motto is, "Criticism by the Competent," and every department is conducted by a specialist.

BECAUSE everybody who receives it reads every word. Progress spends more money for original contributions than all the other papers in the Lower Provinces combined; has printed 125 original engravings during the last eight months, and is always adding new features to keep the public interested.

BECAUSE it states its circulation in plain figures every week, and guarantees them to be true.

BECAUSE, the paper being cut, and not more than three columns of advertisements printed on any page, every advertiser is sure of "good position."

BECAUSE it is printed on heavy white paper, tastefully displayed and made-up, and is, altogether,

THE BEST AND HANDSOMEST PAPER IN CANADA.

The Guaranteed Weekly Circulation is 5,000 Copies, and extra orders, attracted by the special features for which PROGRESS is noted, usually bring it far above that figure. From May to December, 1888, advertisers gained, in this way, a circulation of 44,000 Copies more than their contracts called for—for which, it should be noted, no extra charge was made.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher,
No. 27 CANTERBURY STREET, "Telegraph" Building,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. Jack Harris, of Moncton, spent last week visiting his friends in the city. He left for home yesterday. Mr. Harris is a favorite here.

Miss Emma Cruikshank, of St. John, is visiting friends in this city. She is at present the guest of Mrs. George Hunt.

Among the attractions for this week is a carnival, at the skating rink, Mayville, Thursday evening. Miss Crawford, of Quebec, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Capt. Young.

MONCTON.

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

Feb. 27.—"There is a sound," not exactly "of revelry by night," but of the tick-tack of the ever-powerful plumber's hammer by day, the sizzling of the red hot soldering iron, and the subdued groans of the helpless householder when the bill is presented.

The recent cold wave has to answer for all this; and it was a very cold wave, indeed. The thermometer registered 33 below zero on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning the water pipes were frozen, in at least one house out of every ten in town.

So on Monday the plumbers' harvest began, and those worthy members of an honest trade who had had starvation staring them in the face all winter, lifted up their voices and sang a psalm of thanksgiving. So I fear that even our wealthiest citizens will feel too poor to give any more parties before Lent.

Speaking of parties reminds me that Mrs. McSweeney's, which took place last Wednesday, was an unqualified success. The house was a very charming one for a dance, spacious and full of those delightful little flirtation nooks which, I must confess, always go such a long way towards the success of a party.

The music was all that could be desired, the floors smooth as ivory, and Mr. and Mrs. McSweeney made the most perfect of hosts and hostesses. The hostess, at a large party, has no easy task, but Mrs. McSweeney filled the position with graceful ease, and was ably assisted by her daughter, Miss Fisher, who seemed to be everywhere at once, looking after the comfort of her guests.

Among the ladies' dresses I note the growing taste for cashmeres, and soft woolen fabrics in evening dresses, which is very novel and very pretty.

Mrs. P. S. Archibald wore a dress of heliotrope cashmere very simply made, but perfect in style and finish.

Mrs. G. J. O'Doherty wore a charming costume of cerise lace.

Mrs. J. R. Bruce wore bronze brocade, trimmed with cream color, and with floral garniture of exquisite cream-colored natural roses.

Mrs. George McSweeney wore pale blue silk, made en train, with square neck and elbow sleeves. Miss Harris wore navy red cashmere, cut de collette, and with short sleeves. It was a very striking dress, and set off Miss Harris's vivacious beauty to perfection.

Miss Grace Thomson wore grey cashmere, and with her fair hair and delicate complexion, she looked like some new and charming variety of grey ann.

Miss Weldon wore a dress of palest green net, over equally pale satin, and she is one of the very few brunettes who look well in pale green.

Miss Thompson, who was charming in a dress of black velvet, with high Marie Stuart collar, edged with pearls, and wide sash of cream-colored satin. Miss Thompson is a blonde, with the peculiar shade of red gold hair so seldom seen, and in her black velvet dress, she looked as if she had stepped out of an old picture.

Our own fair "Iselt" wore cream-colored lace, and was, as usual, fairest of the fair.

There were many other beautiful misses, but it is hard to describe all, and, strange to say, I did not hear any opinion expressed as to who was the belle.

Dancing was kept up with great spirit until well on into the night.

Monthly Accounts with Prices to Match.

A TRADE SECRET.

Every business house that is run on business principles has besides its own interpretation of those principles, some other peculiar principle, or belief as it were in the efficacy of those principles to increase business.

Of only three of these are we going to speak viz.: 1st. Goods to suit the trade; 2nd. Long time credit, and 3rd, which cannot but follow High prices!

on in "the wee sma' hours ayont the twal," and the company did not separate until after 3 o'clock.

The cruel powers that be have descended like a wolf on the fold, and bereft us of Mr. Bowers, of the Merchants' bank of Halifax, who has been transferred to the Tyro branch.

The very stars in their courses seem to be fighting against the Moncton Amateur Dramatic Club, as J. Bellows, in losing Mr. Bowers they lose one of their mainstays. He took his departure last Friday, followed by a sound of wailing.

Mrs. T. V. Cooke and Miss Annie Cooke returned last week from Montreal, where they have been lingering since the carnival.

Mrs. George McSweeney entertained the West End Whist club last Friday evening, and introduced a very pleasing innovation by inviting a number of young people outside the limits of the club.

The evening was devoted exclusively to whist and shortly before 12 o'clock an elegant supper was served in the long dining room of the Brunswick and a very pleasant evening brought to a close.

Mr. George Trites, of Halifax, spent last Sunday in town, visiting his father, Mr. J. S. Trites.

Miss Wright, of Boston, is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. F. McKean.

Mrs. John Campbell, who has been visiting her sister at St. Andrews, returned home last week.

Mrs. Thomas Evans, who has been kept at home since her marriage, by illness in the family, appeared in church last Sunday and is receiving visitors this week.

She is supported, during this always trying ordeal for a young bride, by her friend, Miss Maggie McKean, and she is so charming a bride that Mr. Evans is an object of much envy among the sterner sex.

Miss Addie McKean is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. F. Williamson at Chipman, Queens county.

I have heard lately that Dr. R. L. Botsford, son of Judge Botsford, intends coming to Moncton to practice his profession, but I do not know how true the rumour may prove.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Boggs were called to Amherst last week by the sudden death of their son-in-law, Mr. A. A. Chapman. They returned on Monday.

Mr. Edward McSweeney, of McSweeney Brothers, has been confined to the house for the past fortnight by a severe cold, but I am glad to say that he is now improving rapidly.

Mrs. Weldon gives an informal dance this evening. I believe there are a large number of invitations issued, and those who are fortunately included are sure to spend a delightful evening.

Mr. W. F. Proctor returned last night from Halifax, where he has been staying with relatives since Mrs. Proctor's death. Senator McClellan, of Albert county, was in town on Friday.

Mr. R. C. Fuller, with his wife and son, and Mrs. D. W. Robb, of Amherst, passed through Moncton on Monday en route for Asheville, North Carolina, where they will spend the remainder of the winter and early spring.

Mr. W. R. Emerson, of Dorchester, was in town yesterday.

The Ban club met at Mr. George C. Peters' last Friday, and spent a most delightful evening. How is it that some people are never satisfied? I have heard, on reliable authority, that some members have already with Oliver Twist-like temerity, begun to clamor for a revision of the constitution, in which plain cake shall be included in the bill of fare.

Some people really seem to want the earth.

Mrs. C. T. Hillson, of Amherst, was in town yesterday.

Mr. M. G. Teed and Mr. W. W. Wells, barristers, of Dorchester, were in town yesterday.

F. R. BUTCHER, Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN WALL PAPER.



PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL GLASS, Window Shades, Picture Mouldings, Feather Dusters, Etc.

No. 56 King Street, Saint John, N. B.

"Pansy" on "Pansy" day. A handwritten note in cursive script.

WOODSTOCK.

Woodstock at Woodstock's bookst. Feb. 27.—Mr. Hugh Jardine, of Kingston, Kent county, arrived here yesterday, and will leave tomorrow for St. John.

Miss Annie Vanwart, of Bangor, is in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leighton arrived home, Tuesday. She will receive visitors next week.

Miss Macklin returned to her home in Gibson, yesterday.

Mrs. and Miss Anderson left this morning for their home in Halifax.

Miss Florie Smith entertained a number of her young friends at a very pleasant party last evening.

Rev. Kenneth McKay and Mrs. McKay, of Houlton, are in town today.

Mr. William Barker, of St. John, spent a few days here last week.

A quiet wedding took place, this morning, at the residence of Mr. H. A. Poole. The principals in the happy event were Mr. N. Treadwell and Miss Annie Dawson.

Rev. Canon Neales performed the ceremony, after which Mr. and Mrs. Treadwell took the train for St. John. They will remain there a few days, and then go to Alaska, where Mr. Treadwell carries on a large and lucrative business.

Mr. James A. Graves, of Houlton, who has recently been seriously ill, has come to Woodstock for treatment. His friends will rejoice to learn that he is convalescing.

NEWCASTLE.

"Progress" is for sale in Newcastle at Johnson Bros. bookstore and by Bertie Russell.

Feb. 27.—Mr. McKenzie, of the Merchants' bank, leaves tonight for Antigonish. He has made himself a general favorite during his stay in our town, and will be greatly missed by our friends, who will extend a warm welcome to his successor, Mr. McGilvray.

Gaiety appears still to be in the air. Thursday, Mr. James Davidson gave a gentlemen's whist party, while tonight another is given by Mr. James Mitchell.

Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lee Street have an At Home.

Friday evening is looked forward to with great pleasure, being the evening of Mrs. Snowball's large party.

Although invitations are not out yet, it is largely expected that Hilltop is about to open its ball-room doors again.

SKINNER'S CARPET WAREROOMS.

SPRING, 1889.

SPRING WILL SOON BE HERE and HOUSEKEEPERS will want to KNOW where to buy their CARPETS and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

Having made SPECIAL preparations for the coming season, I will be able to show all the LATEST NOVELTIES in

WILTON, BRUSSELS and TAPESTRY CARPETS, with borders to match; LINOLEUMS, OILCLOTHS, MATTINGS, ART SQUARES, RUGS, MATS AND CURTAINS,

At the LOWEST PRICES and the BEST VALUES ever QUOTED in this city. Samples forwarded on application.

Special quotations for CHURCHES, HOTELS and PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

A. O. SKINNER, - - 58 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Tuesday evening. Miss Susie Wright, of Portland, is visiting at Mrs. Wm. Murray's.

Mr. Alex. Marshall, father of Hon. Robt. Marshall, who is 96 years old, is very seriously ill.

Mr. James W. Givens, of Bathurst, is visiting her parents in Chatham, Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie. Mr. Gillespie has been quite seriously ill for several weeks.

Miss Fanny Blair is spending the winter at North Sydney.

Miss Minnie Blair is visiting Mrs. W. C. Whitaker, St. John. She is much missed, being one of our most popular young ladies, as is also Miss Fanny, her sister.

Our toboggan slide is not so well attended this winter as last. The skating rink, however, seems to be fairly patronized.

Mr. Michael Doyle has recovered from his recent severe illness.

RECEIVED.

EX "POLYNESIAN": 11 CASES FLOOR OIL CLOTH; 7 " DRESS GOODS; 3 " PRINTS; 4 " LISLE SILK and TAFFETA GLOVES;

1 " HESSIANS; 1 " FINGERINGS; 1 " GERMAN SHAWLS;

Ex I. C. R.: 40 CASES COTTONS.

We hold a large stock of Cotton Goods, purchased previous to the advance, many lines of which we sell below present mill prices.

SMITH BROS.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY, Granville and Duke Streets, HALIFAX.

WANTED.

WANTED—A Partner in a well-established business, having a good trade in city and province. A young energetic man with a capital of \$1,000 will find this a chance to drop into an income of \$1,000 a year. In writing, give real name, age, present and past occupation, experience, etc. Address, "Enterprise," care of Progress office.

PARTNER WANTED—A smart and reliable business man with some cash capital, to take an active interest in a profitable manufacturing business already established. Address, with full name, P. O. Box 298.

TO LET.

TO LET—Baker's Oven, with Shop and Dwelling in the manufacturing town of Chatham. A good chance for steady man. For particulars apply to "M.," Box 56, Chatham, N. B.

TO LET—Convenient flat, corner City Road and Gilbert's Lane. Apply 115 King Street, East.

TO LET—Two desirable self-contained flats, re-fitted and partly new. Hot and cold water, large yard, 24 and 26 Pitt street, corner Elliot Row. Rent \$180 and \$200. Also, large Barn available for storage. Inquire of HARRISON & WILSON, Barristers, or G. J. COULTER, Writer, Hamilton. May be seen Monday, Wednesday, and Saturdays, from 3 to 4 p. m.

FOUND.

FOUND—A place to have your Corns extracted free of charge. 21 Sydney street. Foot Seymour, Chiropractist.

THE ST. JOHN AMATEUR MINSTRELS.

—Will give performances at— THURSDAY EVENING, 28th Feb., inst. FRIDAY EVENING, 1st March next. SATURDAY (Matinee beginning at 2.30 p.m.), 2nd March.

TICKETS can be had of Messrs. O. C. Smith & Co. and at the door.

PRICES—Evening Performances: Limited number Reserved Seats..... 75c. Side Galleries and ordinary seats..... 50c. (Reserved)..... 50c. South Gallery..... 25c. Matinee (to all parts of house)..... 25c.

LENTE SEASON, 1889.

"Lent, with its fishes, Low seasoned dishes, Heavily wibbles, Cometh around, Now balls and fillers, Give up to sinners, If to be winners Of heaven you're bound. "Shun notoriety, Squish spontaneity, Seek not variety, Harbor content, Give up society, Tried to satiety, Cultivate piety, For is Lent."

We have a full stock of all descriptions of FISHES for the season's trade. GILBERT BENT & SONS, South Market Wharf.

Shorthand.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and type-writing, in accordance with the system of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening course in session every evening (Saturday excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to J. HARRY KEEFER, Instructor of Shorthand and Shorthand Institute, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.