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G STREET.

of Handsome Carpets,
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select from the Largest
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PRICES!
- 30c. per yard.
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ERS have been long found to be the most
ESTION, DISEASE OF THE LIVER
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In all cases of DEBILITY, whether arising
from illness, fatigue or other causes, they will
prove uniformly serviceable and afford immediate
aid.

170 City Road, St. John, N. B.

B. BARKER & SONS, Wholesale Agents.

To the Electors of QUEEN'S WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I again offer
myself as a Candidate for the office of

ALDERMAN.

Should you honor me with a majority of votes, I
will, as heretofore, give my best attention to the
duties of that office.

Yours faithfully,
J. R. WOODBURN.

To the Electors of DUKE'S WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—On TUESDAY
next, the 4th of June, I shall again be a Can-
didate for the office of

ALDERMAN.

Respectfully soliciting a renewal of your confidence
and support.

I am, yours,
SAMUEL TUFTS.

A. & J. HAY,

DEALERS IN—

Diamonds, Fine Jewels, American Watches,
French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc.

JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED.

76 KING STREET.

LADIES

WISHING LESSONS IN ENGLISH LITER-
ATURE, can hear of a competent Teacher
by addressing P. O. Box 474. Classes formed for
young ladies who have left school and are desirous
of cultivating a taste for good Reading. Also,
strictly private lessons given to backward pupils.
Poetry, etiquette, social hints and society notes a
specialty. Lessons given morning, afternoon and
evening.

FOUND.

FOUND, AT 21 SYDNEY STREET, A PLACE
to have your Corns extracted without pain.
PROF. SEYMOUR, Chiroprapist, opposite Old
Burial Ground.

WANTED—200 LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
to have their Corns extracted without pain,
by PROF. SEYMOUR, 21 Sydney street, opposite
Old Burial Ground.

BOARDING.

SELECT BOARD can be had by Gentlemen or
S Ladies, at No. 4 Wellington Row, Front
rooms, large and pleasant.

WANTED.

WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN, a position
as Salesman or Bookkeeper. Best of refer-
ences given.
Address, "M. N. S.,"
Fennell, F. B.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—The pleasantly situated House, 134
E. Britain, corner Sydney street, containing nine
rooms, W. C., etc. Terms easy. For particulars
apply to H. J. FITZ, 179 Union street.

TO LET.

TO LET—A COTTAGE, five minutes' walk
from station, containing eight rooms, with pan-
tries. As a summer residence, the location is de-
lightful. An acre of ground, with fruit and orna-
mental trees, is attached. Apply at Newmarket,
N. B., to J. D. McARTHUR.

J. & A. McMILLAN,

Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers,

88 and 100 PRINCE WM. STREET.

ALWAYS IN STOCK—

A Complete Stock of Office
Requisites,

Such as Copying Presses, Bill Files, Clips,
Waste Baskets, Rulers, Sponge Cups,
Inkstands, Paper Fasteners,
Seals, etc., etc.

The early advertiser catches the
Summer Boarder.
It will only cost you 50 cents to
insert a 10-line statement of the advan-
tages you can offer to guests.
It will pay. Try it.

VOL. II, NO. 58. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1889.

THE EX-MAYOR DOWNED.

MR. JOHN A. CHESELEY REFUSES TO
PRIVATELY SETTLE HIS CLAIMS.

The Boss Takes a Hand in a Deal and
Escapes the Votes of the People—Mr. Vin-
cent Kells Himself for Future Contests by
an Unholy Alliance Against Mr. Millidge.

Ex-Mayor and Ex-Union Commissioner
Chealey is now a private citizen. The
electors followed Progress' advice and
bounced him from all part in the city gov-
ernment. They did right.

Redoubtable John Murphy, who voted
twice at the union election, and made him-
self generally obnoxious to good citizens by
his conduct at the board, also remains at
home to keep the former mayor com-
pany.

Mr. Wallace, Mr. Hayes and Mr. Hazel-
hurst, other prominent members of the old
ring that misruled Portland, found that it
was of no use to offer for the new council,
and are attending to their own business.

PROGRESS' worst wish for them is that they
may manage it better than they did that of
the old city.

Those of the ring who squirmed in with
and without opposition, were "Boss"
Chealey and Ald. Vincent. They will bear
considerable watching. "Boss" Chealey is
a keener, shrewder ward politician than
many in his ward thought him. He never
intended to have the electors vote on his
past acts if he could help it. He did help
it by a scheme worthy only of a Tammany
ward politician, and there was no election.

Therefore he is safe for another year.

Behind him, ready to assist, stood his
"repeating voter" and ally, John Murphy
and Brother-in-law Purdy. The "boss"
had stood by them in many a scheme in the
past, and they would not desert him. Mur-
phy remembered not a few jobs that his
"boss" had piloted him on to and
Brother-in-law Purdy thought of the cur-
rent price of oats last year and subtracted
it from what the city paid him. The re-
sult made him the friend of the ex-fre
chairman for all time.

So when Ald. John Connor met the
wire-pullers in Mr. Purdy's grocery, the
following arrangement was arrived at. If
Mr. Purdy will not throw his influence
against the old aldermen of Stanley ward,
they would use their best efforts to aid
Alonso and John Chealey to the new
board. It was a case of the lion and the
lamb, and all was peace.

Mr. Murphy retired at the last moment
from the contest, and having effectually
scared another good man, Mr. Coll, from
the field, the "boss" and Dr. Christie were
returned unopposed.

But an unexpected opposition in the per-
son of Robert Craig popped up in Stanley,
and Aldermen Connor and McGoldrick
thought their scalps were in danger. They
could not leave their stamping ground to
help their brethren in distress, Messrs.
John Chealey and Edward Lantulum, and
the former lost their active support and
the latter their two votes. Mr. Craig's
work was consequently of great value to
the community.

There were some warm scenes in Stanley
ward, and enough personation to jail
a score of men. One man, whose nation-
ality could not be questioned—it was as
plain as the nose on his face—went to the
polling booth.

"Your name?" said the officer.
"Hans Petersen" was the prompt re-
ply.

Hans Petersen's name was there and he
voted but, no sooner had he done so, than
Mr. Craig, suspecting something was
wrong, pounced on him.

"What is your name?" he demanded.
"It's none of your business, but it's Hans
Petersen."

"It is not," and Mr. Craig told him in a
straight fashion that he was lying.
"It is—for today," said the man.
"It is not. Your name is Quinn," said
Mr. Craig.

THE TRUTH WILL OUT.

THE STORY OF MRS. "BLACK'S"
FRIENDS TOLD.

One Account Brings Out Another—How a
Trap Was Laid for an Unsuspecting
Clerk, Who Gets Caught in a Prepared
To Back Their Story by the Best Evidence.

The friends of Mrs. "Black" have come
to her rescue, and ask that Progress, with
its usual fairness, publish the facts of the
real trustee and assignment story, that was
printed in the last issue, as they appear to
them. While they do not deny the state-
ment, they hold that the construction
placed upon them is not a fair one, and
ask that the unvarnished truth be brought
out. As the unvarnished truth is quite in-
teresting enough to fill Progress' space, it
is given.

Mrs. "Black" was unfortunate in business
some time ago and made an assignment,
preferring certain creditors and settling
with others for between 20 and 30 cents on
the dollar. Her upper Canadian creditors
were paid their share and with the help of
some life insurance money she succeeded in
getting clear of all her debts except one or
two. The larger amount was owing to a
gentleman of this city, from whom she still
continued to buy goods. He was a trustee,
but with practically all of her liabilities
liquidated, Mrs. "Black" felt that to a certain
degree she was her own mistress and owned
a large portion of her stock.

She was supposed to keep a record of
goods sold, and had an allowance of twelve
dollars per week.

But Mrs. "Black," thinking that she
could buy perhaps to better advantage than
from her trustee was in the habit of draw-
ing from the cash to buy goods from other
parties, and allowing the proceeds to go
into the cash drawer. Further than this
she says that while they always tried to
keep a correct record of the sales, on Sat-
urdays it was next to impossible to do so.

Stock was taken and comparisons made
frequently, and after a time she began to
suspect that some one was cheating her.
She told her legal adviser who inquired into
the habits of her clerk, and concluded that
for a young man on seven dollars a week
he was having a very good time. Other
facts regarding his company seemed to
bear out this conclusion, and he was
watched pretty sharply.

One day he was caught. A man was
sent in with five single dollar bills, each
of them marked, and told to buy \$4.80 worth
of goods. He did so. Two of the marked
bills found their way into the cash drawer
and that was all.

Mrs. "Black" and her lawyer were in
the building, and the latter interviewed the
clerk, who it was discovered had entered
the sale at \$1.80. He was asked many
questions, and finally taxed with purloin-
ing money from the drawer. He denied it
until confronted with the evidence of his
guilt. Then he acknowledged it. To
save arrest, he offered to give up all he
had stolen. When asked how much that
was, he said he did not know, but he pro-
duced his savings bank book, and offered
to give it up if nothing was said about the
affair. The lawyer refused to accept the
book unless he said that all the money de-
posited in his name there had been taken
from Mrs. "Black," and he refused to
make any promise of secrecy.

Upon examination, it was found that
over \$60 had been deposited within a few
weeks, which appeared strange, when the
fact of the clerk's \$7 weekly salary was
considered. At first he persisted that all
of the money was not Mrs. "Black's," and
the book was then refused, and he was told
that the affair would be investigated. Then
he said that the money was Mrs. "Black's,"
and gave an order for the amount. It was
drawn from the bank and handed over to
his employer. He then left her employ,
and it is said has since been engaged in
another store in the city.

Then the story got around that Mrs.
"Black" was not recording all the sales
and drew money from the receipts of the
store. It was also stated that the clerk
was wrongfully accused of stealing in order
to get rid of him, and to capture his sav-
ings. Mrs. "Black's" friends claim that
hers has been an entirely honorable course
and that her only fault has been leniency
for her clerk. They claim that the above
is the unvarnished truth, which they are
prepared to back by the best evidence.

As any prosecution does not seem prob-
able, Progress withholds the real name of
the clerk's employer and calls her Mrs.
"Black." If the clerk's name was pub-
lished it would be a difficult matter, indeed,
for him to get employment in any city
where this story might fall him. So Pro-
gress gives him the same chance that his
late employer did—to get out of town and
begin again elsewhere.

Dinner at the National.
Business gentlemen who live out of town
should go to the "National" and try the
great dinners they are giving there. Lots
of style and the best in the market on the
table.

Leaves your orders for Carpet Cleaning at
Earle's (Gibber's), 54 King street.

SUCH A SHOCKING PROPHECY!

Two Men Who Indulged in Vigorous Lan-
guage on Different Occasions.

The most profane persons are usually
quite careful of their language in the
presence of ministers. The latter would
probably greet this fact with the assertion
that One greater than them always hears
them when they swear, but the reverence
of such men ends with their sight. Two
stories bearing on this point have drifted
on Progress' beach. They are quite fresh,
lively and good enough to print.

Some time ago a mechanic was summoned
to the Palace to have a look at the boiler
that supplied the steam for heating. The
boiler maker who went found plenty to do
and in a short time was hammering away
at bolts and rivets within the iron tube. He
couldn't see outside, and had no idea that
any one was around save some assistant of
the house. So when he heard a voice at
the end of the boiler asking questions he
paid no attention to the personality of the
querist, and had no idea that he was a
respectable priest.

"What was wrong with the boiler. Is
it in a very bad state?" asked the priest
between the sharp clips of the hammer.

"Bad!" was the exclamatory reply.

"It's so bad that the only wonder is you
weren't all-blown to h—l long ago."

"Oh, my, my," was the only remark of the
priest as he beat a hasty retreat.

Rev. Mr. Blank, rector of a city parish,
was in the office of a merchant not long
after the latter had secured a telephone.

Even to this day there are many people
who have never used this modern in-
strument, and the clergyman was curious.
Making some remark about the convenience
of the instrument, the merchant learned
that he had never spoken through one.

The clerk had just ended a conversation
with the railway freight-shed, where there
is a man driven almost crazy by day, and
haunted by night by the sound of the tele-
phone. When a business man talks to
him he wastes no time or words. It can
readily be imagined then that it was a very
rash proceeding to venture to ring this
individual up again, just to let a parson try
the machine.

But the rector was in position and
"central" had called the merchant again.
"What will I say?" nervously asked the
parson of the merchant.

"Oh, anything," was the ready response.
"Hello! what do you want?" asked the
freight agent.

"It's a fine day," timidly responded the
parson.

"Go to h—l, d—n you. Do you think
I've got nothing else to do —?"

That was the end. The parson had too
much of the telephone, and nobody knew
for a long time why he dropped it so sud-
denly and moved away, as though all the
electricity in the battery had got on to
him.

THE CHIEF AND THE FLOUR BAG.
The Effervescent Small Boy Makes Him
"Whiter Than Snow."

The chief of the St. John police force is
a very old man, but he is very active. He
appointed two inspectors to control the
two divisions of the police and act as sort
of minor chiefs. This was not done with
the idea of making less work for the great
head of the department, for the chief is
thoroughly aware of the fact that there is
a class of police duty in St. John that can
only be done by him. Such as "shooting"
the crowds off the corners on Charlotte
street, clubbing little boys and putting out
bonfires.

THERE IS NO RETREAT.

THE FRIENDS OF MR. EVERETT
HAVE A HEAVY BURDEN.

The Chances are Largely in Favor of Mr.
Barker, Who Has the Workers Behind
Him—Mr. Everett Will be Sweared Under
in Carleton and Portland.

Mr. W. H. Thorne, president of the Sun
Publishing company and head of the Liber-
al-Conservative association in this city has,
it is said, wagered \$200 with Mr. Enoch
Colwell that Mr. Charles A. Everett will be
elected mayor. Next Tuesday evening one
of the gentlemen will be \$200 richer.

"Ah, me," said a quaint old Irishman to
Mr. W. A. Lockhart, chairman of the
Everett general committee, "O'm sorry
for Mister Thorne. O'm told he's bet two
hundred dollars on Mister Everett, an'
Dunnivan of Carleton tells me that Mister
Barker will git three thirds of the vote be-
yair the water."

"Two-thirds, you mean," said Mr. Lock-
hart.

"No, I don't, Mister Dunnivan said three
thirds, and that's what he means. Sure,
an' o'm sorry for Mister Thorne."

And so the fight goes on. There is no
playing now. Every worker knows what
he is to do and is doing it. Mr. Everett
has the hardest election of his life ahead of
him, and he knows it. Nearly all of his
best workers of former days are against
him, and the grade he has to climb is very
steep. His supporters are realizing the
burden they have assumed and are groan-
ing under it. But there is no retreat now.

The people are not wholly satisfied with
the candidates, but there is no mistaking
the feeling abroad in every quarter of the
city, from Indiantown to Reed's point, from
Courtney bay to Lancaster,—Mr. Barker
before Mr. Everett.

Whatever can be said of George Barker
as one who has been known as "one of the
boys" no man can deny his frankness, his
honesty and reputation for square dealing.
He does not pretend to be competent to
join any angelic band just yet, and he is
well aware that the people know that fact.
He is what he is, and the voters like him
all the better for it.

But the highest office in the gift of the
citizens is to be filled and there are two
candidates. One of them must be chosen,
and Progress is with the great majority in
preferring Mr. Barker.

It is alleged now by Mr. Everett's friends
that Mr. Barker was not a warm supporter
of him in days past, and that at one time he
refused to take an active position on his
committee. If that be true many people
will have a higher regard for the man who
refused to swallow his conscience for the
sake of his party. Progress has a better
opinion of Mr. Barker for that act of
independence.

Now what are the chances?
Take the city proper, on the south end
as it is now called, and all the best work-
ers of the wards will be found pledged to
support and work for the candidate who
offered months ago. They are more ready
to stand by him now than then. It is
claimed that the largest merchants in the
city are with Mr. Everett. This is a great
mistake. Mr. W. W. Turnbull supports
him and so do some other excellent and in-
nocent gentlemen of the same stamp, who
will cast their own votes and wish him suc-
cess and that is all. There are other mer-
chants who have grown with the town, who
know every hole and corner in it, who do
not have to be told whether a man is tem-
perate or intemperate, for they have been
around, who prefer the sins of daylight to
the iniquities of twilight and darkness—they
will not support Mr. Everett. And if they
are asked why, there language is quite
true, quite plain and to the point.

Take the west end, or Carleton, and
seven-eighths of the voters there will smile
and smile, and say, "Wait till Tuesday.
Then we will get our chance at Mr.
Everett." For, right or wrong, Carleton
people imagine the union scheme wasn't
fair to them, and are down on ex-commis-
sioner Everett. They say further, and
truly, "We will not vote to put a man in
the mayor's chair whose influence will be
used every time against any amendment of
his own union scheme. Let some other
man sit in Portland on it."

Then in judgment the feeling is quite in-
tense in favor of Mr. Barker, who is so
well known there. The support of certain
ward politicians, not in the best odor, will
not help Mr. Everett. The chances are
strong for Barker there.

Rev. W. W. Brewer met Mr. Barker on
the street, a few days ago, and in his im-
pulsive fashion offered him his vote. Mr.
Barker, no doubt, was glad to get it, but
the amusing sequel to the incident is the
gentle remonstrances made to Mr. Brewer
by some of his congregation against declar-
ing himself in so public a fashion for any
candidate. Why he should not has not
been told, but thinking people who know
both candidates will give the reverend
gentleman credit for considerable discernment.

All New Novels, Papers and Magazines on
Issued, on sale at McArthur's Book store,
King street.

THE PEOPLE AND THE BRIDGE.

Persons Who Walk Over the Railway
Trestle Should Be Careful.

The trestle work of the St. John Bridge
and Railway company is very convenient
for a large number of people living in Port-
land. They can reach home from the city
by this means in about half the time it
takes to go around by Main street. Of
late, however, frantic efforts have been
made to deprive the people of this short
cut and possible way to a rapid entrance
into the next world. The bridge company
put up a large sign, stating that any person
walking over the trestle would be subject
to arrest on view, and a fine of \$40. No
body seemed to pay any attention to the
notice. Foot travel continued to be large
in that direction. The company viewed
this fact with alarm and daily awaited to
hear the report of fatal accidents on the
road. Then a bright idea struck those in-
terested in the trestle. They would move
the warning notice in nearer to the street
where everybody could see it. There was
also talk of paying a man to call the atten-
tion of the public to the notice. All these
precautions availed nothing.

When the two cities were united and
John R. Marshall took command of the
police force, he became aware of this great
disregard of danger and the bridge com-
pany's notice. Mr. Marshall thought foot
travel over the bridge could be stopped,
and he was the man to stop it. Sergt. Kil-
patrick was selected to work this great
change. He stood on Mill street all day
some weeks ago, and told every person who
started to walk over the trestle work that
it was against the law, and that they were
subject to arrest and a fine. Every body
spoken to walked around Main street—for
that day only. When the police left Mill
street, the people went over the bridge.

Mr. Marshall wasn't discouraged at this
failure to stop the flood of travel over the
trestle. Work that was too much for
subordinates should be done by the head of
the police, he thought. This was evidently
the idea of the chief when he appeared on
Mill street one day this week and took
the names of persons he saw walking over the
trestle work.

At last accounts foot travel over the
trestle work was increasing.

MONCTON EXCITED AGAIN.
A "Grave Devil" in the Cemetery is the
Cause of the Trouble.

Moncton people are agitated at present
over a "grave devil" of a decidedly unique
description, which has recently been erected
in the rural cemetery, and which Moncton-
ians are only just beginning to find out
about. It consists of a marble block,
standing near the entrance, on which is
carved the figure of a dog, with the follow-
ing inexplicable words clearly traced be-
neath: "Faithful watch, oh, my mother."

The stone was erected by a resident of
Moncton, in memory of his wife, who died
last winter. Now, the question to the
thinking mind is, from what brain eman-
ated so extraordinary a device? and how
did it come to be admitted into the sacred
precincts of God's acre? At the first
glance—taking its position, near the gate,
into consideration—one is naturally in-
clined to suppose that some one has erected
a monument in memory of a favorite dog,
and the discovery that it is a tribute from a
sorrowing husband to his departed wife,
causes a shock of most unpleasant surprise.
The utter grotesqueness of the thing is so
striking, that the matter has been reported
to the directors of the cemetery. Mean-
while, even the Sunday excursion excite-
ment has paled and faded into insignificance
beside this new interest.

A New and Handsome Corner.
There are few persons who do not stand
to look at the new corner of Union and
Waterloo streets and comment on the great
change there since last year. Plate glass
makes any front look well, but when there
is an abundance of it and new brick build-
ings above and about it the effect is cer-
tainly very fine. Mr. W. A. Porter can be
congratulated upon his grand grocery stand
in the corner building. It certainly cannot
be beaten in this city.

Very Appropriate, Indeed.
There is a merchant doing business in
the north end who does not open his store
very early in the morning. Sometimes it
is well on towards noon before the blinds
are raised. Somebody in that vicinity
noticed this fact, and attributing this
tardiness to over-fondness for slumber,
placed the following notice on the door one
morning last week, where it was read by
nearly every person who passed: "Not
dead, but sleeping!"

The Excursion Days of the "Clifton."
Captain Earle, of the Clifton, is prepar-
ing for big excursions every week on and
after the 15th. The Kennebecasis has a
fine reputation for grand scenery and
pretty, hospitable villages, and is such a
favorite resort with tourists that Thurs-
days have always been favorite days with
pleasure parties. The Clifton is a pleasant
and good boat, with a courteous and
obliging captain.

A HAUNTED PREACHER.

HE WAS A VICTIM OF AN AWFUL NIGHTMARE.

He could not sleep without waking crying "Fire!"

The gentleman, I know, was subject to a peculiar form of nightmare, which had never varied since his childhood.

One summer, after a year of unusually hard work, his devoted congregation decided that a trip to England would be the best possible tonic for their overworked rector.

With a sickening certainty, the awful truth dawned upon the unhappy clergyman.

He dared not confess, and leaving captain and crew to continue their search indefinitely, he crept slyly back to his stateroom.

And One of Them Was Doubtful. In a town not far from one of the large business centres dwelt two elders of the Presbyterian church.

"We have taken rooms at Westfield," was the immediate reply. "All our friends are going there, and we expect to have a very pleasant outing."

"We have taken rooms at Westfield," was the immediate reply. "All our friends are going there, and we expect to have a very pleasant outing."

THE JUDGMENT OF OSIRIS.

By Hunter Duvar.

Whether upon the earth I cannot tell, Or in a higher or a lower sphere.

Or it may well have been within some world Where darkness never yet has ceased to reign.

Or that dread judgment place there hung a pall, Opaque, tenebrous, sullen, dire and dense.

A point of light opened in the solid dark, A vivid point of bright blue-red hue.

Soon other mists came shimmering on the red In soft, thin vapors like the wave of wings.

The Assessor there. One for each mortal sin, Bulls, lions, rams, and apes with ghastly grin.

Higher than these the Genii of the dead, Headed as man, as jackal, hawk and ape.

And with them dog-faced Anubis, the guide Who from the genii's laboring hands

And as this Presence sat upon the throne There did out of the dark all daily seem

THE WATERMARK APOPHIS, THE ACCUSER, SPEAKS:

"Thou, Cleopatra, born of Pharaoh's line,

"Lord of the dead and quick of heaven, O King! The world hath been so very fair to me,

"Fair Queen of men, power blithely not in sloth, But is a charge of ever watchful care,

"What was I to do? I could not know! Did I think beneficence had given us them,

"The gods had worship. At the feast of state I oft was present, nay and with my hand

"The temples' walls I tinted with hieroglyph And sculptured sacred figures on the pines;

"How could a Queen Egypt stoop to wife? If that my hot blood surged as death's sea

"Wanted! once of Two Egypt's crowned queens, In thy luxurious and voluptuous life

"The crowd of the spectator dead stayed still Nor did they, at demand and countermand,

FYTHE THE THIRD.

My mortal tongue should the august sounds

Yet with a grace of motion. As she moved The line of beauty to her progress clear

Long centuries have trailed since these accords And Egypt's fate has veered for good and ill.

THE END.

JAMES S. MAY. W. ROBERT MAY. JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, DOMVILLE BUILDING, P. O. Box 303. ST. JOHN, N. B.

NEW STORE, EAST END CITY, Waterloo, Near Union Street. T. PATTON & CO. ARE NOW SHOWING HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, in every variety.

THIS IS THE TIME OF YEAR WHEN CARPETS must be Cleaned. Get it done well while you are about it.

A. L. LAW, Gilbert's Lane Dye Works. W. ALEX. PORTER, WILL REMOVE ABOUT SATURDAY, June 8, to his New Store, Corner of Union and Waterloo Streets.

BUSINESS MEN, CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS Are the Best AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY. The best market affairs always on hand

DRESS TRIMMINGS.

We have just received a cable repeat of BLACK SECTION GIMPS, 108 pieces in all.

JETTED GIMPS. Our stock of Dull and Bright Jetted Section Gimps and Passementeries includes all the latest designs.

EMBROIDERED COSTUMES, In Pink, Blue, Navy, Cream, Grey and White; also Colored Flouncings and Allovers.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS. THE CELEBRATED WHITE MOUNTAIN ARCTIC PATTERNS, in all sizes. Prices from \$2 up.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 and 79 Prince Wm. Street. W. G. SCOVIL. E. E. FRASER. Clothing.

Mention this paper, "PROGRESS," when you come, and see what YOU will get. It will pay you well.

Oak Hall Clothing House, CORNER KING AND GERMAIN STREETS, ST. JOHN, N. B. Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's Clothing; Gents' Furnishings,

READY TO HELP YOU! HAVE YOU MOVED, and do any of your living rooms look dull? If they do, forget not to ask Mr. A. G. STAPLES, 175 CHARLOTTE STREET,

"THE BEACHES"! RICHIBUCTO, KENT CO., N. B. THIS is one of the finest SUMMER RESORTS in CANADA (only six hours Railway ride from St. John).

TEAS. We have in Stock at all times the Finest Flavored Teas, selected especially for Family use.

TRIMMINGS.

BLACK SECTION GIMPS, 108 pieces in all. 2 per yard, from 1 inch to 10 inches in SHK and Wooted.

FRIGES, BALL FRINGS.

18 in., 36 in., 40 in., 48 in., 65 in.

BLACK JETTED LACES.

JETTED ALLOVERS, CREAM ANTIQUE

ED COSTUMES.

White, also, Colored Flouncings and Allovers, by the yard.

ALLISON, 27, 29 KING STREET.

FREEZERS.

THE CELEBRATED WHITE MOUNTAIN

ARCIC PATTERNS, in all sizes. Prices from \$2 up.

REFRIGERATORS,

in a variety of sizes and best makes, from \$10 up.

Our stock of seasonable Goods is unsurpassed, including,

GARDEN VASES, CREAMERS, WIRE GREENS, Etc., Etc.

LARGEST STOCK OF Furnishing Goods and Tinware in Provincas.

DEERS ARE RIGHT.

75 and 79 Prince Wm. Street.

E. E. FRASER.

hing.

"PROGRESS," when you

ll get. It will pay you well.

commencing FRIDAY, June 7th,

ding SATURDAY, June 22nd.

MBER

thing House,

GERMAIN STREETS,

N. B.

's Clothing; Gents' Furnishings,

Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, etc.

OVIL, FRASER & CO.

HELP YOU!

of your living rooms look dull? If they

STAPLES, 175 CHARLOTTE STREET,

for you. All orders get the promptest

ent outside as well as inside this summer.

Get a G. STAPLES to paint them, and

the address, 175 CHARLOTTE STREET.

ACHES!"

MENT CO., N. B.

SPORTS IN CANADA (only six hours Railway

management! Accommodation for 150

clubs, 14 feet wide, 312 long. Good

FATHER DAMIEN.

O martyr-priest, death-smitten in the prime of thy fair life; no human words suffice To tell the horror of those hours of vice And leprosy: Thy name all future time Shall recall heroic deeds, sublime—

Valued, above, far beyond any price The world could give for such high sacrifice:

Ring, ring, ye bells, a joyful din! Draw, tender heart, sweet love and mercy down Gav'nt to that far Isle amid tropic seas;

Thy name's large writ in the Eternal Scroll. A crown immortal surely waits thee, now, Struck down, in body, by that dire disease, That could not touch or stain thy sacred soul.

A. H. CHANDLER.

The Rev. Damien de Vester, who recently died a martyr, among the lepers, on the Hawaiian Islands of Molokai.

A DIAMOND THIEF.

The following very remarkable experience is narrated by Delicieux Maurice Moses of Scotland Yard in the New Castle Chronicle: One day in July, in the year 1880, I was handed a telegram which had been received at Scotland Yard from the Brussels police authorities giving a description of a man named Heine, who had decamped with over 400,000 francs' worth of diamonds and other stones, which he had obtained by fraud, and who was supposed to have left, taking some circuitous route, for England.

The telegram also mentioned that Heine's mistress had left Brussels prior to his departure, and that it was possible she would likewise find her way to this country to be eventually rejoined by her companion. Of course my first duty was to seek the whereabouts of the woman, whom I discovered, at last, in a house very frequently made use of by foreigners, situated in Pantou street, Haymarket. A fine, handsome woman she was, I kept a very careful watch upon her movements, and at 7 o'clock in the evening of the second day observed that she was joined by a man who, I believed was the individual I wanted.

To make sure I continued my watch the whole evening until that they parted, when I followed the man to a hotel in Leicester square. He had evidently taken up his quarters there, thinking, no doubt, that by living separated from his mistress he stood much less chance of being found. I knew the landlord of this particular hotel very well, and had no difficulty in obtaining additional particulars as to the time of the suspected one's arrival and to forth. The result was I had no doubt he was the person required.

New to arrest him. He was a powerful, well-made man, and from his appearance I felt convinced that he could prove a rather "tough" customer to tackle unless I adopted some other or more. I therefore asked the landlord to show me the gentleman's bedroom, and on reaching the apartment I noticed that he had evidently prepared himself for the night, for his boots were on the mat outside the door.

I knocked, and the inmate called out, "Qui est la?" "Le garçon," I replied. He then leisurely unfastened the door, which he had carefully locked and bolted, and cautiously opened it a little. This gave me the opportunity of putting my foot inside to prevent his closing it again. Perceiving this, he started, and became very much alarmed, and proceeded to shout for help, no doubt with the object of attracting attention, and, taking advantage of a temporary hubbub, to depart. In a few moments, however, I had pushed my way into the room, and I told him who I was, and that I had a warrant for his arrest, which I produced, as well as a pair of handcuffs to emphasize and illustrate my statements.

He seemed perfectly staggered at the aspect of affairs, and asked to see the warrant, put to me a whole string of questions in French, which I responded to, and finally requested me to sit down while he dressed, for he had taken off a portion of his clothes ready for bed. He appeared, also, very anxious that I should join him in a bottle of wine, an invitation which I declined with as much politeness as possible. After a little pause he said: "I have a proposition to make to you."

"You are a man of the world, are you not?"

"Well, I think I have some knowledge of it, at all events," I replied.

"You don't want my body. Remain with me all night."

"For what purpose?"

"I will tell you by-and-by," he replied. Pulling out his pocketbook, he selected about 20,000 francs, in French and Belgian bank notes, and spread them all over the table in front of me saying:

"These are for you. Bandage my arms and legs with towels or handkerchiefs, or even use the handcuffs, but do not require to be too particular about the fastening, and in the morning, long before the birds begin to sing—the rogues was poetical—"I shall be on my way away from here, and you, having been asleep (of course after safely binding me), won't know anything at all about it, nor will I in the slightest degree possibly understand how I could manage to escape, you having done everything on your part you thought necessary to make safe your prisoner."

It was rather an artful suggestion on his part, but I declined this also, much to his disappointment and disgust at my apparent want of business aptitude.

"Well," he said, "mon cher ami, je vais vous n'etes pas satisfait." Taking off his coat and vest again, he deliberately unfastened a belt containing several pockets—just such a belt as tropical and sometimes commercial travellers wear, in which was secreted a number of small, carefully folded paper packets. Placing the lighted candle a little nearer, he proceeded to open two of these, and, ostentatiously spreading their contents—diamonds, rubies and what not—all over the bank notes, where they glistened most brilliantly.

Seeing me still hesitating, for I was getting impatient at the delay, he said: "I am afraid you don't appreciate the full quality of these stones; by the illumination of one candle alone I will bring another."

He did so, and they certainly proved a very beautiful and tempting display. "They are yours, mon ami, all yours, every one," he cried: "take them, put them into your pocket, and become a rich man for once in your life, and spend the rest of your days in something like luxury and ease."

I declined again, but this time in a much more forcible manner, and he, finding me yet obstinate, burst out quite hoarsely, his eyes glistening almost as brightly as the

brilliant upon the table: "Well name your price and conditions."

I had no conditions and no price, and as we had spent fully an hour together in a decidedly one-sided and unprofitable sort of an attempt at bargaining, I considered it quite time to put an end to the preparation and depart with my prisoner.

I therefore intimated my decision to him, requesting him to complete his dressing as speedily as possible, stow away his valuables and accompany me at once to the police station.

When he was quite ready, he looked at me rather significantly and inquired, somewhat hesitatingly, whether I had any one with me. I rather guessed his object, so at once replied: "Yes, a policeman down stairs."

In reality this was not the case, but an exaggeration of the kind is surely permissible under the circumstances.

He looked for the first time thoroughly crestfallen, but when he discovered, on our arrival at the front door, that I was entirely without assistance he suddenly altered his demeanor, and called out very vigorously several times, "Au voleur, au voleur," which had the effect, as it usually has in such a locality, of bringing together a large number of low French women and their leading male confederates, all ready and eager to lend a hand for the rescue of one of their countrymen in distress.

Something like 60 of these disreputable characters appeared on the scene, shouting, screaming, swearing and bullying, and indescribable Mabel, such as never saw before even in the lowest quarters of Paris.

I was first threatened, entreated and cautioned, then insulted, pushed and scratched, and you can readily picture to yourselves, readers, the somewhat "mixed" feelings with which I had to regard that howling, screaming mob, increasing every moment by other members of the same calling, the bulk of them under the influence of drink.

I, however, kept tight of my man, and soon saw a policeman coming to my assistance. After some little further trouble with the crowd we managed to convey Heine to the King street police station, where he was carefully searched and his ill-gotten spoil duly taken possession of. I was thoroughly tired out with my five days of arduous and exciting work, and was not by any means regretful when I got home and tried to enjoy some rest.

The next day my prisoner was brought before the magistrate at Bow street, when I deposited to everything which had taken place between us, as to the time of the attempt to hide him, being listened to it all most unconcernedly, denied all my statements with the utmost sang froid, and actually had the impudence to say at the conclusion of my depositions that he insisted upon the stones being weighed, for he believed that I had stolen some of them.

The magistrate, however, estimated these remarks at their true value, and remanded him for a week. In the meantime, I myself saw the stones weighed, and on Heine's next appearance he was asked the exact weight he had bought over.

He mentioned some figure which was a gross exaggeration of the quantity of the quantity discovered upon him, entirely overlooking the fact that I had examined his papers and bonds, among which I found a memorandum of particulars, which gave the weights corresponding within a very few carats with the quantity discovered.

It appeared on further inquiries that Heine had once, even up to a very short time previous to his decamping, occupied a responsible position as a diamond broker and merchant, dealing occasionally very largely in all sorts of stones. Things had gone badly with him, however, but before losing his credit entirely he obtained, on the strength of his previous good character, the 400,000 francs' worth of goods on approbation (a custom still largely prevalent in Holland and Belgium).

I visited Brussels in 1882, two years afterward, and on inquiring after Heine at the prison there, was informed that he had been sentenced to and was then undergoing four years' imprisonment.

Mr. Nye Essays Art Criticism.

A design to which my attention has been recently called consists of a unique, improvised flower, composed by a young lady. These flowers are not copied from the monotonous and tedious uniformity so much affected in nature, but they stand out by themselves and attract attention at once, because of their bold originality. Instead of copying nature, and thus becoming tiresome, she has constructed a flower that is a cross between a rose cancer and a ginger cookie. It grows on a perpendicular stem that looks like a dark green hat rack with buds on it, that remind the raptured spectator of an aggravated felon on a dark red thumb, just peeping out of a pale green, weather-beaten bandage. The inflammatory condition of the blossom itself, the bold and mathematical perpendicular poise of the stem, and the early stages of eruption visible in the complexion of the bud challenge the admiration of the philanthropist and board of health. It certainly has never been successfully imitated by nature, and I do not think it ever will be. While nature likes to give us freaks now and then, I may safely say that she will never furnish us with a flower that looks as though it had been nailed on the parent stem with shingle-nails, while the foliage, it would seem, was cut out of sheet iron and riveted to the curtain by the hand of a master. It is one of those meek-eyed, fragile blossoms of the vale that you could successfully use in beating out a man's brains.—Bill Nye.

Her Exact Status.

Married Female—I hear that Miss Uppersole is going to be married.

Unmarried Female—Miss Uppersole, eh? Why she's no chicken.

Married Female—No, she's a goose.—Judge.

The Fervency of Her.

Literary Critic (laying down a new book) with a very mild wife and another in the country could read that book.

Able Editor—Well, run in a line to the effect that that book is one which no woman should be allowed to see.—New York Weekly.

The vocal organs are strengthened by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Clergymen, lawyers, singers, actors, and public speakers find this preparation the most effective remedy for irritation and weakness of the throat and lungs, and for all affections of the vocal organs.—Advt.

The Lady

Who has fine Hair, and desires to preserve its color, abundance, and lustre, should use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean and cool, and is by far the best and most reliable preparation in the market.

Mrs. M. Johnson, M.D., Thomas Hill, Mo., says: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation known of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."

Mrs. S. A. Rock, of Anderson, Tenn., writes: "At the age of 30, in March, 1874, I had a severe attack of malarial fever, after I got well my hair commenced coming out, and so continued until it had well nigh all gone, used several kinds of hair restorers, but they did no good. A friend gave me a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Before finishing the bottle my hair began to grow, and by the time I used three bottles, I had a fine head of hair."

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

HE SAW IT.

Why Farmer Johnson Stopped Short in his Story.

"Sit down—sit down," replied the old farmer, as he laid down his bright hook and dumped himself on the grass. "So you want to know where Hi Perkins lives?"

"Yes."

"Know the family?"

"Somewhat."

"How is Hi's wife's brother?"

"No."

"Cousin of Hi's, mebbe?"

"No."

"You ain't an officer with a writ to serve?"

"No, no."

"May be going out to sell him a wind-mill or an organ?"

"No."

"Known Hi long?" he queried, as he rubbed his sleeve over his face.

"No, very."

"Ah! I see how it is!" he suddenly exclaimed, as a grin began to spread over his face. "You live in town—thatched with consumption—doctor advises farm diet and outdoor exercise—going out to fix up matters with Hi. They used to come to me by drops, but I got tired of it. All of 'em how do you? Hi's? Guess I ain't quite so 'tuff with 'em."

"Wall, it sort o' riled me to have a chap around a bumblebee and a turnip patch, and I s'pose I got—"

When I sat down I noticed a big bumblebee working his way up the old man's back. "You live in town—thatched with consumption—doctor advises farm diet and outdoor exercise—going out to fix up matters with Hi. They used to come to me by drops, but I got tired of it. All of 'em how do you? Hi's? Guess I ain't quite so 'tuff with 'em."

"Well, was it a turnip patch or a bumblebee?" I asked.

"Durn my flint! but you must a seen down critters prowling around when you first come out and no you, just please get over into that ar' road and jog along afore I let loose! I can't abide a one-lung, narrower-souled man, and I'll be hanged if I tell you whar Hi Perkins or anybody else lives! A consumptive as will calmly sit down and see a bar'l of bumble bees holdin' in a convention 'n' a man's back, which hasn't got no undershirt on, and never warn him of the coming calamity, is just mean 'nuff to go and crawl into a feller's barn and die thar, and spile three tons of hay!"—New York Sun.

The Usual Disappointment.

Omaha Youth—I've called for my new spring suit. Average Tailor—Sorry, but it is not finished.

Omaha Youth—Why, you said you would have it done if you worked all night. Average Tailor—Yes, but I didn't work all night.—Omaha World.

Couldn't See It.

Tommy—Say, paw, I thought you said people could see farther as they got older. Paw—Yes.

Tommy—Well, say paw, if that is so what makes so many old men always get in the front row at the show? Paw—Oh, shut up!—Terre Haute Express.

"My daughter was greatly troubled with scrofula, and, at one time, it was feared she would lose her sight. After she was completely restored her health, and her eyes are as well as ever, with not a trace of scrofula in her system."—G. King, Killingly, Conn.—Advt.

NUMBER 5!

MARKET SQUARE.

IF YOU WANT A "BANG-UP"

Suit of Clothes!

for any walk in life, from the "CLAW HAMMER" to the NOBBIE SUIT worn by the young man who is always in the height of fashion, call at the above number, and there you will find

JAMES KELLY

ready to accommodate you. His line of GOODS is one of the very best, being selected with care and judgment.

Should you wish a READY-MADE SUIT, No. 5 is also the place to go. Workmen can buy PAWS away down at Rock Bottom Prices.

Furnishing Goods of all descriptions—Cheap! cheap! cheap!!!

Remember—No. 5 Market Square.

"KNOCKED SKY HIGH!"

YES, just a little vulgar, but expressive. We have upset all the former old-time notions about KID GLOVES. There was a day when no one was supposed to possess a pair of decent Kid Gloves unless some one called them "Josephine," and charged you \$1.50 a pair for them; hence the poor, hard-working shop girl who, by her right, should always have the first claim to the best article for the least money, was of necessity invited (and often compelled) to deprecate her hands with a pair of Cotton "Bags." This day has gone

Under our DIRECT AGENCY SYSTEM, we can positively give you a perfect fitting 4-Button Kid Glove, soft and elastic in finish, and in every respect RELIABLE, for 64 CENTS, and with THE NEW FOSTER LACED FASTENING, 13c. extra, in Blacks and all colors.

POSTAGE PAID TO ANY ADDRESS. REMIT IN STAMPS.

FAIRALL & SMITH, Kid Glove Agency, St. John, N. B.

SUMMER RESORTS.

THE MYRTLE HOUSE, DIGBY, N. S.

The above House, standing in Three Acres of Shade and Fruit Trees, situated 100 feet above the sea level, and having an uninterrupted view of the ANNOBIS BAY.

IS NOW OPEN FOR SUMMER VISITORS.

EXCELLENT BOATING. BATHING AND FISHING. In the immediate vicinity of the House. TENNIS AND CROQUET LAWNS. MAGNIFICENT DRIVES. COOL RETIRETS, NO FOG.

For terms and other particulars, please address, J. C. MORRISON, Proprietor.

SEA BATHING.

INCH ARRAN HOUSE, DALHOUSIE.

THE HEALTHIEST PLACE IN CANADA. This favorite summer resort, on the line of the Intercolonial Railway, opens June 1st. Beautiful scenery, good bathing, boating, fishing and driving, together with a good table and the other comforts of a city hotel.

The sanitary arrangements are perfect, pure water, thorough drainage, with all modern conveniences. Bathrooms supplied with hot and cold salt water. Communication with all points of interest is easy by rail or steamer.

For further information address: C. C. FAIRALL, Manager, P. O. Box 870, Montreal, or after the 1st June: INCH ARRAN HOUSE, Dalhousie, N. B.

HOTELS.

Best \$1 House in the Maritime Provinces. Hawarden Hotel, Cor. Prince Wm. and Duke Sts., ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

Hotel Dufferin, St. John, N. B.

FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

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

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 to 32 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS. Terms - - \$1.00 Per Day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 Cents.

W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor

BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

J. SIMS, Proprietor

Established 1838. PAINTING! PAINTING!

THE SUBSCRIBERS are prepared to receive orders at their OLD STAND, No. 18 WATERLOO STREET, FOR—

House and Sign Painting, Gilding, GRAINING, PAPER HANGING, KALSOMINING, WHITEWASHING, Etc.

A. D. BLAKSLÉE & SON, GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE Province of New Brunswick

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

A. C. FAIRWEATHER, CHAS. J. TOWNLEY, Barristers-at-Law, General Agents. BARNHILL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B. W. WATSON, CLARENCE H. FERGUSON, ALLEN & FERGUSON, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Etc. Pugsley's Building, Rooms 14, 15 and 16. Cor. Prince William and Princess streets.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY, 115 Sydney Street, opp. Victoria School. MRS. H. M. DIXON, Stamping, Filing and Fancy Work done to order.

STEAMERS.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

REVENUE OF THE WEEK IN BOSTON AND HALIFAX

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

Mr. Joseph Allison is, I am sorry to learn, ill with rheumatism, at his residence, Princess street.

The young friends of Miss Lena Waltham were shocked to hear, on Thursday evening, of her sudden death.

Miss Gillibrand is in St. John, the guest of Mrs. James Dever, Chipman hill.

In spite of a leaden sky and the persistent rain of Tuesday last, quite a number gathered in St. Stephen's church to witness the marriage of Miss Belle McLaren, second daughter of Dr. McLaren, of this city.

Mr. Gordon returned from his trip to the upper provinces on Saturday.

Mr. Alexander, sub-dean of the cathedral, has left yesterday afternoon for Toronto, via the West.

Mr. J. S. Benedict, sub-dean of the cathedral, has left yesterday afternoon for Toronto, via the West.

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To the Athletic Clubs THROUGHOUT THE PROVINCE.

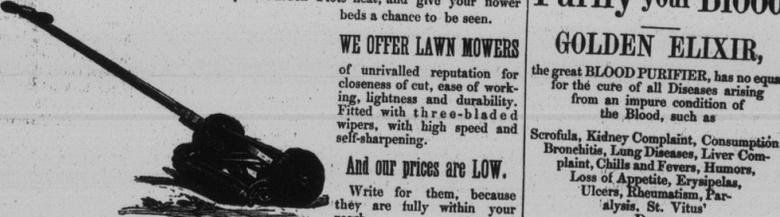
We have now in stock an immense variety of everything requisite for a complete outfit for BASE BALL, CRICKET, TENNIS, LACROSSE, BICYCLING and FOOT BALL.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO., 61 and 63 King Street.

EVERY WEEK We are opening NEW GOODS, in many cases being repeats of lines all sold out to satisfy the Daily demands for more.

LONDON HOUSE RETAIL.

And with ten minutes' easy labor make your Garden Plots neat, and give your flower beds a chance to be seen.



T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Baird's Balsam of Horehound!

Always all irritation. By its Tonic properties it strengthens the muscles of the throat and gives tone and vigor to the organs of speech.

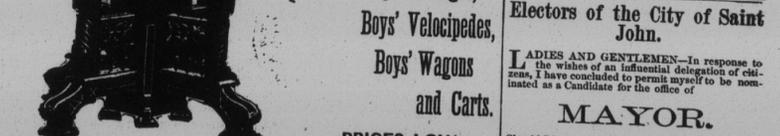
Tennis Shoes

LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND BOYS, Of our new Improved Make.

THE STYLE AND FINISH OF THESE SHOES IS THE VERY LATEST DESIGNS. AS WORN IN BOSTON. COOL AND EASY TO WEAR.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

FURNITURE, Baby Carriages, Boys' Velocipedes, Boys' Wagons and Carts.



C. E. BURNHAM & SONS, 83 and 85 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

JOHNSON'S FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Biliousness, Headache, Stomachic, Nausea, Vomiting, Indigestion, Flatulence, Colic, Spasms, Convulsions, etc.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

Persons visiting Boston during Spring and Summer months, and preferring PRIVATE ACCOMMODATIONS, may find pleasant rooms with Board, at 111 BOSTON STREET, opposite the Public Garden.

W. E. BLANCHARD.

ed another lot of VESTS for Summer than last week,

MURRAY, WHITE STREET.

PITY

such low prices, but we t next week, just advertisement:

Dress Goods, at 10 cts.; Dress Goods, at 12 cts.; for Men's and Boys' wear,

S, 16 King Street.

executed on the premises.

Impure Blood

Is the cause of Boils, Carbuncles, Pimples, Eczema, and cutaneous eruptions of all kinds.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

A. & J. HAY, DEALERS IN Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc.

LADIES VISITING LESSONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE, can hear of a competent Teacher

FOUND, AT 21 SYDNEY STREET, A PLACE to have your Corns extracted without pain.

BOARDING. BOARDING-A SUITE OF EXCELLENT rooms nicely furnished, as well as other furnished apartments, with good board, can be had at Barron House, No. 43 Elliot Row, corner South Street.

WANTED. WANTED-BY A YOUNG MAN, A position as Salesman or Bookkeeper. Best of references. Address W. E. B. Fenfield, P. O. Box 100, St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE. FOR SALE-The pleasantly situated House, 124 Britannia corner Sidney street, containing nine rooms, W. C. etc. Terms easy. For particulars apply to H. J. FITTS, 110 Union street.

TO LET. TO LET-A COTTAGE, six minutes' walk from station, containing eight rooms, with parlour, As a summer residence, the location is desirable. An acre of ground, with fruit and ornamental trees, is attached. Apply at Newmarket, N. B. J. D. M. KEATON.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

After the peculiar success which Mr. Lang achieved in his 'Letters to Dead Authors,' the captivated public became clamorous to know what he might have to say on living celebrities. The volume before me is Mr. Lang's discreet response. The task he here undertakes is one before which he wisely hesitated. Yet he has succeeded in it, by reason of his delicacy, his subtlety of appreciation, his beguiling humor, and his Scottish caution. Only half a dozen of the letters, in truth, are concerned with the perilous subject of contemporary writers; but in these he is at his best. The others, on such themes as Fielding, Gerard de Norval, Lucretius, Virgil, Anacrisis and Nicolette, Flaminus, Rochetoucauld, etc., etc., are written in a modern spirit to imaginary correspondents of this nineteenth century.

There are perhaps more accomplished critics now writing than Mr. Lang, but there are more, I feel sure, who so combine sound critical judgment with the finest graces of style. Whatever Mr. Lang writes is literature. The assured and inimitable touch is never lacking. There is a persistent flavor of Theocritus, of the Greek anthology, of the Greek and of delighted wanderings in Provençal song. All this is blended with modern sympathies, the spirit of alert inquiry, and a fondness for congeries of phrase which sometimes come very near the verge of slang. Such is the apparent lightness of these pages that we often fail to realize just how sane and temperate are the doctrines which we are imbibing. Yet, with all his good sense, he reiterates the hackneyed lament that poetry has fallen into disfavour. "Poor poetry!" says he, with misplaced condolence. "Now we dwell in an age of democracy, and poetry wins but a feigned respect, more out of courtesy, and for old sake's sake, than for liking." This is an age which gives Tennyson his \$25,000 a year for his singing, and Browning his \$10,000, and Swinburne, with his comparatively limited appeal, \$5,000! The complaint is an idle and unfounded one. The rewards above named may not seem very large in themselves, but they go with an influence and repute which are not to be measured in dollars.

To judge of Mr. Lang's insight as a critic, one need only read his brief but adequate comparison of Tennyson and Browning. In order to delight in the one, he does not find it necessary to inveigh against the other. He admires both heartily, though, as might be expected from his own artistic and lovely verse, he sets the greater store by the Laureate. After a judicious searching out of the inevitable flaws which, like flies to amber, are to be found even in Tennyson, he thus sums up: "He is with Milton for learning, with Keats for magic and vision, with Virgil for graceful recasting of ancient golden lines." With regard to Browning, after admitting that "it is hardly to be hoped that 'Sordillo,' or 'Red Cotton Night Cap Country,' or 'Fifine,' will continue to be struggled with by posterity," he reaches the following wise conclusion: "No perversion of humor, no voluntary or involuntary harshness of style, can destroy the merit of these poems (Men and Women), which have nothing like them in the letters of the past, and must remain without successful imitators in the future. They will last all the better for a certain manliness of religious faith—something sturdy and assured—not moved by winds of doctrine, not patting with doubts, which certainly is one of Mr. Browning's attractions in this fickle and shifting generation. He cannot be forgotten while, as he says,

A sunset touch,
A chorus ending Euripides,
reminds men that they are creatures of immortality, and move a thousand hopes and fears.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Letters on Literature, by Andrew Lang. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The Magazines.

Scribner's Magazine for June is perhaps most noticeable for its poetry. It contains seven poems, all good, and two of them—"Vespers," by Ellen Burroughs, and "At the Ferry," by Graham R. Thomson—of unusual beauty. There is but one short story. The most important prose articles are a paper of great practical utility and suggestiveness, by W. A. Linn, on "Building and Loan Associations," and an article on "Slavery in Africa," by Prof. Henry Drummond, author of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. This paper is one whose influence should reach far. The careful and unexaggerated picture which it gives of the increasing horrors of the African slave trade are such as to make one's blood boil in one's veins. As the details of this unspeakable blot upon our century become known, a crusade should (and will, we deeply believe) be stirred up against the slave-stealers and the hideous iniquity be wiped out.

Notes and Announcements.

A new story by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, with the curiosity-piquing title of *The Wrong Box*, will be published by the Scribners in a fortnight, and is likely to create a great deal of interest. The tale is said to be entirely outside the lines along which Mr. Stevenson's genius for story telling has manifested itself,

and will illustrate afresh his extraordinary versatility in the field of letters. The story has a most amusing and exciting plot, dealing mainly with the astonishing and funny adventures of a young man in his attempts to secure the fruits of a Tontine life insurance policy. It is an extravaganza of the gayest quality, and some of the characters are important literary creations. The co-operation of Mr. Osbourne will enable the Scribners to protect the book by copyright.

The Scribners issue an edition of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's first novel, "Vagabondia," originally published in 1873, under the title of "Dolly." It went to press in that year without any previous revision by the author, the copyright having passed from her hands. The present edition has been printed by Mrs. Burnett's regular publishers, with such corrections as seemed advisable to her, and with the name she originally bestowed upon it.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY

Goes to the Show, and His Father Sits on a Cake of Ice Between the Acts.

Our famerly was up ter the interstoot this week, which is ma and pa and me. It was a awful funny play, and I larfed till I thort I'd bust, like I did when pa hauled out the stove pipe what he didn't kin was full of suit and emptied it on his shirt bosom. I guess ma'd a larfed pretty hard too, only she's afraid her front teeth would fall out. She says the dentists nowadays never thinks what a person's got nothin' to do but hold their teeth so's they won't fall out. Pa says its all nonsense, and plays he don't see what people goes to see plays fur anyhow.

My parent on the female side (that's ma) says she does wish the new opera house was built, 'cause perhaps the managers wouldn't take the audience fur geese and try to cook 'em. I guess this is a joke. Pa had ter go out atween every act, it's so hot. 'Guess if there's a good many acts though, what pa'd hatter get the sides made bigger so he could cum in. He always wipes his noble brow when he's goin out, you know, so's people'll think he's goin out to sit on a cake of ice, till the orchestra fellers gets done turnin' or them chessnuts. Pa wants ter know who owns the hand organ annyhow.

Plays is divided into two parts, tragedy and comically. I like tragedy when they kill the follars good. Pa's awful mad wonst, 'cause a fellar woke up again after he got killed. He said he wouldn't be minded if he's a good actor, but the fellar oughter been killed dead. I think the best way is to tie a rock and a string on their necks and fire 'em off the wharf, 'cause when I do that with cats they don't come up again.

Ma says, give her sentiment; let her see the wronged wile rushin' inter her darlin's arrums. Pa said she needed the sense, no matter what was ment. Pa's a great old joker after he comes from a play. Pa says he youser be a darlin' wonst hisself. That's after he had me. Somebody youser rush inter his arrums, only he darstn't say so. He says a few likes me makes people settle down to business, and then they've got to look out for number 1. I guess number 1 is the man what takes up the taxes, 'cause pa's lookin' out for him all the time.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

"The Odor of Decayed Intellect"

Among my friends I am proud to number one deliciously bright little lady who is never at a loss for a quick retort, or a clever speech, and who is always sure to be the first person in the room to see the humorous side of any subject or event. Not long ago I chanced to be present when some six or seven clever people were discussing the subject of lunatic asylums. One lady remarked that she had always had a perfect passion for visiting asylums, and talking to the inmates. Another said that she had such an unreasoning terror of asylums and everything connected therewith, that she sometimes thought she must be destined to become an inmate of one, and felt a sort of premonition of her fate. And then one of the gentlemen gave it as his experience that there was always a peculiar atmosphere about lunatic asylums that could not be found anywhere else. "It was utterly indescribable," he said, "but at the same time fearfully and wonderfully perceptible, and once experienced, it was never forgotten. 'I cannot imagine what causes it,' he concluded. And then the brilliant little matron lifted up her voice and spoke. "Probably it is the odor of decayed intellect," she said softly.

A Home in the Country.

The residence built and occupied by Henry Titus, situated about one mile and a-half above the village of Rothesay, is offered for sale. The house is two stories in height and contains rooms enough for a large family, and stands upon a six-acre lot, more or less, and is admirably adapted for a summer residence, as well as all the year round. There are large barns upon the premises, and the place is surrounded about five tons of hay. The view of the Kennebecasis and the islands is magnificent.

This valuable property will be sold at a great bargain, as the owner is now residing at a distance and wishes to get it off his hands. House can be examined any time. Apply for further information to E. S. Carter, office of Patrons, Canterbury street—Ad.

HE TALKED ABOUT HOME.

HE NEVER KEPT A BOARDING HOUSE IN MONCTON.

And His Name was William Kent—Where He was Going, How much He was Worth and His Desire for a Photograph—He Converses with His Mother.

MONCTON, June 5.—In a law office, not a hundred miles from Dorchester, a hothed of Liberal-Conservation and provincial government opposition-ism, were seated three students, in various degrees of occupation. One of them—who is also a dabbler in amateur photography,—was seated at a desk on which was a typewriter. The door opened and admitted a big, bony sailor, who remarked in one breath:

"Be this Mr. ———'s office for takin' fottographs? for my name is Wilyum Kent and I b'long in Albert county but my father moved t' Moncton thirteen years back an' my mother keeps a boardin' house an' she never has no less than 25 boarders as true's I'm tellin' ye an' I'm mate on the Skylark down here in the bay an' I passed the 'xam'nation las' fall jus' as true's I'm tellin' ye an' I git thirteen dollers a month an' found an' my sister married a railway engun driver an' he gets two dollers a day an' I'm goin' to Portland with lime an' then to th' Bermudees an' then to Savannah an' I'll be off thirteen months as true's I'm tellin' ye an' be this Mr. ———'s office for takin' fottographs?"

The amateur photographer hastened to assure him that this was Mr. ———'s office, but that the photograph gallery had become detached, and had consequently been mislaid. He was very sorry, etc., etc.

"Oh, it's all right, boys, only I thought I'd like to hev my pictur' took an' framed up nice to send my mother up to Moncton for she keeps a boardin' house an' she never has no less than 30 boarders as true's I'm tellin' ye an' I thought you'd take my pictur' an' the man over there in the store over here up the road said as how he thought you took picturs but I guess annyway I'll get the captain to let me off up to Moncton till Monday for my name's Wilyum Kent an' I'm agoin' to be away fifteen months as true's I'm tellin' ye an' an' my father moved to Moncton 20 years back an' I got \$1500 on his life, an' you wouldn't call him back would ye now?"

The wearied hearers said they would advise him to call the broker back long enough to get \$1500 more on his life, but they thought the insurance companies would get on to it if he played it more than once or twice.

"Well I guess I'll let him be an' I don't know that I've got much to complain of, hev I?" panted the tar. "Say, I spose you and me's on the same side of politics ain't ye cuz I'm a great Blair man an' I don't know what you fellars is but ye look like good grits an' I worked for Emmerson las' year over to Albert an' me an' my brother had it all our own way an' we saved Emmerson but praps you aint on my side."

The audience stifled conscience, lied in their throats, and affirmed that they were all good grits and warm supporters of Mr. Emmerson and his party; whereupon the gibbering idiot, casting his eyes on the youngest of the trio exclaimed:

"Wall, I declare if you ain't jest the livin' image of Mr. Emmerson hisself, Be you any kin o' hisn?"

The flattered youth assured the gentleman that he was a first cousin to Mr. Emmerson, and was always thought to resemble him closely.

"I thought so, an' now I come to think of it, I s'pose that's the reason you're all such good Emmerson men. Wall, boys, I like ye, true's I'm tellin' ye, an' I thought as how I could get one o' ye to take my pictur' to send to my mother what keeps a boardin'-house up to —" Here his eye fastened itself on the typewriter. An idea seized him. "Can ye talk t' Moncton by that machine, mister?" he asked of the photographer.

"Oh, yes; talk any distance," he replied. "Why, do you want to talk to Moncton?"

"Wall, yes; I'd like to tell my mother about the pictur' an' say I'm a-comin' up if I can git off."

"Just wait till I ring them up," said the photographer, sounding the little gong on the typewriter, and assuming a listening attitude. "All ready now," he said, after sending the paper carriage along till the bell rang again, and adjusting a piece of paper to the machine. "All ready now. You have only to talk away, and I'll get the answers on this piece of paper, and let you see them."

"What must I say first?" asked the sailor. "I ain't much used to talkin' through these machines, an' I don't hardly know how t' start."

"Just say, 'hello,' to begin with," said the photographer, encouragingly.

"Hello—oh—ah," bawled the sailor, suiting his voice to the distance between Dorchester and Moncton. The photographer rapidly printed off an answering "hello" on the paper, and showed it to the sailor, who began to swell visibly with the importance of the situation.

"Is that you, ma?" he bawled.

"Yes, 'is that you, William?" ticked off the photographer, showing the answer to the astonished sailor.

"Say, ma, I guess I'll run up for Sun-

Secretary and Bookcase!



One of the Many Handsome and Useful Pieces

Furniture

HAROLD GILBERT'S

Carpet and Furniture WAREROOMS, 54 KING STREET.

It is not a difficult matter now-a-days to get a pretty piece of Furniture, but to find one as useful as it is pretty is a task. Here is one right before your eyes. Every lady and gentleman writes letters, and so do boys and girls, but in how many houses is there a Secretary like this,

where pens, ink, paper, envelopes can be found together, which can be closed and locked from curious domestics. Beneath the Secretary proper is it and rings for any curtain that may match the furniture. Observe the score of drawers and pigeon holes for papers and letters. There are keys for them and privacy, as well as handiness can be had. But the Secretary is handsome, standing five feet high and three broad, and made either of polished oak or walnut, it is very cheap at the price asked for it. Nothing quite so nice in the city. But, why talk about it—the article is before you in print, 375. Every man should confine his business to his office, but for the hundreds who do not, what more convenient house desk to work at than this? Wives would be reconciled, perhaps, to their husband's evening letter writing hour, if they could be consoled in the day time by such a handsome polished oak Secretary.

Students with a method will find this Secretary has all the nooks and crannies they want, with shelves for their books and, best of all, it can be closed, and not a paper touched during the absence of the owner.

Every man should confine his business to his office, but for the hundreds who do not, what more convenient house desk to work at than this? Wives would be reconciled, perhaps, to their husband's evening letter writing hour, if they could be consoled in the day time by such a handsome polished oak Secretary.

Students with a method will find this Secretary has all the nooks and crannies they want, with shelves for their books and, best of all, it can be closed, and not a paper touched during the absence of the owner.

day an' see ye all afore leavin', if I can git off," was the next shout.

"Yes, William, be sure and come," was the reply, neatly printed as before. And so the farce went on for ten minutes, the sailor becoming more and more delighted every minute, while the other two students were in convulsions of silent laughter, and the photographer himself was almost overcome. When the sailor had said all he wanted to, he was handed the paper with the messages thereon, with a recommendation to show it to his mother when he got home. He went out remarking that he was "glad he come in, an' they was mighty good company annyway, an' he thought he'd a' bin able t' git his pictur' took to send t' his mother up t' Moncton, an' she kep' a boardin'-house, an' she never had no less than 35 boarders, true's I'm tellin' ye."

FAGIN.

Assorting Season!

OUR TRAVELLERS

are now on their respective routes.

OUR STOCK still being very complete, all immediate requirements intrusted to them or by Letter to the House will have prompt despatch.

SMITH BROS.,

Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, Granville and Duke Streets, HALIFAX.

LADIES!

IF YOU WANT A PURSE

Call and see what we are showing. The stock includes all the NEWEST PATTERNS, and they are offered at prices that will insure ready purchasers.

Call and see whether you want one or not—ALFRED MORRISSEY, 104 KING STREET.

For a Leisure Hour.

FERTILIZERS!

Intending purchasers would do well to see samples of our

HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS,

before placing orders elsewhere. Imperial Superphosphate, Ground Bone, Bone Meal.

If you cannot get our goods from your dealer, address us direct. Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Company, 89 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ST. JOHN ACADEMY OF ART.

STUDIO BUILDING, 74 GERMAIN ST., SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE SCHOOL-ROOMS are now open to Pupils from 10 until 5 every day in the week, except Saturday afternoon. The aim of the School is to give Pupils a good training in

DRAWING AND PAINTING.

The course taught consists in—Drawing from Models and objects; the Antique; Life; Still Life. Painting from Life.

Lectures on PERSPECTIVE, including Parallel, Angular and Oblique Perspective; casting Shadows by gas light and sun light; Reflections in the mirror and water. A specialty is made of Portraiture in this School. Pupils are taught to draw them in Charcoal and Crayon, and to Paint them in Pastel and Oil.

Principal—JOHN C. MILES, A. R. C. A. Assistant—FRED H. C. MILES. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

COOL and DELICIOUS.

BUFFALO MEAD. I am the only authorized person in the Province of New Brunswick to dispense this healthy and cooling beverage. OTTAWA BEER. Manufactured from pure WEG. EXTRACTS and charged with CARB. ACID GAS to a pressure of 200 pounds, entirely different from what is sold by the same name.

GINGER ALE drawn from a fountain separately from other liquids. SODA WATER, manufactured at the MEDICAL HALL, will compare favorably with any made in the Dominion of Canada or U.S. This is the universal verdict of lovers of a cool and refreshing drink. SYRUPS to suit the taste of Ladies and Gentlemen. CIGARS of various brands at Reduced Prices.

R. D. McARTHUR, 59 Charlotte Street, Opposite King Square. The St. John Business College

GO TO KEENAN & RATCHFORD'S,

8 and 10 Waterloo Street, AND BUY YOUR STOVES and RANGES.

Also COPPER, HOLLOW, STAMPED, JAPANNEED, ENAMELED and GRANITE WARE.

We call particular attention to our Custom made TINWARE, at Wholesale and Retail, which is of our own manufacture, and we guarantee them First-class Goods.

ALL KINDS OF JOBBING promptly attended to with the utmost of competency workmen. Please call and see before purchasing elsewhere.

BANJO INSTRUCTION

MR. FRANK DINSMORE will give instruction on the Banjo, at No. 40 SIMONDS STREET, PORTLAND, OR AT PUPILS' RESIDENCES.

Terms.....\$8 per Quarter. Inquire at C. FLOOD & SONS.

MOORE'S

Almond and Cucumber Cream, SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.

It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips. It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise. It removes Tan, Freckles, Scaly Eruptions and Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and brilliant.

An excellent application after shaving. PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Prepared by G. A. MOORE, DRUGGIST, 109 BRUNNEN ST. cor. Richmond.

EVERYBODY SHOULD HAVE IT

The Brunswick Patent Flush Valve has now been over 18 months in use in a number of the best dwellings throughout the city, and in every instance gives the very best of satisfaction. It is the only water closet valve that thoroughly washes out the closet and leaves the trap full of clean water, thereby preventing bad smell in the house. Parties about making sanitary alterations would do well to see this valve before having their work done. Apply to THOS. CAMPBELL, Plumber and Gasfitter, 79 GERMAIN STREET.

READY MIXED PAINTS

IN ALL COLORS. J. HORNCastle & Co., INDIANTOWN. DRs. SOMERS & DOHERTY, DENTISTS. Office: One Door West of Public Market MONCTON.

SPORTS

THE BASE OF

The Junior League of the New Brunswick Association has been organized. My track circles seem to be among sporting the interest's taking position to anything let us carry out to them, and if it come in the end.

The experience a kicker is given with a pretty association is too sincerely glad than judges.

But I think now progress took the lover of sports to and from what I loved his advice light now.

But that is not feather garments lest his temper has.

All the same, go on preventing any by having Mr. Gold is a professional one, but if he is race, why not have

In the interest against all quarters they hurt the association. Let

The rules of the denice by Judge Ri would take them waver that if he is captured an interest don't go to the next such a sporting feast the favorite pastime

No races in St. On the principle of make dates that will tracks. Before me ericton will have a There are three raco offered to make le w social movement to g covered with \$150 the gentlemen's dir local and named hon in elegant condit pects of good spo the information at e early announcement this issue) will give

An esteemed cor other matters, touc fashion: I was glad to see in the late race at that though judges are far more liable to be hoodwinked and become members effect cannot be but most inflected, has the track has power other way. Carvill sorry to see him get fore he is in the bus that it is not good po at every slight provo

The future of the liant at present. The meeting and got in lo that I expect to see a rack square, just or can't wait until the S

It will not be the J older, stronger and l better clubs will be in Emeralds—the Clippe form a team.

Progress' readers and Franklins. They the city, and have re going to lose. I imagi being left of late gett have a very strong ni year's Clippert, and G to do something. Gr but as he never had g last record will do making a very good a say he is going to sh

There will be plenty and the Emeralds hav Morris, a Portland b Frederickton, will be o hear he is a good one.

The Carleton and Po ling all claimed to hav heard a great deal abo

It is rather too enbu procedure man who hav the St. John's. On fi decidedly unfair to allo of playing the ball th Johns and Shamrock, c games. There is a w of ball, and if some of they will find this ou

There is a quiet littl of the "Mistral" bea is nobody who would players on the team, it strikes me that it w business to try to brk way the managers hav to keep them together.

There is plenty of ma rocks. If they are g only fair that they strong city teams hav These were not made ths respective chases,

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE)

The church was crowded to the doors, and numbers were unable to obtain admission. The interior was very beautifully decorated with flowers by the ladies of the choir, of which the bride is a member. The bride looked charming in a dress of cream colored cashmere, with white lace and a white sash. Her train was of white tulle and was trimmed with white satin. Her hair was styled in the latest fashion, and she wore a crown of white flowers. Her bridesmaids were Misses M. J. and M. K. They wore dresses of red cashmere and cream colored satin trimmed with gold beads. Miss Knight wore a beautiful dress of blue and silver brocade trimmed with white tulle, and looked most charming. There were two godmothers, Mrs. Stanley, Richard, daughter of St. John, and Mr. Hawkins, of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, Dorchester. After the ceremony, the guests returned to the house of Mr. P. A. Macgowan, brother of the bride, where the reception was held, after which Dr. and Mrs. Murray took the train for St. John, en route for the eastern states, where they will spend several weeks taking in the White mountains and Niagara Falls.

As an evidence of the esteem in which the happy bridegroom is held among the young men of Moncton, a number of his friends tendered him a farewell supper on Monday evening, at Tennant's restaurant, and after the more serious business of the evening had been disposed of various toasts were proposed and drunk with all honors, and just before breaking up the Dr. was presented with a very handsome walnut sideboard, as a slight token of the cordial regard his friends felt for him.

Mr. Albert Stevens, son of Mr. E. M. Stevens, locomotive inspector of the I. C. R., reached Moncton on Wednesday morning, to pay a visit to his friends. Mr. Stevens was formerly in the train despatcher's office here, but has been in the service of the C. P. R. in British Columbia for some two years. His many friends are glad to welcome him back again.

Mr. E. C. Jarvis, inspector of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, was in town on Thursday.

Hon. D. L. Hamilton, of Dorchester, was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. James Taylor, C. E. of the Fishon Branch railway, spent last Sunday at his home in Moncton. Mr. Taylor was bronzed by his outdoor life, but was looking unusually well, and was cordially welcomed by his friends.

Mr. D. H. Duncanson, cashier of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, was in town on Thursday.

We have got quite a number of "our boys" back again, just at present.

Mr. Will Harris is at home from Sackville college for the summer holidays.

Mr. Owen Campbell, of the Bank of Montreal, St. John, son of John Campbell, of the I. C. R., spent some days at his home in Moncton, last week, leaving yesterday for St. Andrews, where he will spend the remainder of his holiday among relatives.

Mr. Wallace, of the Bank of Montreal here, left town on Monday to spend a fortnight at his home in Halifax.

Mr. Percy Woodworth, of Kentville, was in town yesterday, attending a meeting of the Servis Tite Plate company.

Mr. Edward Mcweeney returned last night, from an extended visit to New York, whither he had gone for his health, which, I am happy to say, is very much improved.

Judge Wedderburn, of St. John, was in town yesterday.

Hon. John LeFevre, of Summerside, paid a short visit to Moncton on Monday.

Mr. Lewis Carvell, of Charlottetown, was in town on Monday.

The Rev. W. B. Hinson and Mr. Crandall, of the P. O. department, have been spending a week on the coast.

That's a new thing! What is it? 2 1/4 yards of Pongee; looks like a sash; 'tis a sash, but it is also the correct article for tying back Curtains. Latest colorings.

Is it time to think about your Cambric dress? The season is an early one, and the "quicker" you get it made up the more service you have from it, for no matter how late you get it, you'll have to put it off with the season, and of course you will want a bran new one next year.

Naturally our assortment of goods of this class is large. We pride ourselves on the completeness of our store; but we could never think it complete, especially at this season, without a large, very large stock of these goods.

We had not intended to refer to ourselves in this article. Having concluded that you must have a new dress, the next thought would be, of where to buy it, and among the numerous names and places arising before you as "eligible" we do not think that we would be forgotten.

BUY YOUR NEW PRINT DRESS FROM HUNTER, HAMILTON & MCKAY, -OR FROM- THE OTHER STORE, 97 King Street.

the trout streams of Kings county, and returned last Saturday well pleased with the result of their labor.

At the Sunday excursion over the E. and N. railroads catching it on all sides. Rev. Mr. Robinson of the Presbyterian church, disregarding the advice given on Saturday by PROGRESS to adopt an attitude of hostility, but of discouragement, preached against it again on Sunday, even requesting the Rev. Mr. Taylor to assist him, by reading the Sons of Temperance resolution of disapprobation in the day, and denouncing the E. and N. very strongly. The general public will probably arrive at the conclusion that Mr. Hamilton, the obliging and very popular manager, is being persecuted and that they must rally round his standard. The Sunday excursions will be a pronounced success, and those who have been most energetic in denouncing them will have brought about the very result they were fighting against, by their own lack of judgment. *Telle est la via.* CECIL GWYNNE.

DORCHESTER.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's store.]

JUNE 5.—The county court opened yesterday, and a good many strangers are in town in consequence of them real strangers, and others very frequent visitors at the Devil's Half-Acre. The present session promises to be a pretty lengthy one, judging from the size of the docket.

Miss Scoville, of Moncton, has been making a visit to Mrs. McEwen, at the residence of Mrs. McGrath's father, Mr. J. F. Teed.

Mr. W. D. Wilbur made a short visit to St. John last week.

His Honor Judge Bosford is here attending court. He is always a welcome visitor to Dorchester, where he has a host of friends.

Mr. J. D. Phinney, M. P. E., is in Dorchester, also attending court. This is his first visit to Dorchester for a long time, and he says he is delighted with the beautiful appearance of the town. Everybody is in the summer time.

Another legal "stranger" whom I noticed in our streets yesterday, is Mr. George Fowler, of Sussex, a member of the firm of Hallett & Fowler. He, too, is engaged in court.

Mrs. George W. Chandler returned yesterday from a short visit to her niece, Mrs. J. Fred Allison, in Sackville.

Mr. W. J. Robinson, of Moncton, was in town yesterday, having been summoned as a witness in a grand jury. He returned to Moncton today.

Mr. Josiah Wood, M. P., was in Dorchester on Tuesday, returning to Sackville the same evening.

Mr. J. L. Black, M. P. P., of Sackville, was here yesterday attending to his business as local representative.

Mr. W. A. Russell, barrister, of Shediac, is in town attending court. Mr. Russell has a number of cases on this term.

Mr. W. B. Chandler paid a short visit to St. John last week, returning to Dorchester on Saturday.

Messrs. John A. Humphrey and A. E. Killam, M. P. P., of Moncton, were in Dorchester yesterday, engaged, with their colleagues, Messrs. J. L. Black and J. L. Hamilton, M. P. P., in disposing of the by-road money. (P. S.—This does not necessarily indicate the approach of an election.)

A face often seen in Dorchester was that of Mr. George P. Thomas, barrister-at-law, of Moncton, who was in town yesterday to attend the opening of court.

Miss H. I. Hamilton returned on Saturday from a visit to her aunt, Miss Hamilton, at Shediac. She was accompanied to Dorchester by her cousin, Miss Trilixie Hamilton, who leaves today.

Messrs. R. Barry Smith and R. W. Hewson, barristers, of Moncton, favored Dorchester with their presence yesterday, and will be often seen here during the present court session.

Dorchester people are glad to see among them again Dr. J. F. Teed, who came down from Moncton Monday evening. They will, however, be disappointed to learn that Dr. Teed is thinking of leaving very shortly for Cape Breton, to spend the summer there with his father, Mr. John F. Teed.

Mr. H. A. Powell, barrister, of Sackville, was in Dorchester yesterday, engaged in court.

Mr. R. C. Tait, of Shediac, has been making a business visit to Dorchester, leaving for his home today.

Mr. Clifford Sayre, M. D., of Moncton, paid a short visit to the shiretown yesterday, but left it again today.

Mr. D. Holmes, of the Merchants' bank, Sackville, was in Dorchester on Thursday—the first time for a long while.

Mr. Joshua Chandler and Miss F. S. Chandler paid a short visit to Moncton on Monday, returning in the evening on the first fast train from Moncton.

In looking around the court room yesterday afternoon the eye was at once struck with the number of leading local lights present. There was the sun to reit the day, in the person of Hon. B. B. Bosford, and a number of attendant satellites such as Hon. P. A. Landry, M. P. P., Josiah Wood, M. P. P., J. D. Phinney, M. P. P., Hon. D. L. Hamilton, M. P. P., J. L. Black, M. P. P., J. A. Humphrey, M. P. P., and A. E. Killam, M. P. P.—what you might call a representative gathering, in fact.

The ascension music in Trinity church on Sunday is said to have been very fine. Besides a number of new hymns, an anthem quartette was sung with good effect by Mrs. Robb, Mrs. McGrath, and Messrs. Hamilton and Fowler. Pansy did not turn out in the evening, and so unfortunately missed what said to have been a rich treat.

Tomorrow will witness the wedding of Rev. John Pascoe to one of our best known young ladies, Miss Moore. Unfortunately for poor us, the ceremony is to take place at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Thomas Kellor, and not at the church, and so habitual wedding-goers will have to stay at home this time, Pansy among the rest. Every one wishes the venturesome couple every happiness, and none more than your correspondent. Miss Moore will be very much missed in Dorchester, where she has always been a great favorite of young and old. Mr. Pascoe, who was for a number of years in charge of the Methodist church here, has a host of friends in Dorchester, but even that fact will not procure him forgiveness for carrying off Miss Moore from among us.

On the principle of "everybody play ball," the greater part of Dorchester was at the I. C. R. depot Monday evening, to witness the arrival of the first fast express from Moncton. The general impression is that it will answer our requirements in that line, so the C. P. R. company will rest assured.

PANSY.

AMHERST, N. S.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Amherst at G. G. Bird's bookstore.]

JUNE 5.—Mr. Millidge Shaw returned last week from a short visit to his parents at Windsor.

Miss Lamont, from Wisconsin, is here, and intends spending the summer with her aunt, Mrs. Skinnings.

Mrs. Muncy, from Gilmison, Col., accompanied by her niece, Miss Parker, arrived in town this week, to visit her relatives here and elsewhere.

Mrs. Rankine and Miss Harding left town last week for Halifax, for an extended visit.

The fine weather has brought out the tennis players in full force. The grounds of the A. A. A. club are in perfect order, and it is a very pleasant occupation for the uninitiated to watch the players, the ladies in their pretty colored dresses and gentlemen in their white flannel suits, making an interesting picture, besides the opportunity for innocent flirtation. Whether it is the doctor

Ladies' and Children's Dresses, Sateen, Fine cutting or Cotton cleaned at Ungar's Steam Laundry.

A HAPPY HOME.



IF you do not have "SURPRISE" in your house, get it at once. Its advantages are—A PURE SOAP, PERFECTLY HARMLESS TO FABRICS, combined with washing qualities; "BEST ON EARTH." Be sure to read the directions on the Wrapper, and wash clothes the surprise way. Less worry and less drudgery, does that not mean more happiness?

THE AMATEUR LEAGUE HAS BEEN ORGANIZED FOR 1899.

D. J. JENNINGS has the Finest Stock of Base Balls, Bats, Masks, Gloves, Belts, etc., in the city.

P. S.—Call on him boys. D. J. JENNINGS, 171 Union St.

with his patient, or the lawyer with his fair client, all are privileged to combine business with amusement on the grounds of the A. A. A. club.

I am pleased to meet every week my fair friend Miss Milner, from Sackville, who spends every Saturday with Mrs. Ketchum.

We are sorry J. S. Armstrong, C. E., has been stationed in charge at the British end of the railway. He is one of the most popular engineers on the staff, and his genial presence is missed, but we hope his removal is only temporary.

I saw Mrs. Milner, who spent Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. Ketchum, returning to Sackville on Monday; also, Mrs. Horatio Smith, of Buctouche, who was a guest of Mrs. Ketchum's on Saturday.

Mr. John Chapman, of Dorchester, has been in town for a week.

Mr. John Hoekin, of Truro, was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. Walter Moore, formerly cashier of the Bank of Nova Scotia here, but at present in the Montreal agency of the same bank, arrived on Saturday morning to visit his friends. OCEAN.

WOODSTOCK.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Woodstock at Everett's bookstore.]

JUNE 5.—The many readers of PROGRESS no doubt have been somewhat disappointed in not finding the usual batch of news from the pen of the Woodstock correspondent in the last two editions. I humbly beg their forgiveness and will try in future to be more punctual in noting the several events as they transpire in our fair town.

Mrs. George H. Conell returned home on Tuesday from Bathurst.

Mr. Fred Bailey, and family, are spending a few weeks at their residence.

Miss Minnie Winslow returned home Tuesday from the Kitaridin Iron Mines, where she has been spending some few weeks with her sister, Miss Winslow, who spent the winter in the south.

Miss Harvey, of Minneapolis, is visiting friends here.

Mrs. Dr. Nevers, of Hamilton, is the guest of her brother, Mr. Henry Phillips.

Mr. W. S. Jones, of Boston, again returns to the scenes of his childhood, and is welcomed very heartily by his numerous friends. William made a tie with roses this season.

Mr. T. Lovitt and child, of Yarmouth, N. S., is visiting her parents. She intends remaining the summer.

Albert Jones, of Los Angeles, Cal., is spending his vacation here.

Miss Shenton is at home from her studies at Sackville academy.

It is a fact that is not a fact that the latest importations in the way of ball officials are, with one exception, great lovers of dancing. So said many of the ladies that attended a social gathering at Cole's hall some time since. "Why he waltzes divinely!" was the general exclamation when the name of our correspondent in the last two editions. I humbly beg their forgiveness and will try in future to be more punctual in noting the several events as they transpire in our fair town.

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Skinner's Carpet Warerooms, 58 KING STREET.

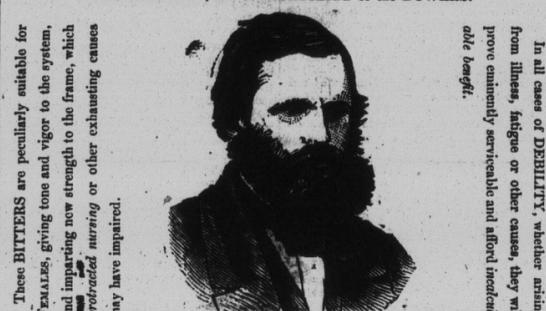
If you are in want of Handsome Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Linoleums, or House Furnishing Goods, you can select from the Largest Stock in the Maritime Provinces.

LOOK AT THE PRICES! Tapestries, from - - 30c. per yard. Brussels, " - \$1.00

A. O. SKINNER.

Sharp's English Tonic Bitters!

These well known and unrivalled BITTERS have been long found to be the most useful in DYSPEPSIA or INDIGESTION, DISEASE OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS, and IRRITABILITY OF THE BOWELS.



Laboratory and Manufactory, - - 170 City Road, St. John, N. B. For sale by all Druggists. T. B. BARKER & SONS, Wholesale Agents.

As anticipated, the entertainment was a complete success. Rev. Mr. Peters was ably assisted in the management of it by his guest, Mr. Smithers, who contributed not a little to the evening's enjoyment by his reading of "The Lamentations of Jeremiah, John's." The tableaux, "Will you love me when I'm old," were particularly good. In the second scene, Mrs. Dudley, wife of Mr. J. W. Dudley, of the Merchants' Bank, appeared as a bride, and looked exquisitely pretty. Mr. W. T. Pepper's song, "Kilialo," was received with a perfect storm of applause and heartily encored. Mr. J. J. Harrington presided at the organ, while Mr. Reginald Bass played the violin. Masters Kaary and Thomson's harmonica duets were highly appreciated.

Mr. W. McKenna, of the firm of McKenna Bros., has gone to spend some weeks in Boston.

Mr. A. W. Mot, barrister, of Campbellton, and Mr. J. Hegon, of St. John, were in town during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Howell are at home. They spent last week with friends in Newcastle.

Miss Seely, of St. John, is visiting friends in Bathurst.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cook, of Amherst, are in town.

Mr. Davis, representing Harold Gilbert, of your city, was in town during the week.

CHATHAM.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Chatham at Edward Johnson's bookstore.]

JUNE 5.—Mr. and Mrs. Warren C. Winslow have been visiting St. John this week.

There was quite a large gathering from town and country on Thursday evening at the Black Brook ball, in aid of the village band.

Hon. Robert Marshall has returned from Bay du Vin, where it is said his mission was partly political but mainly otherwise. A Newcastle lady, who happened to be visiting that charming summer resort at the same time as the hon. gentleman, planted a tree in his honor on arbor day, at the Bay du Vin school house. He complains that the steamer disappointed him, in being prevented by stress of weather from calling for him and other passengers at the bay, necessitating a longer stay than he intended. The company he was left in, however, was sufficiently attractive to make the time pass most pleasantly, and he is with us again with a new and serene expression as of one with whom the world has gone pleasantly of late.

Now that summer is with us we are to have the battalion band on the square, at least one evening each week, beginning tonight.

Mrs. Geo. Burdell, of Nelson, has been very ill for some time, and her condition has caused her many friends much anxiety.

Next to the excitement over temperance matters here is the great interest centering in St. Andrew's church affairs. The "organ question" has agitated that congregation for some time and, although those in favor of modernizing the musical portions of the services succeeded, some years ago, in having a fine organ placed in the church, those of its members who composed the anti organ party thought hymns a sin, chants an abomination, and voluntaries a desecration. The congregation, by a good majority and after due debate, voted in favor of having voluntaries, but the older ordered the precursor to keep the music down to some sober performances, both vocal and instrumental. The choir didn't like this and its best material followed the precursor into retirement. The matter of music has, therefore, divided the congregation into two parties, and really prevented an agreement as to who should succeed the late pastor, Rev. E. W. Waite, who accepted a call to Owen Sound seven or eight months ago. There was a meeting on Monday night, held for the purpose of calling a minister. The candidates were Rev. Joseph McCoy, of Port Huron, and Rev. Mr. McNair, of St. John—both estimable men and in every way qualified for the position. Everything was done in the most orderly manner. Every one who had his say in the church voted, and there were 72 for Mr. McCoy and 64 for Mr. McNair. There was then a long debate as to whether the vote was not illegal, inasmuch as persons not qualified had voted, and after a reconsideration had been voted down, judicial council from Messrs. Tweed and Ferguson prevailed and a second vote was had, resulting in there being 69 for Mr. McCoy and 64 for Mr. McNair. There was then a motion that the vote should be made unanimous, which was carried with an almost unanimous vote, and Mr. McCoy was called to the pulpit on Monday night.

Mr. Stikeman, of the Bank of Montreal here, has been summoned home to Halifax, where his father is so ill that little hope of his recovery is entertained.

Mr. John Davidson, who has gone forward to be at his post in the bank.

Mr. Munroe has taken Mr. R. B. Anderson's place in the bank.

Children's hoods done up equal to new, at Ungar's Steam Laundry.

Commercial Buildings.

NOW FOR THE GREAT RUSH!

ALL ARE INVITED TO VISIT OUR STORE WHERE Goods are all Sold Cheap and Good!

Everything New and Fashionable in the DRY GOODS LINE, at No. 9 KING STREET.

J. W. MONTGOMERY "Rich & Rare were the Gems She Wore."

NEW GOODS IN NEW DESIGNS. A SPLENDID LOT OF FINE Gold and Silver WATCHES and JEWELRY.

Together with a large assortment of Clocks, Silverware and Bronzes, Spectacles and Eye Glasses, HATS JUST RECEIVED BY W. TREMAINE GARD, No. 81 King Street, and are ON EXHIBITION, and offered at very LOW PRICES to Cash customers.

Also: A fine lot of choice selected DIAMONDS (new London cut), set in Beautiful Styles, or as desired in any form, on the premises. Gold and Silver Jewelry MADE and REPAIRED to order. Satisfaction guaranteed by Yours obediently, W. TREMAINE GARD.

Children's hoods done up equal to new, at Ungar's Steam Laundry.