

ROOMS.
890.
with 5-8 Borders
Patterns,
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Stock
NNER
HOMES!
amler
ITUDE OF FAULTS.
ppier for living in harmony—
your home neat and handsome,
175 Charlotte street. He will do
dy with the painter's skill and
at least in your house. Give it
STAPLES makes a specialty of
to Moncton, to visit her sister,
Sussex, was in Petticoat on
n, of British Columbia, was
Halifax Banking company, is
with Mr. Forbes.
went Sunday in St. John, with
Jones.
USSEX.
le in Sussex by R. D. Boal and
Mrs. Frank Thel returned
ended visit to Shelburne.
the illness of the doctor. Rev.
Monday services were not held
it is recovering slowly from
spent Sunday in Sussex.
57, of St. John, have been
with Mrs. D. M. Fairweather,
Dorchester
is confined to his house
and his brother spent Sun-
racks, brother of Rev. Mr.
arrived here yesterday, and
had been at his home in
a gripe, has returned to
visiting at his uncle's, Mr.
PATRICK.
CASTLE.
Aiken entertained some of
evening. We are always
arrived home last week.
has left us again, but only
has taken him to Boston.
home, having spent a few
of Boston has been in town
I. Wallison have fully re-
ad her little daughter are
n, formerly of Chatham,
friends and relatives here,
for her home in the West
TACTA.
Wedding took place in St.
last week, when Miss
Boston, but who has
are past with her cousin,
son, was married to Mr.
St. John. The ceremony
le's cousin, Rev. N. Power,
Rev. Fathers Dickson,
ubscribe received a number
URST.
Bathurst at A. C. Smith
of establishing a branch of
association in our town.
ing men seem to be taking
matter, and will doubtless
society.
ave a delightful dancing
nday night. The guests
congenial company, good
oughly programme of
means, a host and
indness and *serote fair*
much at home, the party
pleasant.
ntreal, was in town on
to us that Miss Lizzie
not deprive us of seeing
ce in the post office,
as returned from a few
in in Carletons.
wife were in town a few
Tom Brown.
URGE.
he entertainment given
k's church, on Monday
cess; the music and re-
ed. The "Jucious bi-
ms) were duly appreci-
-mber present.
and Mrs. Jas. O'Neill
their home in honor of
their wedding day.
e left for their home in
accompanied by Mr. A.
-room.
ry dangerously ill with
James Milledge, of St.
St. Mark's church.
cess, was yesterday
GRANTS.
I WANTED.
SSES AND COMMER-
interested in real es-
-ing created especially
-ents for commercial
-ed with sufficient
-uch expedients. As
-one interested—more
-e their representatives
-vision the erection of
-Address promptly,
N. B.

If You Have Houses To Let
Advertise in PROGRESS.
This paper goes to the family and
is read from the first to the
last column.

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If You Want Engraving Done
GET FIGURES FROM
"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU.
Promptness, Satisfaction and
Reasonable Prices.

VOL. II., NO. 96.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

MR. CHESLEY IS WILLING IN THE FIELD AS A CANDIDATE FOR THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

His Good Points and Those of Mayor Lockhart—How People May Look at It—The Situation in Prince and Victoria Wards—Plenty of Time For More Fun Yet.

It has been a dull week in civic politics. Candidates have been scarce and quotations few. It is possible that business will improve when the weather gets more settled, and that some of the old lots will be cleared out at a sacrifice.

The most important item is the advent of Mr. Chesley as a candidate for the position of mayor. Mr. Lockhart will, of course, be a candidate, and if no third man comes forward it is believed that he has fair chances for a second term. The idea, which some consider unwritten law, that a mayor who behaves himself should have a second year, is in his favor.

Mr. Lockhart has undoubtedly behaved himself, and while he has done nothing to make his name or that of the city immortal, he has taken no course to provoke hostility from those who have been his supporters in the past. He has made a good looking mayor, with some of the aldermen as foils to set off his looks, and any fault that has been found with him has been that he has failed to keep some of the more bumptious aldermen in due subjection.

Mr. Chesley is also a good looking man, and would appear to advantage in the big arm chair, provided he assumed the boiled shirt and white choker as Mayor Lockhart does when presiding at the board. Mr. Chesley has undeniably a thorough knowledge of civic affairs. The chief point for debate is whether he could do any better than Mayor Lockhart has done in keeping his associates in order. His friends say that he would, and that with his knowledge of the rules of debate he would make a good presiding officer. It is claimed that he would not, for instance, having made a decision, permit an irregular and unseemly debate calling that decision in question. Against this supposition is his record as mayor of Portland, which had the most disorderly council in Canada, if not in the world. It will be remembered that when PROGRESS exposed the state of affairs, it did not direct its fire at the mayor, but at the body over which he presided. It had to take the view either that he sympathized with the disorder and jobbery which prevailed, or that he was unable to prevent it. And it had faith enough in his integrity to accept the latter supposition. As a candidate for mayor of St. John, therefore, it lies with him to explain to the electors why things were as they were in Portland, for that the condition of affairs was very bad indeed, cannot be denied by any sane or honest man.

So had were they, indeed, that in consequence of the exposures made by PROGRESS, the people of Portland voted for union to escape the existing evils. The act would not have been carried had the true style of affairs not been so well known.

It is, however, possible that Mr. Chesley can give a satisfactory explanation of his course, and if so, there is no reason why he should not poll an excellent vote. He has many friends, and has undoubted ability.

It is believed that Mr. C. E. MacMichael will not be a candidate in Queen's ward, in which event Mr. W. Watson Allen will probably run.

In Prince ward no new men have come to the front, though it is not because there is a lack of good material. The trouble is that the men who ought to be candidates are not the class of men who will push themselves to the front or work to secure a nomination. It is generally agreed that Mr. Jonas Howe would make an excellent representative, but as he is a busy man he would probably refuse to offer. There are two admirable men, however, who doubtless would consent to serve if they felt that the people wanted them. They are Messrs. James McNichol and James Reynolds, neither of whom are politicians, but both of whom are of the class of which good aldermen are made. They are careful men, who would consult the city's interests in preference to their own, and their records as good citizens cannot be questioned. Neither of them, however, would canvass, or attempt to curry favor by tricks. The only way that they could be brought forward would be by a requisition, or better, by a call from a convention of the rate-payers. If they would not consent to serve, and PROGRESS has not consulted them on that point, some other equally reputable men could be chosen. Prince ward should wake up to its opportunities.

It is announced that Aldermen Law and Busby will run together in Victoria ward. That is, they will start together, but if Ald. Law is re-elected they are not likely to be together at the finish. Mr. John J. Forrest is to the front and from what PROGRESS can learn this week is likely to be elected. If the rate-payers will bring forward another man, the ticket can be elected

GIVE THE MEN A CHANCE

CHIEF MARSHALL'S FONDNESS FOR NEEDLESS MYSTERY.

When a Thief is to be Caught the Police-men Should Have a Chance to Catch Him—Some of Them Might be Bright Enough to Recognize Him if They Met Him.

Why did not the St. John police catch Walton, the Texas express embezzler of \$35,000, instead of waiting for a man to come from Montreal to secure the prisoner, gain the glory and pocket the reward? Simply because they did not know anything about it. A circular had indeed been sent to the chief of police with an excellent photograph of the fugitive, a complete description of him, and a fac-simile of his handwriting. A very plain scar on his forehead made him particularly easy to identify, and yet for ten days he sojourned at one of the hotels, walked the streets, made purchases at the leading stores and apparently took no pains to conceal himself. The reason for this was that the policemen who would be most likely to see him knew nothing about him or his crime. The descriptive circular had, with that love of mystery for which the chief is remarkable, been kept as if it were a great state secret, and its contents divulged only to two inspectors and the detective. None of these gentlemen were able to find Walton, though it is reported that one of them had an introduction to him under the alias of "Harry Simpson," and did not recognize him. They took the plan of watching the railway trains, and finally formed the theory that Walton, if he had been here at all, had crossed the bay in the *Monticello*.

All this time Walton, feeling quite secure, as he well might under the circumstances, was preparing to leave for the West Indies.

He was finally caught by the Montreal man, who did not show any extraordinary ability in finding him, simply because he had secured his address from his pals.

Walton was not caught, and probably would not have been caught by the chief and his three confidential men. This is not so much a reflection on them as it is on the system which persists in surrounding everything of the kind with an absurd mystery. If, as is the custom in some cities, the descriptive circular had been read at roll call, and every man on the force allowed to have all the information he desired, it is possible that some of the rank and file might have succeeded in "landing the fish." It is more than probable that it would have occurred to some one of them that it was worth while making enquiries now and then at certain hotels, and of adopting other precautionary which do not seem to have suggested themselves to the quartette who were in the secret.

It is true that in such case the honor and the reward might have gone to some one who was not a detective, but while this might have been a misfortune from an official point of view, it cannot be denied that the interests of justice would have been served.

There may be men on the St. John force who are quite as intelligent, competent and faithful, as those who are in the inner and confidential circles. There is no reason why information of men who are "wanted" should not be given to them. If they cannot be trusted they are not fit to be on the force.

Does any one imagine that had every man on the force had the facilities for information possessed by the mysterious and confidential quartette, all of them would have failed to recognize Walton? One of the force, who knew nothing of the case, had a long talk with the fugitive one day, and might have recognized him if he had known such a man was wanted. He might not have done so if it is true. One of the quartette who *did* know all about the case is said to have smoked sundry cigars with the general stranger, whose writing was to be seen on two hotel registers, and whose tell-tale forehead scar was either plainly visible or covered by a cock of the hat which was enough of itself to excite suspicion.

It is possible that every man on the force might have been as unassuming as the officer in question. It is also possible that every man might not have been.

Which reminds PROGRESS of a story that is current this week.

It is said that several years ago, but not so very many, a certain chief of police in a certain city received a circular descriptive of a notorious criminal who was wanted in the United States. Shortly after this a man arrived in the city, put up at a leading hotel, and made haste to see the chief to whom he disclosed himself as a detective known to evil doers as "Old Rattlesnake." The chief was very glad to see him, gave him all the information in his power, and introduced him to the city detective. The three became very good friends, and day after day Old Rattlesnake visited headquarters to learn if there was anything new about the man of whom he was in search. He was pleasant company and told such thrilling stories about criminals surrendering

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A BRIGHT WOMAN WHO IS NOW AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

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Never before in the history of the Maritime Provinces has a lady of the appearance and position of Mrs. Weeks been charged with such a crime. It is not only charitable, but it seems natural to suppose that there is a dreadful mistake somewhere and that she is innocent. That is for the courts to decide, and they are now taking the first steps to unwind the tangled skein. Until they have finished, whatever would savor of opinion is out of place in public print. All that PROGRESS seeks is to give an idea of the woman as she appears, or did appear before the shadow of this trouble fell upon her.

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"HEAVENLY LOVE."

A Picture that Should Do Much to Educate the Popular Taste.

Everybody who has a taste for the beautiful in art should see "Heavenly Love," the famous picture by J. B. Scholl, now on exhibition at Jack's hall, Charlotte street. It is a revelation to many in this city, who have perhaps had other and lower standards of art presented to them, and it will do much to educate the popular taste for really good paintings. A description of the subject has already appeared in PROGRESS, but no idea of the picture can be gained by mere description. It may be said, briefly, that it is admirable from every point of view, with the possible exception that it is a little crowded, and should have had a larger canvass. As regards correctness of drawing, color and perspective, it is simply admirable. The figures are most natural, and that of the dreaming artist in particular seems to actually lean away from the spectator as if it were a real figure in the foreground. There is nothing artificial about its pose, and it does not have that flat look so often apparent even in pictures of merit. It is only after repeated viewing, indeed, that one observes with what fidelity all the details of the picture are worked out. Nothing is omitted that can tend to completeness.

The coloring of the picture attracts special attention, and tells at once of a master hand. In the representation of the mother and child seen by the sleeping artist, the effect of softness and roundness has been most successfully attained. One can almost imagine that he sees the wind gently stirring the drapery, and that its shade lightens or darkens as it waves.

The fidelity of art to nature throughout cannot fail to impress the most ordinary observer. The impression it finally leaves is one of regret that the companion picture, "Earthly Love," is not there as well, and that St. John people have not more opportunities of seeing really meritorious works. The need of a collection which will help to educate, as this picture does, will be felt more and more in the future.

Mr. E. Scholl, son of the artist, who is exhibiting the picture, has done the public a favor by his enterprise, and it is to be hoped that his exhibition will have the patronage of all lovers of the beautiful, the natural and the true in art.

Too Extravagant by Half.

The story is told of a young New Brunswicker who had an ambition to be a dentist, and had only \$90 in cash to carry out his intentions. He went to Philadelphia, and with a companion as impecunious as himself, took a six months' course, each living on the net extravagant sum of six cents a day. That amount purchased enough bread and milk to suffice for their wants, and the man who tells the story says that they actually got fat on it. The only piece of extravagance of which the student appears to have been guilty was in buying a ticket from St. John to Philadelphia. He should have walked there and saved his money.

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Never before in the history of the Maritime Provinces has a lady of the appearance and position of Mrs. Weeks been charged with such a crime. It is not only charitable, but it seems natural to suppose that there is a dreadful mistake somewhere and that she is innocent. That is for the courts to decide, and they are now taking the first steps to unwind the tangled skein. Until they have finished, whatever would savor of opinion is out of place in public print. All that PROGRESS seeks is to give an idea of the woman as she appears, or did appear before the shadow of this trouble fell upon her.

The story of Mrs. Weeks is well known

"HEAVENLY LOVE."

A Picture that Should Do Much to Educate the Popular Taste.

Everybody who has a taste for the beautiful in art should see "Heavenly Love," the famous picture by J. B. Scholl, now on exhibition at Jack's hall, Charlotte street. It is a revelation to many in this city, who have perhaps had other and lower standards of art presented to them, and it will do much to educate the popular taste for really good paintings. A description of the subject has already appeared in PROGRESS, but no idea of the picture can be gained by mere description. It may be said, briefly, that it is admirable from every point of view, with the possible exception that it is a little crowded, and should have had a larger canvass. As regards correctness of drawing, color and perspective, it is simply admirable. The figures are most natural, and that of the dreaming artist in particular seems to actually lean away from the spectator as if it were a real figure in the foreground. There is nothing artificial about its pose, and it does not have that flat look so often apparent even in pictures of merit. It is only after repeated viewing, indeed, that one observes with what fidelity all the details of the picture are worked out. Nothing is omitted that can tend to completeness.

The coloring of the picture attracts special attention, and tells at once of a master hand. In the representation of the mother and child seen by the sleeping artist, the effect of softness and roundness has been most successfully attained. One can almost imagine that he sees the wind gently stirring the drapery, and that its shade lightens or darkens as it waves.

The fidelity of art to nature throughout cannot fail to impress the most ordinary observer. The impression it finally leaves is one of regret that the companion picture, "Earthly Love," is not there as well, and that St. John people have not more opportunities of seeing really meritorious works. The need of a collection which will help to educate, as this picture does, will be felt more and more in the future.

Mr. E. Scholl, son of the artist, who is exhibiting the picture, has done the public a favor by his enterprise, and it is to be hoped that his exhibition will have the patronage of all lovers of the beautiful, the natural and the true in art.

Too Extravagant by Half.

The story is told of a young New Brunswicker who had an ambition to be a dentist, and had only \$90 in cash to carry out his intentions. He went to Philadelphia, and with a companion as impecunious as himself, took a six months' course, each living on the net extravagant sum of six cents a day. That amount purchased enough bread and milk to suffice for their wants, and the man who tells the story says that they actually got fat on it. The only piece of extravagance of which the student appears to have been guilty was in buying a ticket from St. John to Philadelphia. He should have walked there and saved his money.

CHARGED WITH A CRIME.

A BRIGHT WOMAN WHO IS NOW AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

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The story of Mrs. Weeks is well known

"HEAVENLY LOVE."

A Picture that Should Do Much to Educate the Popular Taste.

Everybody who has a taste for the beautiful

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

The Mystery which Attended an Old-Time Wedding—An Old-Timer's Reminiscences of People and Events.

It happened in this wise: It was in the month of June; the marriage was to come off in July.

Wedding presents in galore followed rapidly into the dwelling of the bride-expected, such as cake baskets, pickle stands, cruet stands, smelling bottles, fish knives, card cases, centre pieces, etc., etc., nor did the silver flood stop on the consummation of the nuptials. The wedding tour had been made; the excitement attending all such events somewhat subsided; the happy pair took possession of their residence—old Portland—and yet presents kept coming in from friends far and near. Among the latest arrivals was a box of beautiful Havana cigars—according to the brand—sent by an intimate friend, of the stentorian order, to his once bachelor brother, who was supposed to be a great lover of the weed. Indeed, the presents were so numerous that a room in the second story, and near the bedroom, was set apart as a sort of museum, in which to arrange the articles for future leisurely examination. Nor did the Havana box occupy an interior place in the silver argosy. Our friend, the groom, however, had not finished all the cigars he laid in previous to his wedding day, and therefore had no occasion yet to attack the new box presented to him. In due course of time the dog days approached, and with the hot weather the whole district became effluviated—the inside of the dwelling particularly so. Day and night the smell went on; and the conclusion came to the married couple was that rats had been poisoned in the house by former occupants, and their remains were reeking between the plaster in the walls of the room. At all events, the stench became so intolerable—it increased from day to day—that the bride and groom determined to absquatulate, and accordingly gave notice to the landlord that his rooms were not smellable, or the atmosphere within equal to the perfumes of Araby.

Old Mrs. Jones, in the next house, and old Marm Smith, in the other, rubbed their noses with brimstone, as they "could not stand it any longer." They dispersed themselves on either side, right and left, followed up the street for half a mile calling upon the inhabitants—north and south to smell. If people could not smell anything that distance from the scene of the embrocated quarter, it was (according to the expressed opinions of the ladies) because they had no noses. It was at last determined to notify the Captain of Police, as that functionary had a habit of poking his nose into everything that concerned him or not—that is, when there was no row in the case—in order to ferret out the nuisance and, if possible, take the case to the Police Office for investigation. Accordingly that gentleman appeared upon the stage in obedience to the summons.

Now, said he, on arriving at the groom's house and placing the end of his walking stick to the side of his nose, opening his mouth and looking up at the ceiling, giving the appearance by his demeanor that he knew all about it—"you will please call up the cook, for we must begin at the bottom of this business, and so pursue our investigations upwards, and we will see." Bridget was accordingly rung up. Her hands were coated with flour, as if she had just taken them out of the barrel. "Miss Bridget," said the Captain, "there is a very bad smell in this house, and—"

The new wife interjected, "all over at the same time."

"Precisely so," said the Captain. "now we are coming to it. Suppose we explore the garret, and follow on downwards, till we come to the sink where Bridget throws her slops. But mark my words, we shall find the infant under one of the floors. That girl puts me in mind of one we had at the Police Office on Thursday, and I can almost swear it is her. She was acquitted upon a mere technicality."

The Captain and all the household now mounted the stairs and explored the garret—the former using his nose earnestly on the cracks in the floor. Nothing, however, was found here. They came down to the second story, examined all the rooms, looked into all the cupboards, behind the dresses hanging up, into the gentlemen's boots, but all to no purpose. The dead infant was still invisible. They next went into the room among the silver presents—the cigar box still holding a conspicuous position. The Captain's eyes lit upon the box.

"We have it," he ejaculated. "Just as I thought;" suiting the action to the word, he brought his nose in contact with the top of the box and dropped it like a hot poker. "Phah—phoo—O—possible!"—the bride and groom bolted for the door and down stairs in a trice; the smell was overpowering—or they run from some other cause. The Captain pitched the box out of the window. "Murder!" was shouted all over the neighborhood. The smell increased. The reporters of the press were aroused. The news flew like the flames of the big fire in St. John in 1877. Paragraphists nibbed their pens; and while the excitement was still at a red heat, and ere the facts at the bottom of the box could be reached, the public were informed of the dreadful case of infanticide that was discovered in the house of Mr. —, at the hour of five o'clock in the afternoon. The mayor was sent for to learn what was best to do. The coroner had already been summoned, and a reward of \$50 was about to be proclaimed on all the street walls, when, in due course of time, the captain had got the cover off the box, when, lo and behold, his eyes lit upon a pair of five pounds trout in the last stages of magnatism. Hence the awful effluvia which, for three weeks, had created a dreadful panic in the neighborhood. If it was not a dead child in a decomposed state, it turned out to be dead fish that had been "boxed up" during the hottest weeks in the year, which smelt just about as bad—if not ten times more so.

MORAL.—Whenever you make presents to your friends in the way of trout, do not place them in a cigar box with the cover nailed down. If you must put them in a cigar box see that the tails of the trout stick out at one end. Remember!

AN OLD TIMER.

FOUND BY CASEY TAP.

A Lucid Piece of Poetry that is a Little in the Rear of the Season.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: While aimlessly wandering through King square one day recently, trying to reconcile a fur collar with 43 in the shade, I kicked under the ice in the path a soiled and torn piece of paper, which had evidently been there some weeks. The writing in some places had been almost obliterated by either tears or rain, some of which, I understand, has fallen in St. John this winter. Although almost two months behind time, it seems unkind to the author of the MS. to allow it to drop into the sea of oblivion after McG—Sh-h-h! so I herewith enclose it. The signature I have failed to decipher, but I do not think it is "Leary."

CASEY TAP.

DEAR MARY, The slippers you sent by express. And likewise that pale blue scarf-tidy for Bess. Arrived here last evening, along with the doll sent by your Jim with the eighteen-inch gill. Your brother's quite "funny," and to me it would seem

He regards Bob Burlette, Nye, and Twain as a dream—

A mere passing phantom of overworked brain, That lives a brief moment, and then quits its slain

By Oblivion's scimitar or Vengeance's jewelled knife That soon must glist'ning flash on, high for Dan McGinty's life.

Jim says he thinks it's kind of odd in our "five happy years"

We have no "tender olive-branch to yank 'round by the ears."

And so he sends along the doll. "It beats," he writes, "a kid

On these cold January nights when Mercury has slid

"Way down to perdition to get his feet thawed"—But, no more on that point. Say, what is that odd Apparatus you marked for poor Uncle Ben?

We've twisted and pulled the thing end over end, And Uncle Ben says, "Wall, see here, now, by jings!

I've got her all straightened out, 'cept these pink strings, An' these blame'yeller rose-bud 'at hangs on this end, Jes' kind o' skyogoles yer fond, Uncle Ben.

I wish I'd 'leeved in Sandy Claus Jes' like I used to do—

I'd rather think no kin o' mine hed dealt this cruel blow!"

So, Mary, if you'll write to us and tell us what it is, And bring once more a pleasant smile to Uncle's wrinkled phiz,

Our prayerful hearts shall beat for you—aye! 'en beyond the grave

Your memory'll be ever green with Bess and Cousin Dave.

Remember that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal as a specific for colds, coughs, and all affections of the throat and lungs. For nearly half a century it has been in greater demand than any other remedy for pulmonary complaints. All druggists have it for sale.—Advt.

NOT A PRESSING WANT.

MONCTON NEEDS SOME THINGS BUT NOT A HOSPITAL.

A Candid Opinion on the Probable Result if such an Institution were Established—The Rich Have no Need of It and the Poor would Not Enter It.

The latest agitation amongst the upper strata of Moncton society is a movement for a city hospital, which, so the folks say, is the crying need of the hour. And the agitation above mentioned is spreading even as the late lamented gripe spread a few weeks ago; and it promises to hang on with an equally relentless grasp. Like Miss Mabel Jeness' new doctrine of physical culture which is the ruling passion just now among our American cousins, the suddenly discovered want of a hospital has risen up and assumed gigantic proportions. I believe the idea first originated among two or three ladies, and it was speedily taken up by others. Then those whom providence had provided with husbands interested their lords in the scheme, and by and by the hospital began to journey by easy stages towards a local habitation and a name, until at the present time of writing it has reached the dignity of a "Board of Management," and a "Committee on Location," though I have not yet heard of a resident physician being appointed.

Now far be it from me to poke fun, even of the mildest kind, at these earnest workers who are prepared to give their time and labor cheerfully for the good of their fellow creatures, and who are pushing on the work with such enthusiastic energy; but it has sometimes occurred to me that it would be quite as appropriate to represent enthusiasm blindfolded as either Justice or Love. For, if not quite blind, at least the warmth of her feelings very often renders her shortsighted. So, perhaps, the views of a cold and calculating bystander on the hospital question may not be out of place, while the modesty of the said bystander leads him to feel certain that nothing he can say will have sufficient influence with the general public to do the smallest harm to the general hospital. In the first place the question arises to the practical mind is this: Can Moncton in its present financial condition support a hospital which is, as everyone at all informed on the subject knows, a very expensive luxury? Can we get a sufficient number of paying patients during the year to justify us in maintaining an institution that will cost so much to keep up? for of course it will have to be modelled upon the exact plan in miniature of the larger city hospitals.

During a lengthened sojourn in the railway hub, I can say truthfully that I have not known of half a dozen—no, nor half of half a dozen—cases of illness in Moncton among the upper classes where the patient would have availed himself of the advantages offered by a hospital, had there been one in active operation. Surely a poor showing for the support of such an institution.

Certainly, we have the poor "always with us," but then the poor of our town are a genus as yet unclassified by modern science, so very singular are their manners and customs, and I most firmly believe that should the time ever come when the Moncton city hospital is in full blast the first pauper patient who is admitted to its walls will furnish a very interesting free show for all those who chance to be strolling along the line of march taken by the ambulance, from the residence of the said pauper to the portals of the hospital, because, unless he happens to be unconscious, he will have to be handcuffed and gagged ere he will consent to humiliate himself by entering a public institution where he has every reason to fear that he will be subjected to all the horrors of being washed, and perhaps even of having his hair cut.

If there is such a bitter need in our town for a place in which the sick poor can be properly cared for, why is the almshouse not crowded, instead of being—as is usually the case—inhabited only by the caretakers. Talk about poverty, forsooth! Why, Moncton is a place in which you can't get a day's work done, even if you are willing to pay double price for it. Say you want to get your garden dug up in the summer. You first cast about in your mind for a person who will be reasonably likely to undertake the job, and then you proceed to call upon him at his ancestral residence on either Telegraph or Vulcan streets.

The chances are that you find the master of the house at home; he is usually at home, and he is probably sitting on the doorstep, in the sun, smoking. He eyes you with cold disdain, and you proceed to cast yourself, in a metaphorical sense, at that pauper's ill-shod feet. You introduce yourself humbly, and ask him if he thinks he could make it convenient to come up to your house and do a little bit of work for you tomorrow. "What kind o' work?" "A little bit of gardening," you explain, cringingly. "I dunno," says the autocrat. "There's lots of them after me every day. Mr. Smith, he was bothering me to come to him tomorrow, but I haint promised him. There's easier work than diggin', I don't care much fur it myself, and it haint none too well paid nuther."

Well, you plead with that man, you fairly grovel before him imploring him to take the money you offer, and he expectsorate at a given point, and finally unbends suffi-

ciently after you have offered him double what the work is worth, as to say that "likely he'll come." But he does not come, all the same, and after wearing out a large stock of patience and shoe leather in making further calls upon the horny handed son of toil, who presistently declines to fulfil his destiny and won't toil, you take up the shovel and hoe and do the work yourself.

It is very much the same thing if your wife wants a woman to do a day's washing. She has to prostrate herself to the earth before the queen of the washtub, before she succeeds in wringing a reluctant "Maybe I'll come if its fine, but there's so many after me all the time I don't hardly know which way to turn."

The hour of washing comes, but the woman does not, and when you call and timidly remonstrate, you are met with the crushing admission: "To tell the truth I clean forgot all about you, there's so many teasin' me all the time to work for them."

These are no fancy pictures, neither are they overdrawn. Hundreds of careworn housekeepers can vouch for their truth, even with tears. Moncton people are hard working, especially the upper classes; they have to work, for they cannot get anybody to work for them, not for money and far less for love. These then are the people in whose interests we are laboring when we strive to raise funds for a hospital; people who would die sooner than enter such an institution, but who when they are ill are tenderly cared for by the ladies of the W. C. T. U., who make it their business to find out all cases of illness among the poor and who are true sisters of charity in nursing and tending them.

Now, I am quite aware that I have written what will be stamped as rank heresy in some quarters. But, as I know well, there is a popular prejudice in favor of a newspaper man knowing something, however little, of the subjects on which he writes. So, having the courage of my convictions, I have taken some pains to feel the public pulse ament the hospital scheme, and outside of those few who have the work directly in hand, and are of course deeply interested in it, the verdict has been unanimous. "We want a hospital as much as a cart wants a fifth wheel, and no more! When we get it we can't keep it up, and when it is built and furnished with a staff of nurses, and a training school and all other useful appliances, the next item will be for advertising—advertising for patients—for they will never get any unless they resort to some such means." I am almost afraid to send this, now I have written it, and feel inclined to emulate the highly respectable old lady who, having seen better days, was reduced through stress of circumstances to selling crumpets for a livelihood, and who when crying her wares in the street was wont to alternately shriek, "Crumpets!" and gasp spasmodically, "I hope to goodness nobody hears me!" Only I should say, "Do please publish this, oh editor of Progress! I am very anxious that it shall appear, but I hope to goodness nobody will see it, or my life will be in danger."

GROFFERY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

TOLD BY THE COADJUTOR.

A Wayfaring Man who Judged the Man by the Coat he Wore.

The following story, which was told to me by the Bishop Coadjutor, loses much of its charm in being related by other lips than his, for the bishop has a peculiarly graceful way of telling a story, which many may emulate, but few equal.

Some years ago, before he came out to Canada, the bishop was walking through one of the poorer streets of London, one evening, accompanied by a friend. Neither of the clergymen was arrayed in his very best garments, for prudence forbade any great display of opulence in such a neighborhood.

Turning up a narrow street, they encountered two rough, half tipsy navvies, who jostled them so roughly that the bishop and his friend were nearly knocked down. "My friend," said Dr. Kingdon mildly, "there is no occasion for you to be so rude; there is plenty of room for us all." "Who are you talking to?" responded the biggest navvy angrily. Then gazing with drunken solemnity at the two friends, he added: "What be you, anyway? Y'e're nothing but a second-hand parson, out of job at that!"

The bishop's feelings can be better imagined than described, but no one enjoyed the joke more than he did himself.

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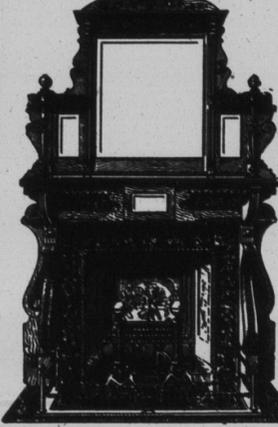
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OPEN FIRE PLACE FIXTURES of every description.

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Our facilities for the manufacture and importation of these goods are such

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94 KING STREET.

China Tea Sets. I have just received and am now showing the FINEST assortment of CHINA TEA SETS ever offered in this City.

Prices as Low as ever. C. MASTERS.

THERE IS ALWAYS

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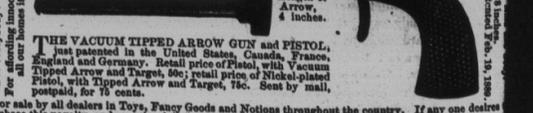
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OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM THE WAYS AND WORDS OF BRIGHT AND HAPPY CHILDREN.

A Philosopher Discourses of their Recreations and Quiet Sayings—A Pleasant Picture Drawn from Nature and Sparkling with Kindly Humor.

Through the bird's nest laugh did run As part thereof, Mrs. Springing. I overheard my little daughter singing, like many a chorister more advanced and accomplished, as regardless of sense, but with more abandon and light-heartedness.

There is a tavern in the town, Help it on, help it on; When you see a noble cause, Help it on, etc., orbing roundly and spontaneously into a temperance crusade hymn, that the gentlemen of the grog-shop could not fail to endorse and liberally subscribe to.

Forty little urchins, in which her younger sister joins with sweet "babblement" and lisping baby-song— "Tant' t'leep a rule? Bess' t'iss is p'-ca-sant, Teacky puvy' coo-o, (Teaching public school).

I am carried back to the days when grandfather stood me on a chair or table to sing for a penny before the company; and, by such an operation, amazingly stimulated my vanity and cupidity, without properly developing my vocal organs in any appreciable degree.

Maridie is, withal, a serious child by times, and never forgets her prayer at evening; nor did she forget, for several successive weeks before the last Christmas, to pray for a doll carriage on which her heart was set, and which her mother, unwilling to disappoint her faith (as I believe the tenderer and stronger than a mother ever is) did not neglect to provide for her.

His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud Dropt in his vast and wandering grave. And thou, too, child Nattie! the great sea was waiting for thee,—patiently, for a few years; but in the wild storm she will show her secret impatience and swallow thee down! She is wide; she has many graves.

But hark! I hear the songful voice of Maidie again! What is the spring of joy in the heart of the little daughter? She goes up and down the long hall, leaping, singing, glancing here and there, like an embodied Gladness, in its most ecstatic condition. The low sunbeams seem to sport and laugh with her in their quiet way; and in "sympathetic mirth," even the kitty that goes sprawling after her. So, that I may become no stranger to her gleesome-ness, and the secret of it, I call aloud: "What's the matter, Maidie?" "Oh, my Hattie loves me! My Hattie loves me! She gave me a new silver napkin-ring!"

And away she springs, a very Tito in her innocence of care, and all graver thoughts that sadden womankind. Dear little soul! is it more to you that your Hattie loves you than that you have the toy? Tomorrow some other trinket, some new pleasure, blooming out of the burial of the old, will teach you "how swifly Time's a-flying;" but that your Hattie loves you, ah! this is indeed perennial treasure!

O blessed vision! happy child! And will the days draw near, when— Pain may be your guest, Lord of your house, when the silver is tarnished, and the gold grown dim, and you know to please by any lack how very needful, how greatly missed, how exceedingly wonderful a thing is Love? Oh, no, no! May "Nature, lengthen out your season of delight;" may your heart be ever full, as it is today. A joyous shout, with steps rebounding, is my reassuring answer. PASTOR FELIX.

The Magazines. The March Atlantic has a valuable article on "Dangers from Electricity," by J. T. Trowbridge. The opening article of the number, however, is a paper upon the "Trial, Opinions, and Death of Giordano Bruno," by William R. Thayer; this is followed by a paper by Charles Worcester Clark on "Woman Suffrage, Pro and Con." George Parsons Lathrop shows us "The Value of the Corner," and there is an admirable paper called "Loitering through the Paris Exposition," which tells, among many other things, of all the concerts given at the cafes of the Exposition by the various nationalities—Gypsies, Japanese, Hungarians, and many more. Dr. Holmes is particularly amusing in "Over the Teacups," and seems to wish that people would write less poetry. He closes with some odd verses on the rage for scribbling. Mr. James's story and Mr. Byrner's serial are continued. The reviews are clever, as usual. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Among the many remedies for Worms, McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup takes the lead; it is the original and only genuine. Pleasant to take and sure in effect. Purely Vegetable.—Advt.

Advertisement in Progress. It pays.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.]

SUSSEX. [Progress is for sale in Sussex by R. D. Boal and S. H. White & Co.] Feb. 28.—Mrs. R. A. Borden, of Moncton, and children have been spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Smith, at Sussex Corner.

AMHERST, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Amherst at G. G. Bird's Bookstore.] Feb. 27.—It was an omission not to have noticed last week the arrival in town of Miss Grace Dean McLeod, the talented and rising young authoress, whose contributions to the local press are well known and have elicited so much praise.

DIGBY, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Digby at Mrs. Gille brand's.] Feb. 25.—Mr. John Ambrose arrived home last Monday from Boston in a very precarious condition, and has suffered very much the last week.

RICHIBUCTO. Feb. 26.—The trustees granted the schools a holiday for skating last week, which was much enjoyed.

ST. GEORGE AND PENFIELD. Feb. 26.—Mr. W. W. Shaw passed away very suddenly of heart disease last Saturday.

MUSQUASH. Feb. 26.—Mrs. Reynolds and her daughter, Miss Carrie, of Lepreau, were the guests of Miss Carman, the "Widow," last week.

Advertisement in Progress.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.]

SUSSEX. [Progress is for sale in Sussex by R. D. Boal and S. H. White & Co.] Feb. 28.—Mrs. R. A. Borden, of Moncton, and children have been spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Smith, at Sussex Corner.

AMHERST, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Amherst at G. G. Bird's Bookstore.] Feb. 27.—It was an omission not to have noticed last week the arrival in town of Miss Grace Dean McLeod, the talented and rising young authoress, whose contributions to the local press are well known and have elicited so much praise.

DIGBY, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Digby at Mrs. Gille brand's.] Feb. 25.—Mr. John Ambrose arrived home last Monday from Boston in a very precarious condition, and has suffered very much the last week.

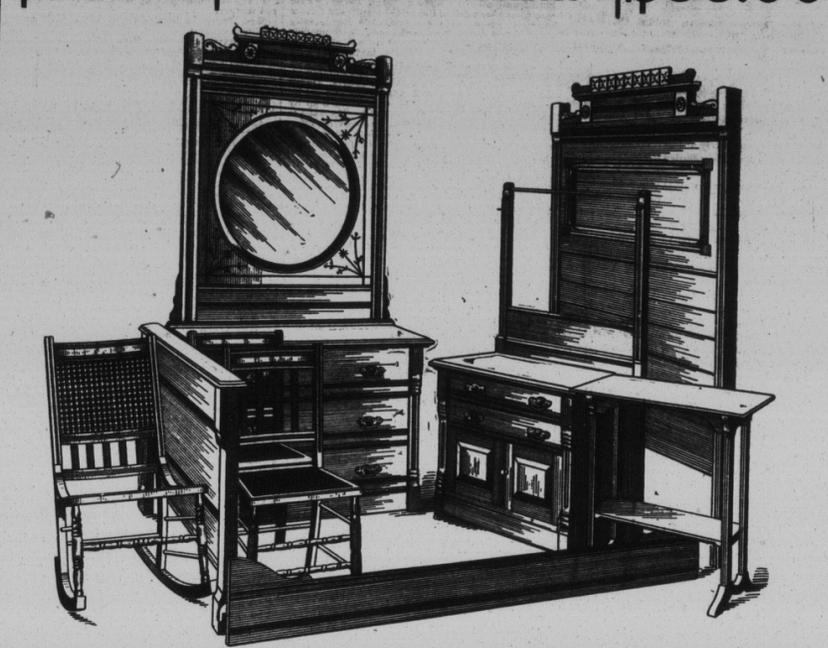
RICHIBUCTO. Feb. 26.—The trustees granted the schools a holiday for skating last week, which was much enjoyed.

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Advertisement in Progress.

\$38.00 HAROLD GILBERT. \$38.00 Bedroom Suite.



THIS CUT represents a leader in Bedroom Suites. Seven pieces in Antique Ash, hand polished, 26 in. Bevelled Mirror, beautiful in design; double tops on Bureau and Washstand; guaranteed of first-class workmanship and material. A very superior suite in every respect. Packed and delivered to any part of the City for \$38.00.

HAROLD GILBERT, 54 King Street.

CATARRH AND GOLD IN HEAD HOW CURED NASAL BALM NASAL BALM.

FOR THE CURE ESTEY'S COD LIVER OIL CREAM.

FLORENCE KNITTING SILK.

THE BEST SEEDS D. M. FERRY & CO.

Advertisement in Progress.

WANTS TO SELL.

JAS. KELLY, Tailor and Clothier, No. 5 MARKET SQUARE, WINTER GOODS, so as to make room for Spring Importations.

KERR'S Confectionery. New and Specially Fine CHOCOLATES, CREAMS & CAMELS CARNIVAL MIXTURE.

Imperial Superphosphate, Potato Phosphate, Bone Meal.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAIT BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK.

The Following Goods Just Opened are offered at the very Lowest Prices for Cash only, at PITTS' DRY GOODS STORE, 179 UNION STREET 179.

GET YOUR Pictures Framed AT GORBELL ART STORE, 207 Union Street.

NEW GOODS. Just received a large assortment of English and American WALL PAPERS AND WINDOW SHADES, Choice Patterns.

F. E. HOLMAN, 48 KING STREET.

TWO BIRDS.

I saw two birds perched on the tree. Their feathers gleamed as the sun shined on them.

I watched them for a while as they sat. Content to dream throughout the day.

Then fearing solitude too long, And gave the air a grievous sound.

For he who first went to bed to "Sweetheart, to bed! Sweetheart, to bed!"

HIS FIRST BATTERY.

The stars had gone out; the horizon; the air was wafted by the breeze.

To the right a foggy curd of the spectacle, the fresh killing gin. Directly in front of the army rose the menacing form of a fish fortress.

"How beautiful," began the smile on his lips quickly.

The dazzling spectacle of was gone for him in a moment.

Was it not by his own gone to war? He had hurried in time for the taking of K.

Allochine rubbed his eyes again at these officers.

What, after all, his restless eyes literally excitement. In a second rounded-questions rained.

"The battle! the battle!" "Tell us how goes the battle!" "Badly," stammered the.

Tapa taken by the enemy, ment cut down, General's Gohinski killed, Colonel's Varnaki and Prince Dabo and God knows how many prisoners!"

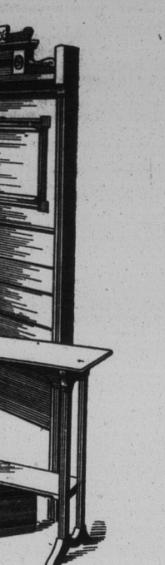
And, having delivered this information, the courier's horse, and they saw him in the grasp of the second regiment, and waving his arms with tures. He was giving them particulars.

A feeling of anger and shame flamed through all the battalions.

"Forward, march!" barked Litvinof to the line, which halted, his habitually grave tones bitter and irritated.

"Forward, march!" reiterated him, with still more ire. Allochine said not a word, throbbed wildly under a wation, and he himself, like a "My God! what is going on now?"

38.00



26 in. Bevelled Mirror, and material. A very street.

ELL. Clothier, ARE, GOODS, in view he has marked, Reefers, Overcoats, at present.

onery. MS & CARMELS packages sold within last few months.

STREET, MARY & McLAUGHLIN'S. phosphate, ate, Meal.

THIS SEASON: use of \$100 in Gold. an acre \$25 in Gold. Fertilizer Company.

st Opened only, at STORE, 179.

HERE HOSIERY; also, HOSE; MITS, etc., etc. when opened. named

ion Street. made at short notice. S. and American SHADES, NG STREET,

TWO BIRDS. I saw two birds perched on the wire. Where messages in silence run, Their feathers gleaming as on fire, Their breast as golden as the sun.

HIS FIRST BATTLE.

The stars had gone out; dawn reddened the horizon; the air was warm, perfumed; the birds chirped in the grasses. A fresh breeze fanned eyelids of Alichone as he lay disturbed and restless in a half sleep.

alone in the midst of the fields and the waving grass. Forward still! and on through a deep and rocky ravine, a battalion of sharpshooters, a fresh heap of motionless bodies, into a thick cloud of smoke that curtained the hideous picture of war.

"Economic" White-wear for Ladies. For this month we are making a SPECIAL SALE at REDUCED PRICES of the "Economic" (un-trimmed) White Cotton Underwear, consisting of NIGHT GOWNS, CHEMISE and DRAWERS.

soldiers, with pale, saddened faces, lay stretched on the ground. Beside them a jaded horse cropped wearily the sun-browned grass. Poor beast! how tired it looked, and how tired Alichone felt, and how suffocatingly warm! Oh, for a drop—a single drop of water!

A Bolted Door. May keep out tramps and burglars, but not Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Coughs, and Croup. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY OF PURELY VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS AND WITHOUT MERCURY, USED BY THE ENGLISH PEOPLE FOR OVER 120 YEARS, IS

RAILWAYS. NEW-BRUNSWICK RAILWAY. "ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c. COMMENCING DECEMBER 30, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, AS

ROBINSON'S PHOSPHORIZED EMULSION. Those among us who are suffering with Bronchitis or weakness of the throat or lungs should not delay, but take Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion regularly according to the advice of their Physicians.

INSURANCE. ACCIDENT INSURANCE. FIRE INSURANCE. CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets

INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies. FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing itching, discharging, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA is the only safe and reliable remedy.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison. recruits like himself. He regretted that all this had come so soon—he did not know the name of even one man in his company.

Can't Be Too Careful. "Farewell, dearest," she sighed, as she lay against the lapel of his double-breasted coat; "and, George, you may kiss me once, on my forehead, ere you go."

INSURANCE. ACCIDENT INSURANCE. FIRE INSURANCE. CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets

PROGRESS.

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

ADVERTISING RATES. One Inch, One Year, \$15 00. One Inch, Six Months, 8 00. One Inch, Three Months, 5 00. One Inch, Two Months, 4 00. One Inch, One Month, 3 00.

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

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

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor. Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 1.

CIRCULATION, 6,200.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

ELECT BETTER MEN.

It is understood that several members of the common council believe, with Progress, that the aldermen should be elected by the citizens at large, instead of by separate ward elections, as at present. It is quite unnecessary to say that others, who would stand no possible chance of reaching the council under such a system, are very strongly opposed to it. They prefer to come out on their own account, year after year, and be elected by their own particular "crowd," which is often wholly indifferent as to their fitness to represent the citizens at large.

So long, therefore, as the council contains a majority of men who know that they have not the confidence of the people, so long will it oppose any change in the system of civic elections. Such a measure should originate with the council, and be presented to the legislature, but for the reason stated, nothing of the kind can be hoped for until the council is built of better timber than is in its composition today.

The time for such legislation was when the act of union was made. The people would have endorsed it, beyond a doubt. They would endorse such a measure today, if the question were submitted to a popular vote.

The result could be accomplished, despite the common council, if two or three earnest workers were to take the matter in hand and present it to the legislature as coming from the people. The apathy which too many of the best citizens feel, however, forbids the hope of any such effort in the immediate future. The only practical way to accomplish the end is by putting the right kind of men at the board.

It is scarcely worth while to reiterate the manifest advantages of having aldermen who represent the ratepayers of the city rather than the interests of this ward or that. They would, of necessity, be a better class of men, because they would be the choice of all classes and sections, but the great benefit would be felt in the removal of that sectionalism which is now proving so common and so expensive. The ordinary alderman now feels bound to secure all he can for his particular ward, and where something is done for one district a corresponding something must be done for another part of the city. It was bad enough before the union but it is infinitely worse now. Works are undertaken for which there is no immediate need, and because this ward has so much done for it, that ward must have as much more. In this way the city's expenses are largely increased, and the citizens are saddled with wholly unnecessary bills.

The system of ward elections is a bad one. It should go. The most feasible way to get rid of it is to elect only the best available men to the council.

And the time to begin is NOW.

SENSATIONALISM IN THE PULPIT.

An editorial in Progress embodying the substance of the New York Sun's charges against Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, appears to have excited a good deal of interest among the readers of this paper. It may be safely asserted that the majority of those readers are not in sympathy with the preacher's methods, however much they may wish him success in his work of preaching the Gospel.

Mr. Talmage appears to be simply an exaggeration of a type of ministers that has been developed in the last generation or so. In the old times the clergymen, like the newspaper, were content to do their work on certain recognized lines, outside of which only rare ability, such as that possessed by Whitfield dared to venture. Later in an age and in a country when the desire for notoriety amounted almost to a vice, and where the craving was for novelty in things both temporal and spiritual, some of them were tempted to pass beyond the old time limits and advertise their sermons as a merchant would his wares. Beecher having led the way, it was easy for Talmage to follow, and carry himself further in pulpit gymnastics than any preacher had dared to do before him. He has found it to pay him, and pay him

handsomely. If he be, as asserted, a "humbler," it is because the public have made him so. He is to the religious world what Barnum is to the amusement world—a man of wonderful enterprise, who can gauge the popular taste and cater to it, whether it be a healthy one or not.

There may be ministers who condemn Talmage who would be quite willing to take his place if they had the opportunity and ability. A good many have striven in that direction, but as they have never risen above mediocrity, no notice has been taken of them. Any preacher who seeks simply to increase his popularity and draw a crowd is an imitator of the Brooklyn clergyman, and is in many instances not nearly as good a Christian in his heart. There is a strong temptation for one to acquire fame—by legitimate ways, if possible, but to acquire it. It is the old story of "get money—honestly if you can; but get it."

Whether the tendency of the day is toward more or less sensationalism, remains to be seen. No just judgment can be formed from isolated, though conspicuous, instances. In some places there is a keen competition among clergymen to draw the crowd, and the most attractive, even if sensational, subjects are chosen. An exchange notes the fact that in Boston, on a recent Sunday, "one clergyman preached upon Lotteries, another on the prophets, another took work and play for his topic, another discoursed upon sleeping during sermon time, another upon the well-equipped horseman, another upon clubs, another upon Dan McGinty and another on Fads. Anything and everything, save and except Christ Crucified." And this list of subjects is by no means as remarkable as some which might on some occasions be found in the Boston Saturday night and Sunday morning papers.

Yet it must be remembered that in these days the preaching of dry doctrine will not suffice. The tendency is more and more toward the practical application of Christianity to everyday life, and the clergyman who can most successfully make this application is the one who does the most good. A great deal depends upon the way in which he preaches. If he aims only at sensationalism, he may amuse men, but not turn them from their errors, but if he has the happy faculty of being at once interesting and persuasive, he goes far toward the fulfilling of his vocation. The lurid style of picturing a scene after the Talmage idea is as cheap and easy as the old style of temperance oratory with its horrible examples of drink's doings. It is simply a trick of the tongue which requires neither depth nor sincerity in the speaker.

To be useful a preacher must not only be sincere, but he must impress others with the belief that he is so. Then he may deal with the topics that touch most closely the affairs of life, and his work will not be in vain. Whether Talmage is exerting anything like the influence for good which his position should command is a matter for grave doubt. It may be safely asserted that his methods are not those which, in the interests of a healthful religious sentiment, should be followed by others. There is a safer and more useful line which lies between his declamations and the dry-as-dust sermons of the past.

THEY REPUDIATED IT.

Several members of the treasury board were very prompt in their repudiation of Ald. Betsy's advertising clause in their report at the last meeting of the council. Those who did not stand up and speak against the section voted against it, so that any who favored it in committee repented before the time of action came. There were one or two absent, however. Among these was Ald. Betsy himself, who apparently "funkt" at the last moment, and waited until the vote was taken before he entered the chamber. Progress is pleased to find that the best men at the board refused to have anything to do with the attempt to introduce special legislation.

No alderman who is fit for his place and tries to do his duty has any reason for opposing this paper.

ENLARGE THE CHAMBER.

When St. John and Portland were united, there was some talk of enlarging the common chamber by taking in the adjoining apartments. Of late nothing has been heard of this, although as matters now are the room is altogether too small for the requirements of so large a city. Not only is more room wanted for the aldermen, but it is equally important that there should be better accommodation for the public. Many citizens, who now never venture into the close and uncomfortable chamber, would attend if they could do so without discomfort, and nothing would contribute more to excite a deeper and more general interest in civic affairs.

The newspaper reports give only a partial idea of what is done. The citizens may know the actual business that is transacted, but they get no idea of how the aldermen transact it. They should see and hear for themselves how their representatives behave, and they can then better judge whether they are well or badly represented.

The only possible objection to a large audience is that some of the more windy aldermen might be tempted to talk even more than they do now, and indefinitely prolong debates of trifling import. This

Do Not Use any other Tea than Eagle Chop.



How are you fixed for aldermen in your ward? February has gone out like a lamb, but March has 31 chances to get even with it. What a lot of tearing and smashing of furniture there will be two months from today. They say that the hearings in the Walton case have been more edifying than the average minstrel show.

There isn't much said about local politics just now, but there will be lots of fun when the time comes. Society has yet to devise an effectual way to punish the barbarians who insist on talking at a concert. If you want anything done in your ward, you can get it, or the promise of it, any time between now and election day.

Five men have paid \$2 each to learn that the country market is not a smoking room. They will know better next time. The only certain thing about the Walton case, from the outset, was that that 'St. John detectives would not get any of the reward.

Halifax may not be the most immoral city in Canada, but the shady side of life comes to the front oftener there than any place else.

The Nova Scotia judges had a regular common council row on the bench, the other day, and it was all about a question of judicial propriety. Only two candidates for the mayoralty in the field so far. Come, gentlemen, this won't do. Bring along your applicants for the \$1,000 salary.

Another sign of spring—George Moffatt gave an organ recital at Chaloner's corner last Tuesday. It will soon be time for Chief Kerr's buttonhole bouquet.

It may be possible for the Grand Orange Lodge of New Brunswick to sit down on Past Grand Chaplain Macdougall, but it can't fatten him out worth a cent.

The "Behring Sea question" continues to be discussed by the American papers, though it isn't of half as much general interest as the seeing beer question. The announcement that Whittier has received \$1,000 for his last poem is likely to encourage poets, and a new set of pigeon-holes may be required in Progress's office.

Detective Grose appears to have thought the season so far advanced that this was a pretty good country. He has found that the people are not so green as they look. "Before leaving St. John Marshall Cameron called for the bill and settled it," says the Charlottetown Patriot. Yes, his own bill, but he did not settle that of Mrs. Weeks. She paid for herself.

So the question of lighting the city by electricity is settled at last. If the council had accepted the Calkin tender at the outset, the work of fitting up would have been well advanced by this time.

A Nova Scotian claims that a small seed left between the pages of a closed book has grown to a plant. There must have been some dirt there, for it to take root. Perhaps the book was a modern realistic novel.

Mr. Bliss Carman has been appointed to a position on the staff of the New York Independent. While Mr. Carman is to be congratulated, as also is the Independent, for men of his calibre are not to be had wholesale or for the asking, and moreover, in securing his services, it does much to increase its interest for Canadians. Mr. Carman's position is that formerly occupied by the late John Eliot Bowen, whose lamented death, a few weeks ago, was a man of deep learning and fine ability, well known as the translator of the poems of Carmen Sylva.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

They Want Sample Rooms. To the Editor of Progress: Your article on "Sample Rooms" is to the point. I should like to see something of the kind started here, and would give the cheque substantial support.

In most towns or cities the hotel people supply this want. Take Halifax, for instance. There a traveller pays \$2 per day, and a sample room is provided free. In St. John the rate is \$2.50, and the poor fellow has to go and hunt for a sample room outside, at a charge of \$1 per day extra, and sometimes can't get one at all.

Something that is wanted more than sample rooms even, is a modern hotel, where you can get a room without having to climb four or five big flights of stairs. In summer American travellers pass through St. John. They don't stay here, because there is no hotel accommodation for them. They are told their room is on the fourth flat, and no elevator, and they leave the next morning. Frequently there is no decent room to be had at all in the leading hotels.

St. John is improving. To keep pace with the increasing travel, you must have a first-class hotel, and it will pay well. VERAX St. John, Feb. 24.

How many a deed that's lost among the years, How many a word to which no praise was given, How many a song that pleased not our ears Is written in the golden roll of Heaven!

When adverse Fate's last blow Is spent, and we still live, Her stores she'll open throw, And all we ask for give.

MATTHEW ELLIOTT KNIGHT. Bonton, N. B.

Send us 43 cents and we will forward, prepaid, a pair of LADIES' UNDEVESTS. Same goods as last year at 60 cents.

BARNES & MURRAY, 17 Charlotte Street.



THE NEW WAY. SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW. One of the most sensible, useful and valuable Household Inventions ever offered to the public.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, (SOLE AGENTS FOR) No. 38 KING STREET.

READ THIS! W. H. Fry, Official Stenographer writes: My machine has been in continual use since August, 1885, and this is a specimen of my work: Manifolding Eight Copies with a soft roller. I have made on this machine during the Cadby trial, with a hard roller, from Ten to Twelve Copies. I pin my faith to the Caligraph. This is the best manifold machine in the market, in addition to its other points of superiority.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Sole Agents.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES. How many things there are going on in the musical portion of St. John, even if it is Lent. The band concert (which I cannot notice this week) and the organ recital and sacred concert in the Leinster street Baptist church, which I attended, as a matter of course. I must say I have heard better concerts, but then I also have heard worse, and I fancy one always has to take the bitter with the sweet in this class of entertainment as well as in every other.

I enjoyed Mr. Ford's part in the concert very much. Especially fine was his rendering of Handel's "Cuckoo and Nightingale" concerto, which he gave by request. Another number which "sounded" youthful fancy, was the "Andantino," by Schubert. I was rather amused, in one of the effective passages, to hear a young lady exclaim, "Oh, dear, what a pity he has lost his place."

Miss Fowler seemed to be very nervous when she began her solo, "The King of Love," and on that account did not follow her music very closely at first, but gained confidence as she proceeded. I did not like the "Prayer of the Wanderer" at all. Mr. Daniel gave "Nazareth," and sang it fairly well. I fancy he had a cold, for I could not catch the words as distinctly as usual. I suppose it really don't make a great deal of difference, but is a Christmas song quite appropriate for the beginning of Lent? I recognize the fact that the Baptist people do not observe the latter season, but still it did not seem quite the thing to hear "Nazareth" at this time of year.

The Angel came," sang a pretty song by Cowen. "The Angel," and I never heard anything more out of tune than that quartette, "Their sun shall never go down." The solo from the Stabat Mater was taken by Miss Hancock, who has a very sweet and true voice, but it is not brilliant or intense enough for Rossini's music. Mrs. Dick and an invisible chorus sang "Tell me ye wings of wind," and Mr. Fowler gave Foplin's setting of "Consider the Lilies." I am sorry to say he was rather out of tune in some parts of the song.

Mr. Ford concluded the evening entertainment with an "Offertoire" of his own, which I enjoyed very much. I hear some talk of the concert in connection with the Church of England Institute lecture course coming off soon. It will be sacred, of course. Looking over some old papers I came across this little copy of verses, written to teach correct pronunciation.

Who seldom was a composer named A Iber, Who seldom was a composer named A Iber, Yet he still held aloft, From the opera stave, And he lived past life's golden October.

The noble composer named Franz, Did his best German songs to enshrine; He now lives in Halle Way down in a vaille As old age begins to advance.

The Danish musician named Gade Though aged, is rugged and hale; Much time he revises, And his first name is Nells, In his teaching he never is tade.

The ancient composer named Lull, Knocked all the old Frenchmen quite dull, They called him Baptiste, Which name I insist, Does not sound as English as "Bull."

If my friend Mr. C. Sharp had taken the trouble to read just what I said regarding the composition of "Jerusalem," he could have saved his time and not wasted the valuable space he did, in writing such a lot of nonsense about three-four and six-eight time being used with a refrain in every walk or six-eight time (such as one hears in every little drawing room ballad like "Going to Market," or "Dream Faces") decidedly out of place in a church, but I also added that there were some very beautiful songs written in that time, but that in my opinion "Jerusalem" was not one of them.

I don't think that anyone but my brilliant opponent C. Sharp would have written in the way he did last week, and I am sorry for his poor taste in thinking that Henry Parker, who is a good enough composer in his way, could give the public a song that would compare favourably with one by the writer of that greatest of modern operas, Faust. I admit that Gounod's later songs are not up to the high

standard of his first compositions, but "Nazareth," written during his residence in London, is acknowledged to be one of his best songs; and when one pretends to say that Henry Parker has written songs, thing that equals it, well it sounds rather ridiculous, to say the least of it. As for C. Sharp's remarks about tempo, who but himself would think of turning Sinfonia of the "Lohengrin" into a waltz to be danced to? One might as well say "Do not admit two-four time into church music because it is used in a polka," but a polka tempo is somewhat different from that generally used in a two-four tempo for a hymn tune. Does C. Sharp recognize any devotional spirit in the music? or is all three-four time a waltz to him? If so, what an instructive sight it would be to see him trying to dance a waltz to the "Let us break their bonds asunder" chorus in the Messiah, which is written in three-four tempo.

I again say that I consider "Jerusalem" a common piece sung with a refrain strongly reminding one of one of the above named class of ballads, good enough in their way, but unfit for church use. And further more I can quote over a dozen airs, and choruses from the Creation, Judas Macabean, Seasons, Messiah, etc., in the six-eight and three-four tempo, but I cannot say that one of them would make me think of a waltz or "Jerusalem."

I am sorry that I have not a programme to prove what I said about hearing the four different organs play "Cataline." It is unfortunate for me, but by next week I expect to be able to publish the different marks for expression, etc., that occur in the score, and if I have been wrong I am quite ready to acknowledge it.

The last room of the Mechanics' Institute has been secured by the committee of management of Dorothy for holding their rehearsals, etc. Quite a number braved the storm Thursday evening, a week ago, to attend the first practice there. I understand that after this week the Dorothy people intend taking Thursday evening for their chorus practices.

Monday evening, 10th March, the Oratorio society holds its annual meeting. The society has invested in a square piano for its own use.

A lengthy and very good programme was carried out by the Choral club, at its last musical evening, which was held at Mrs. Chas. Macdonald's, King street, East, on Tuesday last. Mozart and Wagner were the composers represented. Mr. Lindsay read an essay on the first-named writer, and Mr. Alfred Porter took the latter for his subject. Both readings were listened to with much pleasure. I will merely give the programme, as people outside would scarcely take the interest I do in this excellent club.

Bridal chorus, from "Lohengrin"..... Duet, from "Don Giovanni"..... Male quartette—"Pilgrim's Chant"..... Tanhauser Sonata Mozart..... Miss E. Goddard Ladies' chorus, from "Marriage of Figaro"..... Miss Henderson Fowler song—"Magic Flute"..... Mr. Craikbank March—"Tanhauser"..... Philharmonic club Duet—"Marriage of Figaro"..... Mr. Percy Bourne Minuet—"Don Giovanni"..... Mr. Percy Bourne Duet—"Magic Flute"..... Solo by Mr. T. Daniel Street, East, on Tuesday last. Mozart and Wagner were the composers represented. Mr. Lindsay read an essay on the first-named writer, and Mr. Alfred Porter took the latter for his subject. Both readings were listened to with much pleasure. I will merely give the programme, as people outside would scarcely take the interest I do in this excellent club.

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