

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1888.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

MRS. MAHONEY'S METHOD

PLAYING UPON THE CREDULITY OF THE FAIR SEX.

She vibrates between Fredericton, St. John and Moncton—Her "Promises to Pay" are Worthless—Buying Dresses and Jewelry, She Vanishes and Falls to Pay for Them.

Mrs. Mahoney is a woman of peculiar methods. She buys cast-off dresses and jewelry from every lady she can induce to do business with her, and sells the same, perchance, to her next door neighbor.

Mrs. Mahoney is well known to the women of St. John. She has been the refuge of many of them in times of severe financial need, and she has never failed to make the most of their wants and her temporary pecuniary.

She has no settled place of abode, but can be found now in Fredericton, again in St. John and frequently in Moncton. She sometimes strays to Halifax, where she says she has a sister, who disposes of her goods.

There is ample reason for the belief that Mrs. Mahoney's sister is an imaginary creation, put forward by her to her customers to dispel their fears that some day they will hear that their new gown once belonged to Mrs. —. With all the veracity and unblinking effrontery of her craft, she never fails to promise, when she buys a dress, that it shall not be seen in the vicinity again. Few women would sell dresses, even if they were tired of them, with the chance of seeing some menial wearing them, and looking 50 per cent. better than in any costume she had ever worn.

Again, no woman would consent to purchase an article which had been worn by any of her acquaintances.

Mrs. Mahoney trades upon the fears and credulity of the people she deals with. Her favorite resorts are among the residences of the well-to-do, who wear costumes, not until they are no more, but so long as they are in fashion and look nice. Their day over, Mrs. Mahoney steps in and offers a certain sum for them.

If the lady has heard of her before, she gets the amount down in approved cash before Mrs. M. secures the apparel; but there are scores who give Mrs. Mahoney a first trial and get "taken in." Nine times out of ten this adroit fraud will offer her victim half the sum she promises to give, with the remark that she will call in the afternoon or tomorrow with the balance, but "this afternoon" or "tomorrow" with Mrs. Mahoney is postponed indefinitely.

Some time ago, a lady on a quiet street in the city, who had ventured to sell to the dame and had been fooled in this fashion, spied her on the sidewalk, a few doors away. Going out she asked her for the amount due her, whereupon she was assailed with such abuse that she was glad to seek the shelter of her own residence.

The daughter of a prominent gentleman had a set of jewelry which she was not using, and, wanting some cash, she sent word to Mrs. Mahoney. In this case Mrs. M. had no money but, securing the baubles at a ridiculously low figure, she vanished and has not been seen in that vicinity since.

She is protected from prosecution by the fears of her victim, who would rather lose ten times the amount than have the fact that she dealt with her obtain any publicity.

A note received from an unknown in Fredericton approves of PROGRESS' comment last week upon Mrs. M's method. The writer of the communication evidently feels sore over some trick the wandering fraud has played upon her. If the prominence and free advertising Mrs. Mahoney received in this article is of any use to her in her business, the women will have themselves to blame. PROGRESS likes to expose frauds and takes a greater pleasure in this because the woman's victims, from a dread of publicity, do not feel at liberty to prosecute her.

Go to the 'Clipper-National game, next Thursday.

Not a Good Year for Building.

"The prospects of many buildings being erected in St. John this year are very slight," said Building Inspector Maher to PROGRESS, a few days ago. "Last year there was a much greater number erected than the year before, and I had hoped this would be a good year also but was disappointed."

Vanwart Bros. intend tearing down their one story wooden building on the corner of Charlotte and Duke streets, and will erect a large brick building with stores in its stead.

A Novel Way of Advertising.

A professional man seldom advertises his business by exhibiting himself, and his occupation to the public. An exception to this rule was seen in Fredericton last Monday evening. The streets were thronged with thousands, packed so close that respiration was the extent of a person's movements. Opposite the dense crowd were the apartments of a dentist and in his brilliantly lighted window was the proprietor, busily engaged in making and polishing teeth.

IT'S READY WHEN WANTED.

Something About the Epidemic Hospital and "Mat" Finnigan.

"In time of peace prepare for war!" That is what was done when the epidemic hospital was built, on the hospital grounds, about five years ago. Happily, "the war" never came, although the fortifications are still there, ready for use at a moment's notice.

When the dominion government granted the city that part of the military grounds, in Lower-Cove, running along the coast from Charlotte to Wentworth streets, for the purpose of making a boulevard, the board of health was informed that the old military hospital, which stood on a part of these grounds, and was always made use of when the city was threatened with an epidemic, would have to be torn down.

Some time previous to this, a bill was passed by the legislature authorizing the hospital commission to issue debentures for \$6,000, the money to be used in the erection of an epidemic hospital on the hospital grounds. As before stated, the building was erected about five years ago; and New York medical men who have visited it have pronounced it perfect in its appointments.

The hospital has never been used, except by "Mat" Finnigan, who has general supervision over it, and makes the building his home. He has a room nicely fitted up, and is as happy a clam at high water, as is a man of perhaps 60 years, who has travelled considerably, and has a fund of information. He has had the small-pox, but, as he was only two years old when he was afflicted thus, has very little recollection of the experience. He has no dread of the disease, and has handled a good many cases of small-pox and other contagious diseases. He says he spent eleven days on Partridge Island in 1847, when whole crews were sent there stricken with ship's fever, and he had considerable experience with small-pox patients in California, when the disease was prevalent there in 1852.

He was a patient himself in the general public hospital about three years ago, and when he recovered proved so valuable an assistant that the commission assigned him to his present position.

"In case of small-pox breaking out in the city, how soon could you get ready to take a patient in?" asked a representative of PROGRESS of the resident physician, a few days ago.

"We could take a patient at a moment's notice, and have the building heated and everything comfortable in about five minutes. We could accommodate 20 patients inside of an hour."

"Mr. Finnigan would nurse the patient, I suppose?"

"Yes! but I don't think any of the nurses at the general public hospital would object if called upon."

Here Mr. Finnigan, who happened to be present, asserted that he could procure at any time at least four nurses who had handled smallpox patients before.

So it appears that as far as taking care of the patients goes the long period during which the city has been blessed with the absence of any contagious disease has not made the guardians of the public health less cautious in that particular.

The epidemic hospital is well fitted out and thoroughly finished. The floors are of pitch pine, except those in the basement, which are built of brick. Besides the wards, which will each accommodate about ten patients, there are a number of private rooms, offices, pantries and bath-rooms. In the basement is a kitchen containing a large range, and many things that might be needed, also a wash-room, with a stove and several sinks with cold and hot water taps.

The whole place has the appearance of a house from which the master is absent but may return at any moment. PROGRESS hopes he will never return.

They Are Pretty Slow.

"Do you know where the Wandering Jew is at present?" asked a King street merchant of PROGRESS, Wednesday.

"No. Do you?"

"Certainly. He's on an I. C. R. freight train. You see," the business man continued, "when the I. C. R. was put through, someone suggested to him that he should take that route, and he was weak enough to adopt the idea—and that's the reason why he never 'gets there'!"

Then the merchant dipped into his file and exhumed two invoices.

"This invoice," he said, "was shipped from Montreal, June 22. The goods arrived Saturday. This other one is dated June 11, when the goods were shipped from Toronto. They haven't got here yet. Isn't that outrageous! There's one consolation, though, the bills are liable to be outlawed by the time I get the goods, and then I shall have them clear—provided I haven't died of old age in the meantime."

To While Away the Hours.

Evie, by Rev. S. Baring Gould, is one of that popular author's best books. The Honorable Mrs. Verker is the "Duchess" latest. Both novels are published in cheap Canadian form, and can be had at J. & A. McMillan's.

CANADIAN ENGLISHMEN.

THE MINISTERS IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Classified—The Best Men Imported for the Best Churches—Some Comments on the Showing of the List—They Are Canadians When Here.

From time to time the assertion is made that Canada can furnish her own professional men without seeking them in England or Scotland or Ireland. The alleged objections to importations, as they are called, are so numerous that it would be difficult to enumerate them—and as every one has heard them it is not necessary. PROGRESS doesn't think much of them. It would rather proceed on the principle, Get the best men, no matter where they come from.

An interesting phase of the professional importation problem is that which refers to the clergymen and more particularly to those in the Church of England. In this country there are so many Church of England clergymen who were born, educated and ordained in England that any assertion as to their ability, fitness or popularity would be dangerous. To enumerate, beginning with the elders, Revs. D. B. Parthier and George M. Armstrong, Rev. Canon Brigstocke, rector of Trinity, and its curate, Rev. A. J. A. Gollmer, Rev. John M. Davenport, priest of the Mission church, Rev. J. deSoyses, rector of St. John's church, Rev. A. J. Reid, curate of St. Paul's, and Rev. R. Mathers, are all Englishmen, and, if they will not for the time object to the phrase, importations.

In the same category may be included the Metropolitan, the head of the church in Canada, and Rev. Bishop Coakley Kingdon, the rector of Dorchester, Moncton, Fairville, St. Stephen, and many other places.

Rev. L. G. Stevens of St. Luke's, Portland, one of the most successful men in the church, was an American, but his Portland congregation would be indignant if he were called such, now.

Believing that a classification of the English and Canadian ordained ministers in the Church of England in New Brunswick would be of interest, PROGRESS obtained the appended classification from a gentleman who has tried to make it correct so far as personal knowledge goes:

ENGLISH.	CANADIAN.
The Metropolitan, Bishop Coakley Kingdon, Canon Brigstocke, D. B. Parthier, G. M. Armstrong, M.A., G. T. Carey, M.A., E. A. Warford, F. Pember, B.A., T. E. Dowling, S.A.C., J. R. Campbell, S.A.C., S. J. Hanford, B.A., John M. Davenport, M.A., W. Jaffrey, R. Mathers, J. H. S. Sweet, S.A.C., J. A. Talbot, S.A.C., J. deSoyses, M.A., W. Green, S.A.C., A. J. A. Gollmer, W. Hancock, S.A.C., A. J. Creswell, S.A.C., J. E. G. Lowndes, J. C. Ritcomb, A. J. Reid, S.A.C., Dean Finlay Alexander, Canon W. H. DeVeber, M.A., Canon W. Walker, B.A., Canon W. Q. Ketchum, D.D., G. M. Miller, B.A., Canon T. Neales, M.A., J. Neale, B. A., H. Simons, B.A., T. W. Pickett, M.A., C. E. Roberts, M.A., D. I. Wetmore, B.A., W. H. Street, B.A., R. E. Smith, M.A., G. Schofield, H. Montgomery, W. L. McKelvie, B.A., H. B. Morris, M.A., H. Wainwright, B.A., W. B. Armstrong, M.A., T. Harris, F. Hoy, B.A., C. Willis, F. H. Hoy, B.A., A. F. Hiltz, C. E. Vigelin, B.A., J. E. Frevelling, N. M. Hansen, G. S. Sewellman, J. W. Millidge, W. O. Raymond, B.A., W. J. Wilkinson, M.A., R. W. Brown, M.A., C. D. Brown, M.A., O. G. Dobbs, M.A., D. V. Gwilym, W. Leitch, B.A., F. W. Vroom, B.A., G. D. Peters, H. Hatheway, B.A., J. O. Crisp, B.A., T. R. Duff, B.A., C. F. Hanington, B.A., C. J. James, B.A., H. J. Parke, B.A., C. A. S. Warford, W. E. Hooper, B.A., N. C. Hansen, M.A., S. Neales, M.A.	

Those marked with an asterisk (*) were born and educated abroad, but ordained in this diocese. Rev. L. G. Stevens, B. D., having been ordained in the United States, is not included in either list.

With the list before us as above, several comments can be made at a glance. Of the 76 clergymen included, 22 were ordained in England and came to Canada either at the call of the bishop or of the people. Seven of the remaining 54 were born and educated in the old country, but ordained in this diocese. One came from the United States. That leaves 64 Canadians engaged in the Episcopal ministry in the diocese of Fredericton, out of a total of 76.

Sixteen of the 22 have degrees from English colleges, and 39 of the 53 have similar honors from Canadian colleges.

There can be no doubt but the more important stations and nearly all the best and largest churches in the provinces are provided with an English rector. There are notable exceptions, in Fredericton and many other places, but the majority of the congregations have evidently felt that there was nothing of Canadian culture in the Episcopal ministry which suited their wants so well as an "importation."

All honor to the latter! Coming to a new country, with strained and ill-conceived ideas of its people and its customs, it is truly remarkable how quickly he has adapted himself to the wants of his charge, and fallen in line (in most cases) with the expressed wishes of the people.

PROGRESS has no feelings against a newcomer, so long as he is better than can be obtained among us, but, all things being equal, choose from the home production.

A BREAK OF PROMISE SUIT.

And What It Amounted To—A Task Indicative of Some Reporters Work.

"You reporters have a fine time of it!" If there is anything that makes a reporter sick it is that expression and every newspaper man hears it at least once a day. I am sure the readers of PROGRESS have more sense than to say anything like this, but to show what is included in a "fine time" I will relate a little experience I had yesterday.

A rumor was going the rounds that a gentleman well known in both cities had transferred his affection from a young woman with whom he had been keeping company and was engaged to another damsel in a town about 40 miles from St. John, where he was said to spend his Sundays in a way that was very unbecoming in a man who was pledged to another. It was also whispered that the city lady, having gotten wind of his doings, was about to begin proceedings for breach of promise.

Of course PROGRESS had to know all about it and it fell to me to make the investigation. I was first to visit the alleged complainant and find out whether she intended bringing an action or not. That looked as if I was going to have a "fine time," didn't it?

I went to the house where I supposed the woman lived, rang every door bell in the hall, and presently a very prepossessing young lady, attired in a neat wrapper, appeared on the stairs. I never for a moment thought that she was the lady I wanted to see, and afterwards wondered why she should find it necessary to sue anybody for breach of promise. I asked to see the lady whose name was mentioned in connection with the rumor and to my surprise was informed that I was speaking to her. Then I asked if there was any truth in the rumor, explaining what the said rumor was.

The smile with which I was greeted changed to one that showed her indignation as well as the words she uttered as she denounced the rumor as false. She had never heard of it before and didn't know how it could have originated. She also informed me that she thought the question a very impudent one for any newspaper to want to have answered and wished to know what PROGRESS intended to do with the matter. I told her that if there was any truth in the rumor we would publish it; and then I had the extreme pleasure of being thanked for being so thoughtful as to enquire into the case before publishing anything about it.

I had heard that the gentleman concerned had not denied the report and told the lady so. Her only reason for believing that he acted thus was that he was amused at the story. She had never heard of the rumor before and remarked that her friends had taken good care to say nothing to her about it. She seemed indignant no longer and concluded the interview by asking if I would be sure and see that the next number of PROGRESS was sent to her, as she was a subscriber and had not received the last number. Like everybody else, I suppose, she couldn't do without PROGRESS.

Brooks.

She Burned Her Jewels.

A good story comes from the capital, the truth of which is vouched for by a gentleman, who avers that he heard it from the lady herself.

She is a good woman—none better in the town—who lives all alone, save her servants and a faithful companion, a large Newfoundland. Of course, she is rich—has enough money to endow a university or support a hospital, and, naturally, plenty of the material accompaniments of riches, such as jewels, etc.

She was seated in her apartments, a short time ago, when in some way the suggestion came to her that when she left this world her relatives and friends would quarrel over her jewels, and forgot the giver in their jealousy. She made up her mind at once that this should not be. Accordingly, reaching for her largest jewel box, she looked at the contents for a few moments, then calmly and deliberately threw them in the grate, and watched them melt in the flames.

She told the story with considerable satisfaction, and it spread like wild fire. Of course, every woman is enraged at the act, for there are few who would have laughed at the fate of the jewels if they could only have shown them for a time.

On Its Last Legs.

Speaking of the affairs of the Owens Art institution, a short time ago, Mr. Robert Reed said that the principal of the Owens trust fund had all been expended. When asked if the trustees intended asking the government for a grant or whether they would depend on the public for support, he said everything depended on the people of St. John. The trustees would ask nobody for anything, but if any liked to contribute to the support of the institution they could do so. He should not do much in the matter, if the people of St. John remained indifferent. The insurance on the gallery would soon run out and Mr. Reed said it would not be renewed.

DRIVE IT OUT OF TOWN.

THE BUCKET SHOP HAS BEEN HERE TOO LONG.

A Trap for the Unsuspecting and Unwary—Induced to Invest in It is Difficult for the Victim to Escape—A Gambling Resort and Nothing Else.

So far as PROGRESS knows, the only concern on King street that should close its doors as soon as possible is the "bucket shop," so called. The "rat hole" has existed long enough; let everybody lend a hand to plug it up.

It is not necessary to enter into the "bucket shop" history of this city. Everybody knows how Hanrahan & Co. first came to Prince William street and how they roped in every unsuspecting young fellow who entered their den. It was very easy to induce young men in business or on salary to believe that they could double or treble their income by investing a few hundred dollars in "stocks" while, as a matter of fact, they never held an iota of interest in any stock on the New York market.

The scores who thronged the room at the outset were soon so badly bitten, so thoroughly fleeced by the sharp gambling methods of the shrewd Yankees and upper Canadians, that they vanished from the scene, but others less wise held on with the vain hope of regaining what they had lost and getting ahead of the "shop." Of all those in St. John who have patronized these sharpers, not one can be pointed at as a winner in the long run. The "shop" gets the better of every one. Occasionally some dealer will make a large haul and everyone in the room will be so stimulated by his success that down they go into their pockets or rather, as is the case nine times out of ten, into the pockets of their creditors, and make further investments. These call for more "margins" and finally, after a long and vain wait for the market "to turn," the margin is allowed to run out and the investment belongs to the "shop." The latter has a hundred and one ways of coming out ahead every time, and bitter are the complaints made by its customers—but what can they do?

Drawn into the gambling vortex, induced to invest hundreds, perhaps thousands, on a chance, they are compelled, in self-defence, to remain in the business, getting deeper and deeper, until they disappear in the swamp.

If it were advisable, PROGRESS could name at least a dozen young fellows, who have lost all they possessed in the "bucket shop." And still it exists, a trap for the present and future generations!

No one can doubt that the shop has an inviting air. Everything is in first-class order, the room is cool and airy in sweltering summer, and warm and comfortable in frigid January. The chairs are easy, the company agreeable, in fact, the inducements for a young man to spend his spare hours in the place are so numerous that many are induced who would never think of entering a gambling saloon, or engaging in that vice.

Yet, though the fact is more completely hidden, the "bucket shop" which was on Prince William street, and that which is at present on King street, was and is nothing but gambling resorts.

The fact that a judge of the supreme court, or prominent merchants and professional men, haunt the place does not relieve it of its character. They are in very fact a help to the "shop," because they set an example which others, who are less able to do so, follow.

It may be that many of the frequenters of the "shop" are old in the business, that they are as sharp as the sharpers and make it a part of their every day business to look after their "deals" on the board, but their followers, the clerks, young business men and scores of others have not the time to attend to their purchases and day by day they leave the place poorer and wiser.

To any one who has watched the attendance at this place, the ever-changing crowd of frequenters is conclusive evidence of their luck in this one-sided game. But a very few of those who first patronized Hanrahan's den remain in business in Ledden Bros' place, on King street. Since Hanrahan opened, every month sees some new rule posted in the shop and always in its favor. Several times, when the rules were one-sided and palpably fraudulent, the deals fell off so largely that they returned to their old ways and with the change their victims again flocked around them.

The system of dealing is elaborate and need not be gone into at present. It may not be necessary to show the public how it is done, but, if it is, PROGRESS has space for the article.

Must Be a Good Dentist.

"I feel as though I could stand on my head," said pressman Marshall of the Telegraph, to PROGRESS, Thursday. "I was wild with the toothache when I went to Dr. John M. Smith, the Portland dentist. I was afraid he'd make me feel worse, but he did the business so neatly that I never knew the tooth was out until he showed it to me. Tell everybody who has the toothache to go and see him."

A MILE IN 2.30.

"Rattler's" Remarkable Achievement on the St. Stephen Track.

Let me give you an idea of what a down east horse accomplished on the St. Stephen track on the 30th ult.

There were a number of persons present, representing various industries of Maine and New Brunswick. Presently Mr. C. H. Eaton came upon the course to exercise his stallion "Rattler." After jogging the animal awhile, he said, "I believe I will give this horse a few quarters in succession, as there are a number of expert timers in the stand." All were pleased, but they could not have expected such an exhibition of speed that followed. The timers were F. Waterson, J. Keys, J. Egan, and J. Hill. Mr. Eaton then drove down the stretch and whirled. He came to the wire at a merry clip and nodded. All let go their timers at the word. The first quarter was made by three timers in 40 sec.; the fourth timer was shut off at 39 sec.; the second quarter was trotted in 35 sec. by all the timers—a 2.20 clip—the fastest quarter made east. He was let up some on the third quarter and came home on the fourth quarter in 87 sec.—a 2.28 gait.

He was now pulled up without any signs of distress and surrounded by the party in great confusion. Mr. James Hill came to himself first and remarked that this was the fastest trotting he had seen in this section. Mr. Waterson could scarcely believe his own time, but it was sustained by three others and must be correct. Mr. Egan spoke quietly and said it was a lively clip to contend with. Mr. Keys said he was astonished, but the best feature about it was a genuine performance without a skip—all level work. A doctor present said it was marvellous. All left the park elated. The physician brought up in the Barter settlement, but, as he could not see the cotton mill, came to himself and drove home leaving a patient unvisited at Milltown where he intended to land. This horse has had very little fast work this season, and is not yet in the pink of condition. Therefore it was a grand achievement.

Rattler is now valued at \$10,000, by his owner, who is confident that he will make a 2.20 mile over a mile track.—Correspondence St. Croix Courier.

UNPRECEDENTED SALES.

Ask the Newsboys who Sell "Progress" How Well It Sells.

PROGRESS' newsboys broke every record last Saturday!

Before 10 o'clock in the morning they had purchased every paper that was printed and then began an assault on the building because there were no more to sell. The edition was 300 greater than Saturday, June 23, yet it might have been 800 and all would have vanished!

Who ever heard of one boy disposing of 335 papers in three hours?

Yet that is Joseph Irvine's record for last Saturday and with the dollar prize his profits netted him \$4.25 on PROGRESS' sales alone. Not bad wages for one day!

Here is another record breaker in the person of bright Douglas McCarthy, who sallied forth with 200 papers before 6 a.m., returned and secured another hundred before an hour had passed and would have taken as many more, but, only seven remaining in the office, he made his number 307 and captured second prize, 50 cents, and Douglas went to bed happy because on PROGRESS alone he made \$3.57.

They were the two leaders. George Swanton came next with 134 copies and two score of the circulation-mongers made up the grand total of 1789 papers sold on the streets—less than half the entire edition by 211 papers.

The boys want an edition of 10,000 this week, but they can't have it, though the paper is nearing half that number (5,000) so rapidly that it will be ahead of it before PROGRESS is three months old.

The Pencil-Pusher.

The friends of the paper and the man will be glad to learn that Mr. R. G. Larson has joined the editorial staff of PROGRESS.

Mr. W. A. Brown has retired from the city staff of the Telegraph and Mr. E. W. McCready has been engaged in that department.

Mr. Edgar L. Wakeman, a Chicago journalist of high standing, well known as the founder of The Current, was in the city during the week. He is gathering material for a series of papers on "Old Acadia."

The very latest is that the Fly-by-Night, alleged rival of the Globe, is to appear on the 17th inst.

St. Paul's Bazaar.

The 17th and 18th instants will be gala days with the teachers and children of St. Paul's church Sunday school and their friends. They have been working every spare hour of late, preparing for their grand bazaar, which takes place on those dates, and some very original features will be introduced which cannot fail to attract and please the public. The proceeds will go to the Sunday school and the attendance should be large and the sales profitable.

REV. JOHN A. GORDON, PASTOR OF THE LEINSTER STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.

By Nature a Leader of Men, and Successful in All That He Has Undertaken—His Career in the Ministry—Evidence of His Popularity With His People.

It seldom happens that a man enjoys the novel satisfaction of reading his own obituary, but to some this privilege is granted. About eight years ago, the press of Prince Edward Island united in the expression that, "Many of our readers will learn with deep sorrow of the death of Rev. John A. Gordon."



REV. JOHN A. GORDON.

capita, it leads any other section of the empire in the production of literary men; that to live in Ugg is, as a matter of necessity, to be a scholar and student. The nature of his surroundings tended, of course, to influence Mr. Gordon, but at his entrance upon life he found his ambition restrained by the death of his father. The boy, though but five years of age at the time, was the oldest child, and almost from that time onward he was the head of the family.

The value of this connection needed no proof to the mother and brothers whom it helped to support and educate, but as time went on, it hampered Mr. Gordon's own career. After his conversion, his thoughts turned towards the work of the ministry, and he undertook—and carried through—an exhaustive course of private study.

Three calls awaited him there. He was offered the place of assistant to his own old pastor; invited to the church at Stoughton, Mass.; and solicited to take charge of the mission field in the Eastern part of Prince Edward Island. The last offer, the hardest and least remunerative position of all, was the one which he accepted. At the end of the first eighteen months of pastoral life, he found himself \$250 out of pocket! He had given the work an impetus, however, which has since led to the formation of three churches in that district; and he felt that he might venture to undertake a duty which would be more in accord with his tastes.

On the 1st of November, 1880, Mr. Gordon became the pastor of the Milltown church, Yarmouth, N. S., receiving, on his departure, an address signed by all the Baptist ministers on Prince Edward Island, of which the following is a part: "You have endeared yourself to all our hearts by your unswerving loyalty to Scripture truth and Bible principles, and after several years of intimate acquaintance, permit us to add, your purity of life and consecration to the Master."

The glorious twelfth will be duly observed this year. In fact, the celebration will be of a more interesting character than usual, since it is an important anniversary in the history of the organization. Much has been printed and said of it and it need not be dealt with at further length.

The St. John lodges are anticipating a grand time at Capt. Watters' landing and there, it is no doubt, should weather favor them, that their programme will suit the public and themselves. In fact, energetic committees can accomplish anything and when Orangemen make up their minds to have a good time they will have it. The grounds are among the first on the river, the best possible arrangements have been made for the comfort and amusement of those who patronize the excursion and Progress hopes the crowd may be such that the lodges will be financially happy and the public gratified.

Musquash will perhaps have the next celebration—though of course the members there think it will be the best—in New Brunswick. Progress is told that their new hall is something to be proud of. It will be sufficiently complete by Thursday to allow the most enjoyable portion of the day, the evening, to be spent within its rafters, where the ray company will dance the hours away. Fairville and other lodges are making elaborate arrangements to give Musquash a helping hand and make their celebration not only a numerical but a financial success. May the proceeds not only finish but furnish the hall!

Frederickton will be represented at Calais, and St. Stephen will join the sister city on the border in doing honor to the day of which all are proud. Carleton county members will congregate at Woodstock, and in their usual quiet and joyful manner, take a holiday in honor of the event. In Westville, N. S., the grand celebration of the sister province will take place. The detailed programme published some time ago will be carried out, and many large lodges will take part in the red letter celebration.

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She ate too many Pickles. The pretty daughter of a Columbus (O.) preacher is in a bad fix. She has eaten pickles until she is writhing from 200 to 80 pounds. She can no longer eat. Her tongue is as dry and hard as a piece of leather, and her physicians say that the interior of her stomach is as hard and smooth as the surface of polished glass. The young lady is only sixteen years old.—Atlanta Constitution.

A BABY'S EPITAPH. April made me; Winter laid me here away asleep; Bright as Maytime was my daytime; night is soon and deep; Though the morrow bring forth sorrow, well are ye that weep. Ye that held me dear, behold me not a twelve-month long; All the while ye saw me smile, ye knew not whence I came that made me smile, and laid me here, and wrought you weeping. Angels, calling from your brawling world one underneath, Homeward bade me, and forbade me here to rest beguiled; Here I sleep not; pass and weep not here upon your child.—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Notes and Announcements. George Eliot's style was "baggy," says Mr. Henry James. It is gravely and truthfully announced in England that since Mr. Gladstone's reply to Col. Ingersoll their portraits are placed in one frame and exhibited at the elevated railway stations.

The Travellers Record for June has been received from Messrs. M. & T. B. Robinson, agents of the Travelers' Insurance company in this city. The Record is a handsome and original monthly, worthy of the company which publishes it. Victor Hugo's volume of posthumous poetry, *Travail Lyrique*, has been arranged by M. Paul Meunier and M. Auguste Vacquiers in "seven chorals." These are nature, humanity, philosophical thought, art, self-communion, love, phantasy.

A New York man has been arrested in Montreal for "borrowing a book." If he had stolen it, Canadian etiquette would have prevented his detention. But we are glad to hear of a book-borrower's arrest anyway. A book-borrower ought to be arrested, and every bibliophile in this land will cry hallo! hallo! as he cuts this scrap out and pastes it away among the treasures of his library.—New York Sun. H. Rider Haggard, according to the Critic, should study the Ten Commandments. In his latest novel he says: "There is no doubt that if through any cause—such, for instance, as the sudden discovery by the great and highly civilized American people that the seventh commandment was probably intended to apply to authors among the rest of the world—the pecuniary rewards of literary labor," etc., etc. The Critic naturally wants to know what Mr. Rider Haggard intends to insinuate. We are inclined to think that Mr. Haggard got mixed on the numerical features of the Decalogue.—New York World.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so-called), in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on TUESDAY, the seventeenth day of July, next, at twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the eighth day of May last, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein HECTOR McMILLAN and DANIEL McDONALD are Plaintiffs, and ADA M. KING, and MARY E. KING, and ROBERT D. McARTHUR, and SARCEL P. OSGOOD, Defendants, and under the will and testament of the late THOMAS KING, deceased, are Defendants, by and with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the lands and premises described in the bill of complaint, in the said cause and in the said decretal order as follows, that is to say:—

First—A lot of land known and distinguished on the map or plan of the said City of Saint John, by the number 1146 (eleven hundred and forty-six), fronting on Saint James street, in the said City of Saint John. Second—All that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being on the south side of King Street, in Queen's Ward, in the City of Saint John, being part of the lot known on the plan of the said city as lot number four hundred and thirty-seven (437) and bounded as described as follows: That is to say, commencing on the south side of King Street, at the northwest corner of the land formerly owned by James Milligan, deceased, at a point distant about seventy feet from the southwest corner of King and Pitt Streets, thence southerly parallel to Pitt Street, a distance of twenty feet, to the southwest corner of the said Milligan land, thence easterly parallel to King Street thirty feet or thereabouts to the western boundary line of a lot numbered (438) four hundred and thirty-eight, thence southerly along the western line of lot 438 twenty-five feet or to the rear line of said lot 437 (four hundred and thirty-seven), thence easterly along said rear line forty feet to the easterly line of lot number four hundred and thirty-eight, thence northerly along the said last mentioned line one hundred feet to King Street, and thence easterly ten feet along King Street to the place of beginning.

Third—All that certain lot, piece, and parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in Queen's Ward, in the said City of Saint John, and known on the map or plan of the said City of Saint John, by the number (436) four hundred and thirty-six, having a front of forty-two feet on the southern side of King Street and extending back, preserving the same width one hundred feet more or less. Fourth—The leasehold lot of land described in the lease thereof from the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of St. John, dated the twenty-second day of January, A.D. 1887, to Robert D. McArthur and Samuel P. Osgood, Executors and Trustees under the last will and testament of Thomas King, late of the said city, deceased, as all that certain piece and parcel of Land situate in Queen's Ward, in the said City of Saint John, being part of lot known and distinguished on the plan of the said city on file in the office of the Common Clerk by the number (438) Four Hundred and Thirty-eight, the said piece and parcel of land hereby described as follows: Beginning on Pitt Street, at the southeast corner of said lot number (438) Four Hundred and Thirty-eight, thence northerly along Pitt Street aforesaid seventy-five feet to a portion of said lot under lease to James Milligan; thence westerly parallel to King Street forty feet to the westerly line of said lot number (438) Four Hundred and Thirty-eight; thence southerly along said westerly line and parallel to Pitt Street aforesaid seventy-five feet; thence easterly forty feet to the place of beginning, with all and singular the rights, members and appurtenances to the said lot belonging or in anywise appertaining; together with the said indenture of lease and the buildings and improvements on the said leasehold land standing and being. The said leasehold lands and premises, together with the said lot number (437) Four Hundred and Thirty-seven above mentioned and described, will be sold in three separate lots, according to the plan filed with the undersigned referee in equity.

Fifth—A tract of Land situate in the Parish of Moncton, in the County of Westmorland, in our Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at the northwesterly angle of lot number One Hundred and Forty-nine, in Block seven; thence running by the magnet of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, south eighty degrees, west one hundred and fifty-one chains, crossing a reserved road; thence south ten degrees, east sixty-eight chains; thence north eight degrees east one hundred and fifty chains, crossing a reserved road; thence north ten degrees east one hundred and fifty chains, crossing a reserved road; thence north ten degrees east one hundred and fifty chains, crossing a reserved road; thence north ten degrees east one hundred and fifty chains, crossing a reserved road; thence north ten degrees east one hundred and fifty chains, crossing a reserved road; thence north ten degrees east one hundred and fifty chains, crossing a reserved road.

Dated the twelfth day of June, A.D. 1888. JOHN L. CARLETON, Referee in Equity. WELDON, McLEAN & DEVLIN, Plaintiffs Solicitors. W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.

LODGE-ROOM ESCUDES.

Loyal Orange Association. The glorious twelfth will be duly observed this year. In fact, the celebration will be of a more interesting character than usual, since it is an important anniversary in the history of the organization. Much has been printed and said of it and it need not be dealt with at further length.

The St. John lodges are anticipating a grand time at Capt. Watters' landing and there, it is no doubt, should weather favor them, that their programme will suit the public and themselves. In fact, energetic committees can accomplish anything and when Orangemen make up their minds to have a good time they will have it. The grounds are among the first on the river, the best possible arrangements have been made for the comfort and amusement of those who patronize the excursion and Progress hopes the crowd may be such that the lodges will be financially happy and the public gratified.

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Hawarden Hotel,

Cor. Prince and Duke Sts., ST. JOHN, N. B. W.M. CONWAY, Proprietor. Terms, \$1 Per Day.

PARK HOTEL,

Having lately been REFITTED and FURNISHED, is now open to the public for permanent and transient boarders, where they will find a home with every attention paid to their comfort. Terms—\$1.50 and \$2. E. H. WHITE, Proprietor, King Square, St. John, N. B.

QUEEN HOTEL,

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

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,

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

ROYAL HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor. VICTORIA HOTEL, (FORMERLY WAVERLY), 81 to 87 King Street ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. MCCORMICK - Proprietor.

Hotel Dufferin,

St. John, N. B. FRED. A. JONES, 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.

KING STREET RESTAURANT.

MR. W. A. LANG Informing his numerous patrons and the public that he has opened a First Class Eating Saloon in TRINITY BLOCK, where he will be pleased to see everybody. The coolest rooms, the choicest meals, and the best attendance in the city. You can't miss the place: No. 94 King Street. R. J. LANG, Manager.

CAFE ROYAL,

Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection. WILLIAM CLARK. BUSINESS MEN, CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS Are the Best AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY. The best market affords always on hand. P. A. CRUIKSHANK, Opposite Market Building.

Ice Cream Soda

Crockett's Drug Store, 162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street. CUSTOM TAILORING. Latest Styles—First-class Work. IN STOCK: ALL THE FASHIONABLE CLOTHS, consisting of FANCY TWEEDED SUITINGS; TROUSERINGS; COARSEWEE AND DIAGONAL SUITINGS; FANCY YEZT GOODS of all descriptions; SPRING and SUMMER OVERCOATINGS, in the newest patterns. All goods made up at the LOWEST POSSIBLE prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. JAMES KELLY, 34 Dock Street.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY,

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

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

Commencing June 25th, 1888. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, St. John, at 10.40 a.m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Holton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston. FULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON. 10.50 a.m.—For Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Holton and Woodstock. 11.45 a.m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations. 12.30 p.m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Holton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls. FULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Bangor at 16.15 a.m., Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p.m. Sleeping Car attached. Vancoboro at 11.15; 11.15 a.m.; 2.21 p.m. Woodstock at 17.45; 10.30 a.m.; 7.00 p.m. Holton at 17.45; 10.30 a.m.; 7.00 p.m. St. Stephen at 19.20 a.m.; 12.20; 9.45 p.m. St. Andrews at 19.20 a.m.; 12.20; 9.45 p.m. Fredericton at 16.00; 11.30 a.m.; 7.50 p.m. Arriving in St. John at 7.45; 18.20 a.m.; 12.23; 17.15 p.m. LEAVE CARLTON FOR FAIRVILLE 18.00 a.m.—Connecting with 5.50 a.m. train from St. John. 14.30 p.m.—Connecting with 4.45 p.m. train from St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. † Daily except Saturday. † Daily except Monday. P. W. GRAM, Gen. Manager. H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

1888-Summer Arrangement-1888 ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 4th, 1888, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:— TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express..... 7 00 Accommodation..... 11 00 Express for Sussex..... 16 55 Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 22 15 A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 22.15 train to Halifax. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 5 30 Express from Sussex..... 8 30 Accommodation..... 12 55 Day Express..... 18 00 All trains 20 to 120 by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., May 31, 1888.

UNION LINE.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, the splendid Steamer DAVID WESTON and ACADIA, alternately, will leave St. John (Indianapolis) for Fredericton, and Fredericton for St. John, EVERY MORNING (Sundays excepted), at 9 o'clock, local time, calling at intermediate stops. Fare \$1.00. Connecting with New Brunswick Railway for Woodstock, Grand Falls, etc.; with Northern and Western Railway for Doaktown, Chatham, etc.; and with steamer Florenceville for Eel River, Woodstock, etc. On THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS Excursion Tickets issued to Brown's, Williams', Oak Point and Palmer's wharves, good to return on day of issue, for 40 cents, or to Hampstead and return for 50 cents. SATURDAY EVENING and MONDAY MORNING TRIP—For accommodation of business men and others, Steamer ACADIA, Monday, Indianopolis, every Saturday evening, at six o'clock, for Hampstead, calling at intermediate stops. Returning, will leave Hampstead for Doaktown, Chatham, etc., on Monday morning, at nine, thus affording an opportunity to spend a day of rest and change in the country without encroaching on business hours. Fare to Hampstead, etc., and return, 50 cents. P. H. McLEOD, Mgr. Office at wharf, Indianopolis. St. John City Agency at H. CRUBB & Co.'s, Prince Wm. street.

THE Intercolonial Express Company (Limited).

Forwards Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collects bills with Goods, Drafts, Notes and Accounts. Running daily (Sunday excepted), with Special Messengers in charge, over the entire line of the Intercolonial Railway, connecting at Riviere du Loup with the Canadian Express Company, for all points in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario and the Western States, and at St. John with the American Express Company, for all points in the Eastern and Southern States. Branch offices in Summerside and Charlottetown. P. E. I. European Express forwarded and received weekly. Declature Goods or Goods in Bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch. Special rates for large consignments, and further information on application to JAMES BYRCE, Superintendent. J. R. STONE, Agent.

W. WATSON ALLEN. CLARENCE H. FERUGSON ALLEN & FERUGSON, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc.

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

SIG. GIO. B. RONCONI, TEACHER OF Vocal Culture and Throat Gymnastics, Specialty of Voice Phrasing and Diaphragm Breathing; Address—Domville Building, first flat.

FOR SALE.

A FARM OF LAND IN JUVENILE SETTLEMENT, known as the McLeod farm, containing 240 acres, 50 of which are cleared. The soil is of rich black loam, with clay subsoil, and can be made one of the most valuable farms in the county of Sunbury. New house and fairly good barn thereon. Apply to C. L. JUCHESON, Solicitor, St. John, N. B.

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

Office, Warehouse and Manufactory: GEORGES STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

SEWING MACHINES, ORGANS.

Parties wishing to purchase same will do well to call and examine my stock. LEONARD G. HOLDER, Portland Bridge, N. B.—All kinds of small Machine Repairs.

SOCIETY

And the Dr. whelped Monday picnics and I've heard they who family in the case and the ladies, which enjoyable took them had, as one a right joy. The joy of visitors. I met a number, among at Daley's; Lawyer K. worth's; M. Boston, at Haines, of Smithsons, and Mrs. V. number of beautiful, even cherries almost. I did was told the in use. Dig gayer appear itors arrive Miss Beat full picnic at Mr. and M large number picnic ground Mr. Ham spent the d Island. Miss Hall, tations for a but the weath was changed party. A few, we pretty weddi Fairville ch witnessed it bride. All h this one real coming brow spounding ru bunch of pre number of gu were numerou ceremony the congratulation dence of the Mr. and Mrs. for Moncton, A Fiction come to St. J The girls of regret having without Miss to assist and I presiding over While talki of weddings to that Mr. Trav has at last suc Miss Whitte than a year in her friend, Mi their art stud Sharp is spend in Virginia. Among the known as the softly draped w tulle. Such h far more danc stiff and tower Many of the b entirely floral, perfumed with flower. Very on the dress, n hat or bonnet, is skilfully tas sunshade. Th be quite unuq varied floral tri Mr. Fred D counting room and shady nook He will be abs I wish some are filled with milk-stops, pin innumerable nic curiosity as to things when sw Mr. A. W. C of Mills & Gibb turned to New vacation, which Mrs. George accompanied the Lellan to Engla Mr. S. John Brooklyn, will John. Mrs. Fred Al ing her mother, Rev. Mr. M David's church McNeil and M spending the w The great pr in the costumes It is introduced velvet of moire, occasionally a s similar part on the popular bis

MUSIC AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Pressure of business and engagements of various sorts prevented me last week from filing my usual column. My editors growled and the devil bothered me and I promised, but nothing came of it—all—so I will humbly apologize to such of the readers of PROGRESS as trouble themselves to read through the paragraphs I manage to scribble.

I was sorry I was not able to hear the effect of the Minstrels' chorus singing, as an engagement prevented me, but I have asked every musical person I know that was present, and from one and all I get the stereotyped answer, "Capital," "One of the best circles on a stage," etc. It is to be hoped that this combination of gentlemen will hold together. With some slight alterations in management and the re-arrangement of all choruses for male voices (which is a matter that could be done at small cost) and some more good songs added to the repertoire, the minstrels in the fall could give some very enjoyable evenings to the St. John people and I think would draw money every time they performed.

Of course it is an open secret, now, that the net proceeds are to be given to the Oratorio society. This I am afraid will not amount to a very large sum, probably between \$150 and \$200. The expenses were very heavy, owing to the fact that all the properties had to be purchased. These, of course, will now be on hand in case of any future performances and would lessen the cost at least one half.

Madame Fanny Kellogg Bachert is visiting friends in Omaha and receiving great social attention. Many receptions are given in her honor, and one especially, at Millard's, was an example of western magnificence. The Omaha Bee gives a long description of the fete. Mme. Kellogg-Bachert was costumed in white India silk, with rare old lace and diamonds, and the journal notes not only her distinction as an artist, but as a lady of exceptional charm and culture.

I clip the above from the Boston Evening Traveller of June 27 as being of some interest to those of my readers who were at the Oratorio concerts last year and remember that talented lady's fine performances.

The Folio for July, which ought to have been mentioned last week, is a capital number, the most noticeable articles being some "Critical Items" by Warren Davenport, "Piano Playing on the Petersilea system," "American Composers," "Organ Playing and Organists," by James M. Tracey. In the last are some capital remarks with regard to would-be organists and extemporary voluntaries, that some would-be musical people could lay to heart with good effect, when pressing some young organist, who has barely acquired the mechanical knowledge of the organ, to include in extemporizations.

Gently, gently, Mr. Rector, the volunteer choir singer has feelings, and is not a machine, nor can he be talked to like the paid chorister. It will be a great blow to a certain choir in the city if one of its leading male voices leaves it, especially after being one of its most servicable and devoted members for so many years. I am afraid the reverend gentleman does not quite realize the fact that the rector of the parish is not quite the autocrat here, with regard to the choir, at least, that some rectors are in the old country.

Appropos of the above, I was once asked by an organist of good standing whether I knew what class of men were the most unreasonable and hard to get on with, and received the answer, musical rectors, which was rather a sweeping condemnation; but I think there was a spice of truth in it all the same.

I hear that one of the Philharmonics has left. This is a great pity, as the organization is none too strong, and can ill afford to lose a good musician. What is the matter, anyhow, A—r? Did they object to your playing with the professionals? or rather, the paid players of another combine?

The Oratorio society's concerts are the event of next week, and I do hope that the St. John people will give them a good house every performance. Press notices of Mrs. Houston West and Mr. Parker are excellent, though, unfortunately, too much reliance cannot always be placed on them. Still, in these two cases, I think the management have done well, as Mr. Parker is evidently thoroughly acquainted with his music, and is said to have a voice peculiarly adapted to the Judas Maccabæus music. Of Signor Ronconi, I have my doubts, as before stated; not on account of his voice, but his method and faulty articulation. It is also to be hoped he will know his music thoroughly and not fail, as he did last year. The chorus is apparently well up in its work and should give a very good account, and show marked improvement on last year.

Her voice was a cross between the hum of a cyclone and the screech of a locomotive under full steam. It trembled away in cat-like cadence and rose again like the wail of a bound in distress. Again it rose in mel-low tones not unlike the wild dallying over

the mouth of an empty jug. Stopping only long enough to take wind, she rose slowly to her tip-toes, and, with gyrating arms and heavy chest, gave a fair imitation of that roar that foretells a Dakota blizzard. Old Jim Baker's pet panther, chained to a post back of the opera house, heard some of her high notes, and they skinned the poor beast out of a year's growth. It was the first time our town was ever visited by a genuine female callopie, and we hope she'll come again.—Custer City Chronicle.

What would some of our sensitive singers in this city of St. John say if they were treated by the critics in the above elegant and expressive language? I am afraid that a big brother with a big stick would be enquiring tenderly after the musical critic if articles of this description were written here.

Friend Bristowe of Fredericton was in St. John this week and looked well and healthy. He told me that the bishop was going to bring him a lot of new anthems for the cathedral and that he was well satisfied with his choir just now.

The hands up in Fredericton at the firemen's celebration on Monday last, were all very good. The Houlton band played some selections on Monday evening that were far above the average, the instruments being nicely balanced and the time and tone excellent.

WE NEED ANOTHER ONE.

There Should Be a Steamboat Inspector for New Brunswick.

Since the appointment of Mr. Stevens, of Halifax, as chief inspector of steamboats, superseding Mr. W. M. Smith of this city, who has been superannuated, great dissatisfaction has existed among owners of steamboats, and business men generally. The disadvantages arising from the absence of the chief inspector from this province are quite apparent, since the attempt of any one man to fill the position for three provinces must necessarily fail. Instance the case of the tug Dirigo, a few months ago, where several vessels being in danger at Minas Basin and she being sent to hasten to the scene, Mr. Stevens grew wrath at the departure, and threatened to have the captain's certificate cancelled for proceeding without waiting for an examination of the tug's boiler; though the fact was that the delay would have been fatal to the vessels. In case accidents happen to any New Brunswick steamboats they have to send to Halifax for the chief inspector before proceeding with work, and of course business men suffer from the existing state of affairs.

While Minister Foster represented King's county he promised to do what he could to have an inspector appointed for the province of New Brunswick. The members from St. John and the North Shore also signified their intention to work for the interests of the province, and the name of Mr. Waring, a properly certified engineer, who has passed the highest examination as chief engineer, was mentioned as the gentleman to fill the place vacated by Mr. W. M. Smith. Whomever is appointed, however, there is no question that some action should be taken.

A Training School for Nurses. A committee of the General Public Hospital commission, with Mr. William Maher as chairman, is perfecting arrangements for establishing a school for training nurses in connection with the hospital. It is the intention of the commission to take respectable, intelligent women and let them work in the hospital during the day, together with the regular paid nurses. Lectures on hospital work will be delivered to the nurses by members of the medical staff and by this and having practical experience in dressing wounds and taking care of patients it is expected that a good staff of competent nurses will be trained. The commission also intend giving diplomas to nurses who have become proficient in their business during their stay at the hospital. Applications are constantly being made for trained nurses to take care of patients in private houses and the commission hope that when the school is established they will be able to furnish nurses when applications are received. A number of applications has already been received from women who wish to enter the school.

Our Firemen and McKee's Beer. It was warm in Fredericton Monday, and the St. John firemen present appeared to feel the heat. Some of the celestials feared they would be overcome in the procession, shaded as they were by spacious barouches. But our representatives knew how to care for themselves. They kept themselves cool and their boots clean in the best carriages the city liveries afforded. They kept their reputation, too, and did not defame that of Scott at Fredericton, for, fearful of the delay in returning to their hostilities, they placed a dozen of McKee's beer in the back of their conveyances. When they returned, the bottles were there—the beer was gone.

Coming Back for a Vacation. Rev. W. J. Swaffield, late of Fairville, having completed his course at the Newton Theological institution, has taken charge of the First Mariners' Baptist church, Boston, which has a membership of about 400. He will spend a short vacation in Albert county, in August.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

I am indebted to one of our most energetic and successful business men for a suggestion which will go far to make the new opera house financially successful. It is that, on evenings when the place is not otherwise occupied, it should be taken in turn by the city bands, which should give concerts, charging a nominal sum for admission. There are hundreds of persons in these cities who would be glad of an opportunity to spend two or three evenings a week in listening to good instrumental music, and these people would still more gladly pay 10 cents for a seat. The receipts of these musical evenings, divided between the band and the opera house management, would amount to a very considerable sum in the course of a year.

Constructed according to the admirable plans which have been secured, the opera house would be well adapted to a number of uses. St. John won't stand more than one or two nights of theatricals a week, but what with lectures, public meetings and band and other concerts, there is no reason why the place should not be occupied 300 nights in the year.

I am filled with amazement when I reflect that, until PROGRESS called their attention to it, it did not seem to have occurred to moneyed men that opera house stock would be a good investment. Everybody knows that there is no better-paying property in the city than the hall of the Mechanics' Institute; but people don't appreciate the fact that an elegant structure like that proposed would take everything away from the Institute and attract thousands of dollars' worth of new business. There's no doubt of it.

The commendation of the Saturday Review is a feature in the cap of the Daly company, now playing the Shakespearian comedies in London. That "one of the very best Shakespearian performances seen in London of late years" should be given by a party of New Yorkers is sufficiently high praise; yet beyond this the Review hazards the doubt "whether, all things considered, a more satisfactory representation of this comedy of Shakespear's (*The Taming of the Shrew*) has been given since the breaking up of the mighty companies of the old patent theatres." All this will be interesting to the Anglomaniacs who delight to assert that new-world art has done unwisely to cut loose from its leading-strings.

Dion Boucicault is to write a weekly critical article for the New York Herald, over his own signature. He hopes to effect a "reform in dramatic criticism." This is "very comedy," as they say on the stage.—New York Clipper.

Court Councillor Ludwig Chroniek, manager of the Saxe-Meinigen company, has arrived in New York from Germany to make a survey of the ground, as it were, and learn something of people and theatres in advance of the coming of the company. The Saxe-Meinigen company is one of the most famous theatrical troupes on the European continent, and is said to have the largest collection of properties of any company in the world. The scenery, costumes and armor are reputed to be very handsome and are made from the Duke's own ideas. Only the largest theatres in the country will be played, and the repertory will include *The Maid of Orleans*, Schiller's *The Robbers*, *Mary Stuart*, *William Tell*, *Wallenstein*, *Twelfth Night*, *Julius Caesar*, and *The Merchant of Venice*.

The legal contest between Margaret Mather and Manager Hill brings out some interesting statements from both sides. For example, testifying in his own behalf, the manager said that, at his first meeting with the actress, she told him that she was born on Oct. 21, 1860, at Tilbury, Canada. "Better make it 1862," he told her, "so as to be just 20 years old when you come out." She thereupon "made it" 1862, and the neck-and-neck race between Ananias and the advance agent began in a blaze of red fire.

Short stature and a youthful appearance work wonders on the stage, sometimes. Of course you remember the "juvenile" Pinafore companies that swept the country while that opera was all the rage? I have a friend who, as "Josephine," brought remarkable success to one of the best of these. She was sylph-like in figure, and though she had the voice of a woman, no one ventured to hint that she was anything more than a wonderfully clever child. On the bills she was eleven years old. In private life she was seventeen. After she had carried the "juvenile" company through one prosperous season, she became the prima donna of a full-grown company. The critics never noticed the sudden transformation to maturity. They never do.

Nevertheless, when they wish to hold their youth, theatrical people grow old very slowly. Corinne has only just ceased to be billed as "Little Corinne." That unfortunate adjective has led a hard life, these ten years back, and I am glad that Mrs. Jennie Kimball has ventured to give it a vacation. I am willing to wager, however, that, though she isn't little any more, it will be at least ten years before Corinne arrives at the mature age of 20—if you believe the bills. LEON.

TROUBLE IN CALVIN CHURCH.

Certificates of Membership Refused to Persons Who Wish to Withdraw.

Things were not so harmonious as could be desired at the meeting of the Presbytery of St. John, Tuesday, when the appeal of Miss Grace Murphy, Miss Alice Murphy, John Russell, Mrs. Agnes J. Russell, S. Cunningham, jr., Mrs. Cunningham, C. H. Doig and Mrs. Doig, relative to a decision of Calvin church session, came up. The affair has caused considerable talk, and the action of the presbytery in not settling the matter at their last session, has set everybody speculating as to what the real cause of the trouble is. With a view of satisfying the public PROGRESS endeavored to get both sides of the story, and from this it appears that there was considerable bitterness between the two parties.

Calvin church has been in trouble for about fifteen years. Some time ago its financial affairs were settled, but not, it is claimed, in accord with the views of the persons who signed the appeal and others, who accordingly left the church. They were induced to return again, but other differences arose and they again withdrew from the church. Some of the dissatisfied stopped contributing to the church altogether, and others cut down their subscriptions to 10 cents a week. The session looked upon this latter action as being merely for the purpose of retaining the right to vote, and would not accept the subscriptions.

In January the roll of church membership was revised by the moderator of session, and the names mentioned above were stricken off. This was five months after they left off attending Calvin church. Four months after the membership roll was revised, Miss Grace Murphy, Miss Alice Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. Russell applied to Rev. Dr. McDougall for certificates of membership, as they wished to join St. David's church. Rev. Dr. McDougall claims that at that time they were not members of Calvin church, but were in attendance upon St. David's church, and had no right to a certificate of membership. Had the applications not been worded so much like a demand, but more like a request, certificates of some kind might have been granted, he says. However, no certificates of any kind were granted, and Misses Grace and Alice Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. Russell appealed to the presbytery, where, after a very heated discussion, the matter was left to Rev. Dr. McDougall and Rev. Geo. Bruce for settlement.

The case of Mr. and Mrs. Doig and Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham is identical with that of the others, up to the time of their applying for certificates, at which time, it is claimed, they were members of St. John church. It is also claimed that St. John church had no authority to accept these people as members until the sessions of the two churches had conferred in the matter. A member of St. John church, however, in conversation with a representative of PROGRESS, said that they had not been received as members of the church until after certificates of membership had been refused them by Rev. Dr. McDougall. The same gentleman asserted that the parties referred to had been fairly treated by Rev. Dr. McDougall, as moderator of session. Some of those who left the church had taken an active part in its affairs, one of them being a leading trustee and superintendent of the Sunday school. Certain matters in connection with the church were conducted in a manner that these gentlemen thought improperly and accordingly said so, whereupon they were deprived of their positions, it is claimed, by the influence of Rev. Dr. McDougall. In regard to their names being taken off the roll, these gentlemen say there was no reason for doing it. There had been cases where people had not attended the church for years and their names had not been erased; and if there had been no feeling against them (the appellants) they think their names would have remained on the roll. They claim that anyone should have a right to a certificate so long as he or she had not been disciplined by the church and if they had been so disciplined the session of Calvin church should have informed the session of St. John church of the fact.

Discussion over the latter case became so spirited that the presbytery decided to let it lie over until the next meeting, when it was hoped that the feeling would be less bitter.

LOVE'S BELIEF.

Dear heart and trust, if I die Before you do, and over me The clover blossoms woe the bee, And little violets sweet as shy Peer through the grass above my face To meet your eyes when you come near, Lean down and listen; you will hear A whisper stirring in the place.

And in that whisper you will know The voice you knew and loved of old, Telling the love no words have told; And as your footsteps come and go About your tasks, the whole day through, Love's message, whispered by the flowers, Will fill with gladness all the hours, For you will know I think of you.

For well I know that love would thrill This frame of mine, if I were dead, And you came near my grave and said, "Dear heart, do you remember still?" And when I felt the subtle stir Of love that dies not, I would make You conscious of the truth, and take The flowers for my interpreters.

—Ben E. Renford, in Travellers' Record.

ORATORIO CONCERTS

Mechanics' Institute.

JULY 10th and 11th.

Judas Maccabæus.

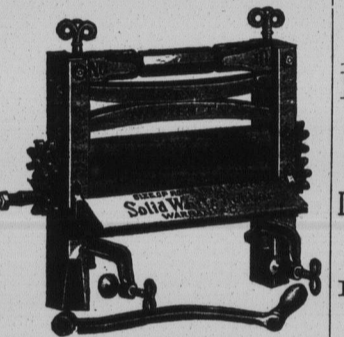
Haydn's "Seasons" and Matinee.

1688. 1888.

L. O. A.

EXCURSION.

THE ORANGEMEN of the City of St. John will celebrate the Twelfth Day of July next by an EXCURSION UP THE ST. JOHN RIVER. The beautiful grounds of Capt. W. H. WATERS have been secured. THE ARTILLERY BAND will accompany the Excursion. Prominent speakers have been invited and will deliver addresses. Dancing can be enjoyed as a suitable covered platform has been erected on the grounds. Prizes will be given for Archery, Foot Races and other games. The Committee have spared no pains to make it the most enjoyable Excursion of the season. Two Steamers of the Union Line will leave Indiantown at 9 A. M. and 1.30 P. M. for the grounds—Returning at 7 p. m. Refreshments will be served on the grounds by a Committee of Ladies. TICKETS 40 CENTS. Can be procured from Members of the Association. GEO. M. THOMPSON, Worshipful Deputy Master. GEO. A. DAVIS, Secretary to Committee.



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

Notice to Contractors. SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Post Office, etc., Dalhousie, N. B.," will be received at this office until Thursday, 12th July, 1888, for the several works required in the erection of Post Office, etc., at Dalhousie, N. B. Specifications and drawings can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of W. S. Smith, Esq., Harbor Master, Dalhousie, N. B., on and after Friday, 22nd June, and tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, A. GOBEL, Secretary.

Victoria Steam Confectionery Works. ESTABLISHED 1873. J. R. WOODBURN & CO., Manufacturers by Steam of Pure Confectionery. PULVERIZED SUGAR always on hand. SUGAR and CREAM OF TARTAR ground for the Trade. All orders promptly and carefully attended to. Goods shipped free on board at St. John. \$10, \$15 and \$20 Sample Cases, comprising a choice variety, sent to any address on receipt of P. O. order. CLEAR DROPS and TABLETS, in tins and bottles, a specialty. 44 and 46 Dock Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

GO TO Page, Smalley & Ferguson's, FOR Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Gold Jewelry, Silver and Plated Goods, CLOCKS and BRONZES, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc. 43 King Street.

FOR SALE. Two large-sized Stereoscopes with two hundred and fifty-five views. They will throw a picture a long distance. A splendid chance for a Sunday school or for advertising purposes. Price low. Inquire of CHAS. D. McALPINE, 18 Hornfield Street, St. John, N. B.

A. & J. HAY, 76 King Street. Spectacles, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. JEWELRY made to order and repaired. WEDDING RINGS guaranteed 18 K. fine. SILAS ALWARD, A. M., D. C. L., BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c., CHURCH'S CORNER, CITY.

CHOICE ENGLISH CHEESE.

Case STILTON Cheese; WILTSHIRE Cheese; Round DUTCH Cheese; CHEDDAR Cheese.

N. B.—Rhubarb, Jersey Sweet Potatoes, Pineapples, Bananas, Oranges, Lemons, Etc., Etc.

P. S.—COCA JELLY—the Queen of Table Jellies.

FOR SALE AT GEORGE ROBERTSON & CO.'S Up-Town Store, 50 King Street.

GILBERT BENT & SONS, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN Flour, Teas, Fish, Sugars, Salt, Tobaccos, And everything in the line of STAPLE GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS. 5, 6, 7 and 8 South Market Wharf, ST. JOHN, N. B.

To Arrive Today: Strawberries, Tomatoes, Squash, Bananas, Pine Apples.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, 84 King Street.

Beef, Mutton, Spring Lamb, Veal, Lettuce, Radishes, Celery and Squash.

SUGAR CURED HAMS. Bacon, Lard.

THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

Strawberries, Bananas, Oranges.

And other seasonable FRUIT, by every boat from Boston. For sale by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte St., next door Y. M. C. A.

T. J. McPHERSON, 181 UNION STREET, GROCER.

FRUITS A SPECIALTY. TEA and COFFEE a specialty. No. 126 and 128 Germain, Corner Princess street.

FOR SALE LOW: Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, AXLE GREASE, Riding Saddles, Side Saddles, CHAMOIS, SPONGES, Shawl Straps, Trunk Straps, FURNITURE POLISH, LAP ROBES, All kinds HORSE BOOTS, SUMMER BLANKETS, POCKET KNIVES, HARNESS OIL. Wholesale and Retail.

H. HORTON & SON, 39 DOCK STREET. MOSQUITO-BANE. A Certain Preventive from the Bite of Black Flies, Mosquitoes, Etc. Not Injurious to the Skin. No Unpleasant Odor. Prepared by A. C. SMITH & CO., St. John, N. B.

TESTIMONIAL. S. W. Miramichi River, July 9th, 1884. A. CHEPMAN SMITH & CO. Dear Sirs,—We have much pleasure in certifying to the efficacy of your preparation of Mosquito-Bane. We have used others of acknowledged merit and have found none so effective in warding off the attacks of mosquitoes, black flies and other pests. We consider it invaluable to sportsmen and others who visit our forests and streams. Yours truly, ALEX. H. WOOD, WM. MAJOR, WM. F. BRYNING, C. A. ROBERTSON.

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

Havana and Domestic CIGARS. I have a complete assortment now in stock, in boxes and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and DOMESTICS.

THOS. L. BOURKE, 11 and 12 Water street.

CHOICE ENGLISH CHEESE.
WILTSHIRE Cheese;
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 Squash,
 Bananas,
 Pine Apples.
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 Radishes, Celery and Squash.
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 Lard.
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 TOS. L. BOURKE,
 11 and 12 Water street.

MY WANTED YOUTH.
"Que vous ai-je donc fait, O mes jeunes années!"
 Let me alone!
 I am weeping my wasted youth.
 I am weeping the sunlit days when the orchard was white
 As the driven snow, and I did not know, as I might,
 To let the blossoms fall and cover me o'er,
 And take the heart of the spring to my own heart's
 core.
 Let me alone!
 I am weeping my wasted youth.
 Let me alone!
 I am weeping my wasted youth.
 I am weeping the starlight nights that I did not
 see,
 And the starlike eyes that never lit up for me,
 The moon's that on rippling waters have glanced
 and shone,
 And the tender faces I have not looked upon.
 Let me alone!
 I am weeping my wasted youth.
 Let me alone!
 I am weeping my wasted youth.
 I am weeping the merry dances I did not tread,
 And the tears of happiness that I did not shed,
 And the feverish joys, and the dumb, delicious pain,
 And the lost, lost moments that will not come again.
 Let me alone!
 I am weeping my wasted youth.
 Let me alone!
 I am weeping my wasted youth.
 I am weeping those who have seen their youth
 go by
 With half its sweets untasted, unknown, as I,
 That God—forsaking as He left the first bright
 page
 Of their life a blank—would send them love in their
 age.
 Let me alone!
 I am weeping my wasted youth.
 Let me alone!
 I am weeping my wasted youth.
 —E. D. Chapman, in Boston Globe.

A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE.
 I once spent six months in a small village on the southern coast of Ireland, not far from Queenstown. It is one of the loveliest spots in Europe. The small inn where I put up was kept by a middle-aged widow, Mrs. Welch. She was of good Irish stock, as many Irish innkeepers are. A red-headed girl of sixteen waited at table and made the beds. Her name was Nora O'Brien. She was not exactly pretty, but she was clever and winning, and had a quick tongue and a sense of humor. She often made me laugh with her odd Irish conceits, and I grew to be very fond of her. I used to pay her extravagant compliments for the mere pleasure of hearing her parry them. If I told her she was the handsomest girl in Ireland she assumed a sober demeanor and replied: "Indeed, then, 'twill be a bad day for Ireland when there's no girls in it better looking than me—and husbands to marry 'em, what's more!" and when I praised the hue of her hair, she passed her red but well-shaped hand over it, and said with a complacent nod: "Faith, and it covers my head as well as any!" But, as she left the room, she turned and threw me a twinkling glance that put all sobriety to rout.
 Nora's mother was dead. Her father had been a fisherman, till rheumatism obliged him to give it up. She confided to me that she was betrothed to one Dan MacCarthy, a robust young fellow, part owner and operator of a fishing smack. When Dan had ten pounds laid by they were to be married. Colossal fortunes are not the rule among the peasantry of Ireland. It might be some years before the wedding took place.
 I made the acquaintance of Dan. He was rather serious and terse of manner and speech. I have been out with him in his boat for a day's fishing, and in all that time got little more than occasional monosyllabic out of him. But he liked to hear me tell about America, and I must admit that I painted the good republic in favorable colors. Though Dan said little in reply, my descriptions may have had a much deeper effect on him than I imagined at the time. America still seems to be, to many poor Irish folk, what Canaan was to the Israelites.
 Old man O'Brien was a fine old chap, with a massive face, and the remains of a superb physique. He was very fond and proud of Nora, and a little inclined to snub Master Dan. He evidently did not like the idea of Nora leaving him for any one. And yet the house where her married life would be passed was not a stone's throw from the one in which she was born. What a narrow life it was, after all. I remember saying to her once: "You ought to go to America, Nora; Dan might become a mayor there, and he and you ride up Fifth avenue in a carriage and a pair!" Nora was silent a moment, and then said, with a toss of the head and a sigh: "Sure, a jaunting car'll be good enough for me, if Danny has the reins."
 I returned at last to New York, thought about my Irish friends for a few months, and then ceased to think about them. About a year after my return I was walking on South street, on my way to take a steamer at pier 24 East River, when I came in contact with a young fellow carrying a basket of fish. We looked at each other, and I recognized Dan MacCarthy. His serious face lighted at the same moment. After setting down his basket on the drum of one of the fish shops in the market close by, he wiped his hands on his apron and we gave each other a hearty grip.
 I asked after Nora, and soon got the outlines of the story. They had emigrated six months after my departure—old man O'Brien, Nora and Dan. The old man had paid the passage money for himself and his daughter. Dan, who was an able seaman, worked his passage. Soon after arriving Dan had found a place with a well-to-do fishmonger. Nora had been taken in the fishmonger's family as general servant. O'Brien had found a situation as watchman. All was going well.
 "Are you and Nora married?" I asked.
 "No; but they expected to be in a few months more."
 The fishmonger—Mr. Davis—would pay him better wages by and by. At present they saw each other every day. Mr. and Mrs. Davis were good folks—kind and easy. There was a nephew staying with them, rather a swell, but Dan had nothing against him either. Nora liked the place, and received \$8 a month. Altogether, the prospect was cheerful.
 Mr. Davis was in his shop, a placid, stout, straightforward man. I chatted with him a few minutes and took a fancy to him. He asked me, if I ever found myself in First avenue, to step in and look them up, and he gave me his number. "Nora is a nice girl," he added. I promised to come,

and then, pleased with the little adventure, I took my leave.
 "This was in the summer. I was away from New York most of the time until late in the autumn. Then, one evening, when I had called to see some friends in East Fifteenth street, who were out, I remembered Mr. Davis and his invitation, and resolved to "look him up." I found the family occupying a comfortable flat. It was Nora who opened the door to me. She had grown, but was otherwise greatly improved in appearance, and she was as full of life and fun as ever. She knew me at once and greeted me heartily. The family had just got through dinner. I found Mr. Davis the same placid, good man as ever. His wife, whom I now met for the first time, was a lean, dim, featureless creature of a retiring disposition. There was also in the room a young man about five-and-twenty years of age, well dressed, and with a handsome but not (to me) engaging face. This was the nephew, Frank Wilson.
 Nora went in and out, hearing the talk, exchanging a few words, smiling, twinkling, tossing her little red head, much as she used to do in the old Irish inn. She was evidently regarded more as a member of the family than as a servant. But it presently appeared that there was an attraction in the kitchen. Dan was there. So, after a while, Nora went out and did not come back. Mrs. Davis vanished in search of her scissors and was not seen again; Mr. Davis lighted a pipe and crossed his legs, and Frank Wilson took a couple of cigars from his waistcoat pocket, and stuck one in his mouth and offered me the other. I preferred a pipe with Mr. Davis.
 "Any whiskey left in the bottle, uncle?" demanded Frank, after a pause.
 "You ought to know better than me; it's you drinks it," replied Mr. Davis, placidly.
 "Must have my tod," said the other, going to the cupboard. "Have a drink, sir?" he added to me. I declined, and he poured himself out a drink and tossed it off.
 He then began to talk about the comparative merits of two men who were matched to fight with two-ounce gloves to a finish. Jack was a smarter man than Jim, but he observed with a wink that his pile was up on Jim all the same; he had a tip from the inside. He also gave me some reminiscences of his experience on the turf the past summer. His uncle finally asked him why he could be content to live on his salary. (He was a clerk in a large dry goods shop.) "What kind of a life would that be?" returned Mr. Wilson, with an air of disgust. "Is just eatin' and sleepin' in life? A man must stir around a bit, or he'd as well be a stiff, and done with it!"
 Mr. Davis chuckled, and evidently thought his nephew very clever. Suddenly the latter turned to him and said: "Say, this is getting beyond a joke. My cigar case is gone now!"
 "Eh? What's the matter now?" rejoined Mr. Davis, taking his pipe from his mouth.
 "That's what I want to know. Here's a new cigar case," he continued, appealing to me, "silver mounted, cost me \$15 a week ago, and gone off of my dressing table! If that was the only thing I wouldn't be sick, but I've been missing money and odds and ends the last two weeks. There's something crooked going on, uncle. Ain't you noticed anything?"
 "Come to think of it," answered Mr. Davis, after a pause. "I believe I have lost track of a bit of cash now and then. But I didn't think nothing of it. Why, what are you leading up to, Frank?"
 "And always about a certain time of day, too," Frank went on, twisting the points of his small mustache. "I tell you, it's queer, and I don't like it."
 "What time of day is that?" inquired Mr. Davis.
 "Along in the afternoon, not far from this time," was the reply. "Let's see, there's nobody comes here evenings, is there?"
 "No one except Dan MacCarthy," said Davis.
 "Humph! That's what I thought! Well, I'm going to keep a sharp lookout, uncle, from this on," observed Mr. Wilson, "and I'd advise you to do the same. I don't mention no names, but this thing is a nuisance, and it's got to be stopped. That's all!"
 At this juncture the outer door was heard to close. "There goes the fellow, now," remarked Frank, and after a moment he got up and left the room. I thought I might as well take my leave; so I rose, laid down my pipe, and bade my host good-night. As I was looking for my hat in the hall I saw, through the half-open door of the kitchen, Frank and Nora standing together. I saw him suddenly throw his arm round her waist and attempt to kiss her. I saw her twist herself from his grasp, and at the same moment fetch him a resounding box on the ear. Then the kitchen door closed with a bang, and I went out.
 The situation, as thus presented to me, was a subject of speculation and of some misgiving for several days thereafter; but it passed from my mind, as most things in which one is not personally concerned do, pass from the mind in this world. I was destined to see the end of it, however; and it was very different from what I might have surmised.
 I was dining one day during the winter with my friend, the justice of a police court, and had remarked in the course of talk that he must meet with many real-life dramas that a novelist would be glad to get hold of. He assented, and told me several anecdotes in point. "A curious case came before me only a few months ago," he said at length. "A girl—a servant in a small family—was brought up charged with larceny. She had stolen a \$5 bill belonging to her employer. At least the bill had been missed, and she declared that she took it. She also confessed that she had been guilty of other acts of larceny committed during some weeks previous. The curious part of it was that the prosecutors—there were two, an old man and his nephew—were very reluctant to prosecute, especially the nephew. They appeared to have believed that the acts had been committed by another person, a young fellow who had been paying addresses to the girl, and thus obtained access to the house."
 "Did he deny the charge?"
 "He was not examined. It so happened that, on the very night of the crime, he had sailed from New York as mate of a fishing schooner. He had been a fisherman in Ireland, I believe, and had been employed by the prosecutor, who was a fishmonger in Fulton Market, since his arrival in this country. The nephew's theory was that

he had stolen the money, but that the girl had accused herself in order to shield him. But she stuck to her story, and there was no help for it."
 "She was sent up, then?"
 "Yes, but I gave her the lightest sentence possible. Her old father was there, quite broken down with grief, and, of course, gave her the best of characters; and certainly she was an honest-looking girl. He was the things that make one regret his responsibility as Judge. If I had obeyed my instinct I should have let her go. But a judge can't obey his instincts; he must go by the evidence. Shall we take our coffee in the smoking-room?"
 The next morning at 10 o'clock I was in Fulton Market. I found Mr. Davis. It was as I had surmised. Nora was the girl of whom Judge had been telling me. Mr. Davis expressed sincere regret at the affair, but he would not admit Nora's innocence. "It lays between her and Dan," he remarked. "One or other of 'em must have done it. Frank, he was sure it was Dan. But I know Dan better than Frank does. He was a steady man; he was getting good wages, and he was looking forward to this voyage, he's gone on to better himself still more. Nora, she had more temptation and more chances, and besides, she confessed it. No, sir, I guess 'twas her. I'm afraid she was as good as she looked. But I'll expiate it as making up to Frank, into the bargain."
 "I hear the old man's took pretty bad," said Davis, shaking his head. "He was sick and had to throw up his position. I wanted to do something for him, but he wouldn't take it. It's a bad job, and Frank ain't been like himself since, either."
 While we were yet speaking together a messenger came up with a letter for Mr. Davis. He opened and read it and grew very pale. He handed it to me in silence. It was from the hospital, and stated briefly that Frank Wilson had been brought there early that morning suffering from fatal injuries and had expressed a desire to see his uncle, Mr. Davis.
 I went with Mr. Davis to the hospital. This part of the story may be cut short. Wilson was dying. He had been at a gambling den the night before. The police had raided the place. In attempting to escape he had fallen headlong down a flight of steps. He was in great pain, but conscious, and aware that he had but a few hours to live. But before the end came he had something to say. The story of woman's wrong in the lumber woods, and his success in stirring up a very unsteady stomach, having no foundation in fact. The pine woods are owned by decent, respectable citizens. The lumber is made under the supervision of foremen and scalars who are decent in respect to their own country; but are not brutes, and consequently such outrages could not exist, as stockades, blood-hounds and female abuse, such as is charged. Such an institution could not exist in our country. God knows, plenty of evil exists in both town and country; which needs suppression, but this magnifying an evil into the distorted proportions it has been by people who have a zeal, but not according to knowledge, is a crying insult and disgrace to state and people alike. Drunkenness and kindred evils exist, and do exist in all lumbering localities, but it is voluntary on the part of the men and women engaged therein.—Timberman, Chicago.
Duplicate Whist.
 The new way of playing whist—duplicate whist, as they call it—is already causing the most intense excitement in whist playing circles, says a writer in the London *Figaro*, and whoever I go, in my whist playing capacity I mean, and the pros and cons of the new method of playing the game being vigorously—nay, in some cases, almost fiercely, discussed. A whist playing doctor in the north of London has invented "duplicate whist," it eliminates at a stroke the element of chance, or luck, or whatever you choose to call it, which has always been a feature of whist playing. Having dealt the cards as usual, you play them according to the existing rules; but then, when the game is over, instead of placing the cards in a bag, the same hands which have just been played are again dealt by the four players; A and C however, now having the cards which B and D held, while B and D take the hands just played by A and C. Thus the same hands are played out a second time, and a score is kept so that any one who has a pair of partners have made the most of the cards, they have successfully held. And this process being repeated with every game, the rubber is finally said to be won by the two players who, under the above conditions, have shown the greater skill.
 A Girl of Nerve.
 The way a Vassar student with limited means helps himself through college is thus told by a correspondent: Some of the girls who come to Vassar are as helpless as babies. They are the daughters of millionaires, and never brushed their own hair or sewed a button on their boots in their lives. They are only too glad to have some one to do these things for them, and this is how the poorer girls make pocket money. Last year a pretty, blue-eyed girl came to college, and stated during the first week that her tuition and board were paid by a kind relative, but every penny for dress, care fire and the thousand and one incidentals she must earn herself. Soon after her arrival the following announcement appeared on her door:
 Gloves and shoes neatly mended for 10 cents each.
 Breakfast brought up for 25 cents each.
 Hair brushed each night for 25 cents a week.
 Beds made up at 10 cents a week.
 That little freshman made just \$150 the first year, and that paid all of her expenses and a good part of her tuition fees.—Boston Advertiser.
 A Real Artist.
 Robinson and his wife are making plans for their summer outing.
 "What do you say to the Catskills, my dear?" asked Mrs. R., who was always of an aspiring turn of mind.
 "Nonsense. Just mountains always hide the landscape."—Judge.
 No Leisure.
 "My young friend," he said, solemnly, "do you give heed to the future welfare of your soul?"
 "Well—er—no, sir; not much. For the past two or three months my liver has kept me pretty busy."—The Epoch.
 Drinking Ice Water.
 That cool refreshing drinks in warm weather are delicious is undeniable. That drinking ice water in copious draughts when a person is overheated is injurious, not to say dangerous is also undeniable. But that the free drinking of water in some

"JESUITISM."
 The Greatest Effort of the "Rev." Mr. Down's Life.
 The following notice was a feature of the church announcements in last Sunday's Boston papers:
 Rev. William W. Down, pastor of Bowdoin Square Baptist church, will preach at Paine Memorial hall, Appleton street, near Berkeley, for the last time this season, at 11 o'clock. Seats free. Subject: "Baptist Jesuitism versus Catholic Jesuitism; Which is Worst?" Synopsis of sermon: Am I a Jesuit in disguise? Brief outline of Jesuitism; a Jesuit's oath and the Baptist covenant; Baptist Jesuits as "salary grabbers" and Catholic Jesuits as salary preachers; Baptist Jesuitism and our first infirmities; Baptist Jesuitism as displayed by the Massachusetts Baptist convention and their allies in getting possession of our church property; Baptist Jesuitism and the recent robbery of the Hollis Street theatre and their relation to our case; a startling revelation: Baptist Jesuitism and the 20,000 vacant Baptist pulpits in our country; another startling revelation: Baptist Jesuitism unheathly, Catholic Jesuitism the contrary; a letter to a Catholic lady in this city; why the Baptist Jesuits cannot afford to allow the pastor of the Bowdoin Square Baptist church to be vindicated; the worst features of Catholic Jesuitism made respectable by Baptist intrigues.
 If the Rev. Mr. Down is half as well known in Boston as he is in St. John, this must have made people smile.

Women in the Lumber Woods.
 The Timberman notices through its Michigan exchanges that the wretched old filthy "chestnut" of horrible dens of enforced prostitution in the lumber woods of that state, is again revamped and trotted out by a woman named Mrs. Obenauer, a missionary of the W. C. T. U. This woman has been terribly imposed upon, and lied to by people whose wish was father to the thought. She has gone from place to place preaching the story of woman's wrong in the lumber woods, and has succeeded in stirring up a very unsteady stomach, having no foundation in fact. The pine woods are owned by decent, respectable citizens. The lumber is made under the supervision of foremen and scalars who are decent in respect to their own country; but are not brutes, and consequently such outrages could not exist, as stockades, blood-hounds and female abuse, such as is charged. Such an institution could not exist in our country. God knows, plenty of evil exists in both town and country; which needs suppression, but this magnifying an evil into the distorted proportions it has been by people who have a zeal, but not according to knowledge, is a crying insult and disgrace to state and people alike. Drunkenness and kindred evils exist, and do exist in all lumbering localities, but it is voluntary on the part of the men and women engaged therein.—Timberman, Chicago.

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 Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade.
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BUFFALO MEAD.
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PROGRESS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS, \$10 an inch a year, net charges not received later than Thursday. Every article appearing in this paper is written specially for it, unless otherwise credited.

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

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

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building).

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 7.

A feature of No. 11 of PROGRESS will be portraits of prominent maritime provincialists who will attend the Interprovincial convention, including President J. R. Inch, LL.D., of Mount Allison university; President Thomas Harrison, LL.D., of the University of New Brunswick; President Anderson of Prince of Wales college, Prince Edward Island; Superintendent of Education Allison and Montgomery of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, as well as those of prominent educators and teachers.

NATIONAL SENTIMENT.

A glance at the newspapers of Canada and the United States reveals a striking contrast in the manner of celebrating the national holiday in these countries.

In Canada the day seems to be observed simply as a holiday, on which each individual enjoys himself or herself according to inclination or convenience—selfishly, as it were—and without any enthusiasm or sentiment as to the occasion of its observance.

In the United States it is entirely different. There, instead of crowding out of town, all congregate in town, and vie with one another to celebrate their national holiday—to such an extent that even we in Canada catch some of the infection. Orations, sports, military parades and self-glorification are the order of the day. Young America is rampant and runs riot with fire crackers, ability to purchase which has been obtained by months of saving and self-denial. Accustomed to these celebrations year after year, the youth of the country grow up to imitate them, with the result that the older the country becomes the more intense the national sentiment.

In Canada, a fire cracker is seldom or never heard on Dominion day, and many of our boys and girls scarcely know why they are allowed the holiday; there is no perceptible throb of patriotism nor evidence of sentiment.

While the inciting cause of national feeling is not present to the same extent in Canada as in the United States, yet there is no reason why it should be so entirely absent. We have a country equally grand, a dominion more extensive than Alexander conquered, and embracing more territory than was included in the bounds of the Roman empire in its palmist days. The history of no country savors more of the romantic, nor is there one so thickly set with thrilling incidents. Heroes are not wanting, and statesmen are present in abundance.

Let us, then, cease this eternal wailing about confederation and its results, and unite to advance the best interests of our country, and let it be Canada and Canada first. Whatever may be our destiny, it will not lie in the direction of a dissolution of the confederacy. Any step in that direction at this stage would be retrogressive. Let our youth be trained up first with a knowledge of our own history and traditions. In this they will find plenty to interest them and sufficient to arouse, if properly presented.

We may stand with our hands in our pockets and ridicule the spread-eagledism of the United States, but it is sound at the bottom and develops national sentiment. Suppose we take our hands out of our pockets and cultivate a little of it in Canada.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO WATTS.

Since this city had, for the second time, the honor of welcoming Mr. CHARLES WATTS, of Toronto, we have devoted certain leisure moments to the consideration of the question. How have we benefitted by his presence?

Mr. WATTS declares himself a secularist. Above and beyond that, he is an agnostic. Confronting the great problems of life and destiny he admits that he "doesn't know" the solutions. Nevertheless he has the temerity to criticise the views of those who differ from him! This is inconsistent.

In his capacity of secularist, Mr. WATTS is necessarily a preacher of morality. With most of his articles of belief, we can have no quarrel. They and the ethical teachings of the Bible are in complete accord. One might suppose that in conducting his propaganda Mr. WATTS would welcome the partial agreement of the book on which so many build their faith—but he derides it! While he makes use of a part, he condemns the whole. This is illogical.

Leaving out consistency and logic, Mr.

WATTS builds a most unstable foundation for his argument.

The alleged aim of Mr. WATTS' efforts is to encourage humanity to a purer life. As a first step, he dispenses with the idea of obligation to a higher power. The utility of an action, he informs us, is to be determined by its results, rather than by the motive which inspires it. Be it so. If Mr. WATTS' neighbor is of use to the world, how is it Mr. WATTS' concern whether he is a Christian or an infidel? and, since every good deed must have some motive, why should it arouse Mr. WATTS' choler to learn that that motive is love of God, rather than a passion for mankind? If Mr. WATTS is disposed to be honest, he will concede that, to very many persons, belief in the Christian religion is the inspiration to good deeds. Why should he endeavor to replace that motive with another, which might and probably would be less effective? Why not accept the good that he finds and propagate his peculiar gospel amongst those who have no other?

To carry this thought a little further, there are in St. John men and women who for years led lives of utter shamelessness until, being touched and impressed with religious truth they were transformed to good citizens. Other abandoned persons whom Christians have not reached are still to be found here. Why should not Mr. WATTS preach to and save them? Is it that his principles of morality find readiest acceptance with those who already, as a matter of choice, lead moral lives?

If Mr. WATTS had brought us truths which would uplift the outcast, the degraded and the fallen, we could appreciate the importance of his mission: for the teaching which elevates those who cannot rise unassisted is its own best vindication. All that he did bring us—and more—is comprehended in the injunction, "Love thy neighbor as thyself": and we are bound to say that the divine command does not come to us with any greater force because it has been reiterated by Mr. WATTS.

A LIBEL ON HUMANITY.

The question before the Prohibitory Alliance, Thursday evening, being the proposed visit of evangelist FRANCIS MURPHY, Mr. S. B. PATERSON showed that there was an increased amount of drinking amongst the working classes and thought that Mr. Murphy would reach that class, as his work appealed to the feelings rather than the head." So says the Telegraph.

The people of this city are pretty well acquainted with the individual who gave vent to these false and insulting remarks and the shortest reply to them is the best.

The statement that there is an increased amount of drinking among the "working classes" is a falsehood.

The insinuation that the "working classes" have not the intelligence to comprehend any argument which could find its way into Mr. PATERSON'S alleged intellect, is as contemptible as its author.

The distinction which Mr. PATERSON seeks to draw between "working classes" and others is such as a snob might be expected to make, and, as a snob is beneath contempt, the least said about it the better.

But the falsehood and the insinuations are distinctly PATERSONIAN; and they may serve to recall to the public mind that this mouth of moralities has done his full share of "appealing to the feelings of the working classes"—in his own peculiar way.

WHY NOT CALL TENDERS?

No citizen doubts that the system of calling for tenders, generally pursued by the several city departments, is an excellent one so long as it is carried out impartially, and figures, not influence, regulate the award of the contracts. In fact it is a civic safeguard that the chairmen of the several departments shall not be allowed to purchase supplies from whom they please and pay whatever may be agreed upon between them. It is always in the interest of the people that such transactions shall be as much above board as possible and subject at any time to the strictest investigation. Every sensible citizen will grant these things. Why then—and we put the question with all respect—does not the ferry committee ask for tenders for coal? Why was the coal for this service purchased last year by private contract? Why is it that at this hour the barque Maggie M., in which Chairman LANTALUM of the ferry committee has a large interest, has a large cargo of coal in port which is intended for the use of the ferry? These questions present themselves to us as worthy of an answer. If a satisfactory one can be given we are content, but until that is done, or tenders called for, the supplying of this department of the civic service will bear watching.

FOR SERIOUS CONSIDERATION.

In the renewed effort to unite King's college, Windsor, and Dalhousie, a loyal churchman must see the most serious reason for dissatisfaction. In the fact that the effort is supported by the Bishop and leading members of the synod of Nova Scotia he must feel something more than surprise.

THE GOOD OLD WAY.

Mr. MICAWBER is the author of the recipe for a happy life, but Gen. HARRISON, Republican candidate for president of the United States, is the latest and best example of its effect.

Said Mr. MICAWBER: "Income 20s., expenditure 19s. 6d., result happiness; income 20s., expenditure 20s. 6d., result misery."

Says Gen. HARRISON: "My father had a farm about five miles from that of my grandfather. He signed some worthless

notes and died poor, leaving his family nothing. I married young, when I was only 20 years of age. My wife and I took as our dwelling a little house of only three rooms in Indianapolis. I remember we had six knives and six two-pronged forks, six plates, and a similarly slim equipment all around. My wife did her own work."

Having the names of these illustrious personages to conjure with, no young man needs hesitate to marry at 20 years of age; to engage a three-roomed flat, and to supply his table with two-pronged forks. In the interest of true economy, however, we suggest that two knives, two forks and two plates would answer every purpose, and that the amount saved in this direction might go to purchasing a tin savings bank, which would hold the proceeds of future economies.

At the same time, we make bold to suggest to the brides that the world has moved since Mr. MICAWBER and Gen. HARRISON were young, and that there is no law, human or divine, which forbids happiness, contentment and silver forks to dwell in the same house.

Referring to our statement that Mayor Thorne was a Fredericton boy, the Farmer, of that city, says:

We may remind PROGRESS that Mr. Thorne is not the only chief magistrate York county has furnished St. John. We gave them Simeon Jones, who was born and reared at Prince William, a few miles above Fredericton.

That's all right. We won't quarrel over them; they are both good men, but, after all, it's a question of give and take. The best mayor Fredericton ever had, who occupied the chief magistrate's chair for the longest period, was a prominent resident of St. John for more than a quarter of a century. Fredericton owes him much of the beauty of her streets and we have a living memorial of his efforts in the same direction in the stately elms on King square, which he planted with his own hand.

On behalf of the people, we request you, president A. O. SKINNER, to call a meeting of shareholders and citizens for the purpose of re-organizing the directorate and taking other steps to build the new opera house. We request you, furthermore, to impress it upon that meeting that the DOCKRILL property is the only available site, and the only one for which any money has been subscribed; and to rule out of order every malcontent who tries to defeat the purpose of the gathering by moving for committees to look after locations that were proven, two years ago, to be out of the question. The time for all such boys' play has gone by. The people, whom PROGRESS represents, are in earnest in this matter, and they will support every step you take along the lines which this paper has marked out. Therefore, let us have the meeting, and at once!

PRESIDENTIAL PROBABILITIES.

In the electoral college, which will convene in the neighboring republic some months hence, 38 states will cast 401 votes. The action of 301 of these will determine whether Mr. CLEVELAND or Mr. HARRISON shall fill the presidential chair. The electoral vote of each state and its probable political tendency are shown by the following table:

Table with columns for Republican and Democratic electoral votes across various states like California, Alabama, etc.

It is possible that the attitude of the Republican candidates on the Chinese and railroad questions may alienate the Pacific States, and the calculator who should place California in the "doubtful" list would not do so without warrant. Conceding this to the Republicans, however, and giving the Democrats those states only which are to be relied on—and in this category we place New York—the contest narrows itself down to Indiana.

If Mr. THURMAN were not what he is, and if his party lacked the prestige of power, the state would be likely to give its electoral vote to the Republican candidate. Under existing circumstances, however, few politicians hazard the prediction that it will take this step.

We believe that CLEVELAND and THURMAN will receive 213 electoral votes and that HARRISON and MORTON will be obliged to content themselves with 188.

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Says Gen. HARRISON: "My father had a farm about five miles from that of my grandfather. He signed some worthless

notes and died poor, leaving his family nothing. I married young, when I was only 20 years of age. My wife and I took as our dwelling a little house of only three rooms in Indianapolis. I remember we had six knives and six two-pronged forks, six plates, and a similarly slim equipment all around. My wife did her own work."

It may interest our readers to know that the Canadian club, of New York city, no longer exists. Its name has been changed to the St. James, and its conditions of membership have also undergone alteration. This is not the first time that the voice of patriotism has been silenced by its surroundings. Even the Israelites could not sing the songs of Zion in a strange land.

The St. John firemen were afraid of muddying their boots, so, bless you, they occupied carriages in the firemen's procession, but as there were only nine of them, they didn't take up much room.—Farmer.

The motto of our boys is, "work when you work and play when you play." They were on an excursion, Monday, but had the alarm sounded St. John would have shown the celestials how to "get there."

We are assured by the intimate friends of Mr. TOLE of the asylum that he does not want the position of chief of police and that he is not supported for it by Hon. Solicitor General RITCHIE. Mr. TOLE is satisfied with his present position and we are glad of the fact. It lessens the list of candidates and makes the choice easier.

The attention of the postal authorities is directed to the fact that one of the letter carriers, whose name can be learned at this office, is not a responsible person to deliver Her Majesty's mail throughout the city. Any man who gets stupidly drunk is unfit to hold such a position of trust.

It is time thoughtful business men began to consider the effect of the presence of the "bucket shop" on King street. Every sensible man would say good-bye to it with pleasure. Are not the alleged transactions of this concern in defiance of the law?

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

One of Many.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: I am glad to see that you have taken up the opera house question. Since your issue of Saturday last the general public seem fully aroused to help you and the proposed directors to build the place at once and I hope they mean what they say. I hope that a meeting will be called at once, when I for one will be present and do all in my power to secure this one thing that our city lacks.

ST. JOHN, JULY 4.

They All Say So.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: I see your paper regularly and on the whole I think it is the brightest and breeziest sheet that has yet been issued in this province. It comes like a refreshing zephyr from the sea—minus the fog—these hot summer days. F. H. R.

He Won't Get Left.

The present situation of the new railway bridge at Fredericton is credited to Mr. Alexander Gibson, a gentleman who is generally credited with some considerable foresight. The New Brunswick railway has its branch terminus at Gibson, and if the bridge had been situated a few hundred yards down the river, the curve necessary to allow it to connect with the bridge track could easily have been made. Mr. Gibson saw, however, that by situating the bridge where it is the New Brunswick road would be forced to connect with the Northern & Western some miles from the river, and, of course, buy a right of way from him, making the N. & W. so much more valuable. He hardly ever gets left.

DOUBTFUL THINGS.

(BY OUR PRIZE POET.)

The stranger passing by, Looking in upon the sly, As I'm sitting in the Royal hotel, Might be induced to think I'd had dinner and a drink— But you can't sometimes always tell.

The husband sick with cold By his wifely wife is told That a mustard plaster's sure to make him well: Claps it on, is soothed and blessed; Falls asleep, expects to rest— But you can't sometimes always tell.

Mrs. Scold with flaming tooth (Pain enough to raise the roof) In the dental chair's soliloquies, "Well, One wrench will end this pain!" But she's gripped three times in vain— So you can't sometimes always tell.

How the hungry drummer winks At those sausages in links! Like a heifer in the clover see him swell. Is he munching steak and lam Or poor Rover's diaphragm?— But we can't sometimes always tell.

Just a little while ago We heard a politician crow, "This country I'm going to sell"; But we won't distress our mind, As the deed has not been signed— And you can't sometimes always tell.

All winter, with a hum, I've, I've, I've! In our ears kept ringing like a bell; Methought I've dead, perchance, But he was only in a trance— So you can't sometimes always tell.

MRS. SILLS AND THE RAILWAY.

A Fredericton Lady Defies the Railway Company, and Holds Her Fort Against It. Fredericton has a heroic lady—a genuine railway obstructor, in the person of Mrs. Sils, who lives on George street. Mrs. Sils owns a neat little cottage residence, and with it a plot of ground, in which flowers and vegetables abound.

When the railway company made its survey, early in the spring, the route lay through the best room in Mrs. Sils' house, and, foreseeing the necessity of removing such an obstruction, they opened negotiations with the owner, with a view of purchasing the property. Mrs. Sils was, of course, agreeable, providing the price suited her. She wanted \$3,000 for the privilege of getting out and allowing the railway right of way. The company offered her \$2,500. Neither would recede from its position, and finally arbiters were called in. In the meantime, however, the company had purchased Judge Steadman's property for \$4,500, and offered it to Mrs. Sils in exchange. She refused it. The arbiters valued Mrs. Sils' property with due regard for the interests of both parties, and awarded \$2,000, which was \$500 lower than the company's offer and \$1,000 less than the owner's demand.

It took time for these negotiations, during which the bridge was finished and the track begun to be laid upon the Fredericton side. It began to enter the city, ran through what was Mr. Parkin's residence, passed that owned by Judge Steadman, and when the writer viewed the scene, a few days ago, the steel rails were hard against Mrs. Sils' back yard fence—but no further.

It is said that the company offered to move the house and leave the owner and her goods undisturbed, and she declares that they will have to do that before she will evacuate. She has held the fort so long that the engineer has laid out another route, which will carry the locomotive and cars so close to the back door of Mrs. Sils' residence that her kitchen will be filled with smoke every time a train passes.

Picnics of the Future and Past.

Brussels Street Sunday school held its annual picnic at Watters' Landing, July 17th. These are indeed the pleasantest and most beautiful grounds on the river. Capt. Watters has a large, fine building erected purposely for the accommodation of picnickers. He also provides numerous swings and the river affords a grand chance for those who love rowing and sailing. The refreshments provided by Brussels Street church ladies are always good and a large crowd is confidently expected.

Centenary picnic takes place on the 10th, on the same grounds. Next Tuesday is the day, and every one who can should go to this enjoyable annual outing. The committee guarantees every visitor a good time, and the accommodations are such that those who attend must have a day of rest and pleasure.

Exmouth street church holds its annual outing on the 24th inst. The May Queen has been engaged.

The Jemseg excursion was highly successful, financially and otherwise. St. David's Sunday school went out of the city's frigidly, Thursday afternoon, and spent a very enjoyable afternoon out of town.

For particulars of Brussel and Centenary picnics, consult the advertising columns.

He Was Used As a Floor Wiper.

Grand Manan has recently had a new captain come on the scene to take charge of the affairs of the Salvation Army. He prefaced his assumption of command with the remark that he proposed to assume entire control and any law the local magistrate did not know he was prepared to teach him. An occasion soon arose to call in the services of his honor. Some of the young men refused to stand during the singing of the opening hymn and this was deemed sufficient to require the aid of the magistrate. A day was set for the trial and the captain appeared on the scene before the hour and proceeded to instruct his honor. A difference of opinion soon arising, the captain, to shorten the discussion, called his honor a liar and invited the court to have his face slapped. His honor, temporarily laying aside his dignity, remarked that it took a man to call him a liar and immediately proceeded to wipe the floor with the captain, having done which to his satisfaction he ejected him forcibly through the door. When 10 o'clock came the gallant captain had not reappeared and the court was adjourned sine die.

A Sinful Game.

A particularly straight-laced deacon of Forest City, N. B., whose chief business in life consists in deterring the young from such vanities as cards, dominoes and croquet, recently in the course of a very fervent speech, asked: "What is the cause of drunkenness, misery in the house and the overcrowding of our jails and penitentiaries?" Pausing for an answer which the crowd breathlessly awaited, he triumphantly announced, "Dominoes!"

Handsome Furniture.

Some very handsome rattan parlor suits in Harold Gilbert's windows have attracted a great deal of attention of late. The style is new and novel, and is taking so well that it is likely to be the pride of every housewife.

ENAC.

Fredericton Lady Defies the Railway Company, and Holds Her Fort Against It. Fredericton has a heroic lady—a genuine way obstructor, in the person of Mrs. Sills, who lives on George street.

When the railway company made its survey, early in the spring, the route lay through the best room in Mrs. Sills' use, and, foreseeing the necessity of moving such an obstruction, they opened negotiations with the owner, with a view of purchasing the property.

It took time for these negotiations, during which the bridge was finished and the work begun to be laid upon the Fredericton side. It began to enter the city, through what was Mr. Parkin's residence, passed that owned by Judge Steadman, and when the writer viewed the scene, a few days ago, the steel rails were against Mrs. Sills' back yard fence—no further.

It is said that the company offered to lease the house and leave the owner and goods undisturbed, and she declares they will have to do that before she vacate. She has held the fort so that the engineer has laid out another line, which will carry the locomotive and so close to the back door of Mrs. Steadman's residence that her kitchen will be with smoke every time a train passes.

Plenities of the Future and Past. Brussels Street Sunday school holds its annual picnic at Watters' Landing, July 4th. There are indeed the pleasantest most beautiful grounds on the river. Watters has a large, fine building erected purposely for the accommodation of picnickers. He also provides numerous benches and the river affords a grand chance those who love rowing and sailing. The picnics provided by Brussels Street school ladies are always good and a large attendance is confidently expected.

Entertaining picnic takes place on the same grounds. Next Tuesday is the day, and every one who can get to this enjoyable annual outing, committee guarantees every visitor a time, and the accommodations are that those who attend must have a rest and pleasure.

David's Sunday school went out of town's frigidly, Thursday afternoon, and had a very enjoyable afternoon out of town.

He Was Used As a Floor Wiper. Grand Manan has recently had a new man come on the scene to take charge of the affairs of the Salvation Army. He had his assumption of command with a remark that he proposed to assume control and any law the local magistrate not know he was prepared to teach.

This is very unfair to Mr. D. J. Jennings who has donated a cup for competition and besides this has worked hard in the interest of the league ever since it was organized.

If this is the way the Juniors intend treating men who have done their best in the interest of base ball they deserve the censure of the public and I do not think that anybody will have a very good opinion of these clubs hereafter. I shall not, at any rate.

I still hope, however, that all these little differences will blow over, the Emeralds and Franklins pay up, the Clippers and Franklins shake hands, play out the schedule and act fairly with Mr. Jennings and the public.

My friends of the Cricket club must not imagine that I slighted them last week. Unfortunately for us and them, the edition of PROGRESS is so large that at present it cannot be printed at the exact hour the editors would like and the necessity of closing its pages Friday at noon occasionally prevents the insertion of interesting notes upon matches, which would otherwise be gladly printed.

No, I am heart and soul with cricket and base ball and will give it every aid I can with pen and purse. I can hardly express my pleasure at the "evening up" our boys succeeded in doing with Halifax. I am heartily glad they got the chance to make their reputation good and am inclined to the belief that the Garrisons have a much better opinion of them than they had. In fact one of them remarked—and he is acknowledged first rate authority on cricket—that St. John had some of the best cricketers and as good material as there was in Canada.

Of course the great game of the year will be with the Irish cricketers, which takes

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

At St. John—Morning, Shamrocks 5, Standards 3; afternoon, Shamrocks 7, Standards 3. At Halifax—Nationals 12, Socials 3. At Fredericton—Clippers 13, Shamrocks 3. St. John got there all around, Dominion day.

Halifax has plenty of good ball players, but they seem fated not to carry victory away from St. John. When I wrote last of them I thought their luck had turned, but a few hours later their defeat at our cricketers' hands evened up matters. I congratulate our boys for their good showing.

Between you and me, boys, Halifax blows so dreadfully when her representatives do win that you have another reason for being proud of making things even. I know you can stand defeat as well as most good sportsmen, but you can't bear to hear too much about it.

The old Shamrock players were in fine form, Monday, and played good ball. The recent additions made from the Clippers promise well. Stanton did some good work both in the field and at the bat, but I have seen both O'Leary and Gleeson play better than they did in the morning game.

Connolly is pitching better this year than ever and has some very bothersome curves. The Halifax lads looked rather slight to face such a pitcher; but they did remarkably. Hennessey holds Connolly in good shape, and between the two the Shamrocks have a good battery.

The Standards did some loose fielding but their base running was ahead of that of the Shamrocks. The former have a good pitcher in O'Brien, although he was batted pretty freely by the St. John boys.

I have nothing but praise for the committee of the Shamrocks that maintained such good order on the grounds, and kept enough space clear for the teams. One great disadvantage that players on the barrack square have always had to contend with, has been spectators crowding on the field, but I must say I never saw so little of this as there was Monday.

Unfortunately, the summer's brigade was out in force, and a good many saw the games without paying anything for the privilege. Chickens roost high when that kind of people comes around.

The addition of Wagg is another boom for the Nationals. At Halifax he did fine work for the nine and his talk and actions since his return prove him to be just the man we needed. St. John is glad to know you and will use you well, Mr. Wagg.

I expected better things of the clubs that entered the Junior league than those which have come to pass. Up to the present every club with the exception of the Thistles, has at some time or other threatened to leave the league and Wednesday the climax came when the Emeralds did not appear to play the Franklins.

I had hoped that the dispute between the Clippers and Franklins would have been settled without trouble and I thought it would have been; but now I understand that the Emeralds and Franklins have refused to put up their second deposit and that at a meeting of the league it was ordered that they should not play until they had done so.

This is very unfair to Mr. D. J. Jennings who has donated a cup for competition and besides this has worked hard in the interest of the league ever since it was organized.

If this is the way the Juniors intend treating men who have done their best in the interest of base ball they deserve the censure of the public and I do not think that anybody will have a very good opinion of these clubs hereafter. I shall not, at any rate.

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Of course the great game of the year will be with the Irish cricketers, which takes

place Aug. 17 and 18. Their programme has been published in part before, but for those who have not seen it I give it again: August 13 and 14, vs. Halifax; August 17 and 18, vs. Provinces of St. John; thence to Boston to play against Longwood; thence again to Canada August 24 and 25, against Ottawa and district; August 27, 28 and 29, against all Canada; at Toronto, August 31 and September 1, against Toronto club; September 3 and 4, against Hamilton and district at Hamilton.

The team goes to Philadelphia and then to New York. It is composed of P. Maxwell, D. Cronin, T. P. Fitzgerald, J. H. Nunn, J. W. Hynes, D. Gilman, E. Fitzgerald, T. Tobin, F. Kennedy and F. W. Browning. As between F. Kennedy and W. H. Hamilton, the famous lawn tennis player, there remains a doubt but the team will certainly be under the leadership of Capt. J. Dunn, of the Eighty-sixth regiment, and Ireland's (1886) heavy scorer.

I understand there is considerable probability that St. John will furnish 40 per cent. of the fifteen men who will guard the wickets against the Irishmen. Of course George W. Jones will be one and Carvill and Harvey and Comber—but I will leave you to guess the others.

Let me, while I think of it, congratulate Jones upon his preliminary showing in Toronto. The Mail gave him a great send-off which his St. John friends were glad to see. At the time of writing the international game has not been played. Jones will be in St. John Tuesday, I believe.

The Irishmen play Friday and Saturday. I am going to try hard for a good portrait of the team, and should I succeed I want the club to order a second edition beforehand. But this is not compulsory.

The entertainment will fall on St. John, and if I make no error, it will be done royally. The club has plenty of men who know how to do such a thing in good style, and the spirit of hospitality is awaking. Already some of the enthusiasts are talking of taking the visitors for a sail on the river, Saturday afternoon and evening, to Fredericton. So long as you arrive in Fredericton before Sunday morning, boys, it's all right, but don't get caught in the fog and reach the capital Sunday morning!

Fredericton is a good place to spend Sunday—none better or more beautiful on the continent—and I cannot see a better way to please the visitors and show them them more of New Brunswick at the same time.

The return trip would be made Monday morning, very early, and Monday evening—so the gossips say—the grand dinner could be given the visitors, and the speeches and the thanks returned.

Now, who wouldn't be an Irishman, or at least an Irish cricketer? George Wright, of the Longwoods, is bound to bring an eleven here, week after next, which will make the liveliest week's sport St. John has seen for a long time. Four days' cricket and two days' base ball! Phew! Won't I patronize the grand stand!

I must not make unpleasant remarks at this stage of the game, but let me ask the cricketers who visited Boston last fall to lay in a large stock of coals of fire for the visitors. At the same time, hit straight from the shoulder—speaking metaphorically—and win every game.

The races which the Woodstock turfites expected to have been postponed on account of wet weather until July 10, when the match race between Connor's and Meagher's speeders will be held. It will be a fine day's sport and worth attending.

I can consistently congratulate the Agricultural society upon their opening meet at Moospath. There was a good crowd and everybody conceded the arrangements perfect. The committee understands its business, and as the park is no longer run for the profit of any one individual, but for the sake of square sport and for the society, every turfite who brings a horse to regularly advertised races may always count upon getting his prize if he wins one, and, at any rate, securing as good and fair treatment as the rules of the National Trotting association will allow.

I heard a good many comments upon the New Brunswick circuit programme as it appeared in PROGRESS. No fault, so far as I can learn, can be found with it, and when I am able, as I expect to be this week or next, to give the official announcements, I expect every horseman to be up and doing all in his power to make the opening of the circuit a grand success.

It is regrettable that any Nova Scotia races should clash with the dates of the New Brunswick circuit, as they undoubtedly do at Truro. Let me suggest to the Scotian sportsmen that they change their dates and have their races, say, ten days later. New Brunswick cannot be accommodating in this matter, much as she would like to be, since changing one of the dates would necessitate change through all the circuit and that could not be expected. Let

the Recorder suggest the change and I have no doubt it will be acted upon.

The Scott party mean business when they challenge Cliff of Fredericton. The capital's representative is a good man, too good, many people say, for Scott. If it be so I want to see him make it good and then let all this talk cease. For my own part I believe Frank White or Warlock would see both of them across the line.

I want to see the athletes and ball-tossers of Fredericton form an association for the benefit of themselves and the game. It is too bad that so much good material should remain unorganized and, to a great extent, untrained.

Passing the grounds of the Park association, a few days ago, I thought what a magnificent ball field the area with the circular track would make! It would require but a small outlay to make it one of the first diamonds in the country, and I fancy the Park association would listen attentively to any proposal which would tend to further popularize their property.

If Fredericton will take a hint from me and St. John, she will begin the organization of an athletic club at once; encourage base ball, cricket and every other good game, and having trained the excellent amateurs which she possesses, allow them to try conclusions with visiting clubs; and, depend upon it, the people will pay 25 cents to see the fun.

The sports committee, Monday, had the enjoyment of the people in mind, without doubt, but the comfort of the participants was small, running as they had to o'er the hard and, in many places, muddy street. Fredericton needs club grounds and if the athletes will make the effort, I am confident the citizens would respond generously to calls for assistance in carrying out their plans.

The Sporting Life prints this letter, received by the manager of the Toledo club: OAK DALE, Va., June 24.—Manager B. C. Toledo, O.—I am a first-class ball player, and want to join your gang for the balance of the season. My regular position is thrower, but I can hoe my row anywhere. I am a terrific, ambidextrous batter, and can bat all kinds of curves with ease. You just order me line 'em out. I don't like to brag on myself, but I am hell with the lid off. If your gang is full, please recommend me to some other nine. I will play for you for \$50 a month and all expenses. Write right soon.

Yours truly, H. J. S.—P.S.—I am also quite handy on the catch. I will give you one dollar for every fly I miss, if you give me the same for every four-bagger I make.

Some dime museum suffered a great loss when that freak got loose. Maud S. was harnessed to a sulky the other day, for the first time this season. John Murphy drove her two preparatory miles, the first being trotted in 2:24 and the second in 2:15 1/2. The Queen was given her head only in the last half of the second mile and this she trotted in 1:04 1/2, throwing a hind shoe and a boot. The third quarter of the second mile was trotted in 31 seconds, which is at the rate of a mile in 2:04. All who saw the mare perform the feat were confident that it Mr. Bonner should start her this year on a good day and track she will beat her own time, 2:08 3/4, which is the best on record.

Umpire John Kelly has improved upon Gaffney's method of umpiring from behind the pitcher and actually judges balls and strikes from behind second base, when men are on bases. He says that he can judge balls and strikes just as well from that position without running the risk of interfering with the catcher's throwing or the infielders. Fitchers Casey and Welch back up Kelly's claims.

Three copies of almost any other book would be an embarrassment of riches, but with John Montgomery Ward's work, *Base Ball*, this is far from being the case. I have received one copy of that with the compliments of Alfred Morrissey, one more with the regards of D. J. Jennings and a third with the dearest love of Morton Harrison. One of these books is nailed up at the head of my bed. Another is on file at the office. The third I have placed in the hands of a small boy whom I have engaged to follow me around and read it to me. When salary-day comes I shall buy five or six more copies. Go thou and do likewise.

In all seriousness, I am reasonably familiar with the literature of sport, but I don't know any other book that exhausts its subject as this does. The origin, history and theory of the game are first discussed; then the work of each position is outlined and points of play suggested; and, lastly, batting, base-running and curve pitching are given a chapter each. The book is bright, original, sensible, entertaining. There isn't a professional in the land who would not benefit by a study of it, and to an ambitious amateur it is worth not a cent less than \$1,000—but it sells for 25 cents.

As hinted above, the book is for sale by Harrison, Morrissey and Jennings. Those who want a copy should speak for it at once. Such a work isn't liable to linger very long on the booksellers' shelves, and it won't be many days before we shall hear the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth of those who missed it.

JACK AND JILL.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY. INCORPORATED A. D. 1833. Capital and Assets \$1,126,239.01. R. W. W. FRINK, General Agent, 78 Prince Wm. Street, St. John. J. McC. SNOW, Agent, Moncton. JOHN RICHARDS, Agent, Fredericton.

THE Equitable Life Assurance Society. Condensed Statement, January 1, 1888. ASSETS \$84,378,904 85 LIABILITIES, 4 per cent. 66,274,650 00 SURPLUS \$18,104,254 85

THE VIGOROUS EQUITABLE.—Every year when the Equitable Life Assurance Society presents its big figures in the shape of a report, the remark is made that it will be impossible to repeat the success—

CHAS. A. MACDONALD, Agent, St. John, N. B. A. W. MASTERS, Jr., Special Agent. A. C. EDWARDS & B. A. HILDING, Joint General Agents for the Maritime Provinces, Halifax, N. S.

ST. JOHN ACADEMY OF ART School of Design. OIL AND WATER COLOR PAINTING; Drawings and Engraving in Black and White; Pastel, Crayon, Pen and Ink, Perspective and Mechanical Drawing.

FISHERMEN. SPLENDID Rods, Reels, Flies, Fly Hooks, Casting Lines, Landing Nets, Fishing Tackle.

MAIL CONTRACT. SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on 25th July, 1888, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's mails, on a proposed contract for four years.

The mails are to be conveyed between the steamer and the post office at St. John, Digby and Annapolis at the expense of the contractor. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of tenders may be obtained at the post office at St. John and Halifax and at this office.

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Progress Is No Stranger TO THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY. Established April 21, 1884, we have doubled our production every year, and today we are making more and better Cigars than any other two factories in the maritime provinces.

A STEAM LAUNDRY AT Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street, Fully equipped with the LATEST MACHINERY and EXPERIENCED HELP to turn out FIRST CLASS WORK.

GODSOE BROS. - Proprietors.

Parlor Suites Haireloth, Repp, Raw Silk, Plush, and Silk Brocades. Side Boards, Hall Stands, Bedroom Setts, Baby Carriages, IN ALL THE NEWEST DESIGNS.

JAMES ROBERTSON Maritime Saw, Lead and Varnish Works, Iron, Steel and Metal Warehouse. Lead Pipe, Lead Shot, White Lead, Putty, Colored Paints, Liquid Colors, Varnishes and Japans, and Saws of every description.

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

Lace, Nun's Veiling, SATEEN DRESSES Cleaned Equal to New Without Being Taken Apart

TO LAWFYERS. THE SUBSCRIBER begs to call the attention of the LEGAL PROFESSION to a superior quality of LINEN LEGAL PAPER he is showing, feeling sure a trial will give entire satisfaction both as to quality and price.

JENNINGS, The Bookseller, HAS IN STOCK The Largest and Best Stock of BASE BALL BATS in the City. BASE BALLS from 5c. to \$1.50. Call and examine.

Mancheater, Robertson & Allison's Popular Store

AND WHAT A VISITOR FOUND THERE.

Acres of Floor Space Filled to Overflowing With Useful and Beautiful Articles—The More Noticeable Goods in the Different Departments—Everything First-Class and as Cheap as It Is Attractive and Excellent.

St. John has many business firms that it must certainly feel proud of, and chief among the works of these surely ranks the grand dry goods establishment of Messrs. Mancheater, Robertson & Allison.

Having a visitor, a few days ago, I invited her to thoroughly examine the dry goods establishments, and especially Messrs. M. R. & A.'s, so that she should no longer feel veridant as the fields when her American cousins came to pay the annual visit. Then we were to ferret out the editor of the most extensively read newspaper and confide to him the result of our investigation for the benefit of others situated as we are.

We began our quest for information just as we entered the door, where a full assortment of collars and cuffs was to be seen. Mrs. P. admired the colored and bordered sets that are now so fashionable for morning and picnic wear, but I fancied the plain fine linen that are so beautifully laundered.

Next came all sizes and shades in every imaginable sort of gloves, delicate evening tints in kid and silk, ranging from four-button lengths to the long ones for fastening at the shoulder with pretty stud.

The fancy work might have occupied our attention the entire day, so great was the variety. No wonder our homes present such an attractive appearance, when such lovely, ornamental, as well as useful, articles are to be had so reasonably.

The hosiery has surely reached fashion's climax. Of this we were first shown the most gorgeous in black and colored silks. Some Lisle had the entire leg and instep worked in bright silks.

Next the hosiery was a goodly display of nets, veiling, and Hamburgs and fine embroideries, in all patterns, widths and prices, so there can be no excuse for our not having prettily trimmed skirts and undergarments, with these and the variety of laces at our demand.

The lace flouncing and box costumes, in black, white and numerous evening shades, with their ornaments and trimmings, were beyond anything we had ever fancied, and if I were a young girl I'd always keep two or three of these ready for an emergency.

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that had cost such an amount of patience and tedious work in patching, joining and quilting.

Among the flannels—besides the warm, grey, white, red, blue, etc., for winter clothing, were some strikingly pretty tennis stripes, that would also make up nicely for house dresses or morning gowns.

About this time we were beginning to feel like intruders, but meeting Mr. Mancheater he soon dispersed all such feeling, and, in his kind and genial way, suggested that a bright-looking boy should pilot us through the other departments; so, after taking a hurried memoranda of the innumerable nick-nacks displayed on the circular counter—such as buttons in every variety, clasps, ornaments, hair-pins and every other kind of pin, thimbles, etc.—we passed to another large room on the left which is devoted to the dress goods.

First came the pure, summery-looking lawns and muslins. Some of these, a perfect mass of rich embroidery, are in boxes of sufficient material and trimming for one costume. A figure accompanying each box gives one a good idea of making the dress, and is a great assistance to us country women. I noticed a number of these dresses, with their wide silk sashes, worn at Inch-Arran, last week, and thought them prettier than any others.

The gingham and prints would quite satisfy every variety of taste, from the most sedate and quiet to the very gayest, and the Galathea are being manufactured in stripes and checks pretty enough for many ladies to make serviceable morning or working dresses.

On the opposite side, we found the fancy wool dress goods, sufficient in quantity, qualities, colors and all else to supply and gratify the whole town. Surely, anything in this line not found at this counter must now be vetoed. I had not a very good chance of seeing the different goods here, so great was the crowd of purchasers.

Classes of women found their way to this room, from the laborer's to the banker's wife, and it was pleasant to see all receiving the same courteous treatment from the clerks. Some ladies were in raptures over the imported costumes in black and colors.

One girl I noticed was beautifully braided with fine silk. Others less expensive, for walking, and travelling toilettes, were also very handsome. Rich-looking clothes for tailor-made dresses seemed to be attracting much attention, while the more brilliant hues and combinations also received a goodly share, and many approved of the more sober-looking materials in limitless designs and shades.

Trimnings of every description, and all the other accessories were to be had for any of the dresses. While looking over the cashmeres and merinoes, I learned a new wrinkle. Observing a young woman folding different pieces over the back of her hand, and regarding them critically, my curiosity was of course aroused, and giving Mrs. P. a nudge to follow, I drew near enough to hear her explain to her companion that that was "the surest way of ascertaining if the colors were becoming or not. If they cast a becoming shade over the hand, then you need have no fear of the effect on the face."

After noting the novelties and the innumerable wrap materials, we took a look at the crapes, black dress and mourning goods. Of these there was an immense variety, both for summer and winter wear, and some of the goods suitable for second mourning were very elegant.

THE SECOND FLOOR.

An Hour Among the Silks, Plushes, Laces, Dress and Furnishing Goods, Etc.

Then we took seats in the elevator and soared up to the second floor. The sensation was so pleasant that I wanted to go down and up again, but Mrs. P. gave me a vigorous poke and looked indignant—so we stepped out into a very elegant apartment, where the silks, velvets, plushes, etc., were to be found.

This room, as well as the wool dress department, belong to the new wing lately added. They are both grand rooms, and have the great advantage of being splendidly lighted. Indeed, this feature was noticed through the whole establishment. (I can fancy nothing more annoying than trying to match undecided shades in a gloomy or darkened room.) It would occupy a column, at least, to describe the silks alone. The rich corded, plain and satin-finish blacks were especially gorgeous, and the magnificent embossed velvets quite took our breath away, but we concluded it was waste of time to devote it to such grandeur.

However, we couldn't resist an inspection of the novelties in evening silks and satins. I noticed two pretty girls selecting bridal dresses. I hope they decided on the pure white silk, with the white flowered velvet for the petticoat. One of the elegancies for evening was a rich surah of almost that blue-green hue of the water. The foulards, china silk, moire silks and satins for street costumes were as varied as the materials down stairs, and the thinner textures for trimmings and fancy work would bewilder one. The plushes were of every color, and in different widths and classes.

Mantle cloths for spring, summer and winter left nothing to be desired. Some

of these were already made up in the most approved styles, as also were ulsters and jaunty looking jackets and coats. A very nobby little coat was of light grey with fine brown check and trimmed with narrow silk braid. Others were gorgeously decorated with military trimmings. Judging from the variety of jerseys they must still hold an important place in la mode. I should think very slight ladies would greatly favor the tucked and shirred ones. I hope jerseys may never become extinct. Is there anything more delightfully comfortable than one of these easy clinging waists, after one has been agonizing in one's fashionable new silk!

Mrs. Particular was in her element among the soft warm shawls, and no wonder, for they were beautiful, from the delicately tinted and white Shetland to the heavier wool and elegant cashmere, silk and camels-hair. But I thought the weather more suggestive of the sunshades and umbrellas. The parasols could be had to correspond with most any costume, though the shaded silk hues and fancy lace continue in favor. The handles were beautiful. Each year brings newer and prettier designs.

Soon we wandered into another room, containing an unlimited assortment of curtains, window poles, furniture coverings and all other accessories for upholstery. Of course the white curtains were shown us first, as being in season. The applique and fine lace were the nicest among these. Then there were the striped and fancy lace, and pretty scrim for bedrooms, and the numerous colored lace and other elegant curtains that are now being used quite as much as the white. The wide plush and heavy curtains for portieres were beautiful. I wish I could give the correct terms for these different materials, but the few I do remember I wouldn't care to spell. However, every kind, and a few more, one ever heard of was there; some very elegant and gorgeous, some rich but quiet in tone, others neat and inexpensive, leaving no excuse for shabby or unfinished looking windows.

Mrs. P. wanted some easy chairs covered. I was afraid she would select hair cloth, but she decided on a really elegant piece of rep, though it didn't strike us as particularly beautiful after looking at the magnificent silk rep with embossed satin designs, Roman satins and rich brocades. The cretonnes were lovely; some could scarcely be distinguished from velvet.

I can't imagine how we got turned round, but in some way we found ourselves in the mysterious ladies' room. We were given comfortable chairs in a small ante-room that we might rest before looking around. While seated here—where I had a good view of the outer room—I could not but think of an article I'd been reading in The Epoch on "The Rudeness of Women," especially where it referred to the rudeness of the lady customer to the lady clerk. Now I could not imagine any woman attempting, or having any desire, to act rudely to any of the young women in this department, at least. Their bright genial manner and willingness to oblige and please would alone serve as a great protection against any rudeness, while a recipe for their ladylike and womanly ways would be about as profitable a purchase as some of their customers might make.

In this apartment was to be seen baby linen, underwear, corsets and millinery. Of course, we began at the baby linen, where we selected an extensive wardrobe for the youngest member of Mrs. P.'s family. The christening robe was just the daintiest and prettiest thing imaginable. The cute little shirts of finest wool, with the narrow little ribbons run through the edgings, tiny linen shirts, warm foot-blankets, morning and night robes, were all beautifully finished. Carriage cloaks, elaborately worked, warm knit shoes, stockings and little Berlin jackets, in white, blue and pink, would make the ugliest babe look lovable. Then came the shorter skirts and wee dresses, and fluffy little hoods in lace and wool, bibs, aprons and the most diminutive mits. Nursery baskets, swinging cribs, little quilts and pillows; in fact, everything calculated to lighten the work and suggest ideas to mother and nurse were there.

Underwear for ladies and misses—Oh! what a comfort to be able to procure all these without the tiresome work of "making up"! gossamer vests of different textures to suit our variable weather, merino and thicker ones for the colder-blooded, perfectly fitting and neatly-trimmed corset covers, also combination corset covers and underskirts, fine white skirts and night robes, that would cost days of hard toil and perhaps a headache, if made at home. Some were extensively trimmed, others plainer, but what took my fancy was the neatness of the work. We so often see undergarments that have a very pretty effect: at a distance—which, on closer inspection, would appear rather untidy, if not slovenly. The infinite variety and assortment of bustles and skirt-improvers, would suggest that they were not likely to become unfashionable for some time yet. They occupied almost as much space as the corsets, which lined one end of the room—corsets of every size, color, description and price. Of course, the better class, and consequently more expensive corsets, were mostly in white, but there were also some very nicely-finished and neatly-shaped pairs at remarkably low prices.

The millinery, oh! the millinery, would

delight the heart of any woman. Many of the bonnets were entirely floral; some so very realistic-looking that one could almost imagine the blossoms were growing. Straw hats in all the latest and most unique styles, shapes and colors were piled on the large shelves and strewn over tables and counters; also buckram and net-shapes, with a very repletion of flowers, grasses, fruits, feathers, tips, pom-poms, ornaments, crapes, ribbons, etc. We wanted to have a look at the magnificent imported hats and trimmed bonnets hanging in the showcase, but hunger bade us hurry on, and this was our last day, so we took a flying trip north, where we discovered the carpet department.

This consisted of two rooms, the first devoted to the Wilton and Brussels and others that looked like velvet and plush—but the names of which I've forgotten. My! how I'd love to possess one of the palatial residences round St. John and vicinity, just to glory in furnishing the floors with these exquisite carpets and rugs; for you know the carpeting really is the main feature in house furnishing and a bright new carpet in spring takes away much of the distastefulness and misery of house cleaning. (I do hope the men won't forget this fact.) The second room contained the wool and tapestry, oilcloths, Kensington and linen squares, rugs and mats. Well, what can I say about these, any more than that they were prettier than I ever imagined they could be; but one would surely get confused in selecting from so great an assortment, each piece seemingly prettier or more suitable than the previous one. The squares were in different sizes and are excellent things for covering a worn carpet or the chilly dining-room oilcloth. The wool rugs in black, white, crimson and green were equally pretty. Some of them were quite as large as any of the rugs to match or correspond with the carpets.

But it was now 6 o'clock, so we were compelled to bring our afternoon to a close, hoping to have a longer time to devote to the winter investigation, when I hope to find a restaurant in full working order, so that Mrs. Particular may have no cause for attributing her attack of indigestion to a very hastily eaten lunch.

Since writing this I've learned the cause of Messrs. Mancheater, Robertson & Allison's great success in obtaining and retaining their admirable clerks: they treat them with a kindly consideration that goes far to make their work seem a very pleasant duty.

Sir Leonard Tilley's Health.

"I have not seen Sir Leonard Tilley looking or apparently feeling better than he does at the present time," said a gentleman to PROGRESS. "I met him a few evenings ago, at Mayor Hazeu's, in Fredericton, at a dinner party, and he was the life of it. Several of us were prostrated by heat during the day, but Sir Leonard did not appear to mind the excitement, heat or fatigue, and in the evening he was as fresh and vigorous as in the earlier part of the day. Indeed, after such a day as Monday was in the capital, I felt like spending a good portion of the morning in bed, but Sir Leonard was up before 6 and in St. John between 9 and 10 o'clock."

Fair Play for the Boys.

The Farmer says: Two young men from St. John hired a valuable horse from Mr. Edwards, of the Queen, Monday afternoon, and drove it till it dropped helpless on Brunswick street, opposite Mr. Lugin's. The poor animal lived in great agony till midnight, when it died. Overheating was the cause of death.

Fair play for the boys. They had the horse out about half an hour and the worst that can be said of them is that they gave the spirited mare free rein. PROGRESS regrets Mr. Edwards' loss, but knowing something of the circumstances, does not blame the St. John boys to the extent implied in the above paragraph.

Good Men to Deal With.

Ability and enterprise are as sure to command success in the stove business as they have in the case of PROGRESS itself. Four years ago, Messrs. Coles & Parsons started in trade with little capital except their energy, integrity and thorough knowledge of the business. Since that time they have built and stocked one of the most complete and convenient stove stores in Canada and have twice enlarged it to meet the demands of their growing trade. They handle the best makes of stoves, do first-class work in repairing and other lines and use their customers as they want to be used themselves—that's the secret of it.

He Merits Her.

"Accepted!" This word of eight letters, contained in a telegram from Halifax, a day or two ago, caused considerable amusement to those who were in the secret. To get an authorized explanation of the brief message would necessitate a journey to Halifax and an interview with the charming daughter of a gentleman prominent in civic affairs.

In the Hotel Corridors.

Proprietor Jones of the Dufferin is getting his share of summer travel at present. From July to the end of the summer season, he can count his guests by scores, and they are a happy and contented company, enjoying life in the heart, yet quiet part, of the city, and seeing all that is to be seen. The Dufferin has an advantage this year. It looks upon the square, and the guests can remain in their rooms and night after

night listen to the sweetest music of St. John bands. Some improvements are being made to this excellent hostelry, and when they are completed, PROGRESS will tell its readers all about them.

The Belmont ought to and does get a large proportion of the transient trade of the travelling public. Situated but a few yards from the New Brunswick and Intercolonial railway depot, a traveller need not be afraid of missing his train because he is distant from the station, and, what is of importance to many people, coach hire is saved, for the Belmont transports baggage free.

W. A. Lang announces the opening of his King street saloon in PROGRESS. The apartments he has secured are inviting and airy, as well as convenient. Mr. Lang is well known as an excellent caterer, and people who patronize him will find that he sustains his reputation.

Smoke "Old Chum" Cut Tobacco. "Old Chum Cut" Tobacco, 10c. package. "Old Chum" Cut Tobacco. Equal to imported 15c. package.

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

McCafferty & Daly

New Dress Goods, In Plain, Striped and Plaid, Single and Double Widths, Newest Colors and Combinations. Ladies' 4 Button Kid Gloves, from 55c. per pair. Taylor's Patent Folding Bustles. The most Stylish and Comfortable Bustle in the market. Our Stock of Lace Curtains, in White and Cream, is very extensive and the Best Value in the City.

McCAFFERTY & DALY, King Street.

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

D. J. JENNINGS 171 Union Street.

ST. PAUL'S Grand Bazaar TAKES PLACE

JULY 17th and 18th, Afternoon and Evening.

A GREAT ATTRACTION!

Will be FOUR BOOTHS representing the four Seasons. The proceeds will be devoted to aid the Sunday School of St. Paul's. Admission and other particulars announced Next Week.

PICNIC. Brussels Street Baptist Sunday-School, On the beautiful Grounds of Captain W. H. WATTERS, Tuesday, July 17th.

Full supply Refreshments and Ice Cream. Prizes for Sports and Games. The Committee of Management will Spare no pains in making this the Picnic of the Season.

Steamer MAY QUEEN will leave INDIANTOWN at 9.30 A. M. and 2 P. M.; Returning at 7 P. M.

TICKETS: Adults 40c.; Children 25c.

THE NEW People's Encyclopedia of Universal Knowledge, With numerous appendices invaluable for reference in all departments of industrial life, &c., &c., By W. H. DEPUY, A. M., LL. D., Illustrated with more than 2,000 engravings and 115 colored maps and charts, &c., complete in 4 vols. Please Call and Examine.

J. & M. McMILLAN, Publishers and Booksellers, Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

The "Sardine" Trust May Fail.

There is a deadlock between the sardine fishermen of the islands and the factory men at Eastport. The latter have formed a ring to pay no more than \$5 a hoghead for herring, whereas formerly the price has ranged from \$2 to \$60. The fishermen refuse to accept these terms and will not seine the weirs, greatly to the embarrassment of the factories. The odds are strongly in favor of the fishermen if they have backbone enough to hold the strike, and it is believed they will do so they have been very prosperous for a few years and are "well fixed."

McAlpine's Directory. McAlpine's Directory for 1888-89 has been received by PROGRESS. It is the only one St. John has, and will, of course, be purchased by every one who needs such a book, but many absurd and laughable errors render the book less valuable than it might be. Mr. McAlpine, no doubt, aimed at correctness, but in some of the numerous possible ways the errors have made themselves conspicuous.

Such a feast of rarely being presented once as that given content with gratifying their own concerted sextette accompanied by the only one Herr Sailer's cello (performance), which was piano, played by Herr Listemann good musician he splendid playing, but he always seem to g of talent, who are with himself. The most noticed doubtably No. 1, "No. 2," by Liszt, a ish March," Beeth specially fine in power latter being playe pression of crescend Herren Listemann a necessary to say that them gone back in it were possible, players will always astic reception when though St. John au not be large, yet the lack of numbers by applause, as on Tue Miss Bowden shot by her playing of th this being clearly the talented young lady Miss G. Bowen (S made her debut, sing Song," and also a d This young lady giv mezzo-soprano voice developed. Signor Ronconi's advantage in Schuma adiers," and he seem the German words. Judas M Steady and patient this was amply prove society gave the moe as yet given. Mr. Gubb never ha control and they, th more light and shade swered the controlling a better manner. Th anced in tone, though heavily handicapped an answered bravely, ho evening, but it must h on them to sing again of basses. Mr. Gubb of the work done by t also feel proud of the society has made und guidance. The best "Hear us, O Lord," a part, being given thro fault. The others mo were, "We Never will the Conquering Hero "Sing unto God." As to the soloists, it presented a stronger an Mrs. Houston-West bers beautifully, but w ful in "From Mighty Men Flat'ring May D lady's charming voice beauty and freshness o is full and not impair is very perfect in every Mrs. Perley sang bet some time and the two Smiling Liberty" and were a rich treat, th blending most sympath It is a long time sinc tenor in oratorio like He fairly captured the first note he sang, y toned voice, finely tra ting enunciation and g being all taken with a notes of the lowest regi bers were a distinct tri "Sound an Alarm" was it is seldom that the old

PICNIC. Centenary Church Sunday School Will go to Watters' Landing, Eleven miles up the Saint John River, on TUESDAY, the 10th instant,

on the beautiful steamer "May Queen," which will leave the Indian town wharf at 9.30 a. m. and 2 p. m., returning will leave Watters' Landing 4.30 and 6.30 p. m. Refreshments will be provided on the grounds. Tickets can be bought at Thorne Bros', King St.; Hutchings & Co., German Street and Clarke, Kerr & Thorne's, Prince Wm. Street. Adults, 40 Cts. Children, 25 Cts. Should Tuesday prove unfavorable then the Picnic will be held Friday, the 13th instant.

BASE BALL. HOW TO BECOME A PLAYER, WITH THE Origin, History & Explanation of the Game By JOHN MONTGOMERY WARD. Price 25 cents, at MORTON L. HARRISON'S, 99 King Street.

Oysters and Fish. IN STORE: 10 Bbls. P. E. I. Oysters; 2 " Providence River do; HALIBUT, HADDOCK, CODFISH, SALMON, SHAD, MACKEREL, etc., etc. J. ALLAN TURNER, 23 North side Queen Square.

Dispensing of Prescriptions. Special Attention is Given to this very important branch. Medicines of Standardized Strength used. By this means reliable articles will be supplied, and in each case compounded by a competent person. Price low.

W. M. B. McVEY, Dispensing Chemist, 188 Union Street.