

PROGRESS.

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NOTHING BUT TALKING.

BOTH GOVERNMENT AND OPPOSITION DOING THEIR SHARE.

Scenes in the Local House Graphically Described by "Flotaam"—Some of the Charges Preferred Against the Government—Opposition Men and Their Points. FREDERICTON, March 25.—Another week of the session has passed away, a week made chiefly memorable for the words of brother Hetherington. "The country pays more for wind than it does for steam."

From the heaving breast of Silas in tones of epic thunder, from saccharine William of Wellington's renown, from sage Augustus in his menacing and metallic from Wilson witty and wrattful, from the stormy depths of Daniel's brazen lungs—have come, during these seven days, many things indeed, but this thing chiefly—wind. The peaceful zephyr of persuasion, the trade winds of reason, the furious white squall of denunciation, the searching east wind of sarcasm, the melting south wind of reconciliation, the howling hurricane of personal hatred—all kinds and sorts of wind, but yet wind, which a country that needs not wind but work must needs pay for and be content.

Think you not, ye mighty men of lungs and laws, that you could better greet the fleeting hours? Have you no nets to cast into the hurrying tide of Time, that you sit thus wrangling and snarling on the bank? Is it that the country may hear? Of a surety, if this good-natured monster you call the country could but hear and also see, there would arise a wind that would bear thee out from thence to be heard and seen no more.

There can be no question that days, and nights as well, have been consumed this session in the discussion of topics of a most trivial nature. Charges which should be looked after, no doubt, but not to the exclusion of all other business. Charges as to stamps, charges as to poultry, charges as to Mr. Blair's colts, charges as to fences about the government field, charges as to coaching, charges as to stationery and telegrams, and ink and nuilage—really, if one's eyes were not arrested by the noble brow of Silas, the sagacious profile of Alfred, the aboriginal outline of Marcus, and the furrowed front and heaven-aspiring hair of Daniel, one would be disposed to wonder in what quarter the brains of the opposition were concealed. Is the comedian therefore to supply the statesman's place in these historic hours?

Neither are some of the government supporters free from the blame of helping to maintain the farce. On both sides of the house speeches have been delivered since the opening of the sole design, one would think, of obliging the reporter to earn his salary. Or have they been delivered in the abiding faith, so strong in many minds that nothing is too absurd, or childish, or trivial to pass muster with an infinitely gullible public? Members who launch the most violent epithets at each other, meet in the corridors afterwards for a social giggle and laugh at the fun. Accusation, denunciation, contradiction, iteration, repetition and counter-iteration—to these add mirth unspoken and you have the daily product of the house.

Since supply was entered upon, the house has been sitting day and night—that portion of it which has not been stretched out on the crimson plush sofas of the room. The government have made efforts to facilitate the work, but it has been obstructed at every point. Items have been passed only to be debated upon again. Every new item is the signal for a debate upon the whole. To these facts add this: that, with few exceptions, no man's word is believed or carries the slightest weight on the opposite benches.

Our correspondent wishes to be fair, but what should be said of such charges as these, which appear to constitute the stock in trade of the opposition:

That the attorney general spends too much for stationery.
That he spends too much for telegrams.
That Mr. Blair pastures his colts in the government house field.
That the government spends too much for printing.
That it spends too much for coaching.
That Mr. Blair pastures his colts in the government house field.
That the government lost \$5 worth of stamps through dampness in one of the vaults.
That Mr. LeBlanc was not appointed a member of the legislative council.
That Mr. Lugin is to be made Queen's printer—which is new to Charles, however.
That the evidence in the Leary investigation was printed at the Herald office.
That Mr. Blair is thought to own stock in the Herald.
That Mr. Bristeen is thought to have been paid for the province for reporting Mr. Blair's Woodstock speech.

What do the people think of this for a bill of fare? Is this the policy on which the opposition rely for public approbation? Those who profess to know, say that Mr. Phinney is to be the leader of the opposition in the not distant future. The opposition comprise many men of ability and discernment; it is entitled, they say, to have a leader who will represent its views. Mr. Phinney is popular with the House and

well adapted for the position. He speaks seldom but what he says is full of sense and point. He does not lack, moreover, in the courtesy and dignity which the rules of debate demand.

That which we call a point of order, nowadays, by any other name would mean as much. Mr. Hanington was speaking and Mr. Mitchell rose to a point of order. Scarcely had Mr. Mitchell assumed the vertical when Dr. Stockton rose to a point of order. Then Mr. Blair rose to a point of order. Then Mr. Pagsley rose to a point of order. Then Dr. Stockton rose to a point of order, at which point of disorder the audience rose to a point of infinite weariness and homeward went its wifful way.

The opposition is manifesting a tenderness that is touching towards brother Colter, brother Hibbard, brother Theriault and a few other worthy brethren this week. Tuesday was the day on which the government was to be voted out it was said; then a postponement was made until Wednesday, but the mills of the gods grind slow.

Mr. Porter the member for Victoria has made a favorable impression on the house. He watches the debate closely, is not an extreme party man, and the few speeches he has made have exhibited good judgment.

Premier Blair is so successful in the colt raising line that he is liable to be concocited by and by. Up to date the most promising of all the youngsters the leader has in training is the phenomenal winner of the Westmorland futurity stakes, Joseph A. McQueen.

A man of knowledge and wide research is Daniel. From boxing the compass to shearing sheep, from superintending a Sunday school to expounding the latest novelties in Bilingsgate, "no pent-up Ulicia contracts his powers." But he cannot tell us the difference between a "pedometer" and a "perambulator."

Contrary to general belief Hon. Robert Young has been able to attend the session. He was warmly greeted on his arrival. Mr. Young, however, is still too unwell to give much attention to the work of legislation.

It is still the opinion of the prophetic Silas that "we must call a halt or we are undone."

There is liable to be a difference of opinion among government supporters on the question of government house, it would seem. It is doubtful, under the terms of the B. N. A. act, whether the building and premises are the property of the dominion or the province. The latter would appear to have the stronger claim. But the title is doubtful and as an asset, therefore, the property amounts to nil. Negotiations have been in progress between the two governments, and it is thought a settlement can be effected on the basis of all the lands and property attached to the institution, save and except the historic building itself, being sold to the highest bidder and the proceeds applied to the erection of a cheaper and more suitable structure for his honor's residence. This is the view favored by the dominion government. It is the view favored, personally, by Mr. Blair. But is not the view favored by Mr. Wilson and other government supporters. They say abolition should mean abolition. They say that it is not abolition to abandon one government house for the purpose of erecting another. No doubt there are two sides to the argument. But at present, it would seem to the lay spectator, Mr. Wilson and those who think as he does hold the winning cards.

The energetic efforts of Mr. Hanington and Mr. Phinney to place the premier in a hole for his temerity in supporting the liberals in the late contest, do not awaken great enthusiasm in the breast of Mr. Porter. Mr. Porter is a good grit. Mr. Porter don't object, outside the house, to being called a grit. But inside the house, and from his own leader, the term is not so palatable.

Hon. Mr. Jones is never lacking in energy. He has shown fully the usual amount in opposing the Fellows inquiry. Last week he succeeded in having it bowled out of the council. But Mr. Barbare is not to be snuffed out in this fashion. He will introduce the prayer of Squire McKay once more to the house today. It is thought that Mr. Gregory, whose cranium has now become a seething mass of protest, will lead the prosecution before the committee of privileges.

Six days and five nights in all were occupied in passing the estimates. The legislature will now be able to devote itself to private bills, the number of which it is said will be limited. This ought to mean a session short and sweet.

They All Observed the Law! There must have been considerable mirth longed for vent, when the mayor announced that he would follow the usual custom and grant licenses to those who had observed the liquor license law, in the past. The mayor should have taken a glance at the list of applicants before arriving at his decision.

THAT IS THE QUESTION.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE" IS BOTHERING THE CANDIDATES.

How Civic Politics Waxes About the City—The Mayoralty Contest a Foregone Conclusion—Dr. White as a Candidate—The Situation in Prince Ward.

"To be or not to be," that is the question agitating a good many civic candidates at present.

There has not been much change upon the checker board since Progress last discussed the situation; the game is, of course, drawing nearer an end and more exciting. Tuesday week will see the finish of the first round, and the next Tuesday a new mayor will be ready to think out his inaugural speech.

Kings, Dukes, Sydney, Lansdowne, Stanley, Guys and Dufferin wards at this writing have not shown much activity or desire for change. The absence of activity does not always imply the absence of a desire for change, however. There are very many people thoroughly dissatisfied with the conduct of civic affairs who will not lift a finger to remedy it; they tilt their chairs back and make critical remarks suggest this or that person for a good, representative, honest alderman but that is the end of it. Rather than lose their vote they will make haste voting day to cast it for the very men they are against urging as their only excuse "Hobson's choice."

That appears to be the situation in Wellington this year with two thirds of the candidates. The ward has for a long time been represented by a worker and a non-worker. Some people think it eminently fitting and proper that this state of affairs should be continued.

Progress has been asked once or twice this week why it was so critical of Dr. Walter Woodworth's White candidature. Without discussing or questioning the candidature of any man who comes out for office and the methods of his coming out, the reply might be made generally that Progress believes there are scores of men in Wellington ward better able and with a better right to represent it than Dr. White. An alderman should have some knowledge of the city's business, some idea of its requirements. The best representative is a practical man who has worked with the workers, and not one who enters the contest mainly with an eye to aldermanic prominence—save the mark!—and gives no thought to the city business before he issues his card.

Dr. White called upon Progress Thursday, there were no "sick" men about, nor yet on the lookout for votes. He did not come to see the editor but a friend. He made some remarks about the contest and said he was going to run a fair election, and that it would not hurt him or any other man to get a licking, provided it was a fair one. The electors will probably agree with the doctor on this point.

In Prince ward the situation has improved wonderfully. The chances are that two good men opposed to Leary plans and reckless expenditure will sit at the council board. A requisition has brought out Mr. Knodell, and Mr. A. H. Bell is also in the field. Both of them are business men well known in the ward and the city and will make creditable representatives.

Perhaps there will be a chance for Boss Kelly's fighting abilities to show up again this year. Mr. Vincent wants to come out, and if Mr. T. M. Milledge can be induced to span with him, they will make a speedy team to finish with.

The mayoralty contest will be a walk-over for Ald. Peters. His friends are doing the working, and besides he has the people with him. It might be a good idea for Mayor Lockhart to save the city the expenses of a contest by retiring.

It Will be a Great Show. There is not a little interest, excitement—call it what you please—among the many ladies and gentlemen preparing for the Centuries exhibition. Each person has a part to fill, and he and she are trying to surprise themselves and their friends. It is all for the good of the show, which really promises to be unique and wonderful. Of course there is the rivalry of the different booths. One century will not be beaten by another century, and so the enthusiasm deepens and extends throughout the entire show. So far as this gone that Progress has learned of many costumes being rented in New York for the week's entertainment. Other costumes of much magnificence are being made in the city. The postponement to April 15 has much to commend it. The rink will be perfectly dry by that date, while there was a doubt of its perfect fitness by April 6. It is far better to run no risks. Again there is longer time to perfect the tableaux of which there will be one every evening. The "Exhibitions of Nations" was a great show, but "The Centuries" will be a greater one.

Open Evenings. Duval, 949 Union street

TO ILLUSTRATE AMHERST.

A Description Issue of the Manufacturing and Agricultural Centre.

One of Progress' cherished ideas has been made possible and practicable since its enlargement. Very many of its readers remember the beautifully illustrated editions published of Fredericton, St. John and St. Stephen, editions, the like of which have not been equalled since. Even to this day there are demands for these numbers which however were long ago exhausted.

The rapid growth of the regular advertising in the paper and the large increase in the circulation kept everybody about it too busy to think of greatly enlarged issues, so the illustrations of towns was necessarily abandoned until now, when with double size, mechanical and editorial staffs, illustrated issues mean but little extra exertion.

Arrangements have been made, therefore, for a special representative, Mr. E. V. Harrington, to begin work at once, and by illustrating growing and prosperous towns to make Progress better and more widely known than it is even at present. Among the smaller cities Amherst appears to have made the most marked advance of late. This is due in part, no doubt, to the attention attracted to that vicinity by the building of the ship railway, which is expected to be complete this spring or summer. There are many other causes which have brought about the boom, however, and made the place a manufacturing, as well as an agricultural centre.

Progress proposes to illustrate Amherst and give the outside world some idea of its advancement in these later years. This will be done by engravings from photographs of the finest street scenes and public buildings that can be obtained. It is hardly necessary to say that the engraving will be well done. Previous illustrated issues have shown how well this portion of the work has been looked after. As far as possible the portraits of the prominent citizens will be secured for the edition. It is only fitting that in such an issue the men who made the town should have equal prominence with the town itself. There is no space here to say all that could be said about the edition. It will be published as soon as possible, and we hope will be a credit not only to Amherst but to Progress as well.

WILL HANDLE MORE MONEY.

The Pleasant Point Ferry Commission Accepts the Highest Tender.

The commissioners of the Pleasant Point ferry service will have the control of more money this year than they had last. Judging by the time the commission took to consider the tenders, they seemed to be in doubt as to whether it would be advisable to accept \$926 or \$1, which was the amount paid for the privilege last year, and the sum offered for the privilege by the people who are running the ferry at present. The tender should have been awarded March 2, but a decision was not given until March 12, and then a proposition was made to the highest tender, Mr. Mulaney, which seems to be unfair.

The contract provides that the lessee must keep the floats and approaches to the ferry in good condition and make all repairs necessary while he is in possession. Mr. Mulaney is perfectly willing to do this, but claimed that those who have been running the ferry have allowed the floats to get out of repair, and that the commission should put them in order before handing them over. The short time given in which to have everything in readiness to begin the service on April 1, caused by the delay in awarding the tender has put Mr. Mulaney to considerable trouble, as he could not do anything until he learned whether his tender would be accepted, but should the commission decide to put the approaches in repair before handing them over, he will have a boat in readiness. It is quite probable that McLaughlin Bros.' Tourist, a steam launch much larger than the one making trips at present, will be put on.

The number of people who cross the river at Indiantown has grown to a wonderful extent within recent years. Last summer the novelty of sailing over the Pleasant Point in a steam launch attracted hundreds of people who made the trips on Sunday afternoons. It is estimated that over 50,000 passengers cross on the ferry during the year.

He Won't Vote Again.

The dominion election affected many of the voters in odd ways as some of the aldermanic candidates are finding out while canvassing. In the recent election, one of the voters in Queens ward, found his name down on the lists as a plumber, a business which he knows nothing about. One of the representatives, with views different from his own challenged him when he went to vote, and he would not be approached by an aldermanic candidate the other day, he related this experience, and avowed his intention of never casting a vote again.

IN AN IMMIGRANT CAR.

ALL NATIONS REPRESENTED, AND CROWDED IN TOGETHER.

Wearily After an Ocean Voyage, with Hardly Room to Move Around—How They Live and Some of Their Amusements—The Different Types of Immigrants.

A long train, of ten or more crowded cars, rolled into the I. C. R. depot Thursday morning, and a more interesting excursion party never touched St. John. And this was an excursion! Not a mere day in the country, with linen dusters and white dresses, ice cream, lemonade, and the hundred and one things that go to make one happy and correspondingly sick and weary on the following day. It was an excursion, out of which all the happiness, if there ever was any, had been extracted long before it struck St. John; an excursion which had already spent several days on the ocean, with a long railroad journey just fairly begun. To come down to hard facts, most of them had not had their clothes off for two weeks and expected to spend five or six days more in anticipation of a general renovation. But, to judge by appearance, it is doubtful whether such an experience was ever common to many of them.

The excursionists were immigrants bound for the northwest, representative of the nations of Europe. Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Germans, Danes, Swedes and Frenchmen all rolled together in that long train. Such a mixed up lot of people is not met with in these parts every day.

There was none of that swarming from the cars that one usually sees on the arrival of an excursion train. On the contrary, everyone seemed to be possessed with the idea that they might be left behind, and probably could not very well afford to travel like ordinary people. So the majority of them stayed in the cars, and to all appearances were either too lazy or tired to move. Yet there were enough immigrants in the depot to make it quite lively during the hour or so that the train was taking in water. Even this move caused some anxiety, for when the cars backed out of the depot and up the yard to the tank there was a general scramble and an immigrant hanging on to every platform. But if the majority remained in the cars, those who did get off made the most of their stay. The train was hardly stopped before a party of them were as far as Dock street, and others were making purchases in the stores around the depot. How important these purchases were! Every man who paraded the train shed had something under his arm, from a can of prepared meat to a bag of biscuits, or a loaf of baker's bread without any covering whatever. The father of a large family seized the opportunity to spread an amazing array of crockery ware on the floor of the train shed, and with a pair of hot water and a tin teapot made tea and drank it on the spot, while his wife, with a shawl over her head, and enough teaspoons for a large family sticking out of her pockets, stood shivering and shaking like the gates at the Mill street crossing in a gale. She was not the only one who had this experience, for the air in the train shed was decidedly cool, and that a number of those who, in their hurry to get off the train, had neglected to bring an overcoat along, realized this fact was apparent from the lively exercise some of them indulged in, while the others did it involuntarily, like the woman.

Those in the train shed were not so interesting as the men and women who remained in the cars. There they were, all dumped in together and lying about in every possible position, the upper berths of the cars thrown open, and on both sides were huddled up, some sleeping and some leaning over the sides of the berths, right at one's head as he went through, while in the seats below men and women of all conditions and classes were either stretched out asleep or huddled up in a corner with their feet sticking out in all directions. Some were eating and drinking, and others with comb and brush were trying to improve their personal appearance. Mothers with little bits of babies hunched them to sleep, and groups of older children played hide and seek among the seats, or climbed over the backs of them. Here and there three or four men, sometimes Englishmen, sometimes Danes or Frenchmen, were playing cards, and the soiled pasteboards they used were thoroughly in keeping with their personal appearance.

Others again were half way out of the windows, and in some cases there were apparent organized efforts to determine just how many could get out of the window at one time. Here was an attempt at sociability that blocked up the passageway, while half a dozen people making use of the sink and water and soap and towel at one time, made it impossible to open the door, and a pair of large feet sticking out in the passageway added to the difficulty of making one's way through. All was disorder! Men, women, and children, bags, baskets, blankets, mattresses, coats, rugs and

bundles of every kind, description and color, piled in together, so that in some cases, it was hard to tell whether four seats were occupied by human beings, bundles of clothes, or both.

In one car a young fellow with an accordion, added to the general confusion, and not unpleasantly, by playing old fashioned tunes. The occupants of the car seemed to enjoy the music immensely. Heads arose from the masses of clothing and bundles in the berths above, and leaned out into the aisle, a group gathered around the player, and the fellows playing a game of cards in the corner of the car, a game which they were unable to explain in English, slumped down the pasteboards with greater vim.

They were a hard looking crowd taken as a whole: rough in their clothing, rough in their manners, indifferent to their surroundings, and doing everything with as little concern as if they were in the privacy of their own rooms at home. All careworn, tired, and dirty, the women in some cases keeping to themselves, and as unkempt in their clothing as the men. In some cases hardy looking youths had their arms over the backs of the seats where large healthy and rosy cheeked girls sat and didn't seem to care who saw them. None of their travelling companions seemed to notice them or care; to their wearied eyes nothing seemed strange or out of the way; all they thought of was eating, drinking, sleeping, and putting in the time as best they could. And that seemed very hard work indeed.

In these ten cars was every conceivable style and cut of clothing that was ever made outside of a tailor shop. All coarse, heavy, and made to wear. Thick gray homespun cut out with a saw; heavy woolen shirts; some dull colored, and others bright red, blue, or colors equally brilliant, and neckerchiefs of all kinds and shades wound around their necks clean up to the ears.

Even among these people, all bound in the same direction, with probably the same ends in view; who had taken advantage of the one method of transportation—all immigrants pure and simple—even among these there was a classification that was strikingly apparent. In a walk through the cars, one saw them all. There was the democracy, pure and ample, the middle class and the aristocracy in all its luxuriance. The latter occupied a pullman at the end of the train. They were all English men and women with a tendency to dress in tweeds of the lightest possible shade, which matched their complexions admirably. The men smoked cigars and the women lolled on the crimson cushions of the car, as comfortably as tired travellers possibly could. This car monopolized all the cushions.

In some other cars, however, there was an air of refinement. The smoking was done in the apartment allotted to it; there were mattresses stretched across the seats; some of the occupants sat with blankets tucked around their legs, as if they were going for a sleigh drive. There was more order generally, the air purer, and the visitor felt himself intruding. In other cars, however, if his nasal organ was sensitive, he was not likely to prolong his stay. Although it was only the second day of the journey, the floors already bore a resemblance to a dumping ground. There were too many people for the size of the car, and every individual seemed possessed with the idea of perfect freedom of action.

Then again the different nationalities travelled together to a great extent. The most curious of all were the French people, among whom the news company's Joe Mitchell spent most of his time, and was indignant because the interpreter's knowledge of the languages ended after a few words of German, and left out French altogether. They were a quaint lot, and some of them gave the cars the appearance of a circus train, with their particular caravans devoted to the menagerie. Some of the men wore jackets of blue overall stuff, which were simply drawn in at the neck, and hung down after the style worn by butchers, except that the Frenchmen's were devoid of any style whatever. Above this quaint costume was a swarthy, grinning face, almost hidden by jet black hair two or three inches long, which stuck out so straight in all directions that it required close examination to determine that the owner of it did not wear a fur cap.

It was a great collection, and all looked forward to bettering their condition. Some of them thought the country, so far as they had seen it, was very thinly populated, and they will probably have enlarged ideas on this point after they reach their destination. In a great number of cases men were travelling alone; they had started without a travelling companion, and appeared to have made few friends during the trip. All seemed to have more or less money, and some of them made use of it in a manner that caused the C. P. R. agent some anxiety. Yet for such a mixed up and rough looking crowd, it was as orderly as any that ever rolled into the depot.

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ess:

Much in Little.
Progress, of St. John, N. B., has doubled its size and comes to us now with sixteen pages. It is the brightest paper that crosses the line.—Boston News.

"Unique and Indescribable."
Progress, St. John, is unique and indescribable. It certainly has illustrated its name in a wonderful way in the short three years of its history, and now, true to the name, it is going to enlarge to sixteen pages.—Canada.

Everything in Union.
Progress has developed into a sixteen page paper. Its rate of progress in quality of reading matter and circulation kept pace with this enlargement. Progress marked out a special scheme for that at the beginning and sticks to its own line.—Hudson News.

"As a Matter of Course."
Progress is out as a sixteen page paper and that a very neatly printed and good looking one is a matter of course.—St. Croix Courier.

"A First-Class Newspaper."
Progress, true to its name, seems determined to press in all those characteristics which, go to make up a first-class newspaper. It is now a sixteen page paper, and its columns are crammed full of interesting reading and apt illustrations.—Hudson News.

"Always Been a Favorite."
John Progress is now a sixteen page paper, as always been a favorite and this enlargement adds greatly to its popularity.—Halifax Celtic.

A Master Feat of Journalism.
Progress is making giant strides to prove itself worthy of its name. Its sixteen page issue of Saturday that was only the first number of its new series for the future, was a master feat in journalism.—Fredericton Globe.

"Success Has Been Phenomenal."
John Progress is true to its name. It has steady and rapid advancement ever since its issue was published, and the progressive march culminated last Saturday in a handsomely filled issue of sixteen pages, which is well forth to be the permanent size of the paper. Selling price has been changed from three cents to four cents, the latter price being proportionately increased. The success of Progress has been phenomenal and has even exceeded the anticipations of our readers.—Parrish's Leader.

A Generous Send Off.
Progress, of St. John, N. B., one of our much and brilliant foreign exchanges, recently appeared enlarged to sixteen pages and its improved typographical and otherwise welcome weekly visitor is ornate and ably by Edward S. Carter, and contains a mass of valuable information treated in a popular and entertaining manner. Its illustrations are above those of the average weeklies, and its periodical instalments of local, society, humorous, fiction, general and Sunday news is all that could be desired. Progress has American Shipbuilder's wishes for a continued life, which it richly deserves. It is published at the Masonic building, 88 Germain street, St. John, N. B., and is \$2.00 per year in advance.—American Shipbuilder (New York).

More Than the Ladies Look for It.
The enterprising proprietors of St. John Progress started that paper, there were many who predicted that a paper giving as it does, special place to social matters throughout the province would not be made to succeed. But it has been an institution which promises to be permanent. It has been doubled in size and it now is a sixteen page paper. It is the paper that the look for when Saturday comes, and as soon as it opens their gaze rests upon the social page of the week, and they commence to discuss the news items of which a description is given. They congratulate the publishers on the success they made Progress, and heartily wish its continuance.—Newcastle Advocate.

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FOREMOST IN BUSINESS AND A POLITICAL POWER.

Something About the Life of Kennedy F. Burns, M. P., and What He Has Accomplished—A Leader Among His Fellow and a Man of Varied Interests.

The subject of this sketch, Mr. Kennedy F. Burns, was born at Thomastown, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, on the eighth day of January, 1842, and came to New Brunswick when a boy, was educated in Halifax, N. S., and St. John, and from the latter place removed to Chatham in 1857, where he was engaged in business with the late firm of Burke & Noonan, and finally settled in Bathurst in 1861, where he began a successful business career.

In 1878 he formed a business partnership with Hon. Samuel Adams (now of New York) and his brother Mr. P. J. Burns, the new firm going more extensively into the lumber business, building one of the finest saw mills in the province at the mouth of the Nepisiguit river, opposite the town of Bathurst, and carrying on a general lumber and mercantile business at Bathurst, Caraquet and Petite Rocher.

On the retirement of Mr. Adams, the new firm of K. F. Burns & Co. was formed and carried on the same business until May, 1890, when it became merged in the large and important concern—the St. Lawrence Lumber company, limited, with mills at Berisimis, P. Q., Bathurst and Caraquet, and offices in London and Liverpool, G. B. Of this prosperous company, Mr. Burns is the managing director and largest stockholder.

Mr. Burns first entered political life in 1874, when he was elected to represent Gloucester in the house of assembly, and has ever since been a prominent figure in the political affairs of his county. In 1882 he entered the larger sphere of Dominion politics, defeating Hon. T. W. Anglin in the general election held in that year, was re-elected at the general election of 1887, and has again been returned in the recent election.

Mr. Burns has always been a staunch conservative, and has been untiring in his efforts to benefit his constituents. Through his strenuous efforts he succeeded in pushing to completion the Caraquet railway, of which he is now president and general manager, a much needed line running from Bathurst to Shippegan, and connecting with the Intercolonial system at Gloucester junction. The many other public works throughout his county, such as breakwaters, lighthouses, public building at Bathurst, etc., etc., as well as the establishment of additional post offices wherever necessary, are due to his persistent and untiring energy. Should his life be spared it is not too much to say that the many needed public works in the county will receive his earnest attention.

Mr. Burns owes his business success in

a large measure to his honest and straightforward dealings. With all "his word is as good as his bond." With his workmen, and indeed with all his employees, he is personally very popular, as he is always kind and considerate toward them. It is a good thing to say of a man, that "his best friends are those who know him best," and this Mr. Burns can truthfully say as witness the large vote he has always taken in his home parish, Bathurst, and the esteem in which he is held by all classes there, and throughout his constituency generally.

While a very busy man, Mr. Burns yet finds time to mingle in the sports and pastimes of the younger men, and, becoming as it were, "one of the boys;" in fact some of his political opponents have dub-



KENNEDY F. BURNS, M. P.

bed him "the boy," a title of which he is very proud.

In private life and among his more intimate friends, Mr. Burns is noted for his geniality and good nature. Nobody enjoys a joke better than him, even when directed against himself, and his keen Irish wit sometimes turns the tables on the joker most effectively.

Perhaps New Brunswick has no man who combines within himself more of the elements that command success in life than Kennedy F. Burns, M. P. for Gloucester. Hopeful and energetic, yet shrewd and cautious in every transaction, unassuming in private life, yet recognized by all as a leader among his fellows; affable and courteous in manner, yet decisive in all his actions—he possesses in no common degree the art of winning and retaining the high esteem and respect of his very numerous friends and acquaintances. Having started out with few advantages—intelligent, industrious and self-educated, methodical in all things,—he is one of the comparatively few men in our province who will leave an enduring mark of their energy and ability upon the pages of its industrial history. Mr. Burns is a lumber shipper, a mill-owner, a farmer, a trader, a politician and a horseman; he can handle rod or rifle with equal skill; his friends say he is a lawyer as well, but these apparently are but the ephemeral joys of his busy existence; it is from the fact that he has one of the biggest railway schemes in America on foot that our genial friend draws the chief inspiration of his being.—St. John Globe.

AMUSEMENT FOR ALL.

Men, Women, Boys and Girls Can all Have Bicycles and Enjoy Health.

When bicycles with one great high wheel, and another so small that it was often overlooked, were about the only kind in use, many people never allowed their minds to run toward that form of exercise and amusement, for fear of making themselves ridiculous, by their efforts to master the machine. Then again elderly people, with any claim to dignity, could not condescend to take such an exalted position as the top of one of those machines certainly affords even though they favor the means of locomotion. But since the introduction of the Safety Bicycle all this has been changed. Everybody rides them; old, young, middle aged, grave and gay. In many parts of the country they have taken the place of horses. This has been the case more especially with ministers and doctors, who use the Safety Bicycles for both business and pleasure, and to young "patient waiters," who have not yet arrived at that stage when they can keep a horse and carriage, they have proved quite a boon. Of course this applies more to the country than the cities.

But the safety bicycles have met with a great reception at the hands of all classes. Although Messrs. C. E. Burnham & Sons, who now control the trade in the lower provinces, for many of the leading makers did not take up this specialty until late in June of last year, their business ran up into thousands of dollars. This year they are prepared to do a much larger business, and have selected machines especially suited to this country. They are the agents for the Brantford bicycles, which, being made in Canada, are better adapted to the roads of this country than English machines could be. They also have the agency for the Buffalo bicycle company's machines, and have a number of different styles in their store on Charlotte street.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY machines with our guarantee sent to any address.

A great advantage on many of the machines shown by Messrs. Burnham is the spring front forks, which prevent jarring when going over rough places and makes the riding much pleasanter. Besides having everything in the way of tricycles for ladies and girls, they have something new in these parts—the Giantess bicycle, which is adapted for the use of ladies and is largely used by them in many parts of the United States, and are likely to become quite popular here with St. John's athletic girls.

Then the boys, of all ages, are not forgotten, as there are safety bicycles for boys of from six to twelve years of age; or velocipedes so cheap that any boy can get them.

Messrs. C. E. Burnham & Sons will issue a catalogue about April 1, and everybody who wants good amusement and exercise for the summer months, should get one.

Although the firm has gone largely into bicycles, etc., they are still doing a flourishing furniture business, and an enjoyable half hour can be spent in their Charlotte street store.

Everybody Has a Chance Now.

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

the use of K. D. C. is convincing proof that this For sample package send three cent stamp to

STORIES OF THE STAGE.

H. PRICE WEBBER RELATES SOME INCIDENTS OF HIS BUSINESS.

Most of Which Occurred in New Brunswick—The Effect of Moral Suasion Illustrated—It Was a Warm Day—His by Stage Cash—Not Merry over the "Triple."

I am reminded by a St. John friend that I forgot to mention, when speaking of the production of the drama of *Jessie Brown*, by Mr. Lanegan, that on its first presentation at the Lyceum, the author of the play, Mr. Dion Boucault, enacted the character of the "Nana Sahib," and his wife, Agnes Robertson, played "Jessie Brown." This adds an interesting fact to the remarks I made concerning the play, as it shows that your city has had the best in the profession and I could not better emphasize this assertion than by mentioning these two names.

A rather funny incident happened to myself—or rather accident—one night of the past week, while performing in Bar Harbor, Maine. The play was the *Lady of Lyons*, on the occasion referred to. I was outside the scene, helping the shouts of—

"Long live Claude Melnotte. Long live the Prince!"

The actor doing "Claude" came on the stage, and looking off, said: "What, you won't come in, my friends? Well, there is a trifle to make merry with!"

As he said this, he flung an old-fashioned purse, containing a lot of heavy stage money, to the supposed number of friends outside, and it struck me pretty hard right between the eyes. I did not feel very much like being merry over the aforesaid "trifle" which he had so liberally bestowed. However, it did not result any more seriously than in the momentary shock caused by the blow. As his intentions were honest, I acquitted him of any nefarious designs, as he meant well.

Speaking of people who mean well, reminds me of the man in St. John, who felt very badly when his son left him to take up his residence in Boston. The boy, seeing the old gentleman's grief, said:

"Never mind, father; you must promise me to come and see me at the first opportunity."

The father looked at the son earnestly, and while a tear trickled down his face, and his voice became husky from emotion, replied:

"William, my boy, I live till I die—and goodness knows whether I will or not—I'll see Boston before I leave St. John!"

He meant what he said, only it was hard to understand.

Once, last season, when we were performing the drama of the *Hidden Hand*, in a New Brunswick town, an individual in the audience made matters rather unpleasant for actors and spectators by exhibiting considerable hilarity. At last the police undertook to eject him forcibly from the hall just as I came on the stage in the last act. In the character of "Old Hurricane," which I was playing that night, I have to complain of not being able to keep "Capitola" in order, and asked the lady who was the "Mrs. Conditment of the piece what I should do in the matter, and she said:

"Try moral suasion."

Just then the hilarious gentleman caused such an uproar that I had to stop the performance, and advancing to the front of the stage, I said:

"One moment, please. If the gentleman has any difficulty to settle with the police, I do not think it fair that we who are strangers and utterly innocent of having given him any offence, should be made to suffer, and I ask him in all fairness and candor to please keep quiet at least for he is interrupting the performance and making it very unpleasant for both audience and actors."

He braced himself against the door and yelled out:

"Am I interfering with you, Price?"

I replied, "You are indeed!"

He took off his hat, made a very grave bow, and said:

"I am a gentleman, sir; and when a man treats me as a gentleman, I will at once respond. As you say I am the disturbing element, I will retire in good order!"

He made a very polite obeisance, waved his hand, and went out.

I at once said to the lady who was on the stage with me:

"Moral suasion!"

The audience "caught on" in a second, and a perfect roar of applause showed they appreciated the sentiment.

On another occasion, when they were playing the drama of *Dora*, in Belmont, N. H., a ludicrous incident occurred. The weather was terribly hot, for it was in the month of July, and on this particular night it almost seemed as if all inside the building would fairly wilt with the intense heat. Miss Grey, who was the "Dora" of the play, had to say, in answer to a question asked by one of the other characters:

"I was only looking at Luke Bloomfield making a snowball."

Some one in the audience called out:

"I wish he would bring a little of it in here!"

This remark caused a shout of hearty laughter, as several blocks of ice would have been welcomed at that time, to cool the atmosphere. H. PRICE WEBBER.

Bargains in Brussels Carpets.

Harold Gilbert has made a surprising start in Brussels carpet in his announcement on the third page today. Ten thousand dollars worth at cost! The housewife who is looking after bargains in this direction will probably lose no time in looking at what is offered. Mr. Gilbert has the reputation of carrying out his advertisements to the very letter, and there will not be any disappointment in this regard. He has been in especial good luck this season in purchasing carpets, securing his assortment before the marked rise in prices.

Look Like New.

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

The Easter Custom.

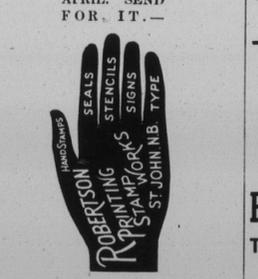
Almost every family, rich or poor, indulge in a feast of eggs on Easter morning, served in some of the many different styles. To get them nice and fresh, with Dunn's S. C. Hams and other requisites for the table and the day, go to J. S. ARMSTRONG & Bro., 32 Charlotte street.



YOU WILL BE WANTING A SHOW CASE FOR SPRING. NOW IS THE TIME TO ORDER FROM

LEB. ROBERTSON, ST. JOHN, N. B., MANUFACTURERS' AGENT. SEND FOR PRICES AND CATALOGUE.

BEAR IN MIND THE VICTOR TYPE WRITER ALSO, THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MACHINE IN THE MARKET. AS FOR WHITE ENAMELLED LETTERS, THEY MAKE THE FINEST SIGNS EVER SEEN. ALL SIZES IN STOCK; ORDER NOW. OUR STAMP CATALOGUE WILL BE READY IN APRIL. SEND FOR IT.—



W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN.

Dear Sir,— This is to certify that I have suffered intensely from RHEUMATISM in my ankles for over twelve years, and I take great pleasure in stating that two applications of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM immediately relieved me, and one bottle entirely cured me. ELIZABETH MANN, Stanley St., City Road.

SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM is prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, King Street, St. John, N. B.

For sale by all Druggists. Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50.

Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons, and S. McO'Brien, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simson Bros. & Co., and Forsyth, Sutcliffe & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Kerry Watson & Co., Montreal, P. Q.

Write for pamphlet of people we know, who have been cured by Scott's Cure.

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

Never Judge a Man

by his outward appearance. But you're more apt to find a gentleman in good plain clothes than in ragged ones. If you're in a hurry and want an outfit quickly, we can put a perfect fit on you in less time than it takes to write it. We've got the stock, all we want is the subject. You can tell a man's profession sometimes

By the Clothes He Wears,

but even that is deceitful. Remember "the wolf in sheep's clothing." We might mention numerous articles and prices here, but would rather have you call and see them for yourself. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO. OAK HALL. Cor. King and Germain.

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

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 76 PRINCE WM. STREET.

STOVES AND HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE.

LOOK! BOYS! LOOK!

BOYS "ROCKET" BICYCLES, \$85.00. 24in. Wheels, Rubber Tires, all steel. The finest Boy's Bicycle made for the price. BOYS "LITTLE GIANT" BICYCLE, With Spring Front Forks. The handsomest and best Boy's Bicycle made; 24in. rubber tire wheels; best of steel throughout, \$40.00.

BRANTFORD BICYCLES, PERFECT POCKET OILER.

For Men; with all the latest improvements, and best materials used in their manufacture. BELL, LAMPS, WHISTLES, ETC. Send two 3ct. stamps for complete catalogue of Bicycles, Tricycles, Velocipedes, and Cycle Sundries. C. E. BURNHAM & SONS, FURNITURE WAREHOUSES, 83 AND 85 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ENGLISH CUTLERY.

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

Comfort round the House

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

In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices.

JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

But you're more apt to get clothes than in ragged... want an outfit quickly, we save time that it takes to...

Remember "the wolf in sheep's clothing" - mention numerous articles... have you call and see...

Wears, remember "the wolf in sheep's clothing" - mention numerous articles...

Remember "the wolf in sheep's clothing" - mention numerous articles...

Remember "the wolf in sheep's clothing" - mention numerous articles...

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IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

To go back to last week's music, the recital given by Mr. Morley on the organ in St. James' church was, of course, a topic of great interest in many ways.

- Case, oak; front pipes, gold and olive green; 20 stops, 125 pipes. Great organ—comp. CCC to A3: 1. 16 feet, Bourdon, Wood, 46 pipes.

For the recital, well, it was disappointing in some ways. I am sorry to say that Mr. Morley still shows the effects of his serious illness in his playing, and besides it was his first trial of the instrument.

I have heard both Mr. Tins and Mr. Daniel sing better than they did on Friday night, although perhaps Mr. Daniel had something to contend with in his accompaniment, which Mr. Ewing did not play very well, owing to death to his short acquaintance with the "new organ."

The programme for this recital was very neatly gotten up, and in a style I would like to see adopted generally. I believe it is the intention of the St. James' people to have a series of sacred concerts, etc., through the spring months.

Organist and choir master—Mr. W. A. Ewing. Organ blower—Charles Marshall. Soprano—Mrs. W. H. Horn, Mrs. W. H. Skinner, Miss Bell, Miss Goulet, Miss Lamb, Miss Crookshank, Miss Hutton, Miss Laakey.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH. I was extremely sorry to have made such a mistake as to announce the *Confiteors* for Monday evening last and yet it was not altogether my fault, if people will be erratic and change things around three or four times, I cannot be expected to keep up with their dates.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH. Following are the Easter services: Holy Communion, 7.30 a. m. Processional hymn, 134, 1st tune. Hymn after consecration, 322.

MEMBERS OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH CHORUS. Soprano—Phillips Robinson, Charles Shaw, Fred Sheraton, Frank Hollis, Fred. Antony, Richard Kingston, Frank Kerr, Chester Gandy, Dean Gandy, Harmon Matthew, Robin Matthew, Chas. Matthew, Wm. Beer, Robt. Patchell, Richard Lowe, Chas. Thorne, Wm. H. Brier, W. Starr, T. E. Dyer, F. Tenney, W. H. Brier, W. Starr, T. E. Dyer, F. Tenney, W. H. Brier, W. Starr, T. E. Dyer, F. Tenney.

FASHIONS FOR SPRING.

COLORS THAT WILL BE POPULAR IN THE DIFFERENT STYLES.

The Plague of Snakes in New York—Pretty Oriental Embroideries—Louis XV. Styles Becoming the Rage in the Metropolis—What They are Like.

The most bizarre effects are an attribute of the spring fabrics; a faint suggestion of bars and stripes is one of the predominant features, and over these run riot a profusion of dull-toned flowers, discs or polka dots.

A new grenadine has transparent black stripes alternating with colored ones which



Robertson's Family Outfit. Three sets of Robert's; include ink. \$1.00, post paid.

look almost like riding down, they are so soft and furry, reminding one strongly of a serviceable steamer rug. Illuminated effects are also popular, the background of some of the new silks being of as changeable colors as an opal or a chameleon.

Among the new colors are Perse and Chardon—a pale and dark edition of heliotrope. Pompadour, a greenish blue, lighter than turquoise, and a lovely shade of green, dubbed Watteau, while Louis XVth., is represented by a dull old rose, verging on heliotrope.

The Louis XV. styles are the rage, all the latest Parisian costumes repeating this favorite fashion. A superb illustration of this style is displayed by Madam Jordan, whose exquisite crown rank with those of Fingut and Worth.

Another charming motif was an old Byzantine design dating back to the eighth century, which showed a border of fan-shaped flowers shaded from the deepest gold color into the faintest ivory tint.

Mr. Frodsham's Feather Renovator and How It Does the Work. Mr. John Frodsham, who has his place of business at 22 Waterloo street, is a feather renovator, and it is quite probable that many people do not exactly know what that is.

Robertson's Family Outfit. Three sets of Robert's; include ink. \$1.00, post paid.

A \$10,000.00 Stock of Brussels CARPETS, AT COST PRICES.

I INTEND to sell out my Entire Stock of BRUSSELS CARPETINGS, during the Spring months. Intending purchasers will do well to call early and make selections.

HAROLD GILBERT, CARPET and FURNITURE WAREROOMS, 54 KING STREET, ST. JOHN.

OPENED THIS WEEK: SIX CASES OF Ladies' and Children's WHITE-WEAR

- Ladies' Night Dresses, 65c. to \$3.60 each. Chemise, - 48c. to \$3.40. Drawers, - 28c. to \$2.20 pair. Skirts, - 35c. to \$1.65 each.

The above in slender, women's, and over-size. Materials are fine cotton and Berkey cambric, untrimmed and trimmed with embroidery, Smyrna, and Valenciennes lace.

- INFANTS' SHIRTS, 17c. to 45c. each. FLANNEL BANDS, 27c. and 30c. each. SILK EMBROIDERED SHAWLS or SQUARES, \$1.25 to \$2.00. LONG SKIRTS, 55c. to \$1.45.

CHILDREN'S FANCY and PLAIN MUSLIN FINERAYES, sizes from 1 to 6, prices from 27c. to 90c. for size.

LADIES' RIBBED COTTON CORSET COVERS, 13 CTS. EACH, Or (2) Two for 25cts.

Manchester, Robertson, and Allison.

arms and necks of women who would shudder at the suggestion of a serpent, but who, for the sake of a freak of fashion, have overcome their antipathy and have accepted with appreciation the semblance of all evil.

Another charming motif was an old Byzantine design dating back to the eighth century, which showed a border of fan-shaped flowers shaded from the deepest gold color into the faintest ivory tint.

A bright red waistcoat, cuffs and collar are used by young ladies who ride after the hounds, while on other habits are gilets of velvet cut in white, grey or tan, fastened with tiny gilt buttons.

These jewelled galleons, although worn upon the street, are better adapted for gaslight effects, as they do not appear so glaring as they do beneath the glare of sunlight.

Mr. Frodsham's Feather Renovator and How It Does the Work. Mr. John Frodsham, who has his place of business at 22 Waterloo street, is a feather renovator, and it is quite probable that many people do not exactly know what that is.

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be applied to it through courtesy more than anything else. Now this difficulty has disappeared, and like a good many other inventions this one is very simple when you "see into it."

It was in full operation, and was worth describing. The renovator is a large machine, oval in shape, except for the fixtures, which are necessary to it, and around the inside of it a wooden frame work is made to revolve slowly.

Mr. Frodsham said that in many cases these cloths that are always writing smart things about the size of plumbers' bills, am't you? Squibbler—"Why, I—"

Retribution.—Plumber—"You're one of those chaps that are always writing smart things about the size of plumbers' bills, am't you? Squibbler—"Why, I—"

EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczema, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDY, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of all Humors Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing and incomparable efficacy.

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To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

At the request of a large number of the electors, I will, at the close of the office of MAYOR, to be held on Tuesday, the 14th of April next, be a candidate for your suffrages.

To the Electors of Prince Ward.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—Having been requested by a large number of the influential electors of Prince Ward to offer myself as a candidate for

ALDERMAN,

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

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache. HERBINE BITTERS Purifies the Blood. HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion. HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend. HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia. HERBINE BITTERS For Biliousness.

ANDREW PAULEY, CUSTOM TAILOR. FOR the past nineteen years, cutter for JAS. S. MAY & SONS, begs leave to inform the citizens of Saint John, and the general public, that he will occupy those central premises formerly leased by Messrs. Barnes & Co., 82 Prince William Street, and will sell

NOW FOR BUSINESS SPRING AND SUMMER, 1891. JAS. S. MAY & SON, MERCHANT TAILORS. Domville Building, Prince Wm. Street.

JOSEPH THOMPSON, PRACTICAL MACHINIST, WESTFIELD, KINGS CO.

FURNITURE. BEDROOM Suits, Parlor Suits, Lounges, Bed Lounges, Tables, Chairs, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Springs, Baby Carriages, etc. Prices low as any and on easy payment if desired.

"MORNING THOUGHTS," By REV. GEORGE BRUCE, B. A. Minister of St. David's Church, St. John, N. B.

White Enamelled Sign Letters—Best sign on earth. Robertson, St. John.

White Enamelled Sign Letters—Best sign on earth. Robertson, St. John.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, ESTABLISHED 1864.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 38 Germain street, St. John, N. B.

Renewal Subscriptions.—At least one clear week is required by us, after receiving your subscription, to change the date of expiration, which appears opposite your name on the paper.

Discontinuance.—Except in very few localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of three cents per copy up to February 1, and five cents per copy after that date.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Unless this is done they are quite sure of being overlooked.

The circulation of this paper is over 9,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any other published in the same section.

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

Liberal Contributions will be given to agents for subscriptions. Good men, with references, can secure territory, by reply. Unless this is done they are quite sure of being overlooked.

Resolutions should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The postage thereon, and should be made payable in every case to

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 28.

EASTER.

Northern Christendom has followed the example of its pagan ancestry in making Christmas the great feast of the church, in the popular sense at least. Nevertheless it is undeniable that the principal idea of the gospels is the resurrection. Without Easter, Christmas has no meaning.

Two Boston policemen ran against a very ugly snag some days ago when they maliciously maltreated reporter KINGDON of the Transcript. They prevented him from attending to his duty at a public funeral, assaulted him, lunged him off to the station, and then preferred a charge of disorderly conduct against him. They are sorry now. The Boston press is a unit in its condemnation of the so-called officers and demand the only possible reparation—their dismissal. The time has arrived when reporters have as much right at a public gathering as policemen. It is very rarely that they come in contact, and then only in a pleasant way. It has remained for the protective force of civilized Boston to show what it can do in the line of discourtesy and brutality to the press.

Mr. Glas H. Lugin, secretary for agriculture, was in the city, Wednesday, shaking hands with many friends who greeted him with much regret that the charms and attractions of the growth west have lured him from his native province and his present important position. For some time flattering inducements have been held out to him in Seattle to make it his permanent home. His natural hesitation to leave New Brunswick has been overcome at last, and in a few days he leaves Fredericton with his wife and family for the "land of the setting sun."

Mr. Lugin is better known to the people of the maritime provinces as a clever editor, a vigorous and trenchant writer, than in any other capacity. For some years he has been secretary for agriculture, but the duties of his office have never diverted him from his literary work. Some of the most comprehensive and scholarly articles in the greatest American magazines have been from his pen—honors that any man might well be proud of—while the brightest literary weeklies on the continent have accepted his contributions eagerly. It was for a time chief editorial writer of the Telegraph in Seattle to make it his permanent home. His natural hesitation to leave New Brunswick has been overcome at last, and in a few days he leaves Fredericton with his wife and family for the "land of the setting sun."

That a belief in immortality finds a place in the human mind is not strange. Ingersoll has beautifully said that it will last as long as love kisses the lips of death; but we will make a mistake if we seek its origin in this career. It would have been marvellous, indeed, if the nation of the north had not believed in a future life. Each revolving year brought before them the mystery of death and the triumph of a resurrection. Each flower that children twined into wreath or plucked for nosegay, though it felt the hand of winter and fell into a sleep which seemed to have no waking, burst the barriers of its frosty tomb and bloomed again. Why should not man, the climax of creation, look forward with hope to a life beyond this? Man is; therefore, he is immortal in the language of nature, as spoken by the voice of spring.

If the tragedy had taken place in Palermo and the victims had been Englishmen, the Times, instead of placidly talking about the dominant law of emergencies, would have called out for British gunboats to protect the national honor. It is the old question as to whose ox is gored.

The Illustrated London News has a correspondent who is doing up Siberia. He has seen the exiles, and is rather disposed to think that these much-pitied people have rather a good time of it. Much depends upon what one's idea of a good time is. We are told that so terrible is the burden upon the peasantry of some parts of Russia, due to excessive taxation and outrageous usury, the latter often reaching 250 per cent., that all the crops the people raised go to the tax collector and money lender and the peasants themselves live on dried cow-dung. This may not be a very sweet-scented observation; but one of the leading English reviews is the authority for it. To such a people anything almost would be a luxury. No doubt to the exiles from the lower classes Siberian life has no terrors, and scarcely any discomfort; but to the educated unfortunates who are sent to the wretched prisons, or to the penal colonies merely because they are intellectually and as citizens in advance of their times, the exile must be almost intolerable, if even a quarter of what is told about it is true.

Speaking of exiles one recalls the expression of an Australian. "In Botany Bay," he said, "no one asks that question as much as they once did. Men are growing to be more particular about the pedigree they leave than about the one they inherit. At nine generations back we have a thousand ancestors, and it is not possible that none of them were scoundrels."

Using the words of a large merchant in the city, who is somewhat intimate with Mr. Leary, "he is a royal good fellow." No one who has met him will be disposed to dispute that fact. Friends are his by contact. He has only to meet people to be unobtrusively friendly to them. This is a rare gift, but it undeniably belongs to Mr. Leary.

While he is not what a New Yorker would call a prominent man in that city, he is sufficiently well off to enable him to live in style and affluence. He is a busy man wherever he is, and his work has paid for the patients to whom it was applied by Drs. Cheyne and Heron in the different hospitals. Through these gentlemen he was also successful in obtaining some of the lymph, which he received through Sir Charles Tupper and the governor general a short time ago. He intends using his knowledge of the lymph in his practice here, but will pay special attention to the diseases of women. His office hours for the present are from 9.30 a. m. to 12 o'clock.—J.

A very considerate and polite request is that Mr. Tree's the steward of the Union club, who invites every lover of salt water to give his or her opinion on the establishment of bathing houses and other conveniences, including transport, on the Hay shore. The prospectus, as it may be called, appears in another column, and will surely interest and please all who love the salt water—and who does not?

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Progress simply refers to it as a sample of good work. Next week there will be another of the same firm—but wholly different—also the product of expert writers, engravers and printers. Such advertisements as these pay for themselves five times over. Their very handsomeness makes them valuable. While this is being written, the same skilled hands are preparing an even more novel announcement of equal size—in another line. It gives promise of being truly original, and what is better, so true to life that every old customer will recognize the scene and new customers will be won by its practical appearance.

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ALONG THE LINE OF PROGRESS.

Merchants Who Are Inexpensive in Their Announcements.

It is only within three years that many of the merchants of St. John have considered the benefits of large advertisements. They began them in PROGRESS and have continued them in PROGRESS.

Without complimenting them upon their good judgment at this time, the advantages of their course might be noted. They were not slow to realize that PROGRESS as a Saturday paper is to the people of the maritime provinces what the American Sunday papers are to the newspaper readers of the States, the only difference being

The frequent mention of James D. Leary's name in civic affairs for the past two years has connected him more or less with them—a good deal more than less. Mr. Leary is a New Yorker who pays flying visits to St. John occasionally. Though he is prominently before this public, not one person out of a hundred knows him when he sees him. Somebody may rise to remark that this is not a misfortune but PROGRESS thinks the people are always interested in the personality of the men they are talking about, and for that reason prints this portrait.

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MONCTON.

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

MARCH 25.—The event of last week—after St. Patrick's day concert—was, of course, the performance by the amateur dramatic club, and, as usual, the members proved themselves very little inferior to professional. The first play put on was a two-act comedy entitled *The Chimney Corner*, which, to my mind, at least, was not a particularly "catchy" play, though it was sufficiently interesting and the plot worked out; but the acting saved it from anything approaching mediocrity. The funny part was almost entirely in the hands of Mr. Butler, who appeared in the very novel role of a gentleman aged 91. "Almost a centenarian," as his son proudly announced, whose memory had long departed, and the rest of whose faculties were rapidly flowing. His insatiable appetite for gruel, his anxiety lest his daughter-in-law should forget to "put the rum in it," his cough, his sudden flashes of memory in connection with the events of his youth, and his chronic inability to keep track of his "hand-kercher," were fittingly crowned by his final act of stealing the cash-box and hiding it up the chimney. The play was well received, and was "twice broken into in '84," with the result of very nearly sending his own son to jail for theft.

Mr. Paver, as Jacob Prohity the Chandler, son of the "centenarian" above mentioned, captured the audience as usual. Indeed his appearance on the stage is always the signal for a burst of applause. Mrs. Butler, as his wife "Patty," made a delightful old lady and Mrs. Bennett as "Grace Ensign" played the always different part of "walking lady" with a grace that gave an added charm to the character she represented. Mr. Bennett had the unpopular role of villain, a mild villain, to be sure, and while it would scarcely do to say that he looked the part to perfection, he certainly acted it very well. Mr. Daniel as Grace's lover, and the son of "Patty," and Jacob Prohity who is suspected not only of forgery, but also of eating Grace's fortune contained in the box so carefully hidden by his amiable grandparent, played his rather tame part with a skill which prevented it from being uninteresting. And Mr. Read as the detective disguised as a Jaunt, and persistent, commercial traveller who was determined to sell "Patty" potash and soda "cheaper than any other house," caused the heart of every housekeeper in the audience to thrill with sympathy for the persecuted "Patty."

Not the least attractive feature of the performance was the appearance of grandfater Prohity before the curtain, at the conclusion of the play, who with many songs and appropriate catches of the breath, thanked the very large audience for their patronage and announced *The Linn of a Linn* to follow, hobnobbing painfully back to the story, and "captious" applauses.

The Linn of a Linn, with which the entertainment concluded, was one of the most delightful little musical comedies, in one act, that I ever listened to. It simply sparkled with mirth from first to last. Judging by the costumes, the scene was laid somewhere in Bavaria. And the dialogue was made up of witty prose, interpreted literally with songs, duets, and choruses.

Mr. Daniel, as Peter Spyeke the young farmer, was simply inimitable, his thick-headed slowness and extraordinary indifference to the charms of the blooming Gertrude made one long to shake him up with an electric shock or a charge of dynamite. Mrs. Daniel as Gertrude was adorable, and many a professional actress might have taken a lesson from the unstudied grace of her attitudes and the ease of her manner. Mrs. Butler as the stately Ernestine, the lady of the castle, was charming, and, perhaps, made a most attractive Devoe, in the character of the little peasant maiden, Gertrude. Mrs. Bennett as Ernestine's lover, Capt. Amersport, acted the part of the young artillery officer as well as any civilian could possibly do. Mr. Paver did full justice to the part of Seyzed, the butler, and Mr. Read made a most attractive Devoe, in the character of the little peasant maiden, Gertrude.

Be not too bold for hearts fresh caught. Are n'er I'm told to mark a thought. The piece wound up with a chorus by the entire company, including Grandfater Prohity. The Peters parlor orchestra added greatly to the success of the entertainment by their selections, and, believe the amount realized, was in the vicinity of \$200.

I must not conclude without some description of the costumes worn by the ladies in *The Chimney Corner*. Mrs. Butler was arrayed in an unassuming robe of white flannel, white kerchief and apron, grey hair and spectacles. Mrs. Bennett wore first a morning costume, with large hat and feathers, and in the second act, a dress of white lawn, with black ribbons. In *The Linn of a Linn*, Mrs. Daniel wore first a peasants dress of scarlet, and cream color lace bodice, elbow sleeves and little Dutch peasant bonnet of sea and cream. Second, a wedding gown of pale green, loaded with silver embroidery, silver ornaments and tiny lace skull cap studded with silver. Mrs. Butler wore first a dress of pale pink brocade, trimmed with white lace, but with red and white. Second, an evening dress of pink silk, with bodice and court train of black velvet, large hat of white felt, with white feathers. All these costumes were very handsome, and made especially for the occasion. The ladies are now hard at work at another play, which it is to be presented next month.

A number of young men have organized a meek parliament during the past week, and the following minister have received portfolios: Hon. J. T. Hutchison, premier and attorney general; Hon. C. W. Robinson, provincial secretary; Hon. A. I. Charters, solicitor general; Hon. E. W. Jarvis, surveyor general; Hon. H. Hamilton, chief commissioner.

Hon. J. V. Ellis and E. O. Steves, members of the executive without portfolios. Mr. H. C. Hamilton, leader of the opposition. This is a most excellent idea, in my opinion, and I only hope the debates will be public. We have lost one of our most popular young ladies lately, not either by marriage or removal, but by a far more unusual manner. Miss Kate McSweeney took the veil of a novice, at Mount St. Vincent convent, in Halifax, last Wednesday, and while one must respect her motives, it is a matter of deep regret to her many friends that her young life should be spent within convent walls, when her amiable disposition and attractive social qualities make her so well calculated to render the lives of those about her better and brighter.

Mr. John McSweeney, who has been spending some days with friends in Moncton, left yesterday. Miss Annie Cooke returned last Wednesday from Halifax Ladies' college, being unable from ill health to finish the spring term. We are all glad to see Miss Cooke back again, in spite of the cause which brings her, and hope that rest and quiet will soon restore her to perfect health. Miss Smith of St. Stephen spent a few days in town last week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Butler. Rev. Mr. Hooper came to take up his permanent residence in Moncton last week, accompanied by his father-in-law, Mr. Foster, and by a young sister. The ladies of the family are expected shortly after Easter. The bread and butter club met at the house of Mrs. William Robertson, Steadman street, last evening, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. I have heard rumors lately, of the impending departure of several of our most attractive young men. I shall not give them publicity yet, for I trust they may be only rumors. Surely we have loved and cherished them tenderly; why should they leave us now? But still there is no doubt that Mr. Will McBean had really departed for the land of the free last Thursday, having resigned his position in the Western Union telegraph office, to accept a better position in Chicago. We were very sorry to lose Mr. McBean, but wish him all success in his new home. Mr. E. C. Jarvis, inspector of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, spent some days in Moncton last week. I think I mentioned, some little time ago, that Rev. W. W. Quicke had resigned his pastorate of St. Paul's E. Church, and was not generally known at the time that Mr. Quicke intended joining the Church of England, but he has since done so, and has accepted, I understand, the curacy of St. Paul's church, Halifax. Mr. Quicke is a favorite with all his Moncton friends, and has done his all possible success in his new field of labor. Rev. Mr. Cutbert, who has been visiting Mr. Quicke for the past few weeks, has also left the reformed episcopal church and will shortly go to Toronto for ordination, after which he will accept the rectory of a parish near Toronto. Mr. Cutbert preached in Chatham last Sunday. One of our clever young musicians, Miss Grace Peters, left town yesterday for St. John, where she will play a concert solo in the Church of England Institute tomorrow evening at the entertainment in aid of Lady Tilley's hospital school. The little son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Higgins met with a very painful accident on Saturday afternoon. While running across the street he stopped suddenly, directly in front of two gentlemen who were out riding, and before the horses could be checked, one of them had knocked the child down and broken his shoulder. The little fellow was picked up and carried to a shop, where Dr. E. B. Chaudier attended his injuries. He is now doing well, but the poor little lad, who is only seven years old, has just recovered from a severe illness, and he is an only child, so the accident was a peculiarly unfortunate one. The children's dancing class met last Friday evening, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. David Dickson. Mr. Weidon, M. P. for Albert, is in town to-day. Opera Evenings, Duval, 249 Union street.

ST. GEORGE.

Progress is for sale in St. George at G. O. Fulton's.

MARCH 25.—Mr. Will Thibault of St. Stephen has been home visiting his friends. Miss Chase of St. Andrews, who has been visiting here and made many friends, has returned home. Mrs. Fred Boque has been in St. Andrews visiting her friends. Rev. J. W. S. Young was here on Monday, the guest of Rev. C. E. Piceo. Mrs. Jas. McLean of Le Tote has been visiting her daughters, Mrs. Jos. McCormack and Mrs. R. A. Parks. Miss Gable F. Murray, who is teaching school at Le Tote, intends spending her Easter holidays at her home in St. John. Mr. Hall of St. John was here this week on business. Capt. H. Douglas went to St. John yesterday to attend to some business matters. Mr. R. A. Parks and his mother, Mrs. M. Parks, drove to St. Stephen last week. Mr. James Watt left here last Monday for an extended business trip to the upper provinces. Rev. Mr. Gray of New York is at present filling the vacancy in the Presbyterian church pastorate. T. P. O'NEILL.

TRURO, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fulton's.] MARCH 25.—Mrs. Wm. Kent gave a very pleasant children's party last Friday evening. Miss Joan Dickie, and party last Friday evening proved a very pleasant affair. Messrs. Harry W. Crowe and Will Crowe have purchased the drug business lately owned by Mr. M. Atkins. The business will be under the personal supervision of Mr. W. Crowe. Rev. T. Cunningham Andrews, Rev. Robert Cunningham, of Stellarton, exchanged pulpits last Sabbath. Miss O'Byrne entertained a number of friends last night at a very pleasant evening party. Mr. Thos. Mason, manager of the Halifax Banking Co.'s agency here, accompanied by Mr. Mason, left last week for Toronto. Mr. Mason being accorded leave because of ill health. Mr. De'cher is popular and well liked, even already in his position as agent, pro tem. Mrs. M. L. Dickie gave a card party last night. P. O.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE. "Urgency vs. Emergency." TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—A remark in your musical column of last Saturday's issue by "Tarbo" calls for some explanation. I have reference to the advertising of the "Urgency Male Quartette" to take part in a concert in St. David's church. The facts are these. The Y. P. A. of that church having called on the choir to help them in giving a short musical entertainment in connexion with a lecture, the leader of the choir suggested that instead of learning more choruses, the ladies should make up a quartette or trio, and the gentlemen of the choir do the same, thus giving variety to their usual programme. This was accordingly done, and in the course of practice one evening, it was suggested (as a joke) by a member that they should call themselves the "Urgency," owing to the urgency of preparing a piece themselves, and also as a bit of humorous satire upon the name of "Emergency." This was immediately agreed to, and the advertising committee notified accordingly. All the choir and numerous personal friends of the gentlemen understood and enjoyed the hit. Your readers will therefore perceive in the first place, there has been no "formation of an urgency male quartette," as stated by "Tarbo," but simply the carrying out of the regular work of the choir by the gentlemen in it. Secondly, the name "Urgency" was fairly and honestly used for the occasion and not as a permanent organization, and also, at the time, no knowledge of the possible "breaking up of the Emergency." St. Davin, St. John, March 25.

Psalm IV: 4. Dear Lord, I would revert Thy Holy name, And fear, Thee to offend, by word in thought, To quench the Holy Spirit's gentle flame, With the soul, by Christ so dearly bought; Touch those in love the heart, reveal thy light, And aid to brighter visions of Thy great care, And in the stillness and peace of the calm night, Thy peace to me extend, through Jesus spare.

SEA BATHING AT ST. JOHN. The public generally, and especially those who may be contemplating a trip to some seaside resort, and are wondering how they can afford either the time or the money, are respectfully informed that arrangements are now being made to establish facilities for Sea Bathing within 15 minutes from the City Post-Office, at the Bay Shore. There will be a line of boats to meet the ferry and convey passengers to and from the beach for the moderate sum of 10cts. each way—children half price, also train accommodation at certain hours. There will be provided comfortable bathing houses, bathing suits for ladies and gentlemen, bathing caps, towels, etc., A large marine tent, where refreshments can be obtained at city prices—therefore no need of the troublesome lunch basket. A number of small tents for families, fitted with easy camp chairs, tables and hammocks—also baby hammocks, (which are indispensable to a mother's peace—a baby's comfort). These can be hired by the day or week, and families desiring to secure these comforts would do well to engage them soon, as the number will be limited for the first season. A band of music will be provided probably two days a week, Wednesdays and Saturdays, also various games and amusements for children. The management will cater only to the respectable class of people, and ladies are assured that no intoxicating liquor or beverages will be sold or allowed on the premises—the object being to make this a family resort. In order to know the public feeling in regard to the above, and to know how far he would be warranted in providing the accommodations mentioned, the subscriber would be greatly obliged and encouraged in the undertaking if intending patrons would signify their approval of the scheme by sending a postal card, which can be addressed at HAWKERS' DRUG STORE, Prince William street, or at FUBDINGTON & MERRITT'S, on Charlotte street. Parties concurring this favor will in no way bind themselves. Any further information can be obtained from E. M. TREE, Steward Union Club. All communications on this subject must be addressed to my private address, 226 Prince William street.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

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Smith entertained a number of friends... Mrs. Fred Curran is receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter...

URGENT VS. EMERGENCY.

EDITOR OF PROGRESS—A remark in your issue of last Saturday's issue by "Tara" some explanation... Urgency vs. Emergency.

March 25. I would reverently pray that you will be able to give us a more complete account of the "Urgency"...

Psalm IV: 4. I would reverently pray that you will be able to give us a more complete account of the "Urgency"...

BATHING AT ST. JOHN.

public generally, and especially may be contemplating a trip to the beach for the moderate sum of...

will be a line of buses to meet and convey passengers to and from the beach...

will be provided comfortable washhouses, bathing suits for ladies and gentlemen, bathing caps, towels, etc.

no need of the troublesome lunch of small tents for families, easy camp chairs, tables and...

These can be hired by the week, and families desiring to use comforts would do well to...

of music will be provided on Wednesdays and also various games and amusements for children.

management will cater only to the class of people, and ladies are not to be allowed on the beach...

to know the public feeling in the above, and to know how far warranted in providing the facilities mentioned...

to confer this favor will be on themselves. Their information can be obtained from E. M. Tree, Steward Union Club...

communications on this subject must be sent to my private address, 226 William street.

"Making glad, waist places"



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

Wrought Iron Oven Range.



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

This Spring we will show our friends and customers the finest lot of STOVES AND RANGES, ever shown in this city...

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 KING STREET. Telephone No. 338.

Advertisement for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the product's benefits.

WHAT YOU WANT!

- List of flour brands: ADMIRATION, CROWN OF GOLD, EAGLE, GLOBE, BUDA, DIAMOND, FIVE ROSES, HUNGARIAN OGI, GRITZ, BROWN BREAD FLOUR, GRAHAM FLOUR.

HARDRESS CLARKE, 48 SYDNEY STREET. NEAR PRINCESS.

LADIES ARE INTERESTED

STORM RUBBER.

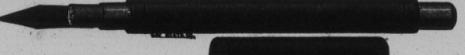
The new device fully protects the leather boot from damp skirts. MONEY SAVED. COMFORT ENSURED. CONSULT OUR STOCK.

ESTLEY & CO., 68 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Fans for the Butcher's Ball!

We have a large Assortment of SUITABLE FANS in different shades and styles; also a SPECIAL LOT we are offering at \$1.00, 75c., 50c. each to clear. Call and Examine.

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



A FOUNTAIN PEN for 35cts.

is the very best on the market; can use most any common pen in it, when the one in use gives out. It writes as well as any pen you would pay \$2.50 for.

AGENTS WANTED! Young men make money. It sells fast—good margin. Send 35cts. in stamps, for sample pen and filler.

ST. JOHN—SOUTH END.

The week past being Holy week I feel sure the readers of Progress will not expect much social or personal news today. All good episcopals and Roman Catholics have kept this week as quietly as possible...

The friends of Mr. J. Keator will be sorry to hear that he has been very seriously ill at Montreal with congestion of the lungs...

Miss Ida Nicholson returned home from Boston this week where she has been visiting her brother, Mr. Jack Nicholson...

Mr. George K. McLeod left for England last week. During his absence Mrs. McLeod will visit her mother, Mrs. Burpee, Mt. Pleasant.

Mrs. Wm. DeVeber, of Woodstock, is visiting St. John, the guest of her father, Rev. Mr. Mathers. She will remain in the city for the marriage of her sister, Miss Lizzie Mathers...

Miss Edith Winslow of Chatham, is the guest of her mother, Mr. E. P. Winslow, Union street. Mrs. Wetmore, of Fredericton, spent this week in the city, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Holden...

I regret to learn that Mr. Troop, senior, has been seriously ill the last week with congestion of the lungs, though somewhat improved by the latest accoures.

Mr. Louis Donald is being congratulated on the birth of a daughter. Mrs. W. W. Turnbull is visiting relatives at Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Breeze leave shortly for England where they will make their home. The Centuries exhibition has been postponed until the 1st of next month...

The death of Miss Bourke, daughter of James Bourke, M. P., of St. Martins, was regretfully heard by many persons in St. John. Sympathy with the parents will be extended on all sides.

Mr. C. P. Clarke, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Edith M. Clarke, left Thursday morning for New York and Philadelphia, where the latter will remain some time visiting friends.

On the same train were Mrs. A. O. Skinner and her son, Master Skinner, who will spend some time in New York city. The latter has been in ill health for some time and the change of air and scene is all that is needed now to bring back his health.

I hear that the daughter of one of St. John's custom house officials will leave for England very shortly, where she will be one of the principals in an interesting ceremony.

Mrs. Dawson, of Montreal, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Louis Donald, Paran Place. Mrs. C. W. Harrison, who took part in Thursday night's concert, while in St. John, was the guest of Mrs. John Boyd, Queen square.

The St. Andrews curlers ball will in reality be the closing act of the Centuries entertainment. The date has been fixed for the 21st of April, and already the preparations are being made to make it a great success.

The 25th anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Rawlin was celebrated at their residence, 222 Duke street. A large number of their friends assembled to extend congratulations, and with them continued happiness and prosperity.

Among the handsome presents was a set of three pieces from a few members of the Knights of Pythias, consisting of a cut glass fruit dish, with silver stand, sugar bowl, cream pitcher, to match, also a set of spoons. Supper was served at 1:30 a. m., and the gathering separated at 4 o'clock.

The entertainment to be given in the Mechanics' Institute on Friday evening, April 3rd, in aid of the Nurses Home promises to be a most successful affair. The programme for the evening will consist of a number of interesting tableaux, to be presented in the hall of the Institute, and these are to be followed by a promenade concert in the assembly rooms...

St. John—West End. Mrs. Frank Daniel, of Campbellton, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Robert Allan at her residence, Prince street. Miss Lottie Sleeves, I hear, is quite ill from the effects of a severe cold.

Miss Edith Peters will leave on Saturday for a three weeks' visit in Woodstock, N. B., where she will be the guest of her friend, Miss Lou Smith. Miss Lizzie Beattay is home from Sackville college for the Easter holidays.

Mr. George Dunn, who has been spending a few days at "Riverside cottage," Lancaster Heights, has returned to Maine with his children. Mrs. Dunn is still here. Mr. Chauncey Cushing, of Tennessee, Mr. Alston Cushing, of Moncton, Mr. Richard Cushing, of Nova Scotia, the three sons of the late Mr. Andrew Cushing, are here having come for the funeral on last Saturday.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

61 and 63 KING STREET.

BLACK HOSE, "ONYX" STAINLESS.

The great success of "ONYX" dyed Hosiery, is due entirely to its superior quality, and the fact that it DOES NOT stain the feet or garments, and that it will withstand the effect of repeated washing as well as perspiration.

Advertisement for Onyx Hosiery featuring a circular logo with 'GUARANTEED ONYX BLACK REGISTERED' and 'INGRAIN' text.

With the new "SANITARY" BLACK, and other BLACK COTTON HOSE, there comes directions for Washing THE FAST BLACK "ONYX." You can wash as you wish, no color comes out, or loss of color after repeated washing.

Our Sales last Season of "ONYX" exceeded 12,000 pairs. This Season our Import is upwards of 12,000 pairs.

ASK FOR AND HAVE NO OTHER BUT FAST BLACK ONYX HOSE. From smallest sizes in Children's to largest in Ladies. Special Makes, with double knees and feet, for Boys; also the Slipper heel, which is a high spliced back, which will give great satisfaction in wear.

ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS IN SHAPE AND MAKE ARE TO BE FOUND IN THE "ONYX" FAST BLACK COTTON HOSE.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

Sun and Rain. UMBRELLAS, KID GLOVES, RIBBONS, FRILLINGS, LACE GOODS.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON.

FOR EASTER

HEADQUARTERS RUBBER CLOTHING.

The best assortment and LARGEST STOCK OF LADIES' WATERPROOF CLOAKS

In the City. All new, no old stock on hand. Inspection is respectfully solicited.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, Headquarters Rubber Goods, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

TURNER & FINLAY, 12 KING STREET.

EASTER SCARFS

Gentlemen and Boys. FOUR-IN-HAND AND MADE-UP

SCARFS, 20cts. 30cts. 35cts. and 40cts.

Neat, Bright, and New, At 12 King Street.

Mr. D. C. Clark will remove to his own house in Beausfield, in May. I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Clark are entertaining friends this week.

The concert to take place Easter Monday in the City Hall, should be well attended, the object for which it is held being good. Miss Mullin and Miss Heaton will take the principal parts. Miss Heaton always an attraction, Miss Heaton, though young—won golden praise at the last concert she sang at here.

Mr. and Mrs. LeBaron Thompson, having returned from their extensive and very delightful trip, spent Sunday at West End, with Mrs. Thompson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson saw Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, and Dr. Noble and wife in San Francisco, the colony of St. John boys in Missoula. They speak in very high terms of the Western people and the city they have visited. Mr. Thompson and wife were absent over two months.

Confirmation was held in St. Luke's on St. George's church this week. The Rev. Bishop Kingdon confirmed the candidates. He delivered powerful addresses to them. In all the candidates numbered 25. We hear that Mr. Edward Taylor has accepted the position as travelling Mr. J. K. Taylor. His first trip was to Moncton. Mrs. Captain Crosby, who has been spending several weeks in New York with the captain, returned last week. Mr. D. W. and Mr. D. C. Clark spent a few days this week in Fredericton. Mr. E. J. Shelton is also at the capital. Mr. Geo. Robertson is ill with an attack of the grippe at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. Winant.

St. John—North End. Mr. D. J. Purdy is home again after spending several weeks at New Bedford, Mass. Miss Etta Shaw returned home today from Fredericton university for the Easter holidays. The young ladies of Mount Pleasant convent will leave for home on Saturday, returning to school again the following Thursday. A pleasant time was afforded by the ladies of the church of the Messiah last evening for the public. A splendid concert together with high tea was provided; the Kingsville band lending its valuable assistance.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Humphrey celebrated their wedding last evening. They were surprised by number of their friends and relatives by a handsome array of presents. I hear the young ladies are making active preparations for the Armstrong Holly ball, which takes place next Friday. Mr. Harry Wiley entertained a number of his young friends on Wednesday evening. The ladies of St. Luke's sewing circle have a genuine treat in store for those who are wise enough to attend the fancy sale and high tea to be held by the ladies of St. Luke's church, which commences on Easter Tuesday afternoon and ending the following evening. The ladies have been greatly encouraged by the generous donations lavished upon them by different city merchants, and expect to extend themselves and everyone else making extensive preparations during the past month. There will be special attractions each afternoon and evening on Wednesday, a musical treat to be provided by the Artillery band, which has selected an extra fine programme for the occasion. I am told that some of the tables will be attended to by a number of the fairest, so this will undoubtedly attract a number of South end young men.

Ladies: Latest Spring Styles for making over your Hats at American Hat Factory, North End. FREDERICTON. [Progress is for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Fensy and by James H. Hawthorne.] MARCH 25—As this is Holy week, I shall not be expected to have much social news, for of course, the greater part of ecclesiastical society is very quiet. The only little bit of dissipation indulged in this week is attending the debates at the house, and even that will be shut off after tonight, as the members will return to their homes tomorrow until after Easter. But I hear vague rumors of delightful gaiety after Easter is over; several parties are talked of, and even a ball.

The respective choirs are busily practicing lovely Easter music, but as the festival comes so early this year, and the ground is still white with snow, we will probably not see many of these gems of Easter bonnets spoken of in the fashion department of Progress exhibited on that day. Tomorrow afternoon at five o'clock, his lordship, the bishop, will perform the rite of confirmation to a very large class in the cathedral. Among the young girls will be the two youngest daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beckwith, Miss Nellie Babbitt, Miss Agnes Taylor, and Miss Douglas Hazen. Dr. Macneil and Miss Macrae, of St. John, have been spending a few days in the city, the guests of Mrs. G. F. Gregory. The doctor delivered the last lecture of a course in the Kirk on Monday evening. La grippe is once again holding about one-half of our citizens enthralled, although not quite so violently as last season.

Miss Bailey's friends will be sorry to hear she has been confined to her bed for several days. She is now slowly improving. Mr. Bailey is also quite ill, but is now improving. Dr. J. Z. Currie returned from Boston this week, and is now suffering from his grippes. Dr. Willard Currie, of Boston, is here with his little daughter visiting friends. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, nee Miss Gregory, arrived here on Friday and remained until Monday, the guests of Mr. Albert Gregory. Mrs. King Hazen will go to St. John in a few days to attend the art school. She will remain at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Hazen during their absence in Ottawa. Mr. G. G. Gregory left for Chatham on Monday. Mr. Gregory received a telegram a few days ago from his son Frank, stating that he had returned from Sitka, Alaska to British Columbia. Hon. A. E. and Mrs. Randolph entertained a few friends Monday evening to tea. Among those present were Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley, Attorney General and Mrs. Blair, Judge and Mrs. Stratman, Dr. and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Turnbull, and Miss Turnbull, St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Randolph, Miss Madge, are now the guests of Mrs. Randolph at Frogmore. Mr. Turnbull and his son, Mr. Ernest Turnbull, who were here for a few days last week, have returned home. Mr. George Babbitt, Jr., hired the band and rink last Friday evening, and with sixteen of his young friends, ladies and gentlemen, enjoyed skating until ten o'clock, when they repaired to the home of Mr. Babbitt, and spent the rest of the evening in playing games and having supper. This was a very enjoyable little affair. Mrs. D. Lee Babbitt entertained a small number of her friends last evening. Games of various kinds were the amusements. This was also very pleasant. Messrs. Morley and Hedley McLaughlin, of St. John, who are visiting Capt. and Mrs. Akerley, were among the strangers present. Hon. D. and Mrs. McLellan, Hon. W. and Mrs. Pappley, are at the Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. Temple and Mrs. Forester, left last week for the sunny south. They will meet Mr. and Mrs. Hilday at Washington, and all go together to South Carolina. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher will spend their Easter Sunday in the land of roses at Savannah. Miss Maud Beckwith and Miss Minna Finlay left Augusta today for Boston, where they will spend Easter with friends. Dr. James Peake, dentist at Marysville, will leave tomorrow for Cape Colony, Africa, where he will practice his profession. Dr. Hyde of the university is talking of spending his Easter holidays in New York. Mr. George E. Day, student of the university, will spend Easter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Day, of Sheffield. Attorney General and Mrs. Blair are giving a course of dinner parties to the members, Saturday evening. Mr. Frank Ellis, who is reporting at the house, will return to his home at Chatham for Easter. Mr. and Mrs. Allen F. Randolph, accompanied by Miss Isabel Babbitt, niece of Mrs. Henry Chestnut, will leave tomorrow for Boston.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

SOUL AND PERSONAL.

(FROM AMERICAN SOCIETY NEWS SHEET FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.)

THE TALKS ABOUT HALIFAX.

On Friday evening, March 17th, the Leicester... The musical pieces were by a large audience...

Society is tried, over the fact of losing for an indefinite period one of its greatest favorites, Mrs. J. F. Kenney...

Captain Jenkins, A. D. C., left on Monday last for New York... He will be expected to return in a few days...

Notwithstanding that the fashionable people are (or at least are supposed to be) on their knees doing penance during these last days preceding Easter...

Mrs. Jack Stairs gave also an entertainment of this description on the 16th inst. at her residence...

Mrs. W. B. Reynolds, who a few days ago, went to visit friends in the upper provinces, has been suddenly and sadly recalled here by the death of her youngest child...

During the present week the churches of St. Luke and St. Paul are holding a sort of mission given by the resident clergymen...

Many fair maidens and gallant swains are looking forward with much anticipation to a novel entertainment to be given on the 30th inst. at the residence of Messrs. Gordon & Keith...

On the afternoon of the 26th inst. a grand ball will be held at St. Luke's on Monday and Tuesday...

The ladies of the St. Stephen's congregation are to hold a bazaar in the church of England Institute on Wednesday, in aid of the school...

A few days ago Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harvey, Dartmouth, celebrated their wedding...

Mrs. Gilbert Shaw, at her residence, Maitland street, very successfully entertained a large party of friends on Thursday evening...

Mrs. A. H. Starr, Miss Shaffer, Miss Whitson, Miss McLellan, Miss G. McLellan, Miss Coffin, Miss McLean, Miss Lily Sweet, Miss Lillian Dunn, Mrs. Rufus Sweet, the Misses, Misses Coffin, Misses, Miss Lou MacPherson, Mr. Bell, Mr. Weatherill, Mr. Luce, Mr. Fred Wolfe, Mr. Fred Howell, Mr. A. H. Smith, Mr. Edwards, Mr. W. P. O'Brien, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Maurice Crowell, Mr. McPherson...

Among the pleasant social events of last week were the quadrille parties given at the residence of a number of our friends...

His Lordship Bishop Courtney, wife and family, left for his residence at Summersville on Monday last...

A large number of people are expected to attend the musical given by the choir of the church of the Holy Trinity on Monday evening...

A calico masquerade was given by Mr. W. S. Hutchinson, one day last week, at his residence...

The Harpers' discussed sweet music and although the music was not of the highest quality...

Manager Clarke has completed arrangements with the Goulet's opera troupe and will open the season at the Academy of Music, commencing Easter Monday...

On a few more days and the solemn Lenten season will have passed away for another year...

As we sit the sombre Lenten curtain and emerge into the bright world, the greeting we would utter is checked, for hark! Do you not hear the Easter chimes? And that sweet perfume! Is it not the breath of the Easter lily? O joyful bells, and spotted flowers, speak for me, in silence, as we join in the grand hallicade!

DORCHESTER.

(PROGRAMME for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's store.)

The season is a bad one for "society" circles, and last week I noticed that even our beloved and newly Cecil (Cyrine) seemed to share the general depression...

As we sit the sombre Lenten curtain and emerge into the bright world, the greeting we would utter is checked, for hark! Do you not hear the Easter chimes? And that sweet perfume! Is it not the breath of the Easter lily? O joyful bells, and spotted flowers, speak for me, in silence, as we join in the grand hallicade!

ST. STEPHEN.

(PROGRAMME for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of C. H. Smith & Co., and G. S. Wall and H. H. Webber.)

Mr. W. W. Wellman spent Thursday last week in Dorchester, and also Monday of this week...

Mr. M. T. Reed spent Friday in Moncton, but took great care to suppress that fatal electric smile when passing the Transcript office...

Mr. C. H. Eaton, of Lexington, Mass., is visiting friends in Milltown and Calais...

Miss Nellie Smith has returned home after a visit of three months among friends in Moncton and Halifax...

Mr. C. R. Whidden of Calais has gone to New York city for a short visit...

Mr. T. J. Smith entertained a small party of friends with a musical evening, among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bradner, Mrs. and Mrs. A. C. Jones, Dr. and Mrs. R. K. Ross, Miss and Mrs. P. H. Newman, Mr. John D. Chipman and Mr. P. H. Newman...

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Reddall, of Sackville, spent Sunday in Dorchester, and King's college, returned home on Friday last, to enjoy his Easter vacation...

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Clarke left this morning for St. John, N. B. Mr. Clarke will also visit the northern part of the province before he returns to St. John, N. B. Mr. Newman, of Moncton, is at the Windsor Hotel...

The children's ball given by Miss Mattie Harris in Shirley last evening, was a great success and society event...

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Tait are subject to congratulation on the arrival of a youthful son and heir...

WINDSOR, N. S.

MARCH 24.—Hon. J. W. Longley's lecture, on Thursday evening, was well attended, and during the two hours he spoke with the greatest interest...

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Tait are subject to congratulation on the arrival of a youthful son and heir...

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AMHERST.

(PROGRAMME for sale at Amherst, by George Douglas, at the Western Union Telegraph office.)

MARCH 26.—The entertainment on Wednesday evening in aid of the Spring fund, was even better than what was anticipated, and the performers were greeted with a crowded house...

Miss Helen Dunlop, of Truro, has been in town for some days the guest of her brother Mayor Dunlop...

Mrs. E. A. Tupper, of Moncton, is the guest of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Nathan Tupper...

Mr. A. R. Dickey, M. P., went to Ottawa last week, and returned this week...

Mrs. Holt Clarke spent Tuesday and Wednesday in town with her sister, Mrs. Dickey. She returned on Thursday...

Mrs. Horace Eaton spent from Parrsboro for two or three days, and returned on Monday...

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Moran spent Sunday in Dorchester with their friends...

Mrs. and Mrs. Simeon Armstrong arrived from St. John on Monday and went to Lunenburg on Tuesday...

Mrs. Jarvis, inspector of the Merchants Bank, spent four or five days in the village last week...

Prof. Sterne was in town on Friday...

Mrs. and Mrs. H. B. Allison and Capt. and Mrs. Moore took advantage of the good sleighing on Friday to drive to Amherst...

Mrs. Eranson, widow of the late Col. Eranson, is visiting Mrs. H. Smith...

Mrs. and Mrs. Charles Favett have returned from their trip to the United States...

Mr. Murphy, of Cape Tormentine, was in town on Monday...

I regret to hear that the young son of Mr. Fred Ryan has a slight attack of scarlet fever. I believe Mr. Horace Favett's son is also a victim to this disease...

The music loving public are eagerly looking forward to the concert in the Conservatory of Music on Wednesday evening...

The entertainment given by the Ecclesiastical Society of the Ladies' College in the new conservatory in aid of the Spring fund, was a highly successful affair...

Mrs. C. W. Harrison leaves this week for St. John to take part in a grand concert to be held in the Mechanics' Institute on Thursday evening...

Now that Spring is approaching after the long winter, Cupid seems to have been drawing his arrow with an unusually hand, and no one is sure who will be the next victim...

Mr. R. S. Murray left Monday for Truro, N. S., where he is to start a dry goods establishment...

Mrs. Josie Ullock, of Boston, is visiting her mother...

A number of young ladies and gentlemen, taking advantage of the good snowing and moonlight nights, were out for a long tramp on the river last Friday night...

Mrs. H. B. Shaw returned from Boston, where she has been visiting for the past few weeks...

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Neale left on Saturday for Fredericton, where they will make a short visit...

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SACKVILLE.

(PROGRAMME for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's book store.)

MARCH 24.—Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Borden's drawing room was the scene of another gay and festive throng on Tuesday evening...

Miss Emma Gillis, lawn colored herietta cloth, with trimmings of garnet velvet...

Miss Carrie Herrick, white and heliotrope chalice, with trimmings of garnet velvet...

Miss Beattie Todd, white muslin, with blue trimmings...

Miss Carrie Boardman, white herietta, with trimmings of myrtle...

Miss Nellie Marchie, pale pink silk, with over-dress of pale pink ribbon...

Miss Helen Dunlop, of Truro, has been in town for some days the guest of her brother Mayor Dunlop...

Mrs. E. A. Tupper, of Moncton, is the guest of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Nathan Tupper...

Mr. A. R. Dickey, M. P., went to Ottawa last week, and returned this week...

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Mrs. Josie Ullock, of Boston, is visiting her mother...

BATHURST.

(PROGRAMME for sale in Bathurst at A. C. Smith & Co.'s store.)

MARCH 25.—Mr. F. B. Burns, M. P., and Mr. Henry White have gone to New York, intending, I believe, to sail from that port for England...

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Neale left on Saturday for Fredericton, where they will make a short visit...

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Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Neale left on Saturday for Fredericton, where they will make a short visit...

RICHBURGO.

MARCH 24.—Mr. Wm. O'Brien, manager of the Kent Northern Ry., returned from St. Stephen last week. The citizens of our town and the public generally will be glad to learn that an effort is being made to have the road open for traffic...

Miss Janie Haines, who has been visiting her home for the past few weeks, returned to Moncton last Saturday...

Mrs. Almira of Halifax, is in town, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. U. Blissett...

Miss Lizzie Walker left last week for Boston to receive medical treatment. Her friends hope to hear soon of an improvement in her health...

Mrs. M. J. Thompson, of St. John, who has been spending the winter with friends here, returned home last week...

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Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, featuring a large illustration of a woman and text describing the benefits of the medicine for various ailments.

bandmen still remain and will assist the organization: E. W. McBride, H. A. P. B. W. Cousins, A. D. Daley, Fred Rice, L. Theorian and J. T. McBride. With the members the present organization will consist of twenty-five members. McBride has been re-elected instructor, and judging from the progress already made the selection is a success. Soon after the collapse of the old band a member of the St. John City Cornet Band expected to make a good showing by me the summer visitors arrive, and their desire to re-organize with the old band, was considered second to none in the province of Halifax.

RICHIBUCTO.
Mr. Wm. Brown, manager of the Northern Ry., returned from St. Stephen last week. The citizens of our town and the public will be glad to learn that an effort is being made to have the road open for Richibucto.

Janie Haines, who has been visiting her for the past few weeks, returned to Moncton Tuesday.
Almon, of Halifax, is in town, the guest of Mr. E. E. Phair, who is in town for the night. Lizzy Walker left last week for Boston to medical treatment. Her friends hope to hear an improvement in her health.
Miss Thompson, of St. John, who has been visiting the winter with friends here, returned last week.
Mrs. Black returned from 'Yeldford last week where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Keith.

Beaches hotel which was closed last summer opened this coming season, but not to the extent of the former season, but to the extent of a number of Moncton citizens.
The person of Mr. E. E. Phair, who left on Monday, where he expects to go into the business. In his capacity of superintendent of the Kent's Hotel, he was a great favorite over seven years; he was a great favorite of the good wishes of the people of Richibucto. If the good wishes of the people of Richibucto are an omen of Mr. Phair's success in the new sphere will be a bright one.

CAMPBELLTON.
Mrs. E. E. Phair, who has been visiting her for the past few weeks, returned to Moncton Tuesday.

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GROCERS.
CANNED GOODS, &c.
At W. ALEX. PORTER'S.

CANNED PEACHES, Canned Apples, Canned Strawberries, Canned Raspberries, Canned Plums, Canned Pears, Canned Pineapples (Sliced, Grated and Whole), Canned Corn, Canned Tomatoes, Canned Beans, Canned Peas (French and Italian), Canned Salsas, Canned Lobster, &c. Above goods are all new stock and bought from the factories, and we can give you low prices by the dozen.

CONFECTIONERY, &c.
WHITE'S CONFECTIONERY,
GANONG'S CONFECTIONERY,
TESTER'S CONFECTIONERY.

Myles' Syrup.
Nuts, Grapes, Oranges, Dates, Figs, Etc.

BONNELL & COWAN,
200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN N.B.

R. & F. S. FINLEY,
12 & 16 SYDNEY STREET,
Flour and Grain Store.

OATS, FEED, BRAN AND MEAL,
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES
AND PROVISIONS.

RHEUMATISM CURED!
Now on Hand: 3 Dozen Bottles
HYATT'S INFALLIBLE BALSAM.
Sure Cure for Rheumatism.

DRUGGISTS.
AN ELEGANT LINE OF
English, French, and American
PERFUMES,

All New Odors—Finest on the Market.
—AT—
THOMAS A. CROCKETT'S,
162 PRINCESS STREET, CORN. SYDNEY,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

GENTLEMEN'S
Walking Sticks
JUST RECEIVED.

LATEST NEW YORK STYLES.
S. McDIARMID,
Wholesale and Retail Druggist,
49 KING STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill will be presented for enactment at the next Session of the Provincial Legislature to repeal the sixteenth section of the Act of Assembly, 12 Vic. chapter 68.

Equity Sale.
IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY
Between JOHN C. PATTERSON, Plaintiff;
MAMA CHOPPE DUNCAN, CHARLES H. C. DUNCAN, ROBERT W. H. DUNCAN,
HARRIET J. DUNCAN, SUSAN S. N. DUNCAN, and WALTER W. T. DUNCAN, Defendants.

CONSUMPTION CURE.
A physician, retired from practice, having in his hands by an East India mission a bottle of a simple vegetable remedy for the consumption, Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all throat and Lung troubles, also a positive radical cure for all kinds of Nervous Complaints, after the use of his wonderful curative powers in a large number of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to suffering fellows. Actuated by this desire to relieve human suffering, I free of charge, to all who desire it, this German, French, or English, will full for preparing and sending. Send by mail with stamp, naming this paper, to Messrs. W. A. LUKHART, Rochefort, N. B.

NEURALGIC BALSAM
NEVER FAILS
CURES COLIC
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"ASTRA'S" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "ASTRA," Progress, St. John.]

Answers to my request for the name of the author of "Up Hill," still continue to arrive, and the last one I have received comes all the way from Boston, and, I thank Mrs. Lillian Harrison, very sincerely for the trouble she has taken for a stranger, and also for her kind words about my own department as well as her good wishes for the continued success of Progress. Mrs. Harrison is evidently an American lady, for she speaks of having been a visitor to the provinces recently, and it is pleasant to know that our cousins over the border take so great an interest in us.

I have great pleasure in informing "Queenie," of Lowell, Mass., that I can gladden her heart with the recipe for orange cream which she asked me for. And here it is: Soak half an ounce of gelatine in a little water for half an hour, then place it over boiling water, adding one-half ounce of orange juice and the grated rind of an orange which has been previously soaked in the juice while the gelatine was dissolving over the hot water. Just as you take it off, add the beaten yolks of two eggs. And a lump of butter the size of a walnut will be found a great improvement. You will probably notice that there is no provision in the above for "sweetening" of any kind. I noticed it myself at once, but then I am fond of sweets as a monkey; so I did not copy the recipe exactly, but I do really think that a teaspoonful of sugar dissolved in the orange juice would be a great improvement. This can be spread between the layers of cake as soon as cold.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER, New Rochelle, N. Y.—You ask me not to laugh at you! Well, now, I have a strong suspicion that the shoe is on the other foot and you are having a laugh at me. If you have ever read *Our Mutual Friend*, you will remember Mrs. Vennering's remark that "How any woman, being a mother, could look at her baby and think that she was living beyond her husband's means, passed her comprehension. And Eugene Wrayburn's answer, that "Mrs. Lammle not being a mother, had no baby to look at." And so, you see, I, being still in a state of single blessedness, and never having had any little brothers or sisters, babies are almost an unknown quantity to me; but I thought I would try to save some remnant of my reputation for universal knowledge, so I asked my mother about it and laid up a rich store of information for future reference. In the first place, I think you must be mistaken about your baby having rickets. The oracle says she is too young for the disease to manifest itself. It is a disease of the blood, or rather it proceeds from a poor condition of the blood, which causes the bones to become weak and enfeebled. The best remedy—as soon as she is old enough to take it—is lime water, given regularly in the baby's milk. It strengthens the bones and builds up the system, but I would strongly advise you to consult a good physician instead of treating her yourself. It is a very unwise plan to make a practice of walking all night with the baby. You will soon give her the habit of insisting upon it, even when she is quite well, and her father is only storing up anguish and bitterness for himself in future. All we babies have to do for the first two or three months of our existence, and it does not seem to do them much harm, though it must be unpleasant for them, I should think, judging by the noise they make. I would not give her soothing syrup, or any manufactured stuff containing, as it does, opium; you will find catnip tea, sweet flag root tea or peppermint, quite as good, and any of those simple remedies possess the advantage of being harmless. I do not think there is the least danger of her inheriting the habit. I am sure I hope there is not. I am afraid my answer will not be of much service to you, but I have done the best I could. I am glad you enjoy reading our "chats."

LELIA, Fredericton.—I hope I have got your name right, but I am not sure. It looked equally like Leila, so you will know who I mean. I am very sorry you were so disappointed in my personal appearance. I often feel that way myself, I can assure you, but I can't help it, and since it has not pleased a beneficent providence to give me black eyes, I do the best I can with the blue ones, and thank the same providence that they are not green. And so you are a companion in misery, not either blonde or brunette? As some witty person described it, "neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring." Well, never mind, you know what the old song says:

Black eyes shine brightest in a hall,
Blue eyes look best at evening fall,
Black eyes the conquest soonest gained,
Blue eyes the conquest best retained.

Think of that! while the black eyed siren mourns the loss of her adorer, the blue eyed damsel calmly scoops him in, and binds to her chariot wheels a willing victim. "For age and ever." (1) I know that most men prefer fair girls. They cannot divest themselves of the idea that a girl who has azure eyes and golden hair has descended straight from heaven on a shaft of light. "For the angel's ladders are rays of light," and I think they are always

half afraid that she may return by the same route at any moment, so they worship the celestial visitor while she is here. (2) No, I do not think it looks strange at all, you have a perfect right to do as you please, and nothing is more common than for one friend to go with another, occasionally, to his or her church. (3) Your language is quite correct with one or two slight exceptions, and as you ask me I will tell you what they were. "Do you not?" sounds better than "Do not you?" and "Like you and me," instead of "Like you and I." Say it over, to yourself—"that looks like I," and you will see at once that it is not right. You did not ask too many questions at all.

MISS HAYREED, St. John.—A city like St. John is a strange place for hayseed to come from, but I suppose it is the commercial article which is dried and stored away. Never mind. I am glad to know that you like me, but you might be disappointed if you saw me. I may be on exhibition at the office next month, so perhaps you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself. You speak of having written to me before, but you must have changed your name, for though I have plenty of flowers among my collection of correspondents, I have never had any seeds yet. If you can help it, I wish you would not change your name, for when you take a new one I am liable to lose track of you. Your writing looks a little like that of "Butterfly." You are a nice little girl to consider so carefully before you bestow your photograph, but the exchange of photo's between young people has become so common of late years that it has little or no significance, and I think, as you like the young man so well and as he must really be rather a nice fellow from your negative description, you might safely give him yours. Why do you say "the trouble is" that you like him? Why should you not do so if he likes you? But take my advice and give up making sharp speeches to him. A man soon gets tired of that sort of thing, and I think it is much nicer for a girl to be always courteous and gentle to men, as well as women. I don't believe the dear boys are half as black as they are painted. Some of them are terribly conceited I know, but I also know numbers of delightful boys who have far less vanity than we possess ourselves. There was nothing at all foolish about your letter, but as you ask me I must tell you that your writing might be very much improved. It is too small and uneven, and it looks very childish.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR, St. John.—It is my private opinion, Young Lochinvar, that you are not only a delusion, and a snare, but also, what is far worse in my eyes, that you are poking fun at me. You ask me with touching humility to excuse bad spelling and writing. But how is it that you spell so many of the hard words right, and the easy ones wrong? And now does a young man who spells "her" with a "u," come to know anything about Young Lochinvar, and to spell the same correctly. "Friend" is also a pitfall for the unwary speller, and yet you got it correctly. Well, never mind! I will take you at your face value, and like a British jury, believe you innocent till I prove you guilty. You can tell me your troubles whenever you like, and I will give you any advice in my power. I scarcely see what you could do under the circumstances you mention. Do you know the young lady's name? or where she lives? If so, you might write to her, and ask her consent to an acquaintance. She must indeed have made a deep impression upon you, for that one glimpse has lasted for two years. Never mind if you are poor, you need not be so always if you are strong and willing to work. Do you think the young lady you speak of, is in the city now? Because, if so, you might find out where she lives, and get some friend to introduce you. I wish I could help you, but I scarcely know what to say. You might write to me again, and give me more particulars; because if you are really a poor boy, I shall take all the more interest in you. Thank you very much for thinking that I am nice and have "got so much common sense."

KATHLEEN, Moncton.—Ah, Kathleen, I am afraid you have been at the old trick that seems to have such a fascination for so many girls—playing with fire till you have burned your own fingers. Why will girls persist in playing fast and loose with men they really care for, in their hearts, and then, when the man's patience is quite exhausted and he seeks a more responsive divinity to worship, suddenly discover that they have made a terrible mistake, and thrown away their happiness? When a man you are fond of tells you he loves you and asks you to marry him, why can't you take the good the gods give, and be thankful? I know very well that if I were a man, and told a girl I cared for her, if that girl "only laughed" at me, she would never have a chance of doing it a second time. No girl should be ashamed to let a man know she cares for him, once he has told her of his love, and asked her to marry him. Remember a man grows weary of always suing, and getting no response. A block of marble is a charmingly pure cold object, but it soon melts upon one, and you would infinitely prefer something more inflammable—say even a cheerful block of coal—which warms and illuminates the domestic hearth. The only advice I can give you

my dear girl is this: Don't lower your pride by showing your friend that you resent his attentions to another. You have acted very prudently and sensibly there, but do show him a little more favor, try to be the same as ever in your manner, except that when he speaks of caring for you, don't be too proud to respond and let him know you think something of him. He is probably jealous of your other friend, perhaps he thinks you like the other best, and he is going to let you see how it feels to be jealous, by being attentive to some one else. I am afraid that if you are not careful you may lose him altogether, and if you lose him that would be a great pity. Now you see I did not consign your letter to the waste basket, but I was very much ashamed at the way you said you were going to try your luck and see if I could answer a question for you, just as if I were Planchette, or a spirit called up by a medium.

Compromise.
Dentist.—The trouble is all in this big tooth; better let me take it out.
Einstein.—How much would that cost?
Dentist.—Two dollars.
Einstein.—Gracious! Couldn't you take out two of those needle vons for a quarter!

Scandalous.
Mrs. Upton.—Henry, I want you to discharge your typewriter girl. She was out last evening in bad company.
Mr. Upton.—Why, m', dear, how—do you know?
Mrs. Upton.—Oh, I know all about it. I saw you.

Something Worth Trying for: \$100.00 in
This is what "THE LADIES' BAZAR" will give to the person sending them the largest number of sentences constructed from words contained in the quotation: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do even so to them." Every week during the contest they will give a "Handsome Family Sewing Machine" valued at \$50.00 to the person sending them the largest number of sentences that week. If preferred they will give the winner a Solid Gold Watch instead of the Sewing Machine. Special prizes for Boys & Girls. They do not offer impossibilities. The above will be carried out to the letter. Everyone competing will have an equal chance. No dictionary required in this competition. Send 10c for sample copy of "THE LADIES' BAZAR" and full instructions. THE LADIES' BAZAR, 4 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.—A.

"It appears," said the police magistrate sternly, that you were found roaming about the streets in a state of beastly intoxication. Have you anything to say in your own defence? "No, your honor," replied the seedy vagabond; "I'm guilty, I reckon. You kin send me up. But there's just this much about it," he added, with a vindictive gleam in his eye, "when I git loose agin I'm goin' to do my darndest to break up the world's fair!"—Chicago Tribune.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has the largest sale of any medicine before the public. Any honest druggist will confirm this statement.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
UNLIKE ANY OTHER.
As much
FOR INTERNAL AS EXTERNAL USE.
Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810.
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION
HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.
THINK OF IT!
In an ever so many years in our family, Mr. I. S. JOHNSON & Co.—It is sixty years since I first learned of this liniment for the treatment of life—JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT; for more than forty years I have used it in my family, I say (unasked by you) I regard it as one of the best and safest family remedies that can be found, used internal or external, in all cases it is claimed to relieve or cure. O. H. INGALLS, Deacon Second Baptist Church, Bangor, Me.

Could a Remedy
WITHOUT REAL MERIT
Have Survived for Eighty Years?
Dropped on Sugar, Children Love It.
Every Traveller should have a bottle of it in his satchel.
EVERY SUFFERER From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headache, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Influenza, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Lame ness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Lame Back, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure. **JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT** is the best remedy for all these ailments. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and is used by millions of people in all parts of the world. It is a true and reliable remedy, and is well worth a trial. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and is used by millions of people in all parts of the world. It is a true and reliable remedy, and is well worth a trial.

SAINT JOHN
Academy of Art.
STUDIO BUILDING: 74 GERMAIN ST.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in
DRAWING AND PAINTING.
Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year.
PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A.
ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES.
Send for circular.

FERGUSON & PAGE
Have a Large and Well Assorted Stock of all Goods pertaining to the Legal Jewelry Business, and invite the inspection of intending purchasers. Prices as low as good Goods can be bought. Do not forget the place.
43 KING STREET.
SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS,
84 PRINCESS STREET.
Ladies' and Gents' Ware Cleaned or Dyed at short notice. Feather Dyeing a Specialty.
C. E. BRACKETT, Prop.

SMITH BROS.
WHOLESALE
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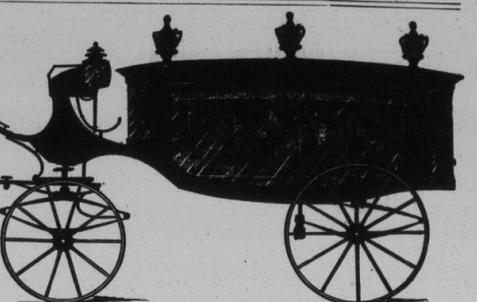
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OUR faith in high prices led us to purchase very largely in the early part of the season. Our stock is now coming forward rapidly and can offer dealers at
LOWEST PRICES,
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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1891.

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NOW That the Lentil Season is about over, and I feel like tempting some of my patrons and others, to make a LITTLE EXTRA DISPLAY, I am showing a splendid line of NOVELTIES in the Gold and Silver Watches, AND JEWELRY, together with a splendid lot of BEST QUALITY of Silverware, Clocks, Spectacles, and Opera Glasses, and these goods are all marked at prices that should ensure ready sales to Cash customers. Orders from out of town solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed, by AINE GARD, JEWELLER, AND OPTICIAN, 100 BEECH STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

PRETTY GIRL ...ays likes a pretty bonnet; in fact pretty bonnet makes any girl look pretty. Anyhow the Hats we have at opened—the latest New York styles—are the handsomest we have ever had, and you're sure to look fine in one of them.

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We've a new lot of the best Scotch Cloths, and you'll get it from us. Our cutter is giving you a splendid fit—can't get it from our selection. Do you want BLUE STORE in Portland? ...; the cheapest and best. ... the city. HOS. YOUNGCLAUS, Charlotte Street.

...tage over his rivals when he skates again, for most of them instantly recognized the good qualities of the champion's treasures, and signified their intention of getting a pair like them if they had to go to Norway. So it is quite probable that all the flyers will be using Norwegian skates next year. Huggie has been giving them a trial since he arrived home, and finds that they are about three seconds faster in the mile than his old ones.

SUNOL WILL BE QUEEN.

BUDD DOBLE GOSSIP ABOUT THE GREAT TROTTERS OF THE DAY.

He Says the Coming Season is Likely to be the Greatest in Trotting History—Maud S and Her Prospects—Goldsmith Maid was the Most Wonderful Horse that Ever Lived.

"There are no fixed rules for driving a trotter. Years of experience have taught me that men are left-handed, right-handed and often handicapped with prejudices and temper that prevent them being good drivers. They have certain penchants

ning a most interesting conversation about his experiences on the turf. Mr. Doble is a small man in stature; but big in power on the track, not only for himself but for other people. When he opened his budget of good stories, he said: "I drove and campaigned Goldsmith Maid for ten years, and put her into her home in Trenton after all those days of hard work, the fall she was twenty years of age as sound as when she came into my hands. She was, taking it all in all, the most remarkable animal for the race track of which this country has any knowledge. It is impossible to tell what Maud S. might do, or could have done, had she been subjected to the same exactions

and I was so small that a piece of plank put my feet against, for I could not reach the dash board. In other words I began handling horses when I was a child. The first great animal that came into my hands was Dexter. I was employed by Mr. George Trussell of Chicago, to handle him and drove him in all his famous achievements up to the time Mr. Bonner purchased him. I handled him for a year after that great lover of trotters took him from the race track forever. When I decided to leave Mr. Bonner's employ, Mr. Goldsmith telegraphed me to come and take a mare of his. I accepted and when she passed into my hands, she had not yet been named. I gave her the name of Goldsmith Maid, almost immediately, and for ten years we were never separated. I took her all over the United States, and she trotted more hard heats than any other horse of her rank has ever been called upon to do from that day to this, and never failed in one. She died at 29, leaving the greatest record behind her of any horse that has ever lived, both so far as money and achievements can furnish a standard. You may perhaps remember that I had a special car built for her, and her stable mate Lucy in which myself and these animals traveled thousands upon thousands of miles to the Pacific coast and back and then all over the States. The Maid endured long journeys wonderfully well. No climate or high or low temperature seemed to affect her temper

animal for a race that I ever saw. He could always be relied on, and had lots of brains, which is a very important thing in a trotter. He never lost his head, no matter what the confusion, and during the years I drove him, never broke or left his feet but three times. In the days when he was supreme he had plenty of speed, and knew how to use it as well as any animal in the world. "Brains? Yes that is what I mean. I mean that he had sense, just like a human being. So did Goldsmith Maid. There is just as much difference in horses as there are in men and women. What I may call the intellectual quality in a horse, all important and the man driving him in a race feels secure when he knows that his animal had good sense. Some animals lose their heads and go all to pieces in the confusion of scoring up; others drop their nerve in a close finish, and often I have seen a horse with superior speed beaten out by his rival, simply because the one had brains and the other had habits or weakness in the head. It is worth a great deal to a driver to have a horse upon whose brains you can rely in an emergency. All these things one has to study and know well before he can get the best out of his horse. In fact a driver must study his animal just like a mechanic studies his machinery, only the driver's needs are far greater than the engineer's because he has temper and caprice to deal with, rather than cold conditions. To do well you must understand the disposition of the

track, and the necessity for taking advantage of the slightest mistake of your opponents, which are important matters, and crowded upon you after the excitement and necessities of the race begin, self-possession in a driver is as essential to success as having a good horse. "Let me illustrate. Years ago that remarkable mare 'Lucy' that I used to use as a travelling companion and exhibition mare with the 'Maid,' was at first practically useless for track purposes. She was nervous and would go to pieces and overtax herself on trial. Dan Mace and almost all the big drivers of the day tried to handle her; but could not do it. I made an effort myself, but, like the rest, was too young and impa-

humor or the excitement of even a head and head finish. He is entirely too busy with his business at the moment to pay any attention whatever to anything except getting there first. I doubt if there is an old driver who could sit down and tell you about any particular finish at the wire in a great race, unless some accident betell him to enforce it on his mind. Frequently I have been coming to the wire neck and neck, and at the end of the race did not know what horse was making the close contest with me. At that moment all the energies of the driver are entered in getting every possible inch out of his animal he can. The romance of the occasion never lingers with him, or even impresses him. When I



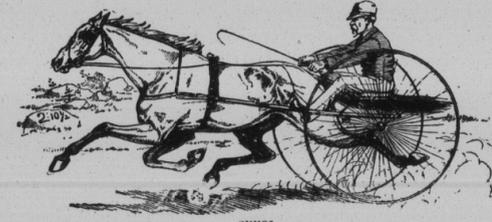
AXTELL.

about the use of a rein and often their manner of handling a horse is simply a matter of condition, excitement and interest. It is exceedingly difficult to understand an animal that you are piloting along a race track, unless you have a chance of controlling it in training. Of course I am in love with a horse, and have had a bit of responsibility in controlling some of the best of them. I began early and my relations with the trotting turf represents not only my childhood but my maturer life. The lessons I learned while pursuing this avocation are of great value to me. It gives me the power of controlling myself, as well as to handle the stock which comes in my hand. My admiration for a trotter began when I was a boy.

Budd Doble, one of the most famous, if not the most famous, driver of trotting horses in the world spoke thus while begin-

as was the Maid; but taking the record as it stands, no horse of this or any other day has stood the test which my old pet took care of with comparative ease. In all climates, under all conditions, in rain or shine, on a hard or soft track, she was always ready, and you could rely upon her doing her best at any time. Before I put her in the stall in Mr. Smith's stable on the Fashion stud farm, and we had each other good bye in 1882 she had earned over \$360,000 in purses. Hence, her financial record was as strong as her physical one.

Mr. Doble was in an exceedingly good humor as she sat down to gossip about his experiences on the turf in a sally. "With the exception of Maud S. and Sunol which belong to Mr. Bonner," he continued, "I have drawn a rein over most of the great horses that have made trotting famous the world over. It may truly be said that I was born on a race track, for my father was a driver of trotters before I was born. I drove my first race on a little wayside place on the Pennsylvania railroad, called Wheatheaf, just this side of Philadelphia,



SUNOL.

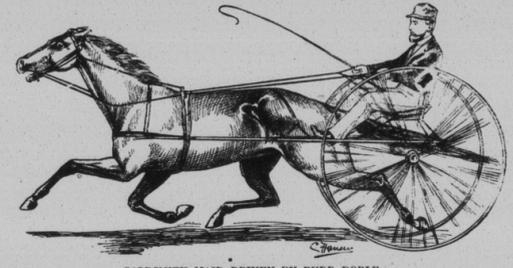
or ability, and you may imagine that I left her with regret. I want to deny the absurd rumor that she was of common stock or was ever purchased out of a cart or team. She was a splendidly bred animal and was never harnessed until she was six years of age. I took her four years later and no one else ever drew a rein over her until she left the turf for good. Her record of 2.14 remained unmatched for several years until Maud S. lowered it.

"Dexter was a great horse. In many respects he was the most perfectly equipped

horse you are behind. A good driver must know the length of the stride of his horse. In fact, a man, to be a good driver, must be a first class judge of pace, and know when to crowd his horse and when to ease him off. Above all he must be a thorough master of himself. To lose his temper or his head is to lose a race, nine times out of ten. A man who drives a trotting horse must study well all his elements of power. He has not only his hands, but his head full. When you come to add to these intellectual demands the hazards of the

to study the mare as I should have done. When we would go out to drive her a slow mile and she began to pull and fret, we would lose our temper and let her go at the top of her speed. That would overtax her strength, get her off her feed and the result was a loss of power and she was of no value for the turf. My father took her in hand. When he would go out to drive her a mile in a 2.40 gait, he would make her go just so fast and no faster to the end of her journey. The result was that in his hands she did not strain herself, began to eat well and grow strong and healthy. It did not take him long after she started to do well to put her in prime condition, and I took her as the best companion I could find for the 'Maid.' This shows the value of judgment and good temper in a driver, and I always gave my father credit for having saved this great mare to the turf.

"You ask me about fast and closely contested heats. I have seen so many of them in my 35 years' experience as a handler of trotters that I can hardly give a reminiscence of any one that particularly impressed me. In fact with a good horse in your hands, and several others around, a driver pays little attention either to the



GOLDSMITH MAID DRIVEN BY BUDD DOBLE.

drove Goldsmith Maid, her three fast heats at Buffalo, an achievement which started the trotting world at the time, I saw nothing in the occasion except my duty, and what I could get out of the mare. I had the same experience with Dexter, and in estimating that horse you must bear in mind that he is the only trotter who has ever gone one, two and three mile heats under the saddle, in harness and to wagon, and made big records in all, that will live as long as the turf lasts. That is the reason why I regard him, as well as many other men do who admire trotting horses, as such a perfect animal for track work. The conditions of the turf when he was a power in them are, of course, different than now; but he was a great animal.

"I have often been asked the question whether I think Maud S.'s record will be beaten. I certainly do. Trotters are being better bred, better equipped, and better handled now than ever before, and the present season is liable to develop some remarkable horses. 'Sunol' is probably the most liable of any that I can now think of to go a faster mile than Maud S. has ever done; but the limit of speed and endurance has by no means been reached then."

OAK HALL

OUR SPRING STOCK has arrived, and consists of 800 Men's Tweed Suits, 500 Men's Black Worsted Suits, 400 Young Men's Suits, 600 Boys' 3-piece Knicker Suits, 1,000 Children's 2-piece Suits, 3,000 pairs Men's Pants, 800 pairs Youths' Pants, 400 pairs Children's Short Pants, 175 Men's Spring Overcoats, with and without silk facing; 100 Boys' and Youths' Spring Overcoats, 10 cases Shirts (all kinds), Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders and Umbrellas, 1 car load Trunks and Valises, 3 cases Mackintosh Waterproof Coats, sewed seams, with and without capes; 20 cases English, Scotch, Irish, and Canadian Tweeds for our Custom Tailoring department. Our stock is an immense one to select from. You will find the very latest on every counter.



CUSTOM DEPARTMENT. Let's just hit you with a few prices in this line: Tweed Suits to order, trimmed in the best style made—a perfect fit, at \$17, \$18, \$20, \$21, \$22, \$24, and \$25.00.

Here's a Black Worsted Suit, all good goods, at \$18, \$21, \$22, \$24, \$26, \$28, \$30.00. Can this be beat?

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NOW BOYS when you have a few dollars to spare and want clothes, either custom or ready-made, we would ask you to call on us at our store, on the corner King and Germain streets, and see our stock. Will be pleased to show you through our store and stock, and let you decide if we have anything in it to suit you. Even if you do not want to buy, come and see us; you may want something sooner or later. See us when you have a chance, and then you'll know where to go.

MEN'S PANTS. Ready-made Workingmen's PANTS a specialty—good wear, small cost, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.25, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4.00, \$4.25, \$4.50, \$5.00. It's a puzzle to know how they can be got up for this small amount, and such nice goods too. Don't buy until you see ours, or you'll make a great mistake.



A SPRING OVERCOAT is what you want and one that will make you feel well and happy. We've Spring Overcoats, that for cheapness and quality are not equalled—an Overcoat at \$6.50, of tender shade, and perfect fit. Who could not have one at that price, and they will not get out of shape. The other ones at \$7.50, \$11.50, and \$14.00, are all of the best values—they are a taking lot. There's light and dark grey Tweeds, dark and brown Meltons.

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SWEET. IS REVENGE.

By J. Fitzgerald Molloy,

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

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

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

CHAPTER V.—I TRUST HER NOT AT ALL.

Spring woke the world from its slumber, swept heavy clouds from the skies, banished frost from the land, decked the fields with verdure, the trees with early buds, and lanes with violets hid deep amongst dewy moss.

That she had escaped the drudgery of the schoolroom, married a baronet, become mistress of Fothergille Abbey, the owner of wide lands, the sharer of great wealth, gave her little satisfaction in comparison with the fact that she had gained the love of an honest man, one whom she rightly regarded as the highest type of an English gentleman.

She had begun by esteeming, but had ended by loving him. His generous thought, his untiring kindness, his watchful love, gave her hourly assurance of the place she held in his heart.

Once more, as on the day they first met, they strolled down the park side by side; a great St. Bernard dog, a present to Ethel from her husband, following in their train.

"This is the spot where we first met," Sir Danvers said.

"No, dear; it's just a little lower down, where the pink Hawthorne stands."

"I shall never forget it," she answered, turning her eyes towards him. "I had no idea then that fate held such happiness in store for me."

"You're not sorry you took compassion on a widower and made him the most blissful of men?"

"Sorry," she replied, smilingly. "Every day of my life I feel fresh gratitude to providence for allowing me to win your love."

"It is I who should be grateful," said the baronet.

"Oh, no, Danvers, I can never tell you how much I owe you," she replied gravely.

"Twelve months ago I was without a home, almost without a friend. You have given me both, and have added what is more to me than all—your love. I wish it was in my power to repay you in some way."

"You have done so already. For more than twenty years life has been to me but a blank. The past held nothing but sorrow, the future was without hope, until you came and banished my solitude for ever, and made me the happiest of men."

He raised his arm and struck one of the bouquets of pink Hawthorne with his stick; a shower of blossoms fell upon their heads.

"See," she said, laughingly, "spring gives us her blessing."

"Tito, the St. Bernard dog, shook himself and barked.

"From the first moment I saw you here I loved you," Sir Danvers said, "but you, I fear—"

"I liked you. I said to myself, here is an honest man, the noblest work of God; and when you had gone away I thought a good deal of you, wondering what your life had been, and what you would make of it eventually. From the first you interested me."

"You judge of others by yourself," he said, placing his arm within hers, and drawing her closer to him. "You are quite happy?" he asked.

but creatures ruled by Providence, whose ways are wise, even when to mortal eyes they seem the reverse. But, Ethel, he added, "I shall always believe in your love, and that must banish your nervous fears. See, the sun has come out again, the cloud has passed. Look up and smile dear; that's right, you must banish every shadow from your path."

"What you are near I shall know no fear," she replied. Leaving the park they passed through Hayton, and took a winding road which soon brought them in sight of a handsome villa, fronted by a garden and surrounded by trees. This was known as the Arbour, and was at present the residence of Mrs. Crayworth.

The widow of Sir Danvers and Lady Fothergille entered her drawing-room, she caught sight of her visitors as they approached, and seeing their happy faces, a cruel, cold look came into her eyes, her heavy brows met in a frown, and her lips closed ominously. Hastening to a glass, she regarded herself, arranged the line of her dark straight fringe that had covered her forehead, settled the dainty little cap which added to her height, and passed her handkerchief lightly over her cheek bones, where she feared her complexion was too brilliant to seem quite natural.

By the time Sir Danvers and Lady Fothergille entered her drawing-room, she was quite prepared to receive them, and went forward with outstretched hands and a smiling face to greet them.

"I'm so delighted to see you, dear Lady Fothergille; I should never have forgiven myself if I had been out when you called," she exclaimed, in sweetest tones. "Ah, Sir Danvers, how do you do?"

"You are very kind," replied Lady Fothergille, frigidly.

The widow, erect in figure, portly, well dressed, and handsomely dressed, stood before her unabashed. "You cannot tell how pleasant it is to have such neighbors as you and Sir Danvers."

"You feel the place lonely," remarked the latter.

"No, I find Hayton most delightful," answered Mrs. Crayworth, who merely endured it because she had more chances of securing a husband here than if she dwelt in town, where candidates for matrimony were also too plentiful, and the male sex more discriminating.

"I am glad to hear you say that," said the baronet, in his hearty manner.

"You see, dear Lady Fothergille," she continued, addressing herself to Ethel, "at one period of my life I was obliged to live abroad and see a great deal of the world. It was repugnant to me; I always desired a quiet home, but I sacrificed my feelings to my duty. Now that I have found this place of rest I am quite happy."

"And you have settled down here?" queried Lady Fothergille.

"I hope so," she replied, thinking of her prospects of marrying the curate in case she could not secure a wealthy bachelor for her daughter.

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sorry to leave it only for a little while," she answered, delighted that an opportunity was given her of touching on the subject.

"Why are you going?" "I consulted the agent yesterday, and we came to the conclusion the drainage is imperfect, and that I had better leave whilst it was being looked after."

"It will be a pleasant change for you to get away for a few weeks."

"A change," replied the widow, fixing her eyes pleadingly on the baronet, "but not a pleasant one, by any means."

"There are some delightful watering places on the south coast," said Ethel. "Yes, but I hate watering places. I haven't yet made up my mind where I shall go."

"Then," said Sir Danvers, "come and stay with us at the Abbey until your home is made all right."

These were the words she had longed to hear. She smiled sweetly as she said, "That would indeed be delightful, if—"

"Lady Fothergille found room for me."

"The Abbey is large, replied Ethel, coldly.

Mrs. Crayworth's heart swelled with indignation, her eyes sparkled with anger, but she smiled never left her mouth. To be invited to the abbey meant a decided step for her in the social scale. At present she stood on the border land of county society, blankly ignored by some of its members, and reluctantly recognized by others, but once the guest of Sir Danvers and Lady Fothergille, her position would be assured; in the eyes of the curate and her bachelor husband, she would gain in importance.

But, best of all, she could then leisurely and closely watch her hostess, discover if possible some weak place in her armor, and perhaps be enabled to gratify the hate she felt towards her. The occasion must not be lost.

"Thank you so much," she said to Ethel. "It is most thoughtful of you, and believe me, I have great pleasure in accepting your kind invitation."

Lady Fothergille looked at her wonderingly; Mrs. Crayworth was either the most obtuse or the most forward person she had ever met. "When may we expect you?" she asked.

"It will only take me a day to pack. This is Monday; I will be with you on Wednesday evening, if that will suit you."

"I will send the brougham for you; it can take your belongings," added Sir Danvers. "I hope you won't find us dull. My cousin, Captain Fothergille, is staying with us; by-the-way, you knew him abroad?"

"My dear husband did," she replied, evasively.

"Well, you will renew his acquaintance."

"That will be extremely pleasant."

Lady Fothergille rose and extended her hand to the widow, who seized it with effusion and pressed it warmly. As Ethel came to the door, she barked with delight and ran down the garden path before her. When they had walked some distance from the villa, the baronet said:

"I fear, Ethel, I did wrong in asking Mrs. Crayworth to stay with us without first consulting you. I see you don't like her."

"I don't," she answered bluntly.

"Why?" "I can't say; but I fear her."

"Fear her!" he repeated, in astonishment.

"Fear is not the proper word," she replied, quickly. "I should have said I distrust her; and I can scarcely explain why, even to myself. You know there are some people whom we intuitively like at first sight, and others whom we loath."

"I do not," she answered, "I have never known any one whom I intuitively loath."

and friends; monologues listened to (for your bore does all the conversation himself) and boredom endured for five shillings an hour. Excellent idea, isn't it?"

"Not bad," answered Sir Danvers, laughingly, "the ways of earning money nowadays are strange."

"Why? Because everyone is hard-pressed for coin. It's the one thing needed to most men and women, and the hardest thing to get or keep. Then he added, after a moment's pause, "But, seriously speaking, I wish to settle down. I have seen a good deal of the world, and I'm heartily sick of it, I can tell you."

"You're a good fellow," answered the captain, and then believing the time had come when he might speak freely, he continued, "There's something else I want you to do for me."

"What?" "I'll tell you straight. I've fallen desperately in love with Meg; don't refuse your consent if I can get her."

"In love with Meg," said the baronet, taking the cigar from his lips, and looking at the man before him in surprise.

"Why not? I may have lived a hard and fast life, but I've worn my wild oats and have done with them. I'm not a bad fellow at heart, and I'll make her the best of husbands."

Sir Danvers was vaguely aware his cousin's career had been adventurous, but he was wholly ignorant of its particular chapters. "You take me by surprise," he said, feeling some answer was expected.

"I dare say," coolly remarked the Captain. "We have got on capitally since I came here, and I'm very fond of her, I assure you."

"Of one thing you may be certain; I shall never force her to wed a man she doesn't care for, or prevent her marrying the man she loves."

"Then, it she wishes to make me happy you will not say nay?"

"Well, I speak of this another time," answered Sir Danvers, after a moment's pause, "but," he added, "don't say anything to her about the matter just yet."

"Not a word," said the captain, resolving to act as he thought best as to whether he would immediately propose to Meg or not.

"You're going to have another cigar, so I'll leave you and say good-night."

"Good-night, Danvers," replied the captain, watching the retreating figure. As the door closed behind the baronet, he looked at an ugly sneer came across his dark face.

"I'll have her thirty thousand pounds, safe," he soliloquized, "and once it's in my hands I'll just do as I please. Let us see what your chances are, old boy; better look things straight in the face. Danvers evidently heard nothing of that nasty little affair in the card room of the Satan Club, and is quite unaware I raised some cash on the prospect of his death and my inheritance; nor has any tidings reached him of that bad business in Australia—dead men tell no tales. Altogether, I may pose as a prodigal, anxious to return to the ways of respectability—always an interesting role. And now for my chances of success—I'm not bad-looking; experience has taught me how to impress the fair sex; and I'm clever enough to play my cards well. I'll begin the game in earnest tomorrow. Here's to my success," he concluded draining a tumbler of brandy and soda.

At breakfast next morning he proposed to Meg that they should ride over to Fretwell, and see the machinery being set up for the working of the lead mine recently discovered there. To this she at once assented. "Will you not come also, Ethel," she asked.

"No, dear, not today," her stepmother answered, and the captain rejoiced. Half an hour later she and her cousin were riding in the direction of Fretwell. Her companion examined her critically as her horse rode a few yards in advance. Her graceful, erect, and well-developed figure looked to advantage in a riding habit; her pure complexion was heightened by exercise, her blue eyes shone with pleasure, and the massive coils of her brown hair looked golden in the morning sunlight.

"Not bad," the captain muttered, "a little too rustic, perhaps, but that's a fault easily remedied; she'll make a creditable wife."

He started at the last word, looked hurriedly round, and then smiled bitterly. "Why not?" he asked himself, as if replying to some thought, "I must have her money, let what will happen afterwards."

He was determined to play his part skillfully, for the reward success promised was great; and he therefore roused himself, to begin the game, as he said.

The morning was bright and exhilarating, a few fleecy clouds flecked an azure sky, a balmy breeze laden with the odour of Hawthorne swept over the land.

"This is a day such as only an English climate can produce," he said, joining her.

"Spring is my favorite season," she answered; "it makes the poor old world young again, and I feel that it rejoices in its youth."

tone, and he knew he had secured her pity, and where pity is given, love frequently follows.

"This is my ideal, which I fear I shall never gain."

"Let us hope you will some day," she said, encouragingly.

"If I might, the loneliness and unhappiness I have endured would be amply compensated for; I would ask no greater reward for all my weary waiting," he continued.

"I have heard it said all things come to those who wait."

"And you think there may yet be some good luck in store for me?"

"Assuredly," she said, a blush spreading all over her cheeks.

"Then I'll accept your wish as a favorable omen. I'll tell you what, Meg, I am not a rich man, and have but little to give the woman who becomes my wife, save a heart that would love and cherish her all the days of my life."

He spoke as if he were appealing to her, and his words stirred her strangely. None of the young men she knew—the broad-shouldered, hard-riding athletic sons of the county families—had ever talked to her in this manner. Their conversations principally dwelt on the next race, the last meet, the amounts they had gained or lost in sweepstakes; they were satisfied with life, they had no special admiration for nature, and regarded a landscape with a view to the hunting-field; they were devoid of aspirations, hopes, and ideals, save those bounded by the kennel and the preserve. With the man beside her it was different; he had a soul that swelled with tender feelings.

"No woman could desire more than what you offer," she said.

"Some only think of a man's banking account," he remarked.

"Then they have no heart."

"Not as you and I understand the word. If I loved I could abandon the whole world for the sake of the woman who held my love," he remarked, turning away his head to conceal a grin of delight at the rapid progress he was making.

His companion sighed. "I think," she said, presently, "I had rather go back, unless you are anxious to see the mine to-day."

"I will do whatever you wish," he answered, immediately wheeling round, hoping she might be impressed by his obedience.

She followed his example and they rode homewards in silence. He was too clever an actor to overdo his part, and therefore said no more. He had sown the seed, and must await the result. She thought over what he had said, aware of which he discreetly withheld from disturbing her.

As they came through the park they caught sight of a brougham driving towards the abbey, and as they arrived at the door saw Mrs. Crayworth descend. The captain assisted Meg with great care to dismount; she greeted the widow, and disappeared with her into the abbey.

Fothergille watched them with a lowering brow. "She knows enough," he thought, referring to Mrs. Crayworth. "To check my game if she feels inclined; but then I could whisper a word or two concerning her which she might not wish to have repeated. I think we hold pretty equal cards, better we should become partners than play against each other. With that reflection he followed the horses round to the stables to have a chat with the head groom.

(To be continued.)

One Kind of Reciprocity.

"It is a fact," said a Canadian registered at the Hoffman House, "that many young Canadians come to the United States to try their fortunes; but it is also a fact, which can be proved by figures, that over 50,000 Americans are living and doing business in the Canadian provinces. Wherever you travel in Canada you will find Americans, and in many of the big cities you will find a small host of them. In the maritime provinces there are thousands of them engaged in trade and in the fisheries. Several of the rich men of Canada are Americans, and several important Canadian enterprises are under the management of Americans. The wages of Canadian workmen are not up to the American standard, but the cost of living in Canada is less than in the United States. Of course the greater part of the Americans settled in Canada went there from the New England States; but you do not need to hunt far to find New Yorkers. Then out on the Pacific coast in British Columbia, and along the southern frontier of the western provinces, there are plenty of Americans, and everywhere their enterprising spirit has been of benefit to the Canadians."—N. Y. Sun.

Thousands of Lives Lost.

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

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C. H. JACKSON.

A WASHTUB IN THE SEA.

A TRAVELLER'S EXPERIENCE AMONG THE LAVANDERAS OF CURACAO.

They Prey Upon the Helpless Traveller and With their Clubs "Knock Out" His Precious Linen in the Coral-Bedded Pools—An Adventure With the Camera.

ABOUT the first person the voyager to the West Indies meets as he descends the gang-plank of the steamer is the washerwoman. It might be more correctly stated by saying that she meets the voyager, because she is there for that very purpose, and lies in wait for him with malice prepense. She doesn't carry any extra weight of brain, but she devotes that little to carrying out her scheme of appropriating the traveller's linen, will he, nil he.

But, beware! It is impossible to wholly escape her; but, if you have any article of apparel you wish to cherish, hide it before she gets her eye on it.

The *modus operandi* is the same throughout all tropical countries. The first move in the game is to secure the stranger's linen; and have it she will, even if she imitate the Egyptian woman's mode of dealing with Joseph, and strip him of his raiment. Happy then the washerwoman "totes" her bundle of clothing to the nearest water. It may be fresh water, it may be salt water, it may be clear as crystal, or it may be shiny and foul. It matters not so it be water, for the liquid element plays a small part in the game. Running water seems to be preferred and in a rapid stream, with current playing about their lower limbs, the washerwomen are in their glory if not in their element.

I have seen the *lucanderas* of Spain busily at work from daylight till dark, and recall that the river Ardenon that flows through the ancient city of Burgos, is lined with them. In Spain, however, the washerwomen kneel in a kind of washing-board, and scrub the rags (linen) with their hands. It must have been from the coast of France or from the Basque provinces of Spain, that the fashion was introduced of washing fine linen with a club. From whatever quarter introduced it is now universal throughout the length and breadth of the West Indies, in Mexico and in South America.

As I lay in my bunk, one still night, in the Lake of Maracaibo, about a mile from this shore, I heard a noise as of the muffled clapping of many hands. It rose and fell, in rhythmic undulations, the entire night long, and at daylight it died away with the coming of the sun. It seemed to me as I listened to this strange pounding that all the babies of Venezuela had been brought to the lake shore and were being spanked, spanked, spanked, by muscular mothers though they uttered no sound in remonstrance and took their punishment without a murmur.

When I inquired as to the meaning of these mysterious sounds I was told that the nocturnal revelers were only the *lucanderas*, who preferred the coolness of night to the heat and glare of the day. But it is in Curacao, a little Dutch island off the coast of Venezuela, that the alleged cleanser of clothing may best be studied. There she



THE QUEEN OF THE "WASHERS."

disports herself, regardless of the social proprieties and surroundings. Every morning at daybreak you may see the washerwomen wending their way to the sea shore, each one with a tub of clothes on her head, and in the hollow of one arm an immense club.

Curacao is as picturesque an island as one may see in a month of travel, even in the Caribbean sea, where every isle is a gem; an emerald in a sea of silver. It lacks only water, fresh water, and running streams; else it would be an Eden. As there is no water here save that caught and stored in cisterns, it is too precious, of course, to be wasted in washing either clothes or person; hence the females who take the contract for the purification of linen make the best of it and dispense with fresh water entirely. Salt water is good enough for them, and there is plenty of it. So they go to the sea shore, a gallant array, every female with her dress girdled tight around her hips, a kerchief on her head and feet and bosom bare.

Arrived at the seaside you will find several pools formed inside the barrier reef of coral, where the water is smooth and glassy, and has a nice appearance, if it

isn't fresh. Outside the reef the waves roll up threateningly and break with great force against it, but only to tumble harmlessly into the quiet pool, in little rivulets and foaming streams. Here the woman halts and deposits her tub or tray of clothes on the coral beach, and carefully lays the club on top.

Then she gathers up her only skirt very dexterously between her thighs, knots it in front, seizes the club and an inoffensive skirt, and proceeds to business. Another woman soon arrives, another and another, until the pool is as full as it can hold—the choicest collection of black-legs in Curacao.

Every woman has a rock in front of her and upon this she lays the object of her solicitude. She lifts her club, gazes a moment with all the fond yearning of a parent about to beat an erring child, and then brings it down with a crash. The garment wilts at once; in two minutes it is completely knocked out, and in three is so dilapidated its own mother wouldn't know it. After she has mauled it awhile in one position she lifts it tenderly into the water, soaks it thoroughly and then puts it back on the rock. She has caught her second wind by this time, and wields the club with fresh vigor. If there are any buttons left she "goes for them" scientifically. It is the proud boast of the most accomplished wash-lady here that she can fetch a button at every clip. When the buttons are gone she bestows particular attention upon the button-holes, punching them out and enlarging them to the capacity of watch-pockets. Then, with a critical poke of the club and a contemptuous frown, she takes in hand by an assistant in waiting, who jabs sharp-pointed coral into it, in order to pin it down to the sand, or hang it conspicuously over a cactus bush.

It is hardly to be wondered at that, seeing their best shirts treated in this manner, divers, seafaring men have been heard to use strong language, and divers others have been known to seek to drown their grief in strong drink.

On every side there is the sound of descending clubs, some of them flying so swiftly through the air as to leave a black streak only, and cause a halo of mist about the heads of the negroesses. Witnessing this proof of woman's inhumanity to man's most precious article of wearing apparel,



CURACAO WASHERWOMEN.

one is led to wonder if Tom Hood had ever looked upon a similar scene, ere he wrote his "Song of the Shirt." And we are tempted to parody those lines, as we watch these worried workers with their "fingers weary and worn," grasping clubs instead of needles, which fall with their monotonous "Whack! whack! whack!" upon the heap of clothes before them.

All their thoughts center about their work, and all their energies go into it. When they wring out a garment, they seize one end of it between their teeth and twist at the other with both hands until all the salt water is forced out of it. They have no use for soap, the kind they sometimes use is like their character, it will float, but it won't wash, that is, it sometimes uses the fruit of the soap tree, a vegetable soap that grows in the tropics.

In order to secure photographs of these negroesses engaged at their work, I thought I should have to use great caution and some strategy. So I crept up quietly with my camera concealed, and had taken several distant shots before they observed what I was doing. At the discovery several made a dash in my direction, brandishing their clubs. I thought it was "all up" with me and my photographs, and prepared to flee. But I was mistaken. Instead of being offended, they felt flattered at my attentions and wanted me to take a nearer view of their scantily-draped, though muscular forms. As they spoke the barbarous patois of the island, known as Papiamento, I could not understand what they said, but their gestures were not to be mistaken.

There happened to be among them an old negroess from Jamaica, who, of course, spoke English, or what passed for it, with the Africans of the West Indies. She planted herself in front of me and slapped her brawny breast.

"Look me heah, sah. Heah I is. Want you take um fortygraph ob de ole lady to gib de gubnor."

"Well, aunty, keep your mouth shut, and I'll do it."

"No, Massa Buckra (White Man), me doan want de pickechew still likeness, me want um speakin' fortygraph, 'cause dat's way I is."

And so, making a virtue of necessity, I took a snap-shot at her with her mouth open, after which she went back to her work contented.

FREDERICK A. OBER.

His Wife Was Present.

Leonard Courtney, M. P., was asked at a political meeting whether he was in favor of the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

"May I inquire," said Mr. Courtney, all smiles, "whether the gentleman who puts that question is married?"

"I am."

"Has your wife a sister living?"

"She has."

"Is your wife present?"

"No."

"Well, my wife is present; she, too, has a sister living," said Mr. Courtney, resuming his seat.—*London News.*

Balmoral Hotel. See advt.

MORE STRANGE STORIES.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE TELLS OF HIS EXPERIENCE WITH SPIRITS.

The Jugglers of India and the Vanishing Boy—Mr. Hawthorne Himself Manages to be in Two Places at the Same Time, but Cannot Explain It.

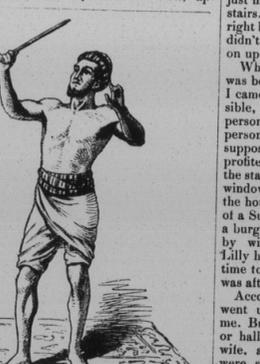
The proverb, "Yield an inch and lose an ell" has no better illustration than this supernatural business. Once admit the possibility of seeing anything outside of the physical plane, and there is no logical halting-place for you thenceforth. For the physical senses are all one: they are modifications or refinements of the sense of touch. If, then, you can see a spirit, what is to prevent you from also touching it, hearing it, tasting and smelling it? Nor



WHAT THE SKETCHES SHOWED.

does it help much to say that it is your spiritual eye that is opened. The impression of sight on the mind is the same; and if of sight, then of the other senses also. The point is, you perceive something; whether with the physical or the metaphysical class of perceptive faculties may be interesting to philosophers, but the results to you are practically the same.

Three young American artists found themselves together in India the other day, and went to see the performance of an Indian juggler. There is no limit to what these men seem able to do. This juggler's tools were simple. He was all but naked, and he had a strip of carpet. He stood in an open, level place out of doors, surrounded by a crowd of some two hundred people. He spread out his carpet on the ground, made incantations over it, it began to move and act as if something were underneath, and presently out crawled a boy. The juggler now appeared to have a piece of rope in his hand, he coiled and swung it upwards, it caught in empty space and hung dangling down to within a couple of feet of the ground. The boy climbed up the rope, and at a certain height, disappeared. The juggler called up to him, and a dialogue ensued between him and the invisible boy. The invisible boy became saucy, the juggler angry. At length the juggler climbed the rope with a knife between his teeth and vanished like the boy, leaving nothing behind but the rope dangling down from the infinite. But, in a moment, one out of the air fell one of the boy's legs, cut off close to the body, then the other leg, the arms, the body, and finally the head. Next appeared the murderous juggler, descending hand under hand. He laid the body and the several limbs in position, made more incantations, covered the body with the carpet, the carpet gradually flattened out, and at the same moment the boy, alive and well, appeared pushing his way through the crowd from the outside.



THE RESULT OF PHOTOGRAPHING.

Many have seen, more have heard of this marvel; it is impossible, of course, and yet all the audiences see it. The then American artists went a step further. Two of them made rapid sketches of the performance, at successive stages; the other kept his Kodak camera diligently at work, and took a dozen or more instantaneous negatives. They retired to compare results. The two sketches had substantially the same results. Then the photographer developed his negatives. They showed the audience, craning their heads forward in attitudes of curiosity, awe and horror; staring upwards, staring downwards, according to the locality of the action. They showed the juggler gesticulating, haranguing, pointing here and there; but they showed no boy, no rope, no knife, no

humping up of the carpet, no climbing, no vanishing, no butchered limbs,—nothing, in a word, but the naked juggler and the bit of carpet. That was the account the camera gave of the transaction. What, then, are we to say of all the things the audience saw and the two artists sketched? The obvious explanation would be, everybody was hypnotized. But is that explanation final and satisfactory?

My wife and I were staying at the country-house of some friends of ours. At four o'clock on a certain Sunday afternoon in July I was sitting in the drawing-room, by an open window. I had been sitting there ever since we finished luncheon, at two o'clock, absorbed in a volume of Emerson's "Conduct of Life." The only other person in the house were my wife and the two grown-up daughters of our hosts. The latter had gone out driving, and the servants had a holiday.

The drawing-room where I sat was on the western side of the house, and on the ground floor. Beneath my window was a broad flower-bed. On the opposite side of the room was a door, leading into the enclosed hall: the staircase to the upper floor descended close to the outside of this door, on the left as you went out. The door was wide open, and I was obviously conscious of the voices of the young ladies upstairs, talking together in one of the upper rooms.

The upstairs arrangement was as follows: The bedroom occupied by my wife and myself was directly over the drawing room. On the other side of the passage was the bedroom of the young ladies of the house. The doors of the two rooms were opposite each other. My wife and the two girls were sitting in the latter's room, and the doors of both rooms were open.

Such is the simple summary of the tale. If you have got it clear in your mind, you are ready to hear what happened.

As I sat reading, I heard a light step, and the rustle of a dress, descending the stairs. "It is not my wife's step," thought I, "it is one of the girls." Half way down the stairs she paused an instant and spoke. What she said I could not distinguish, but I recognized the voice as Lilly's (we will say), and sure enough, the next moment Lilly came into the room.

She came in, humming to herself, and



SHE GAVE A SLIGHT, STARTLED EXCLAMATION.

evidently supposing the room to be empty. She had got to the middle of the floor before she caught sight of me, in the window-seat. She gave a slight, startled exclamation, and stopped, staring at me.

It is natural to be startled, when you suddenly find you are not alone. But why this fixedness of gaze, and dilatation of the eyes? Surely, Lilly was familiar enough with my outward aspect, not to be amazed at detecting me in a place where there was reason to suppose I might be. What's the matter?" said I.

"How did you get here?" returned Lilly, short of breath and seeming much disturbed.

"I've been here ever since lunch," I replied; "right in this window."

She paused a moment and then said, "I just met you as I was coming down the stairs. You were going up. You brushed right by me. Why, I spoke to you! You didn't answer, though; you just went right on up."

When I saw that she was in earnest, and was becoming momentarily more agitated, I came to the only rational conclusion possible, namely: That some unauthorized person had got into the house. This person had met her on the stairs; she had supposed it must be myself, and he had profited by her mistake. It was true that the staircase was quite light, there being a window on the landing above, as well as the house door below; and that four o'clock of a Sunday afternoon was an odd time for a burglar to enter a house visibly occupied by wide-awake people. Nevertheless, Lilly had seen somebody and it was high time to find out who he was and what he was after.

Accordingly, I laid down my book, and went up stairs, with Lilly bobbing behind me. But when I reached the upper passage or hall, a new surprise awaited me. My wife, and the other daughter of the house, were still sitting in the bed room; and when they saw me in the hall, they, too, uttered simultaneously an exclamation of astonishment. They, too, demanded to know how I came there. In reply to my questions they said that they had just heard someone go into the bedroom opposite—my wife's and mine. Were they sure it was I? They had not the slightest doubt on the subject. They had seen my face, my dress, and my gait. It was I, and no one else. How then could I be in two places at once?

It was my conviction that no such self-duplication was possible. But since the mysterious person, whoever he was, had entered our room, and had not come out again; and since there was no means of exit from that room except by that door I was satisfied that the person in question was there; and I followed him in the full expectation of finding myself immediately engaged in a hand to hand conflict with either a burglar, a tramp or a lunatic. With a heroism which I still admire, I crossed the threshold. The room was not large, and I took in every part of it with a glance. There was no living thing in it. There was nobody under the bed, nor in the closet. The windows were shut, but I opened one of them and looked out. If

anybody had jumped down, he must (after shutting the window behind him) have jumped into the middle of the flower bed just outside the drawing-room window at which I had been seated. But no traces of such a leap were to be seen.

Here, then, was a well authenticated case of doppel ganger. Had the apparition been seen by Lilly only, it would have passed as a simple but unusually successful instance of hallucination. But it had been seen, a moment after, and quite indisputably, by two other persons, who never entertained so much as a passing doubt as to its identity, until I appeared in flesh and blood. They saw the apparition at the instant that Lilly, having passed it and addressed it on the stairs, has come into the drawing room and beheld me, in propria persona, seated reading Emerson in the window.

How to account for this? Was Lilly's spiritual sight opened? If so it is not singular that the spiritual sight of the other two ladies should have been opened at the same time? And how came the spirit of a living and healthy man to be talking about in this manner? I was not in a trance; I was not even asleep, or sleepy. I was absorbed in my book, and whatever mental or spiritual faculties I possessed were thereto directed. By what right did I become thus divorced from myself?

I have never found out about this, and no one I have asked has been able to enlighten me. Since then, my double has been seen twice: once in New York and

once in England; and there have been rumors not fully confirmed of its appearance at other times and places.

Changed Her Plans.

A woman entered a grocery on Michigan avenue one day last week in something of a hurry and said to the proprietor: "I want a glass fruit jar holding a quart and you may put half a pound of gunpowder in it."

"Yes'm. New way to do up late peaches?"

"No sir. It's a new way to do up a dog."

"How?"

"My boy Willie has got a dog under our barn and he won't come out. Willie is going to blow him up."

"Great Scotts, ma'am, but if you explode this powder under the barn, you'll set the barn on fire!"

"Would it really?"

"Of course it would."

"Willie will be terribly disappointed."

"But you'll save the barn."

"Well," she said as she picked up her money, "I'll have to change my plans. I'll buy him an angur and let him bore holes in the floor and pour hot water down on the dog."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Probably there are more cases of cold head and catarrh during March than any other month in the year. As a precautionary measure keep Nasal Balm in the home. It Never fails.



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

THE "HANDY" KEY CHAIN.

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

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

Agents wanted in every town and city; write for sample, send 25cts. in stamps. Retail for 25cts.

H. V. MORAN & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.



MOTHERLY WOMEN

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

LOVE THEIR CHILDREN

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

DO YOUR ADVERTISING

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

IN A BUSINESS LIKE WAY,

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

YOUR SUCCESS IS SURE

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

"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU.

THE EASTER FASHIONS

WHICH MAKE THE CITY STREETS GLAD AND GAY.

Toilet That One Sees as One Walks in the Light of Breaking Spring-Coats, Hats and Dresses That Shine With Silver and Gleam With Gold.

New York, March 25.—Easter is here and full knowledge is upon us as to what we are to wear and see worn. In the light of breaking spring we walk in the shimmer of silver and the shine of gold. A soft luminous white grey seems to be the background for the world of clothes, and against it twinkle and flash jewels. Red gold is worn upon grey and green gold is brilliant. Clear yellow gold brings to bear upon it the light and radiance of sun-



GREY CLOTH AND LACE.

shine. Women wear grey wool with jonquils on the street, in the house they put on grey silks with clasps of topaz.

There are years when fashion runs to color and other years when fashion runs to form. This year form is alight and glow with color, and the result is interesting to look on. Here is a visit in gray cloth and lace that will explain to you what I mean. Look at the sleeves of it, long, drooping and so full that they are folded at the back and hung with frills and cascades of Velasquez lace most fantastically. Lace is cascaded in the middle of the back with a reminiscence of Watteau. Look at the shoulders of it, and then consider that its color is silver, and that though the black lace quiets it, it is stirred and weakened again with the flash of gold passementeries and galloons. With it is worn a hat in gray straw with trimmings of but-tercup and black velvet ribbons.

Here is a second toilet that both for color and for form is remarkable. The jacket is a delicate gray blue satin, with yoke of gold tinsel and long hanging fringe of tinsel with lace ends. With every motion the heavy drooping threads throw out lights like sunshine through rain. The sleeves are of Valesquez lace in black, with gold beads. The bonnet is such as we have not seen in years. It is made of gold tinsel, glittering with cut jet, and it has a crown which tapers upward and is shaped like a cone, totally at variance with crowns that have gone before. It reminds one a little of the pointed head-dresses in the old volumes of Planchet. They say these crowns are to be the fashion, and this may be a scout sent to look the ground over for next year. From the summit of it wave pale gray blue ostrich tips standing straight in the air. There is a ruche at the edge of gray blue silk net and gold tinsel. Such shapes and such colors make the season interesting, but there is a little difficulty when one approaches the question of choosing something to wear.

It is not a hard task to pick out things notable seen at the openings. A hat in pink and black further illustrates Spring tendencies. A huge rosette in pink crepe is its only substantial portion. The crepe



TOQUES OF FLOWERS AND JET.

is crimped closely, and about half the rosette, its core or inner circle or petals, stands erect in the very middle of the crown like a cockade. The outer circles of petals lie flat and are themselves the hat, or all there is of it, save and except a gathered ruche of black lace which lies beneath the edge of it for a brim. At the back this lace turns up abruptly and stands in a fan or flare. The woman who assumes such a piece of headgear should be able to live up to it with a good deal of piquancy.

A capote in black jet is in some of its features equally unusual. It has a round, caplike shape, fitting close to the head, and its frame is of jet-strung wires in lace-like openness and intricacy. About the face droop in scallops festoons of cut jet braid or jewels, like the bead strings of an Egyptian slave girl's head dress, as you see her pictured in some of Alana Talema's

paintings. The jewels tinkle against the forehead, they come down over the temples and the cheeks, and they partially cover the ears. They supply the motif of the bonnet and it has no other trimming but a knot of lace, giving a mist like film above the hair.

Some of the most carefully considered millinery trifles are hats for dress concerts and for matinees. One of these bought a few days ago for a young girl whom Mrs. Whitney has had staying with her, was a tulle cap, of the new tulle that appears as if sprinkled with gold. The frame of this hat as of all hats of its kindred, was a wire strap a little more than an inch wide. Over this for a crown was twisted several times double the jewel sparkling tulle. About it was banded an embroidery worked in jewels and gold. In the folds of a tulle puff at the back was prisoned a butterfly.

Rather more after the usual order of spring millinery offerings are pretty toques in black lace and jet with either flowers or feathers for trimmings. Even these are not always devoid of eccentricity, or shall one say originality? When a woman—if you'll regard it as confidential, I'll tell you it was I even I, myself—asked yesterday morning for something "quiet," the milliner brought out a bonnet that might be considered for purposes of description in three sections. To fit about the face there was a band of ivy leaves in jet. Behind this and, roughly speaking, concentric with it, was a thick fillet of pink roses without foliage. The two fillets of jet and of flowers were wholly separate, except as twists of ivy leaves joined them behind. Laid flat upon the rose wreath and filling the circle it inclosed was a scrap of black lace of beautiful pattern. The bonnet was unique, it had classic suggestion, it was one of the most charming bits I have seen this spring, but for the genuine lush of real millinery quietude there isn't much use looking.

Mrs. Cleveland was on Broadway for a few minutes this morning in a toque that one might be pardoned for looking at a second time. It was a rough black straw, with trimmings of ribbon loop and a single, long-stemmed rose with two or three leaves standing nearly erect behind. This use of a single flower for garniture, such as one carries one jonquil in one's hand, one orchid at one's bosom or one violet between one's lips is something characteristic of the season.

The spring frock has a very long pointed waist and sometimes it has a straight skirt



AN AFTERNOON GOWN.

and sometimes it has paniers. It has a queer fashion of letting broad frills of lace turn down in a straight line about its shoulders, even upon high-necked gowns. This fashion is a reminiscence of the days when the beauty of the curve was hardly thought of; when yews, box hedges, dresses and garden beds were all characterized by the same angularity. No woman with any feeling for grace of line would so spoil her figure.

Jewel work, tinsel and embroidery are used with great profusion and elaborateness on draperies. An afternoon gown of faint rose pink surah will stand excellently well for an example. On the back the shirt hangs in shawl folds, plaited on the right side. The left is slashed to the waist and laced across with narrow rose ribbons tied in bow knots with ends. The front of the skirt is braided in a more decided rose hue, drawn to one side and held with a bow. In the meshes of the braid are set at intervals gold beads and pink pearls. The corsage is pointed and from the shoulders to the waist run rose ribbons. Between the ribbons the bodice is covered with intricately wrought, jeweled braiding. With this frock is to be worn a wide flat hat of laced straw faced with rose pink and trimmed with gold sprinkled tulle and pink plumes. A Cleopatra veil covers the face and its ribbons are drawn beneath the chin.

On the street are seen many "smart" tailor costumes. A tall girl was out this morning with long twigs of "pussy" willow thrust into her buttonhole. Her close-fitting coat of smooth gray cloth was of the three-quarter length, and was braided up and down the front with huge bunches of violets tied with bow knots of gold. The violet embroidery was continued about the high medici collar and half way up and down the sleeves. Her dress was of rougher gray cloth, and her turban of gray straw with violets and gold ribbons.

Another notable figure on the promenade was a slim blonde, English enough to walk well and too English to be graceful. She wore a gray homespun tweed, straight and plain and with it a short gray jacket with loose fronts that might have buttoned, but didn't with large pearl buttons. Instead of buttoning it flew open to let me see a "hunt" waistcoat of bright yellow cloth, double breasted and with daintily stitched revers, fitted exquisitely to the figure. A high, standing collar, gray silk necktie and gray straw hat with a dandelion or two completed the outfit of this very correct young woman.

The third coat I noticed appeared to be of black lamb's wool, lined with apricot silk and richly braided. None of these garments were very high on the shoulders, for your true tailor cut is conservative. When with spring hats and spring coats and spring dresses the spring sun gets high enough to suggest the carrying of the great flowers of spring parasols, then indeed will there be chances for observation.

ELLEN OSBORN.

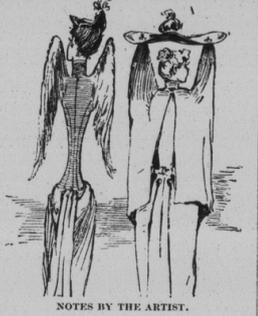
GAY CARRIE CARELESS

DESCRIBES THE NEW EASTER GAME OF BLIND GIRL'S BLUFF.

A Few Remarks Upon a Bill Which is Before the Minnesota Legislature—The Medical Certificate Which Every Theatre Goer Will Have to Wear.

Easter revelry is on the air. Easter games are everywhere.

Blindman's buff under the new name of blindgirl's bluff, is in our midst. This is the way it is done. The pretty bluffer is blindfolded by means of a long black mask which effectually keeps her from gazing underneath. She is then seated in the middle of the room, while the company joining hands, slowly walk around her. High above her head the bluffer flourishes



NOTES BY THE ARTIST.

a weapon not unlike the shield which the darkies down south use for protection against flies and mosquitoes.

As the mystic circle silently passed around the blindfolded enchantress, the latter brings down her wand lightly upon the head of anyone whom its aim may concern. He quickly catches it, kisses the hand of the queen of the mask, and takes his place upon the throne where he in turn sways the sceptre. Should a young woman be touched with the wand, she embraces her ex-queen, and tries her own hand with the wand.

The game is made interesting by the announcement that should the queen fail in three strokes to touch one of her subjects, she is presented later on, with the court jester's cap and bells. And should any subject be so fortunate as to be three times chosen, she is given a jubilee and is awarded a gilt crown, or, prettier still, a flower one.

At Easter-tide the girls are all smiling and pleasant and blossomy. Why? Because they can now revel in all the little delights that are dear to the feminine heart and person.

Charley sends a sweet vase of flowers. Mr. Feather-top contributes a poem written by himself and Mr. Best-fellow suggests a lovely Easter day outing. It is sure to be a gala time for the girl who is full of life and who enjoys some measure of popularity. Bon-bons of an afternoon are no longer sinful, for the time for the mortification of the flesh is past. Decollete gowns are demanded of an evening and the young spring buds are blooming in all the extremities of present styles.

A man, on entering the theatre in Minnesota, should the Hale bill pass, will bear upon his person a certificate reading somewhat like one of these.

Name, Marmaduke Missnancy. Eyesight, Myopic. Figures on stage not plainly visible, even from front row, unless he wears his eye-glass. Directions, Seat him anywhere in the house. Confiscate his eye-glass. Hire him no lognettes. Perfectly safe without them. Another certificate will read: Name, Augustus Ahthiere. Eyesight, Perfect. Can see anywhere. Eyes are better than Sam Weller's, for they



THE GIRL WITH THE LONG BACK.

are capable of acting as a "pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power."

Directions, Put green gig-lamps upon him, and, thus handicapped, seat him where he cannot cast side glances at the stage. Another will read: Name, Borsome Baldop. Eyesight, Gone, but subject to sudden spasms of returning life. Directions, Seat him in the front row, but set an usher to watch him. Should a spasm illumine his countenance or a thrill of joy seem to chase itself across him, clap blinders upon him and let the bouncer be called.

Armed with regulations, requirements and restrictions such as these the stage would be reasonably free from contaminating influences and the audience would have a chance to grow a large crop of Comstockian morality.



THE PASSING OF THE WINTER GIRL.

ABOUT EASTER GLOVES.

THE UNMISTAKABLE satisfaction expressed by all classes of people at our counters in regard to the wonderful wearing value of our 64c. Button, and 77c. Foster Lace Fastening Gloves, is more than gratifying.

An inquiry, however, (or rather we should say a demand) has been made at our counters, by a certain class of customers, for a Glove of a higher grade and finish, a Glove that can be safely placed against the Rouillon, Josephine, and yet sold at a price WITHIN REASON. With this thought in view, and encouraged by the Immense Sales (on the commission system) of our 64c. Glove, and considering the daily increasing multitude of letter orders received from all parts of the country, we undertook, a few months ago to find what the public wanted, and in truth what the public have been asking for, for years. To this end, our buyer, (who is resident in Europe) has, in answer to our request, visited the great Glove centres of FRANCE, GERMANY, AUSTRIA, and ITALY, and as the result, we now have upon our counters

A HIGH CLASS FRENCH GLOVE [SIMPLEMENT EXQUIS]. Consigned direct from the manufacturing tables of one of the largest GRENOBLE Makers. \$1.24 1st Choice Alexandria, \$1.24

As made for the New York market. As proof of the manufacturers' confidence in this Glove, we are authorized by them to positively guarantee every pair sold. In other words we will take back and give you another pair in exchange for all that may (by accident) prove unsatisfactory. Will you please call and examine them for yourself. We have them in all those soft, subdued and beautiful shades of grey.

FAIRALL'S FRENCH KID GLOVE AGENCY 18 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Ladies at a Distance from the city will remember, that by reason of our prompt mail order and postal facilities, we are virtually living next door to you. Send your size, the shade, and the money in postage stamps, and we will use our best judgment in selecting for you the choice of our stock, guaranteeing their safe delivery at your breakfast table with NO extra charge. W. H. F.

Questions of bribery might and would arise. The oculists might by promise of gleaming dollars, be led to declare an eyesight poorer than it really was. But the courts would deal severely with such cases. No bald-headed man would be allowed upon any of the juries because the press has created a prejudice against them and it is feared that in a sensation involving the front row of orchestra chairs, a bald-headed jurymen might be unduly influenced.

So far as I can judge the fashionable color for hair continues to be that of old-time molasses candy, slightly overdone. If the gentle reader who has not the advantage of living in this center of fashion desires to know whether her hair is the proper shade all she need do is to boil some molasses over a slow fire, whiten it with a little soda, and then wait till it begins to stick to the kettle and smell badly and get streaked.

These stripes of a darker shade seem to be essential. I walked up the avenue the other day behind two ladies who were decidedly in the style. I couldn't help noticing that their hair was exactly alike, evidently the work of the same bleacher. It must be a great satisfaction to a woman to know that the color of her hair is regulated by a really competent authority. These two, for instance, when they passed a couple of natural blondes, could not veil their contemptuous glances, for the poor girl's tresses were in plain colors.

I am a little new to the writing of fashion letters, and perhaps I'm not putting these valuable facts in a way to be most useful to women. I used to have doubts as to whether fashion letters really served any valuable purpose, but these idle questionings were recently dispelled by a conversation with our cook. I detected her in the act of burning gas at \$2.75 per thousand feet, in the chilly March midnight with her feet on the kitchen range, and a paper in her hand.

PRETTY FEET, a pretty figure, a pretty face.

and you have a pretty woman. Her feet won't look pretty if she don't clothe them right. An awful difference is made in the style and shape of the foot by the shoe worn. The four American styles of ladies' shoes sold by us are neat and pretty in every particular. A lady cannot help having pretty feet if she wears a pair of our shoes.

WATERBURY & RISING, KING AND UNION STREETS.

once in England; and there have been rumors not fully confirmed of its appearance at other times and places. Changed Her Plans. A woman entered a grocery on Michigan avenue one day last week in something of a hurry and said to the proprietor: "I want a glass fruit jar holding a quart and you may put half a pound of gunpowder in it." "Yes'm. New way to do up late peaches?" "No sir. It's a new way to do up a dog." "How?" "My boy Willie has got a dog under our barn and he won't come out. Willie is going to blow him up." "Great Scotts, ma'am, but if you explode this powder under the barn, you'll set the barn on fire?" "Would it really?" "Of course it would." "Willie will be terribly disappointed." "But you'll save the barn."

Probably there are more cases of cold in head and catarrh during March than any other month in the year. As a precautionary measure keep Nasal Balm in the home. It never fails.



CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY

SAUNDER'S PAIN RELIEVER cures Colic, Cramps, Headache, Inflammation, Coughs, Colds, Lame Back, Sore Throat, Sprains and Bruises, quickly. Sold by leading druggists.

"KEY" KEY CHAIN.

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

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

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

every town and city; write for samples. Retail for 25cts.

Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.



STAPLES

These are slack times with the decorators, slacker than they were the time to get a little inside now than later. All women want, as well as they

ADVERTISING

you would to your banking, if you are sure to succeed. Do this

LESS LIKE WAY,

used Cuts to illustrate your just what is needed in your

ESS IS SURE

at of time on your ads, if you for you. We make suggestions.

GRAVING BUREAU.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

France exported shoes to the value of 63,909,945 francs in 1890.

It is reported that \$10,000,000 of British capital are invested in Paraguay.

The once mighty Indian population of the United States has dwindled to 244,075.

There is a cat in America, Ga., that has given birth to 353 kittens, by actual count.

A Calloway county, Missouri man is the proud possessor of a gourd which was brought from Wales in 1638.

Siam, one of the most backward countries in the world, is to have an electric railway thirty miles long and costing \$400,000.

There are still fourteen different places on this globe where cannibalism is practiced, but the custom is gradually dying out.

Experiment tends to show that the edges of the flame of a petroleum lamp give from 37 to 38 per cent. less light than the flat surface.

The imports of Victoria, Australia, last year were £22,952,000, against £24,102,000 in the previous year, and the exports were £13,227,000 against £12,734,000 in 1889.

Recent statistics show that French railways annually kill one person out of 2,000,000 carried, while in England 21,000,000 are carried before one meets a violent death.

The legislature of Maryland will be asked to consider soon a bill for an act to impose a tax upon bachelors. It will be a practical revival of a statute in force 100 years ago.

The Chinese spend \$200,000,000 annually on their religious worship. There is a spiritual side to their religion, and spiritualism pure and simple, has existed in China for ages.

The English postal authorities have introduced nickel-in-the-slot machines for the sale of postage stamps. The town council of Inverness has just given permission for the erection of the first machines.

The body of a cat which on Sept. 23, 1880, jumped from the top of the Washington monument at the capital, and lived for some time afterward, is preserved, properly labeled, in the Smithsonian institution.

There are fifty-nine women in New York who keep provision stores, and they appear to meet with success. One of the leading real estate brokers in the city is a woman, and there are fifty or more female physicians.

Around the shores of the British isles the British government has 103 cables of a total length of 1489 miles. If we include India and the colonies, the British empire owns altogether 216 cables of a total length of 3811 miles.

Charles I. raised a considerable revenue by inflicting exorbitant fines upon his subjects. Thus, Sir Anthony Roper was fined four thousand pounds for converting arable land into pasture; and a citizen of London was ruined by a heavy fine for having called a swan on a nobleman's crest a goose.

Persons sitting by a coal or wood fire are aware of a sharp crackling sound as the coal and wood ignite, but few know the reason for it. A gentleman of a scientific turn of mind explains that it is due to the air or liquid contained in the pores expanding by heat and bursting the cover in which it is confined.

Japan had a plethora of epidemics during 1890. Influenza reached her shores in February. Cholera followed with over 31,000 deaths. Dysentery affected 38,878 persons, with 2,292 deaths, a ratio of 18.94 per cent. Typhoid fever occurred 22,784 times, with 5,369 deaths, 23.56 per cent.

The inhabitants of the interior of the Fiji Islands will not partake of food while a cloud is in sight, especially if the cloud lies in the west, fearing that the "Great Air Whale," whose bellying (thunder) is often heard in that country, will pounce upon them and utterly annihilate them for such irreverence.

It is claimed that the finest forest preserve in the United States is the Adirondack region, and that the Black Forest in Germany, the Norway forests and the forests of Canada cannot be compared with it. There are 2,760,000 acres in that region, which is supposed to include in the Adirondack Park.

In Russia a child of ten years of age cannot go away from home to school without a passport. Common servants and peasants cannot go away from where they live without a passport. A gentleman residing in Moscow or St. Petersburg cannot receive the visit of a friend who remains many hours without notifying the police of his or her arrival, as the case may be. The porters of all houses are compelled to make returns of the arrival and departure of strangers. And for every one of the above passports a charge is made of some kind.

The British Association was founded at York in 1831, at the suggestion of Sir D. Brewster, for the purpose of stimulating scientific inquiry, and for promoting the intercourse of scientific men. The association meets annually for a session of one week each year in a different town, but never in London. The only occasion on which a meeting has been held out of England was in 1884, when the association visited Montreal. It was formerly the practice to elect occasionally as the president a man of high social position, but since 1867 this practice has been dropped, and the chair is now invariably taken by a man of scientific eminence.

Just above Vienna, on the Danube, is the convent and school of Melk, which has just celebrated its one thousandth anniversary.

High heels, it is said, owe their origin to Persia, where they were introduced to raise the feet from the burning sands of that country.

Previous to the time of Elizabeth the only article to assist in eating was the jack-knife, which also served for sundry other purposes.

The average rate of a sailing vessel in making a passage may be estimated at 100 nautical miles per day, and that of a steam vessel at 200 nautical miles per day.

The Sikhs are the natives of the Punjab, Northern India, who were conquered by the British in 1849. During the mutiny of 1857 they remained faithful to the British, and helped materially to subdue the rebellion.

Sir Harris Nicolas says that the title or dignity of Comes (Earl) was introduced into England by the Normans at the conquest, from which period until the reign of Edward III. it continued the highest hereditary dignity.

On the outbreak of the Peninsular war, the royal family of Portugal fled to Brazil, which had been a Portuguese dependency since the sixteenth century. They formed into a tributary kingdom in 1815, and into an independent empire in 1822. It was declared a republic on the 18th November, 1889. The president is Marshal Manuel Deodoro da Fonseca.

It is said that between the island of Madagascar and the coast of India there are 16,000 islands, only 600 of which are inhabited. In any of these islands a man can live and support his family in princely luxury, without working more than 25 days in the year. In fact, on some of these islands he needn't work at all, as nature provides the food and no clothes are required.

The name Cossack was originally given to the warlike inhabitants of the Ukraine, or Little Russia. They are genuine Russians, their capital (Kiev, on the Dnieper) having been for nearly three centuries the residence of the grand-dukes (880-1157 A. D.). Since the seventeenth century they have enjoyed several privileges. They pay no taxes; but, instead, they are required to serve in time of war.

The Yeomen of the Guard is a bodyguard to the sovereign, first instituted by Henry VII., and the oldest corps in her majesty's service. Its headquarters are at the Tower; and the men, who wear the picturesque dress of Tudor days, are better known as "beef-eaters" (Beefeaters). The captain is always a peer and privy councillor. The present captain of the Yeomen of the Guard is the Earl of Limerick. Salary, £1,200.

The Gentlemen-at-Arms is a bodyguard to the sovereign, instituted by Henry VIII., and the oldest corps in her majesty's service except the Yeomen of the Guard. This bodyguard is only mustered for duty on such occasions as drawing-rooms, levees, and great state ceremonies. The captain of the corps changes with the ministry. The Right Hon. Earl of Yarborough is the present captain.

It is a common saying in our army that the cost of a British soldier is about £10 a head. It is, however, very difficult to say what our soldiers do cost. But, if we deduct from the total estimates the amount belonging to the auxiliary services, we arrive at a sum of £14,775,863 for a force of 153,483 of all ranks. But this takes no account of the share of the auxiliary services in War-office and staff charges, and it further includes the non-effective charge. The result, however, is not far from the £100 a head.

The regular military forces of the United States are limited by Act of Congress to a peace force not exceeding 30,000 enlisted men. The terms of enlistment are simple. The recruits must be able-bodied effective men, between the ages of 16 and 35, and not less than 5ft. 3in. in height, and the term of service is five years, with power to re-engage. According to the last returns available—1887—the number of officers was 2,173, and the number of enlisted men was 26,200. The expenditure was \$8,887,052. An American writer gives the cost per man at £240 sterling.

Last year for all India the production of coal was 2,045,354 tons, of which Bengal furnishes 1,641,354 tons, the Central Provinces 144,465, Assam 116,676, and the Nizam's territory 59,646 tons. In 1880 the total production was 1,019,793 tons, so that in ten years it has practically doubled. At the commencement of that period the only fields worked were those of Bengal and the Central Provinces; at the end there were mines in addition in four other provinces and territories. In Bengal the yield increased from 988,565 tons to 1,641,354, and in the Central Provinces it increased nearly five-fold.

A singular report has been sent to the branch hydrographic office by Captain Pettinridge, master of the ship Lock Eck, which has just arrived at Higo, Japan, after a run of 158 days from Philadelphia, says the Philadelphia Record. A singular phenomenon was seen on Jan. 24 from the decks of the Lock Eck, when the vessel was suddenly surrounded by a boiling whirlpool, resembling the lower part of a waterfall. In a short time the vessel was surrounded by waterspouts travelling in all directions. One of the spouts was 300 feet high and another was seen inside of it, whirling in a contrary direction. As soon as the gale subsided all disappeared but one, which was very large. Suddenly a tongue of forked lightning from the heavens struck the spout and ran down to a point near the base, when it burst with a terrific report.

A German scientist applied a mild electric current to a swarm of bees, causing them to fall stupefied to the ground. No harm was done them and they could be safely handled.

Scientific men say that the earth's age is about half a million years for the nebular and stellar periods, and about 25,000,000—of which 15,000,000 are past—for the period of organic beings.

A Danish archaeologist has found in Macedonia, near the modern town of Nausta, a Greek painting upon the walls of a tomb. It shows a Greek horseman battling with a Persian foot soldier.

One of the largest hogs in America—if not, in fact, the largest in the world—was reared by a Junction City, Kan., man. The length was 8 feet 9 inches; girth of neck, 6½ feet; girth of centre of body, 8 feet; width across the hips, 30 inches; weight, 1,532 pounds.

The story is told of an old-time Bangor merchant who had a propensity for picking up all the stray buttons that came in his way, that during his long life he filled a barrel in his store with them. After his death his heirs had the curiosity and patience to go through them, but failed to find two buttons of the same pattern.

Australians are endeavoring to encourage talent. The trustees of the Melbourne public library, museums and national gallery offer a prize of £200 for the best and a prize of £100 for the second best design by Australian artists for a companion statue to the "St. George and the Dragon," which has its position in front of the public library building.

The biggest insect of its kind in the world is the hercules beetle of South America, which grows to be six inches in length. It is said, whether truthfully or not, that great numbers of these creatures are sometimes seen on the manna trees, rasping the rind from the slender branches by working round them with their horns until they cause the juice to flow. This juice they drink to intoxication, and thus fall senseless to the ground.

A commercial traveller coming from the Michigan Central Depot on a Cass and third avenue car gave away the secrets of the profession in conversation with a friend, says the Detroit Free Press. "Most traveling men," he said, "have little schemes of their own that they work to defray incidental expenses. My strong point is dealing in Canadian coins. My territory is in Ohio, and in all Ohio cities and towns Canadian coins are discounted 20 cents on the dollar. Twenty-five cent pieces pass for 20 cents and half dollars for 40 cents. I have \$20 worth of quarters and halves in my satchel now that I bought in Toledo to pay for \$16. In Detroit I use them to pay hotel and cigar bills and realize their face value."

All Saints' Day was instituted by pope Gregory IV. in 835. In the protestant church it is a day for the commemoration of all those saints and martyrs in whose honour no day is assigned. At the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the question whether they should be saints' days in the calendar was considered by Convocation, and sharply and fully debated, and they struck out a great number of anniversaries leaving only those which at their time were connected with popular feeling or tradition—and this was carried off by a single vote; for 59 members voted for their being retained, whilst 58 were for omitting them.

In one respect Ireland receives her highest recognition in Chili. The newest iron-ship in the *Chilotea Flota*, another being the *O'Higgins* and another the *Amirante Lynch*. The *O'Higgins* is named after Bernardo O'Higgins, whose father, born in a laborer's cottage in the County Westmeath, emigrated to South America in the early part of the last century and rose to distinction in distant parts of that continent. The father, Amaro, was one of the last Spanish viceroys of Peru, and the son, Bernardo, was the first director of the Republic of Chili. Bernardo O'Higgins is the Washington of his country. He it was who was mainly instrumental in winning the independence of Chili at the beginning of this century, and till the late war he has given his name to a province and war ship and has erected a statue in his honor in his capital.

It is estimated in the Allahabad *Banner* that the treasure lying idle in India in the shape of hoards or ornaments amounts to \$1,350,000,000. A competent authority guesses that "in Amritsar city alone there are jewels to the value of £2,000,000." As regards some other districts, the figures are not less than 50 lakhs, and less astonishing. The miserable waste of Montgomery is estimated to possess about 50 lakhs in ornaments. The hillsides and valleys of Kulu are put at three lakhs and a half. In the *Chelum* two-fifths of the wealth of the district is said to be vested in property of this nature, and in Kohat, "probably one of the poorest districts of the province in this respect, the estimate is taken at 800 rupees for each Hindoo family and 10 rupees for each Mussulman family, and a lakh in the aggregate for Nawab and other Rases, making a total for the district of 75 lakhs." A lakh is worth about \$35,000.

The Imperial Canal of China is over 1000 miles long. In the year 1681 was completed the greatest undertaking of the kind in Europe—the Canal of Languedoc, or the Canal du Midi, to connect the Atlantic with the Mediterranean. Its length is 148 miles; it has more than 100 locks, and about 50 aqueducts, and in its highest part it is no less than 600 feet above the sea; it is navigable for vessels of upwards of 100 tons. The largest ship canal in Europe is the great North Holland Canal, completed in 1825. It is 124 feet wide at the water surface, 31 feet wide at the bottom, and has a depth of 20 feet; it extends from Amsterdam to the Helder—51 miles. The Caledonian Canal, in Scotland, has a total length of 60 miles, including three lakes. The Suez Canal is 80 miles long, of which 66 are actual canal. The Erie Canal is 350½ miles long; the Ohio Canal, Cleveland to Portsmouth, 332; the Miami and Erie, Cincinnati to Toledo, 291; the Wabash and Erie, Evansville to the Ohio line, 374. The Suez Canal is 26ft. 4in. deep, 72ft. 5in. wide at bottom, 329 feet wide at water surface; length, a little short of 100 miles. The Panama Canal is to be 45½ miles in length.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt always wears a "common sense" shoe and when she walks she places her foot squarely on the ground.

Samuel P. Jones the Georgia evangelist, declares in a letter to a Texas friend that his health has failed and he is on the verge of physical collapse.

The duchess of Connaught is a colonel in the German army. All of the women of the Hohenzollern family, in fact, have titular rank in the army.

Von Bulow, the musician, is an excellent and accurate Greek scholar. He is, moreover, an unusually well-informed man and an entertaining talker.

Admiral Brown, of the United States cruiser Charleston, is alleged to have kissed all the pretty girls in Honolulu during a recent visit there.

Jerry Simpson says he was nominated at a big convention in which there was no lawyer and only two men wore white collars and none wore white shirts.

Sir August Paget receives \$40,000 a year as British minister to Austria. This salary enables him to keep on good terms with the imperial family and the aristocracy, and his duties do not extend beyond this.

Mrs. J. C. Ayer's salon in Paris is a popular rallying point for the large American colony there. She has recently rented the fine hotel of the Duchesse de Mouch, and is preparing to give a number of letters after Easter.

Ellen Terry is learning to dance. Some of the sadder scenes in which she and Mr. Irving appear would be greatly relieved by a skirt dance or a song and dance, and the public will wish her success in her undertaking.

The death of the late Duke Nicholas of Leuchtenberg was due to a throat disease brought on by excessive cigarette smoking. The duke led an eccentric life, not rising from bed till 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The whole night through he smoked cigarettes.

Mme. Bernhardt is said to be of Dutch-Jewish origin, and to have been born in Amsterdam about forty-six years ago. Less is known to the public of the antecedents of this brilliant French actress than of almost any other artist who has gained like celebrity.

The Countess Lily Newenham, formerly Miss Wilson, of New York, is one of the most feted belles in Stockholm this season. At a ball given by the minister of foreign affairs she had the honor, that is to say, Prince Eugene of Sweden had the honor of dancing with her.

Eben D. Jordan, the famous Boston dry goods merchant, went to Boston from Maine a fatherless boy of fourteen and worked on a suburban farm at \$1 a month, and thought he had struck affluence when he secured a place in a mercantile house three years later at \$275 a year.

Miss Minerva Parker, the Philadelphia woman architect, is but 28 years old. She has a decided talent for her profession, and her business reputation is well established, she having designed, among other notable buildings, the new Century club house in Philadelphia. She is a brunette and a pleasant converser.

Lady Tenyson, who is known to be an excellent amateur musician, is about to make her first appearance as a composer. She has at various times during the past quarter of a century written melodies to no fewer than fifteen of the poet Wreath's hitherto unpublished poems. They will soon be heard at a concert in London.

Pope Leo XIII. is now engaged in the preparation of the most important encyclical that has yet been issued by him. He is about to formulate the views of the catholic church on the subject of socialism and its kindred topics. The paper is looked forward to with unusual interest, as many high officials are waiting for it to decide questions that are now before the church tribunal.

The country is indebted to an accident for one of its great editors—Henry Watterson. His musical capabilities as a lad had been quite marked. He played in concerts with Adelina Patti when she was eleven years old and he thirteen. His career was changed by hitting his thumb against a black key while practicing on the piano. A felon came on the thumb, the hand was paralyzed, and the first joint of the thumb lost. Thereafter he turned his attention to journalism.

Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World, has much improved in health, and he expects to resume his personal management of the paper at no distant day.

Queen Marguerite of Italy, owing to the great distress now existing in Rome, has ordered that 300 soup tickets be daily distributed to the poor in her name.

Lucca, the singer, will hereafter devote herself exclusively to teaching and she will receive only eight pupils, and such as show that they have a good future before them.

Prof. Charles A. Young thinks the most wonderful fact in astronomy is that "the great Lick telescope reveals about 100,000,000 of stars, and that every one of them is a sun, theoretically and by analogy giving light and heat to its planets."

Lady Henry Somerset, president of the British Woman's Temperance Union, is much interested in the subject of prison reform. One of the objects her ladyship has in view in coming to America this year is to visit the prisons and see for herself the system which, being reformatory rather than penal, is working in the United States with such good results.

When Eugenie left the railway carriage in the Paris station, on the occasion of her recent visit to the French capital, she was almost lifted out, and did not need the walking sticks she usually carries. Her hair has become white and enhances the faded beauty of her face. Her smile is pathetic, and every line in her countenance bears the impress of sorrow.

The oldest general in active service, Ibrahim Pasha, died a few weeks ago in Monastir. Although he celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birth last year he was still strong and agile enough to retain the command of the Nineteenth Army Corps. General Ibrahim, according to Constantinople papers, was a comrade of Count Von Moltke in the Syrian campaign and fought the battle of Nisib fifty years ago as a captain. Von Moltke was at that time his equal in rank. The body of the old hero will be taken to Constantinople for burial at the expense of the sultan.

His majesty has always manifested special interest and respect for aged military officers. Nouri Pasha, who acts now as a quasi adjutant, is supposed to be a centenarian.

King Menelek II. is now the ruler not only of his own kingdom, Shoa, but of the far more important country of Abyssinia to the north. He is, therefore, the most powerful ruler Abyssinia has had for generations, for he has united his own country with the great highlands north of him.

D'Oyly Carte and his company had the honor of a "command" to play before the queen at Windsor, and of course obeyed the command willingly, refusing to take any pay for the performance. This is the usual thing in such cases, though it is generally understood that a valuable souvenir follows the manager on his return to London.

The work on which the reputation of Sir Joseph William Bazalgette as a civil engineer chiefly rests, was his system of drainage for the city of London executed between 1858 and 1865. It is said to be perfect, the most comprehensive, and at the same time the most difficult achievement of his class that has ever been executed.

A mold has been taken of Meissonier's hand. It was beautifully formed, delicate and small, and it has been said that he often painted before strangers to let them see it. Every morning he paid particular attention to its toilet. A manicure was often engaged to shampoo both hands carefully, exercise the different muscles and keep them from stiffening. The painter was most careful to preserve the tactile sensibility of his fingers, and always wore thick gloves travelling, riding or driving. He said that his fingers were so sensitive that he could with his eyes shut lay on the exact amount of color that he wanted on a given spot if somebody placed the point of the brush upon it.

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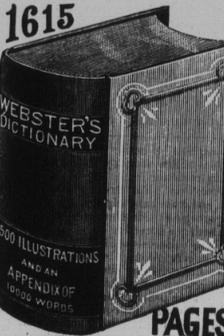
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When become looked that sh braw, h earthl) to reso socks— was one that retu glories mers at What relatv cratic n the foll) to the th was fro occupy? Estelle, three M languist and grev rolled by a little idolized happy, assembl frames o And s gauntlet over an s over to t and Kat sater heri her with white sle as she or two. "Kiss said St. that' he does many da And b corner of quiet at the forc Arabella vindictiv the little now as S evening blue sat half-a-do and with ceeds to strands o "What ask s. "I am is so imp "One a Mrs. houseke work. And th "Oh, song by and I wil "Some me. The and frecl seats her "The listen, de "You gleam of largest ce and with when the the prese who lived at neigh residence together, cided to l "I kno feel acour give him l lady in ou great leng "To bli dear," ac "When with the kissed her nineteen presents plate. Ni in each, h yards of Jermyn: from sch wishes w under her these peep "As ponies an "please B Blessed b What d whose man the month of her birth She know Estelle G school fric any means narrow gr of silk sin the brow the blue-r along the pure air face besid "Oh, he girl, whon "Very "If my —poor Ph "Is Phil ing wll many year school. "He is the day of "Not late, then, "Oh, n day is fin anced from The ne brought to "Where Jermyn, l fairly figur witching to "Alone think the that high-wear "It is altered—t inch—that

SAINT KATE.

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junction," says Kate, answering the last question first; "and I am not going alone."

"Then I am going with you?" "No, sir, I believe not," lazily drawing on the elfish gloves.

"Who might it be then—a lady or gentleman?" "Unhitch Jetty and then I'll tell," and when the black pony starts briskly off from the curbstone, Kate turns and says, "I hope he'll live to be a gentleman."

Poor St. Jermyn! Out from this dark cell crawls the demon of jealousy, glaring and vindictive. Ha! she has not said who it was—a man though—this much she has admitted, growled the demon. Why do you not follow her fool—your Lucifer is a swifter traveller than her pony."

Saddle Lucifer!" he commands. Meanwhile Kate reaches the bare little cottage and finds the Philip she used to know grown tall, and oh, so thin!

"I have come to show you my new pony, Philip, and beg you to try the new phanton cushions—you will, won't you, Philip?"

"Oh, thankee, thankee, Mrs. St. Jermyn," cries the weary mother, with a cross baby under one arm, and a bundle of clothes under the other.

"Come, Philip, let us go before the sunshine leaves the tree tops. I want to show you how the little hazel bushes have grown since you and I went nutting."

"Oh, the beautiful country! Kate, this noisome city atmosphere is killing me. I know that if I could get out into the country that I could get well," says Philip's faint, longing voice.

"Let us go and find a place, Philip. Get up, Jetty!"

In another five minutes Philip is being bowled carefully along the avenue that leads out upon the country roads. But at a sharp turn in the road a horseman dashes across their path and reins in a powerful animal directly in front of the astonished party, stopping it outright.

"Kate!" almost shrieked the horseman. "Oh, what has happened, Rupert?"

"What has happened, indeed? I find you driving about with a strange gentleman; that is all! I must beg you to alight, sir!" says the demon in Rupert's stead as Lucifer brings his master to where, close beside Kate, sits a tall, handsome youth. "Alight, or I will drag you down!"

Then the key that Kate has had but a faint glimpse of comes looming up in its ugly shape and the small hands of Rupert's little bride take it prisoner.

"Stay where you are, Philip!" commands Kate, coolly laying gloved hand upon the coat sleeve next her.

"Philip?" shrieks the demon. "As the name comes through the shut teeth, the sick lad, with a low moan, faints away."

"You have killed him, Rupert!" cries Kate.

And Rupert, seeing the drawn lines about the sensitive mouth, the dull, half-closed eyes and livid cheek lying against Kate's shoulder, believes her, and with a cry of horror, he puts spurs to Lucifer and is gone—without a thought of the little bride or how she may get home with Philip.

But she does get home to the boy's mother, who comes with anxious heart to receive the fainting invalid; and Philip will not tell, when after a while his eyes unclose and he finds Kate beside him, how the St. Jermyn jealousy has done it all.

It is within a week of Rupert's birthday, and Kate is busy at work making a lounging coat for her contrite hero. Many little quick snatches under table and bed does the poor coat get as the master of the house is heard approaching, and a flush will insist upon taking complete possession of her sweet face, while the tall-tale eye-strive bravely to hide their knowledge of any secret.

But the demon does not let these little signs escape his great green eyes, and, although St. Jermyn tries his best to choke the beast, it will rear its hateful head whenever a light footfall is heard in his wife's boudoir and the locked door is slow to open.

At last one day it happens that he springs lightly on the staircase and tries the door of his wife's room. It is locked. Immediately there is the sound of retreating footsteps, a window is raised and lowered, a light laugh rings in his ears and then little red-faced Kate meekly unlocks the door.

It would seem that his presence causes a good deal of annoyance. Is my coming here an intrusion?" he asks, and his brows lower ominously.

"No, indeed, my love; but is this your faith in me?"

"I heard this window opened—ha! what is that?" he cries.

There lies a coat—a man's coat—in a tumbled heap upon the steps without. The great veins on Rupert's forehead swell in his jealous fury, his hands' clench, the muscles of his throat grow like iron, and in his madness his brain loses its reasoning power.

Before the awful storm that follows, Kate does not later, and when at last his rage has worn itself out and the poor unfortunate can listen to her, Kate very gently and calmly tells him all about it.

Mother Jermyn proposes, when the birthright of her son has come in its sable, star-dotted mantle, to surprise him with a masquerade. But Kate had been told of her scheme, and, thinking this an excellent opportunity for arousing the demon and killing it, her heroine whets her knife and prepares for the fray.

She was a maiden fair to see, As fresh and blooming as the rose, With beauty, grace and modesty, As sweet as sugar, said the beaux.

The youth was bold who won her hand, A creature such as which you do not find It is the man who has the hand Who gets the sugar here below.—Ex.

Smith (to Jones, who is about to leap over the rail of the steamship on the first day out)—What! sick? Jones (feebly)—Yes. Smith—Too bad. Jones (with a sickly smile)—He put his head over the rail.—Well, I suppose we are all expected to give up something in Lent.—Ex.

She sped along the icy street, A coming out young bud, She slipped, and fell out from her feet— There was an awful thud.

The man who helped her to arise Told me that the world she used, To his surprise, Means something after death.—Puck.

"What if I were one of those husbands, my dear, who get up cross in the morning and bang things about, and scold like anything, just because the coffee is cold?" "John," responded his wife, "I would make it hot for you." As her words admitted of more than one interpretation, John said nothing more about the coffee.

light rattan stick he has matched from the stranger's hand.

"Forbear!" cries poor little Kate, as the cane is broken across her shoulders.

"I'm Kate—oh, Rupert, I'm your wife—and is this, then, your faith in me! Farewell!—I'm going back to the home you took me from only a few short months ago. Good-by, Rupert—I'm going home."

Kate sobs and chokes and tears off the hat and coat and necktie—the mustache has gone long ago—and stands arrayed in the brown wrapper he knows so well.

"No, you are not going, by heaven!" The strong arms gather up the poor little aching body and carry her into the next room where the broad divan is waiting to receive her. There does the contrite man kneel down beside his wife and beg her to forgive him.

And Kate—foolish little Kate—why she smiles her pardon through her tears, for she knows the demon is dead. And all though St. Jermyn never guesses that his wife made a martyr of herself for his sake, yet he calls her "Saint Kate" to this day. And the demon is buried forever.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

"This cigar isn't the least artistic," "How so?" "Why, it doesn't draw." Judge.

Chiffey—"What's that I hear about your Checkerstrip?" Chaffey—"His clothes probably."—Harvard Lampoon.

"Why don't you and Charlie get married?" "We are too fond of each other. Why should we destroy our happiness?"—Life.

Tommy—"Why do they call it Lent, papa?" Papa—"Because very few people pretend to keep what they know is lent, Tommy."—Puck.

Teacher—"Freddy, how is the earth divided?" Freddy—"Between them that's got it and them that wants it."—Exchange.

"Kate!" almost shrieked the horseman. "Oh, what has happened, Rupert?"

"What has happened, indeed? I find you driving about with a strange gentleman; that is all! I must beg you to alight, sir!" says the demon in Rupert's stead as Lucifer brings his master to where, close beside Kate, sits a tall, handsome youth. "Alight, or I will drag you down!"

Then the key that Kate has had but a faint glimpse of comes looming up in its ugly shape and the small hands of Rupert's little bride take it prisoner.

"Stay where you are, Philip!" commands Kate, coolly laying gloved hand upon the coat sleeve next her.

"Philip?" shrieks the demon. "As the name comes through the shut teeth, the sick lad, with a low moan, faints away."

"You have killed him, Rupert!" cries Kate.

And Rupert, seeing the drawn lines about the sensitive mouth, the dull, half-closed eyes and livid cheek lying against Kate's shoulder, believes her, and with a cry of horror, he puts spurs to Lucifer and is gone—without a thought of the little bride or how she may get home with Philip.

But she does get home to the boy's mother, who comes with anxious heart to receive the fainting invalid; and Philip will not tell, when after a while his eyes unclose and he finds Kate beside him, how the St. Jermyn jealousy has done it all.

It is within a week of Rupert's birthday, and Kate is busy at work making a lounging coat for her contrite hero. Many little quick snatches under table and bed does the poor coat get as the master of the house is heard approaching, and a flush will insist upon taking complete possession of her sweet face, while the tall-tale eye-strive bravely to hide their knowledge of any secret.

But the demon does not let these little signs escape his great green eyes, and, although St. Jermyn tries his best to choke the beast, it will rear its hateful head whenever a light footfall is heard in his wife's boudoir and the locked door is slow to open.

At last one day it happens that he springs lightly on the staircase and tries the door of his wife's room. It is locked. Immediately there is the sound of retreating footsteps, a window is raised and lowered, a light laugh rings in his ears and then little red-faced Kate meekly unlocks the door.

It would seem that his presence causes a good deal of annoyance. Is my coming here an intrusion?" he asks, and his brows lower ominously.

"No, indeed, my love; but is this your faith in me?"

"I heard this window opened—ha! what is that?" he cries.

There lies a coat—a man's coat—in a tumbled heap upon the steps without. The great veins on Rupert's forehead swell in his jealous fury, his hands' clench, the muscles of his throat grow like iron, and in his madness his brain loses its reasoning power.

Before the awful storm that follows, Kate does not later, and when at last his rage has worn itself out and the poor unfortunate can listen to her, Kate very gently and calmly tells him all about it.

Mother Jermyn proposes, when the birthright of her son has come in its sable, star-dotted mantle, to surprise him with a masquerade. But Kate had been told of her scheme, and, thinking this an excellent opportunity for arousing the demon and killing it, her heroine whets her knife and prepares for the fray.

She was a maiden fair to see, As fresh and blooming as the rose, With beauty, grace and modesty, As sweet as sugar, said the beaux.

The youth was bold who won her hand, A creature such as which you do not find It is the man who has the hand Who gets the sugar here below.—Ex.

Smith (to Jones, who is about to leap over the rail of the steamship on the first day out)—What! sick? Jones (feebly)—Yes. Smith—Too bad. Jones (with a sickly smile)—He put his head over the rail.—Well, I suppose we are all expected to give up something in Lent.—Ex.

She sped along the icy street, A coming out young bud, She slipped, and fell out from her feet— There was an awful thud.

The man who helped her to arise Told me that the world she used, To his surprise, Means something after death.—Puck.

"What if I were one of those husbands, my dear, who get up cross in the morning and bang things about, and scold like anything, just because the coffee is cold?" "John," responded his wife, "I would make it hot for you." As her words admitted of more than one interpretation, John said nothing more about the coffee.

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"For years I suffered from scrofula and blood disease. The doctors' prescriptions and several so-called blood-purifiers being of no avail, I was at last advised by a friend to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and now feel like a new man, being fully restored to health."—C. N. Frink, Decorah, Iowa.

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