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PROGRESS.

VOL. I., NO. 29. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1888. PRICE THREE CENTS.

HE IS "HONORABLE" NOW

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES L. RICHARDS.

He Comes to the Front as a Standard Bearer of the Republican Party in Nebraska—His Views on Retaliation Against Canada Fully Explained.

Who is Charles and where has he got to? There is only one great, original and genuine Charles, so far as the readers of Progress have been told.

Some of the St. John merchants have thought his other name was Mud, but it isn't.

In the wild and woolly west today he is known as "Hon. C. L. Richards."

Browning, or some modern poet has said: "The bedbug has no crown or wings, but he gets there just the same."

So does Charles. He gets there every time he starts, and he never gets left.

When Charles made his great slope toward the greater Pacific slope, he took with him, in addition to the money of Roderick McDonald and Isaac G. Oulton, an unlimited amount of gall, and an ambition for political distinction.

A DOWNRIGHT SHAME!

CUTTING THE THROATS OF OUR BUSINESS PEOPLE.

Auction Sales of Holiday Goods at Slougher Prices—They Always Appear in the Busy Season and Carry Away all the Hard Cash They Can Grasp.

It is a downright shame. Filly, expressive and true words which applied, as they were, to the recent slaughter sales in Messrs. Lockhart and Hamilton's auction rooms.

Not that anyone blamed either of these gentlemen. Their action was in the way of business. But the fault is somewhere, and the verdict of St. John merchants is that that somewhere is in the law, or the lack of it.

Citizens who are not interested in these sales have probably not troubled themselves to think about them or their effects. This is not the case with two scores of more of enterprising city merchants, who have ordered large quantities of holiday stock, with the expectation of having at least their usual trade.

The system which permits a flood of the refuse stock of large manufacturing centres to pour into the city and be auctioned without reserve is wrong. It permits outsiders to enter our city, speaking metaphorically, cut the throats of our legitimate business people.

Some weeks ago, two gentlemen, Mr. Lyndon and Mr. Shaw, arrived in this city. The former came from England with a very large quantity of ornamental plated ware etc., and the latter purported to come from Montreal to sell a large consignment of holiday goods and sets of standard works that came from an American center. Both gentlemen auctioned their goods under a three months license which cost each \$21 and this with the warehouse rentals and commissions were the only expenses they incurred in St. John. They paid no taxes on their stock and none of the ordinary outlay of average business houses. They simply sold their stock—some of it good, some of it no good—at whatever prices it would bring, paid the light expenses mentioned and departed with the cash. They took at least \$1,000 in hard money away with them. That loss will have to be borne by the merchants.

They say it is a downright shame. So it is. No business man objects to competition, so long as it is carried on fairly, openly and honorably. Merchants in the same line of business, who remain in the city year after year and are subject to the same rate of taxation, are always competing. In their case opposition is the life of trade, but the foreign competitor, who never appears in the dull season and is always on deck in the busy season, with auction prices, he is death to legitimate business.

This is not the first time it has happened, but it is to be hoped there will not be many more such sales on the same conditions. There is a strong purpose in the mind of prominent merchants to have special protective legislation. It is needed. No merchant is safe under the present order. Furniture, clothing, books, jewelry, etc., etc., may all be sacrificed at their doors by foreign manufacturers, and nothing can be done.

TOUGHS ON THE CORNER.

How They Were Treated by an Indignant Citizen.

"Do the toughs annoy me? Why, they're the plague of my life. This corner is haunted by a gang that respects neither man nor thing. Especially this season my evenings have been a burden. My doorway is obstructed by them; my patrons are insulted and my trade damaged by a throng of idling, careless youths, who have no thought for themselves and less for me."

Pretty strong words, but the speaker is a well known gentleman who says what he thinks. Pantomimist is in a position to know that every word of it is true. He has grown tired of the inactivity of the proper parties to put a stop to such annoyance and in various ways has sought protection from the gang.

Some time ago he collected the mob was larger than usual and the air was full of violence. Both ear and nose were affected by it. A bucket of cold water descending from the window above created a diversion below, and the building stood along the remainder of the evening.

Not long after, a similar throng met in the same place. They amused themselves in the usual way to the disgust of decent passers by and the merchants about them. A half pound of strong black pepper descended in a fine mist around them. They all caught cold at once. The frequent and aggravating sneeze and hoarse coughing were their worst symptoms when they retired for the evening.

Since then, three individuals of the same ilk stood in the merchant's door and refused to stand aside when politely requested to do so. The request was repeated and the refusal was insolent. Kerplunk! The next instant one of the trio was a gutter cleaner and his companions first class sprinters.

That's the way to do it. She Waited Ten Years for Him. Ten years ago he was a sterling greenhorn. He had lots of pluck and energy, but no reputation, save his honesty, and no money.

He began at the bottom, and besides working hard on something which he couldn't help, fell in love with the prettiest girl in a village not 50 miles from this city. She was his counterpart, and his affection was returned. The old folk gave him the cold shoulder, placed certain restrictions upon the young people's intimacy—in fact, gave them to understand that it was not a suitable union. Dutifully but sorrowfully they parted. He went west. She remained at home. A short time ago, he came to St. John again, no longer the greenhorn, but in a responsible and lucrative position, gained by ability and hard work. Unmarried yet, his first inquiry was after his former girl. She also was unmarried. Not many hours later he was with her, and when a few days later, his vacation ended, he sought the west again, it was with the assurance that his next trip would not be taken alone. She had waited ten years for him. And yet some people persist in saying there's no such thing as "love."

Fools and Their Money. "The Wednesday following the second Tuesday in every month must be a great day for the Boston and New York dailies!" said a newsdealer to PROGRESS. "Why? Well, the Louisiana lottery has its drawing on the second Tuesday, and on the following day, those papers print the numbers that draw the capital prizes. Of course every man who invests expects to capture that \$300,000, so that the demand for the papers is something remarkable.

THEY SWAPPED BABIES.

Mixed the Frocks of their Darlings and were Satisfied—The Burden of an Artist's Life.

Photographing babies is great fun. So everybody thinks, except the gentleman behind the camera. He would prefer to starve on crusts and water rather than win luxury by working the instantaneous racket on infant hopefuls.

Two months of every year his life is his burden. If they both came together he would leave the business, and reproductions of infant phenomena would be a thing of the past. Early spring and fall are his periods of torture. Then any day his studio is transformed into a nursery, and the youth of the land, ranging from one month to three years in age, manifest their delight and displeasure in their own peculiar fashion.

The arrival of the family prodigy is usually heralded by the entrance of his or her grandmother, aunts, sisters and mother all come to see the "baby's picture taken."

Then the fun begins. Some mothers have peculiar ideas about attitudes. They have no respect for the feelings of the photographer. For the time being, he must be a wooden man. Quite frequently they wish all the natural beauties of their darling displayed, and give both the artist and the victim the chills by removing everything artificial and warm.

Or if elegant attire is to be included, some portion of the infant must be naked. In most cases the stocking is removed and chubby toes are brought into prominence. Only the other day a funny incident occurred in a city studio. The infant wonder was in position, the machine was focused, when just as the cap was removed and the picture to be taken, the little subject turned a complete somersault and slid from the chair, exposing its ruffled back to the camera. That picture didn't suit and the photographer counts it among his curiosities. Whenever he has the blues or feels dull he looks at it and laughs for an hour or two.

Another incident—somewhat old, but good, is related of an interview between an artist and a precocious two-year old who, refusing to be placed by his affectionate half dozen relatives, was left after an hour's worrying at the suggestion of the photographer to his mercies. A very short time after the relatives retired the picture was taken. As the joyful mother led her boy from the room, she inquired: "Tell me, darling, how did the man keep you quiet?" "Why, mamma," lisped the boy, "he just shook his fist in my face and said, 'Now, if you don't keep quiet I'll wring your d—d neck.'"

All babies look alike. This is an oft contradicted truth. A week ago two mothers who had visited the studio the same day with their babies, came to look at the proofs. They were produced and for a time there was silence. Then one picked up the proof of her friend's and claimed it as a splendid picture of her baby! Her companion was equally satisfied with the other proof as a correct representation of her offspring! The children were of the same age—four months—and were dressed alike. Neither lady was deceived by the artist and he sent each the photographs of her own child and both are delighted.

Why the Trees Don't Grow. Some one is setting out young trees on the squares. From the way in which he does the work, it would appear that he is one of the laborers from the water commissioners' office. He treats the trees just as he would iron pipes. They are brought on the ground with roots well cut and devoid of earth or other covering. In order that the fine fibres may get perfectly dry, the trees are allowed to lie exposed to the sun and air for a day or two, until the man gets ready to plant them. Next year some people will wonder why so many young trees fail to grow. It will be something next to miraculous if any of them do show signs of life.

HOW THE BOOK GOES.

A Guaranteed Edition of 15,000 which will Probably Increase to 15,000.

"How does it boom?" Splendidly. Every large or small business concern in the city that understands the idea of the boom illustrated holiday number is going to be represented. There's no hesitation about the people of St. John in this respect. They have hailed the boom idea with pleasure, and are helping it along with heart and hand. Success to it, they say.

Some people are under the impression that the boom issue will sell for five or, perhaps, ten cents. There is no doubt it will be worth all that money, but the usual price—three cents—will only be charged. Newsboys and newsdealers will get them at the same rate as now, and make the same profit on each copy.

To the newsboys it will be a new Santa Claus. He will come in a new guise, but he will be none the less welcome.

Ten thousand copies was the issue intended and announced. Since then it has been found necessary to make arrangements for an edition of 12,000, owing to the large orders already received. Two King street merchants propose to dispose of 4000 copies between them. Another enterprising wholesaler has asked for 500 copies, another for 300 copies and the smaller orders bring the total extras up to 6000 copies. This added to our ordinary edition will make 11000 copies. This leaves only 1000 copies for the demand of the public. It looks as though the edition will have to be increased to 15000. Progress will try and supply the demand.

Here are some of the merchants who propose to let the outside world know they are very much alive and to the front in their business home:

T. McAvity & Sons.
Turner & Finlay.
Manchester, Robertson & Allison.
Macaulay Bros. & Co.
A. O. Skinner.
Harold Gilbert.
Taylor & Dockrill.
Thorne Bros.
T. H. Hall.
W. C. Fifield & Co.
S. Hayward & Co.
Jas. S. May & Son.
John Yassie & Co.
E. Estey, Allwood & Co.
Geo. Robertson & Co.
Maritime Warehousing Co.
T. William Bell.
Bell Cigar Factory.
Mitchell Bros.
Hunter, Hamilton & McKay.
Clark, Kerr & Thorne.
E. G. Nelson & Co.
London House (Wholesale).
Wm. Hawker.
Wm. Logan.
Weldon & McLean (Insurance).
R. W. W. Frink (Insurance).
Watson & Co.
London House (Retail).
Stephens & Figures.
E. E. Kenney.
Barry & MacLaughlan.
H. Horton & Son.
Joseph Finley.
Doroughy & Co.
T. Rankine & Sons.

There are two score of others who have expressed their wish to be included in the edition, but with whom no definite arrangement has been made.

To prevent any misapprehension and for the information of the public, the advertising rates may be given:

LEAD PENCILS

Lead Pencils Wholesale at McArthur's 80 King St.

Dolls With No Legs. "Have you any of those old fashioned wooden dolls that were used when I was a child?" asked a gentle appearing old lady. "I think so," was the reply, and straightway the proprietor produced an alarming collection of arms and legs.

"Oh dear! no, no, these are not what I mean. The dolls in my day hadn't any legs."

An Interesting Collection. A collection of photographs of the past and present commissioners of the General Public Hospital is being made by Dr. William Bayard. His own kindly face should have the place of honor.

"Progress" Isn't to Blame. A subscriber in Nashuaak village writes to inquire why it is that he doesn't receive his paper. Since it is sent out regularly from this office, the answer is easy: somebody steals it.

The St. John Opera House. The excavating work of the St. John opera house on Union street is going forward. This week's Royal Gazette contains the notice of granting letters patent to the company. This looks like business. Let her boom.

Woodcock Was an Editor, Once. The Rev. George H. Hepworth, D. D., who is a contributor to the columns of the New York Herald, has become joint editor, with Rev. C. B. Woodcock, of the New religious monthly called the Christian Standard, published in this city.—St. John Printer's Miscellany, October, 1876.

Rubber Dolls at McArthur's 80 King St.

Only Fifteen Hundred Ahead! Certain of St. John's distinguished visitors have found it quite a profitable place. Their hours of employment engage them only in the evening and they have the day to enjoy the splendid climate. The latest bulletin reports one of these temporary citizens \$1500 ahead of the boys.

BLUE BLOOD WILL TELL.

HEIRS AND NEXT OF KIN TO KINGS, DUKES AND LORDS.

Some St. John Citizens of Ancient and Noble Lineage—Tireless Eye is Fixed on Queen—Aristocracy who will Come to the Front Under Imperial Federation.

Not long ago, an application was received at Ottawa for a position as light-house keeper. The officials asked for references as to the character of the applicant, and were more than astonished when he referred them to Burke's Peerage. He was a blue-blood in the ordinary walks of life.

Somewhere on the bleak and barren coast of Labrador or on Dead Man's Isle, there is another light-keeper who came to Canada from France, a few years ago, with titles and riches. Having spent the latter, he had little use for the former. He went to work in the loneliest place he could find, and there he lives, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

These may seem to be exceptional instances. They are not. In our own province is some of the bluest of the blue blood. The descendants of ancient and noble, nay, even royal, families are much more common than would be supposed. As the gentle Thoreau might say, "the woods are full of them."

They do not wear their titles. They live and move among us as ordinary mortals. Nevertheless, their muniment chests contain quaint and curious papers which may some day be of use. Some day when Canada has its own peerage, the Herald's office will establish who of ancient right shall sit above the salt and who shall sit below.

Such a thing may happen. Not long ago the hereditary title of baronet was conferred on a Nova Scotia doctor who had absolutely no pedigree worth mentioning, and who had actually had a near relative who was a shoemaker in early life. Such a thing was enough to make the blue-blood burst the veins of the real nobility, but it did not. They took their revenge in another way.

That is to say, they had their pedigrees inserted in a certain Cyclopaedia of Biography, which is a Peerage and Landed Gentry combined in one.

It is a very fine volume, and a very readable one as well. It tells us just "who is who" in this little community of ours. It must tend to inspire the reader with an increased and profound respect for people whom he meets every day.

By all odds, the most ancient of the families in our midst is that represented by William A. Quinton, as he now calls himself, but whose true name appears to be St. Quentin. That is the way it was spelled, at least, when it was brought into England from France, when William the Conqueror came over with the St. Quentins by his side. In some of the old school histories there used to be a picture of the Conqueror landing on Albion's shores, accompanied by several men of majestic mien, on horseback. One of these must have been "the first or founder of the Quintin family in England, Sir Herbert St. Quentin, a companion in arms with William the Conqueror, who granted him the manor of Skispey and other lands in the county of North."

Long before the Conqueror was born, however, the Quintons appear to have been an ancient family in France. "The town of Quintin in Picardy was so called in honor of Quintin, an early Christian martyr." Probably the martyr could trace his pedigree back to the days when the book of Job was written. Perhaps one of the Quintons wrote it.

Sir Herbert St. Quentin was summoned to parliament in 1292, so that Mr. Quinton is not only a blue blood but an hereditary legislator as well. Going to parliament is something which runs in the family.

"The barony of St. Quentin passed through Grey, Fitzhugh and Parr to the Earl of Pembroke, descending from William St. Quentin, eldest surviving son of Edward II, and fourth in descent from the founder of the county." Thus it will be seen that the genial and popular legislator, who describes himself as "farmer and lumberman," and whom some people actually call "Billy," comes of a very noble race. The blood of a Christian martyr, of a chum of William the Conqueror, and of Edward II of England flows in his veins.

Blood will tell. Our Quinton of today is not only named after the intimate and royal friend of Sir Herbert St. Quentin, but he inherits Sir Herbert's ardor for arms. It is stated that he enlisted in the St. John militia when only 20 years of age, and has risen to be major in the force. During the civil war he visited the Southern states, but in what capacity, or what he did after he got there, his biographer omits to state.

Another man of very distinguished family is Mr. James Rourke, of St. Martins. He is described as a manufacturer, but he is also spoken of as "a descendant of O'Rourke, one of the kings of Ireland." When the Green Isle severs her bonds with Britain and re-establishes her ancient dynasty, it is possible that the heir to the throne will be found around Quaco ledges, and his name will be Rourke. It will be a great day for the Irish.

Adolphus George Beckwith, whom some folks profanely call "Doll," is another man of very distinguished ancestry. His grandmother was a cousin to Cardinal Richelieu

and aunt to L'abbe Ferland. His grandfather had dealings with Count de Chailly, and came very near owning a large part of the city of Montreal. He died before he got it, and it was a very cold day for the descendant of Richelieu.

Lennel Allan Currey, M. A., barrister at law, "belongs to a very ancient family, one of the founders being Earl Currey, who lived in the time of Cromwell and owned large estates in Leeds and vicinity." Mr. Currey has evidently imbibed a martial ardor from his very ancient ancestors, for it is related that "he attended the military school at Fredericton and took a certificate."

Dr. Daniel Edgar Berryman, like Mr. Currey, appears to belong to the old families of landed gentry rather than the nobility. No mention is made of his family at a date earlier than the time of Cromwell, in whose army the Berrymans marched.

Robert Thompson Clinch "is descended from an old Irish family of record in Ireland since the time of Edward II. His ancestors took an active part on the Stuart side, in the troublous times of James II. and William III." Some of the original Clinches were probably high in favor at the court of King O'Rourke, but the biographer neglects to say so.

Charles H. Lugin, of Fredericton, is a great, great grandson of Simeon Lugin, who was the son of Capt. Peter Moses Lugin, who lived in Switzerland in the 18th century and married Lady Benine Marguerite Rochat.

Dr. Foster MacFarlane of Fairville comes of what is rather a modern family as compared with the St. Quentins of Fairville. "The record of the family dates back to the beginning of the 13th century" only. "The family name of MacFarlane took its origin from a grandson of the Earl of Lennox, named Bartholomew, the Gaelic of which is Pharian, whose son was named MacPharlan, or son of Bartholomew. The seat of the Earl of Lennox was Dumbarton castle, which was held by their descendants, the MacFarlanes, at intervals, and for six centuries they held possession of their original lands." After prodigies of valor, including the defeat of Mary Queen of Scots, the country became too torrid for this illustrious family and it emigrated to Ireland.

The present descendant of the Earl of Lennox "first saw the light in a log cabin." This seems to have made him very humble for, when he went to Harvard Medical school, he felt he "was privileged to sit at the feet of such men as Professor Agassiz and Oliver Wendell Holmes." If Agassiz and Holmes had known the student's pedigree they would have felt that the privilege was theirs.

A little research shows that H. R. H. John Rourke and Sir William Quinton de St. Quentin are not the only ones who have royal blood in their veins. The Earles of Kings county are the lineal descendants of John Zobielski, king of Poland. H. R. H. Allen Otty Earle is the representative of the royal house of Poland in St. John, but H. R. H. Dr. Thomas John Otty Earle, of Queen's county, being the elder brother, would be the heir apparent to the throne were the dynasty to be restored.

A distinguished ancestry is that of St. John's honored and respected collector of customs. Mr. Ruel is a lineal descendant of Johann Ruhl, chancellor of the cardinal archbishop of Mayntz, the Elector Albert of Brandenburg, and also the favored councillor and representative of Count Mansfield, in 1540, at the diet of Nuremberg. Dr. Ruhl was the brother-in-law of Martin Luther, and was one of the chief and most honored guests at the great reformer's wedding. He was never addressed by the reformer but with the profoundest expressions of official respect and brotherly affection.

"Good morning, Dr. Ruhl." "Good morning, Martin," said the doctor kindly, showing the superiority of the Ruels over the Luthers.

The Ruhl family was also related to the Counts Fugger, of Kirchberg and Weisshorn, the head of which at the present time is the Prince of Babenhausen, who is related to Queen Victoria through the house of Hohenzollern Langenburg. Progress may add that Collector Ruel's position as an honored citizen and a most courteous official entitles him to as much esteem as does his undoubted line of distinguished ancestors.

Our own and only original E. Stone Wiggins has not much to boast of in the way of pedigree. He traces his ancestry no further back than 1630, when Capt. Thomas Wiggins was sent out from England as governor of one of the colonies. Hence, doubtless, the desire of our Wiggins to be the governor of the winds, waves and weather in general.

The Harris family, of Moncton, which includes the mysterious John L. and the versatile Kit, traces its ancestry to the Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth in 1620. Whether they "came out in the Mayflower," or had a ship of their own, is not stated.

This does not exhaust the list of distinguished families, others of whom may receive attention at a later date. The samples given are, however, very creditable for a young country. They show that we have the simon-pure nobility in our midst. Some men who are now looked on as very ordinary citizens may yet "come into their own," and wear their swords and their titles as of Divine right. Some day an emissary from Ireland or Poland may come here looking for a king. Some day Sir William Quinton de St. Quentin may wear the title which came over with the Conqueror 800 years ago.

MURDER IS HIS TRADE.

THE ALLEGED WHITECHAPEL KIDNAPER'S EARLY HISTORY.

Wholesale slaughter Carried on by Him in Paris, and No Punishment Meted Out for It—A Striking and Suggestive Word-picture of the King of Criminals.

A few weeks ago, while sitting in the cafe de Boulevard, I happened to look in an English newspaper. Suddenly my interest was awakened by a notice stating that the corpse of a young girl had been found in Whitechapel. She had evidently been murdered. Added to this was the statement that a few days ago a murder had taken place on the same spot under similar circumstances, which had caused great excitement among the lower classes of the population.

Involuntarily this newspaper notice brought my thoughts back to the time of my stay in Paris, years ago. At that time a series of most atrocious murders had filled all Paris with horror and indignation, and spurred the Parisian police on to a feverish activity. The fiendish deeds at that time had an astonishing similarity to the brutal murder, the account of which I had just read. The horrid mutilation of the body in all cases was the same. I, however, soon forgot that fearful coincidence, and would not have thought of it now, had not, some time afterward, the news of another horrible Whitechapel murder attracted my attention.

Then, again, those fearful reminiscences came with force to my mind, and I remembered all the circumstances as they were impressed upon it fifteen years before. My memory did not retain the name of the murderer, who afterward, not through the ability of the police, but more through an accident, had been brought to trial; but I remember that the murderer did not pay with his life for the fiendish deed, and the possibility that the same man had now regained his liberty shot into my head.

Was the same man, who was called "Sauveur des ames perdues" (Saver of Lost Souls) then by the people, still living and at liberty? The conclusion was terribly logical that he has begun his bloody activity now on the other side of the canal.

So the first thing I wanted to know was whether this man had regained his liberty. In my inquiries I found out that his name was Nicholas Wassily, and that the unfortunate had left the Russian city of Tiraspol, in the department of Cherson, where he had been imprisoned, since the 1st of January of this year.

This does not, however, yet prove the identity of the sauveur des ames perdues with the woman killer of Whitechapel, but it is perhaps a clue which will awaken interest the world over.

The following facts are gathered from diligent researches from acts of the Palais de Justice in Paris, and from the private lunatic asylum in Bayonne:

In the year 1872 there was a movement in the Orthodox Church of Russia against some sectarians, which caused a good deal of excitement. Some of the people who were menaced because of their religion, fled from the country. Most of them were peasants who, without many pangs, could take leave of their homes, where suffering stared them in the face on all sides.

Nicholas Wassily only left a good home. His parents were quite wealthy. They had had him well educated, and had even sent him to the college at Odessa. But Nicholas was a fanatic sectarian, and soon assumed the role of leader among them. The chief belief of his sect was the renunciation of all earthly joys in order to secure immortal life in Paradise after death. Members of the sect, whether male or female, were strictly forbidden having anything to do with the opposite sex.

Wassily fled to Paris. He was an excellent type of a Russian. He had a tall, elastic figure, a regular manly physiognomy, with burning, languishing eyes, and with a pale, waxen-like complexion. He soon avoided all contact with his countrymen. He took up a small lodging in the Quartier Moutfard, where all the poor and miserable of Paris live. Here he soon became a riddle to his neighbors.

He used to stay all day long in his room studying some large books. At nightfall he went out and wandered aimlessly through the streets until the morning dawned. He was often seen talking with abandoned women in the street and it soon became known that he followed a secret mission in doing so. That is why the voice of the people called him sauveur des ames perdues.

First he tried mild persuasion in speaking to the poor, fallen creatures. By the light of the street lanterns he lectured them, telling them to return to the path of virtue and give up their life of shame. When mere words had no effect he went so far as to put premiums on virtue, and gave large sums to the cocottes on condition that they commenced a new life.

Some of the women were really touched by his earnestness and promised to follow his advice. He could often be seen on the street corners preaching to gaudy nymphs, who bitterly shed tears. But this mission did not seem to be crowned with success. He often met girls, who had taken a holy oath that they would sin no more, again on the street.

Then there was a change. He would approach a woman, speak to her in a kindly

way and would follow her home. Then when alone with the helpless creature, he would take out a butcher knife, kneel on her prostrate body and force her to take a holy oath not to solicit again. He seemed to believe in these forced oaths and always went away seemingly happy.

One evening the sauveur des ames perdues, as usual, left his home. In the Rue de Richelieu he met a young woman. Not with that impertinent smile which leaves nobody in doubt about her vocation, but in a decent way she crossed his path. She had an elflike elegant figure and beautiful blue eyes.

Wassily was armed against the glances of women, but this girl's look seemed to make a deep impression on him. He spoke to her—she was a lost one, too—but not with brutal force. With kind sympathy he touched her so deeply that she told him the whole story of her life, the story of a poor parentless girl, whom a rough fate had torn from happiness and splendor into a world of misery and shame.

Wassily for the first time in his life fell in love with a woman. He procured her a place in a business house and paid liberally for her support, although he made her believe that she was supporting herself.

For several weeks the girl, who had some regard for her protector, kept straight in the path of virtue. But one day when Wassily visited her home, a thing he seldom did, and then only when an old guardian of hers was present, he found that she was gone.

She had left a letter to him, in which she said that, although thankful to him for all his kindness, her life was now too "ennuyant" for her, and that she preferred to be left alone.

Wassily was in a fearful mood after this. He wandered so restlessly through the streets as to awaken the attention of the constables. Eight weeks afterward he disappeared. At the same time Madeline, the woman whom he had supported, was found murdered in the quarter where she had formerly led a life of shame.

Two days afterward in a quiet side street of the Faubourg St. Germain the corpse of another murdered woman was found. Three days afterward a Phryne of the Quartier Moutfard was butchered at night time. All the murders were perpetrated in the same horrible way as those in Whitechapel. Jewels and everything of value on the corpse remained untouched. Five more victims were found butchered in the Arrondissement des Pantheon between the Boulevards St. Michel and de l'Hopital.

Then, in the Rue de Lyon an attack was made on a street girl, who had the chance to cry for help before she was strangled. A throng gathered, the police arrived, and the would-be murderer was captured. It was Nicholas Wassily. The mob wanted to lynch him, but he was protected.

When his trial was in progress his lawyer, Jules Glaunier, claimed that his client was insane. The jury decided that such was the case and Wassily was sent back to Russia, after a short stay in the private asylum of Bayonne. From Tiraspol he was released on Jan. 1 of this year.

This, in short, is the story I unearthed. Is Wassily the Whitechapel murderer? H. D'ALTONA.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Neil Warner, whose fortunes and misfortunes, acting and lack of acting, made the St. John public tolerably familiar with him some years ago, is marching through Georgia in *The Long Strike*.

The newest things in scenic effects are to be shown in Mrs. A. R. Wilbur's dramatization of *Mr. Meeson's Will*. Its initial production will be in New York, in January.

Dominick Murray takes the leading part in Daly's new melodrama, *The Undercurrent*, now on at Niblo's, New York. W. A. Whitecar is also in the cast.

A notable Shakespeare revival has been seen in New York this week, on the return of Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett to the city stage at the Fifth Avenue. *Othello* was given Monday night, with Booth as Iago and Barrett as Othello. No better representation of the play has been given in the last 20 years, it is said. The stage setting was new and complete, while the acting of the two renowned tragedians was well nigh perfection. *The Merchant of Venice* was produced Tuesday night. These plays will be on the boards next week as well.

Mary Anderson reappeared on the American stage, Tuesday night, at Palmer's theatre, New York, after an absence of two years. She is reviving *A Winter's Tale*, of which there have been few notable American productions.

IN THE FRONT RANK.

The St. John, N. B., "Progress" stands in the front rank of Canadian weeklies. There is about it a good, healthy atmosphere which is inspiring. It looks steadily on the bright side of things, and its readers are the better of perusing it. Its news and sketches and social gossip are served up in a racy, piquant style, its editorials are short and sensible, and the printed page is a model of typographical excellence. It is a new comer, non-political and with apparently good staying powers.—Toronto Empire

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CLASSES for beginners will open on TUESDAY, October 29th, as follows: Afternoon, Ladies, Masters and Misses, at 3.30; Ladies and Gentlemen at 8 o'clock, in the evening. Pupils must make application for terms. A. L. SPENCER, Teacher, Domville Building.

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STC

Piper w Filing o In a d (Shades) Softer m From

Fredrick Like a f O'er th Hauptht Echos f Mour

As I lie Backward Frankl And shon Rich in s Oles he

Glow worr And th Then die Peeling f Becks t

Dimpled Kisses o' At my r While th Swete d In soft e

Rising fro Comes a d Mid th As thot p Fancy led Down th

When the Waiting o' Glas eac Minstrel, f I shall wa On the h

TI

I had never seen and yet, the instant to me, I knew it was had not seen for the not since she had erick Wertheim, whose researches the whole scientific had been friends fr naturally expected embellished with little twists and cur from her as soon an envelope, despite letters, and I felt things, was amiss.

I broke the seal bore but two words "Paula."

Such a request fr order. I did not Paula and her h estate about six mil But my strolls had direction; it would i of my childhood tha but there, it does no size in this fashion. and I had to urge heavy fog. The ch lived was situated a alley of chestnut tre laced to form a lon entered this alley, i in the black circle, v cave of some terrible

shadowy mist, wh dared me to come p pression of this hallu that I drew rein and forward on my hors the profound darkne spurs deep in my ho into the unknown.

I was almost thro with which the hors for me was an iron g curiously-carved head curion-worker's skill, my strange illusion of And behind the twist stood Paula, awaiting her arms. Even in see that she was ver face showed signs of from the saddle, and raising to my lips the me.

Arrived at the porch ment as if listening, nothing, for she slow heavy door, which c close a heavily-carpete ment later we were room, lighted by candi ficial gleam upon our f "Listen."

They were the first nounced, and the ad me she had suffered de "I have summoned you are the friend of bond between us has b not broken. Three Frederick's wife. As a of him, whom they alrea as a being whom none won me with a word, I and I felt myself com My weakness leaped up was proud to bow before ed to dominate all thing matters because it is should understand all, f of your help."

"Why, what is the m erick dare?"

"Frederick is goodn me—but, I am afraid, above all things. Why tell you, if I could but i this fear which torments every night still more, is because it is inexplicab "Beh! Terror, fear, words," said I, lightly, t from feeling at ease.

"Words which sound nevertheless, which are reason, which awake dre do you smile? Do you mystery is stronger than In spite of myself, in s appeared. I felt I tumbled. Lowering my bel her in a gentler tone. told me: For six months the birth of her child then had held his vict soldier who feels his victo

gown nervous. C

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TITANE.

Piper with the rusty quill... Piper with the rusty quill... Piper with the rusty quill...

THE DRAMA IN KENTUCKY.

Two Newport men went over to see Booth and Barrett in "Othello" a few nights ago...

HOW ABOUT FAT?

Minister (to Bobby)—"So yesterday was your sixth birthday, was it, Bobby?"

AN IMPORTANT INVENTION.

"You women don't know when you are well off," sneered old Brown.

HE COULDN'T CHEW IN THEIR PALATE.

Rev. Mr. Simminton, a colored clergyman from New York, preached in the house of Mr. Scott, on Grove street, in Bloomfield, N. J., Sunday night.

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effort to rise, to hurl itself at us, perhaps, and then, powerless, suddenly collected with a flaccid sound like wet linen...

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A Ghost's Singular Prediction to a Wicked Woman. There is a family in Boston which suffers from a mysterious hereditary curse...

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PROGRESS.

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

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

Advertisements: Rates will be given on application. The edition 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.

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.

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, NOV. 17.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

OUR PERPETUAL THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving day comes seven times a week to PROGRESS. We felt no special accession of thankfulness on Thursday: there was no room for it. We contented ourselves with giving thanks, as we do daily.

Because in six months we have attained a larger circulation than any other paper save one in the maritime provinces; because the volume of our advertising patronage has doubled in our time;

because in scores of instances we have been able to reward honest merit and annihilate pretentious humbug; and, lastly, because as we advance the city moves forward and the whole province benefits.

To limit the giving of thanks to one day in the year, therefore, would seem to us a scant acknowledgment of our manifold blessings. Only on Thursday we glowed with warmer joy, to feel that every honest man's turkey gained a sweeter flavor from the fact that, since last Thanksgiving, PROGRESS has come—and come to stay.

VERY GOOD, INDEED. War has been declared between the board of health and the doctors.

The doctors have held an indignation meeting, in which they denounced the regulations compelling them to report infectious diseases.

They have insisted that the law is unjust to them, and has a tendency to increase disease.

The board has retaliated by making preparations to prosecute all who fail to make reports.

This war is a good thing. It will lead to some definite results. If the law is bad it can be amended. If it is good, it can be enforced. Anything is better than disagreement, uncertainty and want of action, where the public health is concerned. Let the good work go on.

In the meantime the scarlet fever appears to be on the decrease. This is the best thing of all.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE BOYCOTTED.

The latest indication of energy on the part of the Portland aldermen is said to be a resolution to boycott PROGRESS.

This momentous decision was formed at a caucus held after the adjournment of the council on Monday night.

Whether the meeting was held in one of the illegal gin mills to which certain members are in the habit of resorting after their labors, is not stated. Probably it was, but it makes no difference. The great and important fact remains that the edict was issued.

This is very sad. There are fourteen members of the council, including the mayor. There used to be sixteen, but two of them have been boycotted by the others and don't count at the present time.

All of the fourteen have been in the habit of reading PROGRESS regularly. Perhaps some of them have bought it more or less regularly. The rest have borrowed it from their neighbors or read it in the resorts which have the honor of their patronage.

Admitting, as a very liberal estimate, that seven of the fourteen have been buyers, the boycott means that these seven will buy no more. They will borrow or beg.

But they will all read it. They must do so. They have begun to take an interest in it, and it hasn't said half as much about them as it intends to say. They will find a great deal of instructive reading in its columns.

The only people who do not like it are shams and evil-doers, including men in public positions who are unfaithful to their trusts.

If the Portland aldermen are not in this category, they have nothing to fear. They may change their minds about the boycott.

But if they persist in their rash resolve—well, it means a clear loss to PROGRESS of fourteen cents a week, or \$7.28 per annum.

Capitalized, this means the interest on \$121.83 1/2 for one year at 6 percent. This is nearly as much as the property owners on Mount Pleasant offered to give toward repairing the street, and which was lost to the town because the aldermen quarrelled and did nothing.

Or it is about the interest, for three months, at the same rate, on the amount which it has cost, the rate-payers for damages and costs for the BUCKLE suit, which need not have been incurred had the aldermen been fit for their positions.

Or it is the interest for one day, possibly, on the amount which has been and is likely to be squandered, lost and wasted under the present system of doing and not doing.

So, gentlemen, you see the dire effects your boycott may cause to St. John's only non-partisan and independent paper. True, you will each save three cents a week by it, but what of that? You can more than recoup yourselves for the outlay on the next excursion of the bill committee.

But if you must boycott, why not wait until after PROGRESS has issued its great boom edition? Arrangements have been made to issue just 12,000 copies, and it would be awkward for us to have to allow for your boycott and issue only 11,993.

Consider, gentlemen, consider.

WORSE EVILS THAN MUD.

One of the minor cogs in the machine by which the city of Portland is run is called Alderman GEORGE R. VINCENT.

Mr. VINCENT is a funny man. He is not so comical as "LOX" CHESLEY, the Merry Andrew of the board, but he is quite funny enough to make the rest of the aldermen laugh.

He did so on Monday night, when he suggested that the editors of PROGRESS be requested to remove the mud from the streets, "as they would then be in their natural element."

If the mud in question were the great crying evil of Portland, the men who removed it would be entitled to the thanks of the people. Unfortunately, though Mr. VINCENT's mind may not be able to grasp the fact, there are worse things than mud around the unfortunate and misgoverned city.

One of these is a board of aldermen which, when in session, has about as much dignity as a cage of monkeys.

Mr. VINCENT is one of that board. The board is composed of men who conduct their debates in a spirit of childish wrangling, in which those who seem to know the least insist on having the most to say.

Mr. VINCENT is one of those men. The board has upon it certain lawyers whose interest it is that the city shall have litigation, out of which such firms as CURRY & VINCENT shall pocket costs for which the people are taxed.

Mr. VINCENT is one of those lawyers. That is not all. The affairs of the city are in the hands of a clique which is known as the CHESLEY combination. This clique is not as bad as the TWEED ring in New York, because men with the brains of TWEED, CONNOLLY and SWEENEY have not yet been elected to the council. But it is bad enough, in all conscience.

Mr. VINCENT is one of that clique. It has quarrelled and wrangled about trifles until the departments have become demoralized. Work is neglected, money is wasted, lawsuits are incurred and the taxes are unduly increased. The other night an old bill came in accompanied by a threat of suit. No one knew anything about it, because it had been dealt with under the clique's peculiar and abominable system. One of the CHESLEYS proposed that the council let it be sued, the tax payers to pay the costs, of course.

This might have been grist to Mr. VINCENT'S mill. No, Mr. VINCENT, the chief thing to be cleared up in Portland is not the mud on the streets. There are more unsavory things in and around the council chamber. And when the great and general cleaning up is made and the refuse removed, you, Mr. VINCENT, may be found somewhere in the heap.

PROGRESS will see you later, Mr. VINCENT.

A MODEL FOR BOSTON.

A Boston paper tells of the dismissal of seven members of the police force of that city, for sleeping in a barn at the West End when they were supposed to be on duty. One of them had done police duty for 25 years, and had retired in a regular manner would have received a pension of \$400 a year. But he was dismissed.

Boston, like every other place, differs from Portland, N. B. If a Portland policeman were accused of—much more discharged for—sleeping in a barn at midnight he would be highly indignant. A barn is too uncomfortable to be a favored resting-place for the Portland "copper." He spends his spare time with his friends who are in the liquor business.

By the way, Captain RAWLINGS, would it not be a good idea to write to the Boston authorities and tell them how to run a police force? If your system could be adopted there, the officers would be very grateful.

Perhaps it was just as well that the Young Men's Christian association's prayer-meeting was postponed to give Mother Goose a chance. The prayer of a man who preferred Mother Goose to the Gospel wouldn't rise much higher than his own head, anyway.

The gentlemen of the pilot commission who lose no opportunity to remind shippers of breaches of the rules should turn their observant eyes upon some of the pilots of the port. It is not long since one pilot

WOMEN AND MEN.

My friend the Philosopher was in a garrulous mood, the other day. As usually happens, I fell victim to it. When he burst in upon me I was elaborating a brilliant editorial explaining how Cleveland didn't get elected, and on my desk was a memorandum of a half-dozen paragraphs that I intended to write. Man proposes, etc. The Philosopher has a habit of tearing paper into bits while he discourses, and I didn't recall that fact in time to save my manuscript. I think I gained its value from the destroyer, who stayed by me for an hour, and talked at the top of his voice all the time. His remarks—though as "loud" as his voice—were rather original, and I decided to risk shocking my readers and fill a column with some of his oddities:

"Have you picked out your second wife?" he began, in tones that made the windows rattle. "Don't blush. I have. Saw her not ten minutes ago. If the dear woman who has mothered my children should die, I don't think I could ever bring myself to marry again; but if I did, I know who would be number 2. On second thought, though, do I? I can recall at this moment no less than six women who would be delightful life-companions. Somewhere in the world there are probably a thousand more who would prove quite as congenial.

"When I hear a man declare that he could never be happy with any woman other than the one who bears his name, I conclude that she is a slave or he is an ass. A self-respecting gentleman, abreast with the thought of his time, but above all blessed with a good digestion and an even temper—in short, a man who can associate on equal terms with the best of the other sex—holds no such narrow view. He doesn't require a woman to fall down and worship him: and he knows that between such equals love is an intellectual passion and not to be limited.

"Marriage aside, the crying need of the age is that our women should know how to use a revolver. When my little girls have grown a year or two older, I shall set up a target in the basement and make them practice at it every afternoon. If they have to go out in the evening, unaccompanied, and are insulted by a loafer—as they doubtless will be—they will then be able to reply to him in fitting terms. I tell you, my son, the sight of a rowdy with a 44-calibre bullet in him would do this town more good than a business boom.

"That rowdy would be worth money, too—after he was dead. We could ship him into Maine and get \$35 for him. Doubt it? Here's a letter from one Maine physician to another, which came into my hands, the other day:

Dear Doctor:—I cannot give you the names of parties in New York, or elsewhere, but I can see to it that you obtain a subject. The price will be \$35, you pay the express charges.

Respectfully yours,

"There's a suggestion for a good, lively article. Any newspaper would print it. If you want to strike at higher game, translate the letter into Latin, apply the story to a past century, and the literary morgues that call themselves popular magazines will jump at it.

"Speaking of the magazines, let me tell you that I shall add to my income, henceforth, by writing poetry for them. Sir, I have plumbed my alleged intellect and I have discovered that I can beat the magazine poets on their own ground! Obscurity and jingle are the editors' requisites, you know. Well, sir, here is a little thing I knocked off, the other day, that will make Browning and Tennyson bump their heads together:

To Sweet Music. Swing and ring, O bells of evening! Toll the death-knell of my Love— He who died with smiling face— Buried 'neath mine own disgrace— Ring! around, afar, above! Tell the world thou ring'st for Love— Sought another place!

Yet once more! but sadly murmur Through the waiting listening air: Love was once as calm as Peace— (How can such rapt rapt cease!)— Love was Life and Life was fair: Life has breathed a grosser air— Love has gained release!

"By the modern standard that is worth \$50," vociferated the Philosopher as he picked up six valuable exchanges and turned towards the door, "and I can write as good a poem every morning before breakfast!" LEON.

His Cause for Thanksgiving.

Mr. Donovan, of King street east, went down town to see a man on Thanksgiving eve, leaving two quarters of beef hanging outside of his shop. A press of business detained him until 9 or 10 o'clock the next morning, and the beef hung all night within reach of thieves. No one molested it, probably from ignorance of the fact that it was there. That is why Mr. Donovan had good cause for thanksgiving.

Dr. Hopper's Home Burned.

Letters received in this city, a few days ago, by the friends of Dr. Hopper, now in Sacramento, Cal., contain the intelligence that, Sunday, morning, three weeks ago, as he and his family returned from service, they found their home being rapidly destroyed by fire. It was burned to the ground. There was no insurance.

WOMEN AND MEN.

The board of aldermen met this week and decided, after an interesting discussion, that the supplies for the ferry department should be obtained in the same way as those of other civic departments. The decision was wise, just and in accordance with the course taken by this paper. Every reform of this nature is a gain to the city. There are some others to be accomplished. The sooner the council effect them, the better for the people.

Secretary MARCH informed the Board of School Trustees, Tuesday, that 817 children belonging to the east-side schools are kept at home at present because of personal sickness, disease in the house or fear of infection. "On the whole, therefore," he sapiently concluded, "it will be seen that the number of cases of contagious disease is not sufficient to alarm anybody." Of course not.

The New York Herald estimates that the presidential election cost the United States \$500,000,000. It was about as destructive and wasteful as a civil war—and it has to be fought over again every four years. Who wants to be annexed?

The projectors of the St. John Exhibition might have saved a good deal of space to the daily papers if they had adopted the city directory as the list of their committee.

The bluff weir was appropriately named. It has caught a good deal of "bluff"—and very few fish.

The Maggie M. has gone to the bottom. So has the old system of purchasing coal for the ferry.

PEN AND PRESS.

Charles A. Dana, like his political party, has gone to a warm climate. The great editor's destination is Havre.

The editor of the Globe is reported to have said that he expects to leave the end of the "Ipsa, Ipsa, Ipsum" letters as a legacy to his children. By the way, there is talk of calling a chapel meeting in the composing room to protest about the matter. There is no "phat" in and about it and the "copy" is said to be condemnable.

One of the recent changes in the Boston Globe is the withdrawal of Clement M. Hammond, who has purchased an interest in the New York Press. Hammond has had the title of assistant managing editor, but as a matter of fact he has been quite as near Great Mogul Taylor as managing editor Fowle. There is nothing peculiar in the fact that he leaves a responsible position on a democratic paper to take another on a republican one. As Hammond views matters, one party is as bad as the other and they are all bad enough. He has been a "democrat for revenue only," like his chief, but on different principles.

E. C. Carrigan, who died on a train in the West, the other day, was a bright newspaper man eight or ten years ago. He attained his first distinction in the famous Phair murder case in 1877. Phair, it will be remembered by old-timers, was convicted of killing a woman and sentenced to be hanged. The day before he was to be executed Carrigan, believing him innocent, sent the reasons for such belief to the Boston Globe. The story attracted the attention of a man in Boston who suddenly remembered that he could prove an alibi for the prisoner. Telegrams were sent to Montpelier and a respite was granted a few minutes before the hour for the execution. In the succeeding two years Carrigan spent about \$700 in endeavoring to prove the innocence of the accused, but Phair was hanged at last. The gallows on which he died was put up for him on four different occasions. Carrigan was on several other notable cases for the Globe and Journal. Of late his attention had been given to the cause of free education for the people. He had been for several years a law partner of Gen. Butler. "Ned" was a warm-hearted fellow, and he was one who made friends wherever he went.

"Fishing" for Christmas Presents.

"Yes, Christmas is coming, and I dread it," said a Sunday-school teacher, the other day. "Last year, the young ladies in my class made me a present of a gold-headed cane, and this year I shall have to bankrupt myself to make each of them a gift in return. Three years ago, they began it by giving me an article that had little intrinsic value, but which I prized very highly, as expressing their esteem. I reciprocated. There are twelve girls in my class, and it cost me \$35. For once, in a way, I did not mind the expense, but this year I do. I've grown suspicious, too, and inclined to wish that this method of 'throwing a sprat to catch a whale' could be abolished. It isn't properly a part of the Christmas festival, anyway."

Best makes of pianos and organs for sale and to hire at BELL'S, No. 25 King street.

Be Comfortable.

Blankets. Blankets. Blankets. Blankets. Blankets. Blankets. SEE THE VALUES AT BARNES & MURRAY'S, IN Blankets and Comfortables. 17 CHARLOTTE STREET. New CROCKERY Store. C. MASTERS WILL OPEN THE STORE No. 94 King Street, IN A FEW DAYS with a Full Line of China, Crockery, Glass, Lamps and Lamp Goods. Irresistible Bargains! WHERE? AT WALTER SCOTT'S, 32 and 36 KING SQUARE.

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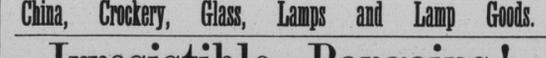
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And the H. Brunswel club—Wes Jottings. This cert and all the powders are have them s their dress wherever it to excess an to "mix" th tremely dis afflicted w nerves. I always h ally smokers having their saving this f found this a all the part shown this w fragrance. I will have an pine and dri course send placed befor changeable g and an appro with pretty c to be placed on a book-rest o A mat or l canvass work hued berlins, fashioned out length of k tacked together soft, fluffy b layers of batt of spiced flow beautiful. Innumera are being n The outside o silk white the cream, laven crockable tin, great may be w the lining mu of cashmere. Large wood and decorated A large fleecy ring, which is man who has hanging a tow Mrs. Blacky delighted to se them once mo Mrs. Roberts It is a notice evening dress not cut very d upper part of only the chest Antoinette fish bodices, and g to them—Ez. The Misses an extended tr have visited m A riding wri or leather or and black, in w watch, with a pretty novelt counters. Mr. H. V. through St. A Mr. William his room at the illness, but his know that he is The Italians buttons and se They are made of shell of a sh of a large com Mr. and Mrs. ericson, spent Mrs. John W ing a few weeks city, left Thurs in Boston. The newest l gentlemen's sm and small are th only to small fr to be strictly avo large-headed w Miss Palmer Prince Edward Mrs. S. Girva her mother, in E Fringes are ap used on all the Miss Perley, of of Sunbur candidates for tions this week. Large bu ton trimming the en the rage, and fo famed. Thanksgiving Nearly everybo morning and the Robtessay was ent that went from evening in merry The many frie Carleton, will be tended departure where she will re The much-talk Carleton Presby Wednesday evening of Mr. John King was solemnized charming in a ta myrtle green, w of the church, at with a handsome Ring left for Ne spend some two



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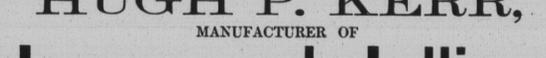
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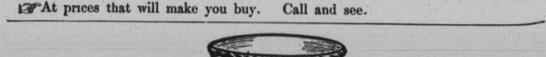
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STERS THE STORE ing Street, with a Full Line of rmps and Lamp Goods. Bargains!

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN CITY

AND THE HAPPENINGS ELSEWHERE IN NEW BRUNSWICK—CELESTIAL TALK—MONKTON SOCIETY—WOODSTOCK WHISPERS AND BORDER JOTTINGS.

This certainly is the age of perfumery, and all the most delicate, fragrant, aromatic powders are in great demand. Ladies have them sprinkled between the linings of their dresses, wraps, furs, and indeed wherever it is possible, but some carry this to excess and show a regrettable tendency to "mix their perfumes," which is extremely disagreeable to those who are afflicted with over-sensitive olfactory nerves.

I always had the idea that men—especially smokers—had a decided objection to having their belongings savor of anything saving their pet weed. However, I've found this to be a very erroneous idea for all the party-finished Christmas tokens shown this week vie with each other in fragrance. One very pretty fire-green will have an interlining of finely-plucked pine and dried rose leaves, which will of course send forth a delicious smell when placed before the fire. The screen, of changeable gold and crimson silk, is large and an appropriate design is being worked with pretty chenilles and silks. This will be placed on a stand, which also serves as a book-rest or small easel.

A mat or hearth rug is made of strong canvass worked or filled in with richly-hued berfins, after the manner of the old-fashioned ottoman. The lining is a sample length of lovely carpeting. These are tacked together and edged round with soft, fluffy border. Between are placed layers of batting and down, with quantities of spiced flowers and sandal wood. It is beautiful.

Innumerable chest and shirt protectors are being made for the society boys. The outside of these is generally of black silk while the part next the shirt is of white, cream, lavender, or any pretty hand-embroidered tint, on which the monogram or crest may be worked or painted. Of course the lining must contain a faint suggestion of cashmere.

Large wooden rings are also being painted and decorated to be suspended by ribbons. A large fleecy towel is pulled through the ring, which is hung in the room of the lazy man who has an objection to folding or hanging a towel.

Mrs. Blackwell's numerous friends were delighted to see her kindly presence among them once more. She is with her mother, Mrs. Robertson, Dorchester street.

It is a noticeable fact that most of the evening dresses worn so far this season are not cut very décolleté. The shoulders and upper part of the arms are covered, and only the chest and throat exposed. Marie Antoinette fuchsia are worn with décolleté bodies, and give this modest appearance to them.—Ez.

The Misses Knodell have returned from an extended trip to the states, where they have visited many of the principal cities. A riding wristlet or bracelet of chamois or leather or linked metal, in various colors and black, in which is enclosed a small watch, with an open face, is one of the pretty novelties shown at the jewel and fan counters.

Mr. H. V. Cooper is enjoying a trip through St. Andrews and St. Stephen. Mr. William Magee has been confined to his room at the Dufferin, through a severe illness, but his many friends will be glad to know that he is recovering.

The Italians are making some very pretty buttons and sending them to this country. They are made by hand in Venice, and are of shell of a shrimp pink color, the lining of a large conch shell called the "King."

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Vanwart, of Fredericton, spent Wednesday in the city. Mrs. John Wright, who has been spending a few weeks among her friends in the city, left Thursday morning for her home in Boston.

The newest bonnets somewhat resemble gentlemen's smoking caps, so flat, round and small are they. These are becoming only to small and pretty faces, and should be strictly avoided by the moon-faced and large-headed woman.

Miss Palmer is expected home from Prince Edward Island today. Mrs. S. Girvan spent Thanksgiving with her mother, in Fredericton.

Fringes are again in vogue and are being used on all the newest evening dresses. Miss Parley, daughter of Hon. Mr. Parley, of Sunbury county, was among the candidates for the civil service examinations this week.

Thanksgiving day passed off very quietly. Nearly everybody went to church in the morning and the Institute in the afternoon. Rotheray was enlivened by two gay parties that went from the city, and passed the evening in merry dancing and social games.

The many friends of Mrs. H. Barr, of Carleton, will be sorry to hear of her intended departure, next week, for Montreal, where she will remain during the winter.

The much-talked-of first wedding in the Carleton Presbyterian church came off on Wednesday evening last, when the marriage of Mr. John Ring and Miss Nellie Evans was solemnized. The bride, who looked charming in a tasteful travelling costume of myrtle green, was presented by the trustees of the church, at the close of the ceremony, with a handsome Bible. Mr. and Mrs. Ring left for New York, where they will spend some two or three weeks.

CELESTIAL TALK. FREDERICTON, Nov. 14.—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hilyard entertained a number of their friends at their pleasant residence on Maryland hill on Thursday evening last. "Dancing was the principal amusement during the evening. Owing to the unpleasantness of the night there was not as many present as were expected, but those who were there had a very enjoyable time.

Allen received her guests in a cream colored dress, simply but prettily made. Mrs. E. H. Allen entertained a few friends to tea at her residence, on St. John street, last evening.

By the way, I believe I forgot to tell you that an election booth which was made between two Moncton men, and was, I think, fully as amusing as any we have read about in the American papers. In case of Mr. Harrison being elected, a well-known jeweller engaged to carry an equally well-known insurance agent from the sugar refinery to the railway station. I do not know whether the middle of the street was specified as the scene of action or not, but I do know that the insurance agent is a large man, and the jeweller—well, the jeweller is not large. The wagon was not carried out to the bitter end, but I was given to understand that it was the former who cried "peccavi," as the sugar refinery and the station being a full mile apart, he did not care to wantonly risk his life.

Mr. Edward Cogswell, of Sackville, was in town Saturday. Miss Grace Chandler, of Dorchester, spent a short time in town Monday. Miss Chandler was returning from her visit to St. John.

Mrs. R. A. Borden and Miss Tweedie left for St. John this afternoon. They will be the guests of Mrs. Borden's sister, Mrs. R. A. Koach, during their stay in the city. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Power returned Monday from Halifax, where they have been spending a fortnight's vacation with relatives.

Mr. Herbert Arnold's many friends were glad to welcome him back to his old post in town Saturday.

Miss Louise McLaughlin, of St. John, is here visiting her aunt, Mrs. Capt. Akerley. Mrs. William Allen, of this city, went to St. John on Monday, where she will spend ten days with her sister, Mrs. Payne.

Mrs. John Black has returned from her visit to St. John, and will take part in "Christie's Old Organ," tomorrow evening. Mrs. Smith, of Sussex, is here visiting at the residence of Mr. Brown, Westmoreland street.

Miss Hume has been visiting friends in St. John. She returned home last week. Messrs. Beckwith, Vavasour and Burkhardt were down on the Oromocto duck shooting one day last week. They had their usual success.

Mrs. Vanbuskirk is receiving her friends this week at the residence of Mrs. Joseph Phillips, Regent street. Miss Phillips is receiving with her.

Miss Murray, of Springhill, will leave for St. John, next week, where she will make her home. The many friends of Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley are looking forward to having them back in the Celestial city very soon.

Mrs. Judge Steadman has been quite ill since her return from New York. Miss Wark, of Salamanca, is spending a few days in St. John.

Mrs. Hill is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Morrison, jr., on St. John street. Mr. Samuel Owen presented the Metropolitan with a very large portrait of his Lordship, in a handsome gilt frame; it has been hung in the vestry of the cathedral.

I have just heard of a new engagement—a very popular and genial widower, a merchant on Queen street, to one of Fredericton's numerous widows.

Mr. Parkin arrived home on the 3 o'clock train this afternoon. The pupils of the High school went out to the train en masse, to welcome him home again.

The ladies of St. Paul's church are going to have a course of lectures this winter. Dr. Macrae, Rev. L. G. Macneil, of St. John, and Prof. Stockley, are among those who have already consented to deliver lectures in this course.

Mrs. Capt. Powis, of Springhill, met with a serious accident last evening. Whilst she and her husband were driving to town, their carriage collided with that of the Rev. Mr. Dobson, upsetting it, and the Capt. and Mrs. Powis were thrown out, the latter receiving serious injuries.

The football match is the only thing I have heard of in the way of amusement. MONKTON SOCIETY.

MONKTON, Nov. 14.—This week I have to chronicle the death of a very charming and popular Monkton lady, Mrs. Dr. Bourque. I told you last week there was little hope of her recovery, and on Wednesday night she died. It is about five years since Mrs. Bourque came among us as a bride, and since then she had endeared herself to a very large circle of friends. She was an accomplished singer and a leading member of St. Bernard's choir, and to unusual graces of person she added an amiability of disposition which made friends for her wherever she went. It seems so hard that in gathering "the bearded grain" death should not spare "the flowers between." Mrs. Bourque was so young that she seemed little more than a girl, and Dr. Bourque and his four little children have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community. The funeral took place on Friday morning and was largely attended notwithstanding the heavy rain and the terrible condition of the roads. The remains were first taken to St. Bernard's church, which was draped in deepest mourning for the occasion, and requiem high mass was celebrated by the Rev. H. A. Meahan, assisted by Fathers Cormier of St. Joseph's college, Ouellette, of Shediac, and Belliveau of Fox creek. The interment took place in Fox creek cemetery.

Mr. P. C. Elliott, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, who has been taking the place of Mr. Arnold during the latter's illness, was recalled to the head office last week, and left for Halifax Thursday morning, to the great regret of his Monkton friends.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Dickson, of Sackville, paid a short visit to Monkton last week, on their return from a three weeks trip to the United States. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Chapman.

Mr. E. L. Ford, of Sackville, one of the recently admitted attorneys-at-law, was in town Thursday. Mrs. Thompson, of Newcastle, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. E. Stewart.

Miss Peters, of Dorchester, made a short stay in town last week, the guest of Mrs. S. V. McKean. Mrs. J. L. Harris returned, last Saturday, from her trip to Boston. Miss Harris will remain in the bright American city for some little time longer.

Mr. C. J. Osman, of Hillsboro, was in town Saturday. Miss Dibble, of Fredericton, is in town, visiting Mrs. Binney and Mrs. Dr. Jacobs.

By the way, I believe I forgot to tell you that an election booth which was made between two Moncton men, and was, I think, fully as amusing as any we have read about in the American papers. In case of Mr. Harrison being elected, a well-known jeweller engaged to carry an equally well-known insurance agent from the sugar refinery to the railway station. I do not know whether the middle of the street was specified as the scene of action or not, but I do know that the insurance agent is a large man, and the jeweller—well, the jeweller is not large. The wagon was not carried out to the bitter end, but I was given to understand that it was the former who cried "peccavi," as the sugar refinery and the station being a full mile apart, he did not care to wantonly risk his life.

Mr. Edward Cogswell, of Sackville, was in town Saturday. Miss Grace Chandler, of Dorchester, spent a short time in town Monday. Miss Chandler was returning from her visit to St. John.

Mrs. R. A. Borden and Miss Tweedie left for St. John this afternoon. They will be the guests of Mrs. Borden's sister, Mrs. R. A. Koach, during their stay in the city. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Power returned Monday from Halifax, where they have been spending a fortnight's vacation with relatives.

Mr. Herbert Arnold's many friends were glad to welcome him back to his old post in town Saturday.

Miss Louise McLaughlin, of St. John, is here visiting her aunt, Mrs. Capt. Akerley. Mrs. William Allen, of this city, went to St. John on Monday, where she will spend ten days with her sister, Mrs. Payne.

Mrs. John Black has returned from her visit to St. John, and will take part in "Christie's Old Organ," tomorrow evening. Mrs. Smith, of Sussex, is here visiting at the residence of Mr. Brown, Westmoreland street.

Miss Hume has been visiting friends in St. John. She returned home last week. Messrs. Beckwith, Vavasour and Burkhardt were down on the Oromocto duck shooting one day last week. They had their usual success.

Mrs. Vanbuskirk is receiving her friends this week at the residence of Mrs. Joseph Phillips, Regent street. Miss Phillips is receiving with her.

Miss Murray, of Springhill, will leave for St. John, next week, where she will make her home. The many friends of Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley are looking forward to having them back in the Celestial city very soon.

Mrs. Judge Steadman has been quite ill since her return from New York. Miss Wark, of Salamanca, is spending a few days in St. John.

Mrs. Hill is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Morrison, jr., on St. John street. Mr. Samuel Owen presented the Metropolitan with a very large portrait of his Lordship, in a handsome gilt frame; it has been hung in the vestry of the cathedral.

I have just heard of a new engagement—a very popular and genial widower, a merchant on Queen street, to one of Fredericton's numerous widows.

Mr. Parkin arrived home on the 3 o'clock train this afternoon. The pupils of the High school went out to the train en masse, to welcome him home again.

The ladies of St. Paul's church are going to have a course of lectures this winter. Dr. Macrae, Rev. L. G. Macneil, of St. John, and Prof. Stockley, are among those who have already consented to deliver lectures in this course.

Mrs. Capt. Powis, of Springhill, met with a serious accident last evening. Whilst she and her husband were driving to town, their carriage collided with that of the Rev. Mr. Dobson, upsetting it, and the Capt. and Mrs. Powis were thrown out, the latter receiving serious injuries.

The football match is the only thing I have heard of in the way of amusement. MONKTON SOCIETY.

MONKTON, Nov. 14.—This week I have to chronicle the death of a very charming and popular Monkton lady, Mrs. Dr. Bourque. I told you last week there was little hope of her recovery, and on Wednesday night she died. It is about five years since Mrs. Bourque came among us as a bride, and since then she had endeared herself to a very large circle of friends. She was an accomplished singer and a leading member of St. Bernard's choir, and to unusual graces of person she added an amiability of disposition which made friends for her wherever she went. It seems so hard that in gathering "the bearded grain" death should not spare "the flowers between." Mrs. Bourque was so young that she seemed little more than a girl, and Dr. Bourque and his four little children have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community. The funeral took place on Friday morning and was largely attended notwithstanding the heavy rain and the terrible condition of the roads. The remains were first taken to St. Bernard's church, which was draped in deepest mourning for the occasion, and requiem high mass was celebrated by the Rev. H. A. Meahan, assisted by Fathers Cormier of St. Joseph's college, Ouellette, of Shediac, and Belliveau of Fox creek. The interment took place in Fox creek cemetery.

Mr. P. C. Elliott, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, who has been taking the place of Mr. Arnold during the latter's illness, was recalled to the head office last week, and left for Halifax Thursday morning, to the great regret of his Monkton friends.

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MACAULAY BROS. & CO.,

61 and 63 King Street.

Plain, Smooth Finish BEAVER CLOTHS, With Fleecy Back.

The great demand for this line necessitated our sending a Cable order for same in all the New Leading Colors to Match Costume Cloths. They are now opened and in Stock.

BROADCLOTH FINISHED COSTUME CLOTH, in new Green, Myrtle Green, Terra Cotta, AND ALL LEADING SHADES.

Our stock of Combination and Plain Dress Fabrics is large and varied. CURL CLOTH IN ALL COLORS FOR CHILDREN'S COATS.

Blanketings in all Colors;

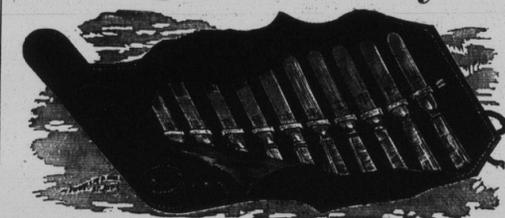
Blanketings in Fancy Stripes.

QUILTED SKIRTS, in Lustre, Italian and Satin.

ENGLISH FELT SKIRTS; KNITTED SKIRTS; CHAMOIS SKIRTS; CHAMOIS VESTS without Sleeves; Ladies' and Children's Lambswool and Merino UNDERWEAR.

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"XYLONIK" HANDED CUTLERY. Ivory imitated as closely as to deceive the sharpest eye.

Largest stock of Cutlery in the city. Prices low. Inspection invited.

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Rattan & Reed Chairs,

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF THE NEWEST STYLES. PARLOR SUITES,

At all Prices, from \$35 up.

CURTAIN POLES, PILLOW-SHAM HOLDERS, SIDEBOARDS, HATTREES.

Our assortment of BEDROOM SETTS cannot be equalled at the prices.

C. E. BURNHAM & SONS, 83 & 85 Charlotte St., - St. John.



Ranges and Cooking Stoves.

A FULL LINE OF THE ABOVE INCLUDING THE

CLIMAX,

the leading RANGE in the market. Every one warranted.

COOKING STOVES—Wood and Coal;

HEATING STONES—In great variety;

FRANKLINS, TIDIES, RED CLOUDS, MASCOTS, SILVER MOON, ETC.

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Repairs Promptly Attended To.

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ALFRED ISAACS.

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JENNINGS, The Bookseller,

171 UNION STREET,

Will open his BRANCH STORE, 259 BRUSSELS STREET, (opposite Brunswick street, THIS (Saturday) EVENING, Nov. 10th, with a large stock of Toys, Fancy Goods, School Books, the Daily Papers, etc.

D. J. JENNINGS, - - - 171 Union and 259 Brussels Streets.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Use like any other. One Pill Does. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills. One box sent post paid for 50 cts., or five boxes for \$2 in stamps. 50 Pills in every box.

Make New Rich Blood!

STOP That Cough!

ENGLISHMAN'S COUGH MIXTURE

Is the most certain and speedy remedy FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE CHEST AND LUNGS,

For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Influenza, Difficulty of Breathing, Spitting Blood, Loss of Voice, &c.

This Mixture gives almost instantaneous relief, and properly persevered in SCARCELY EVER FAILS to effect a cure. It has now been tried for many years; has an established reputation, and many thousands have been benefited by its use.

COUGHS AND COLDS

should always have rational treatment, and never be neglected. Such trifling ailments are too often SOLEMN WARNINGS OF CONSUMPTION,

which may be cured or prevented by timely using ENGLISHMAN'S COUGH MIXTURE. This popular remedy is infallible! It is highly praised by thousands of persons who have tried its wonderful efficacy, and strongly recommended as the best remedy ever known for speedily and permanently removing Coughs, Colds and all Pulmonary Diseases.

Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all Druggists and General Dealers. Every bottle bears our signature on the label.

T. B. BARKER & SONS, Sole Proprietors.

GRAND Millinery Sale

—OF THE— FINEST MILLINERY GOODS,

—AND— SALE WITHOUT RESERVE.

Trimmed and Untrimmed Bonnets and Hats AT UNHEARD OF PRICES.

Those having not yet purchased would do well to visit

MME. KANE'S Store,

205 UNION STREET, where they are certain to be suited.

1888. FALL and WINTER 1888.

Just Received per steamer "Daima"— LATEST LONDON STYLES

Stiff and Soft Felt Hats.

CHILDREN'S FLUSH CAPS; O'SHANTER CAPS; HAVLOCK CAPS; ALMA CAPS; CORIMBOY in all colors.

Ladies' and Gent's CLOTH Caps in newest shapes. Ladies' and Gent's GLOVES in Kid, Buck, Fur, Woolen, etc.

Low Prices. ROBT. C. BOURKE & CO., 61 Charlotte street.

Dispensing of Prescriptions.

Special Attention is given to this very important branch.

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

Prices low.

WM. B. McVEY, Dispensing Chemist, 185 Union Street.

Oysters. Oysters.

—IN STORE— 65 bbls. Hand-Picked P. E. I. Oysters; 10 kegs Pickled Pigs' Feet; 5 " Spiced Lambs' Tongues.

J. ALLAN TURNER'S, No. 3 North side King square.

OYSTERS delivered on the half shell. Orders for hotels and families promptly attended to and shelled to order.

THE LATEST SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS.

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

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

A New Life of Shelley. Within the last year or two there have been most valuable additions to our store of Shelley literature. The most important of these works is, of course, the monumental Life by Prof. Dowden, which sets at rest many severely disputed questions, and which must forever remain the final authority as to the particulars of Shelley's career. Prof. Dowden's work, however, is too extended for the general reader. It is interesting, but more interesting is the work before us. Interesting is too mild a term for this work of M. Rabbe; it is fascinating. At the same time it is full enough for anyone but the specialist; and its accuracy is unimpeachable, as it depends frankly on Prof. Dowden's verdict in disputed cases. M. Rabbe is in closest sympathy with his subject, whom he reverences and is not afraid to acknowledge as the greatest of English poets since Milton. This view is one which still excites loud opposition; but I am very confident that future generations will accept it without question.

How directly counter to common opinion is this estimate by M. Rabbe—an estimate which will find, I think, no one dissenter among those who have made a full and intelligent study of Shelley! "Happier than other poets, perchance no less gifted than he, had they likewise possessed his faith, he never suffered shipwreck on the rocks of doubt and despair; he stands at the antipodes of scepticism, misanthropy and solitary, fruitless melancholy—a clarion-voice of faith, hope and love. Give me but a lever, he exclaims with Archimedes, and I will move the world." And as he was convinced that such a lever could never be found among fragile and perishable things, he sought it in the only faculty which escapes the attacks of circumstance and time—the unconquerable strength of man's spirit and his will, emanating from that universal spirit in Nature, which is God. In this sense he may be termed the most spiritual, the most ideal, the most religious of poets.

They who regard Shelley as an atheist, are only those who fail to understand quite perspicuous English, or who know Shelley only by hearsay or by the introduction of "Queen Mab." To judge a man by the crude production of his boyhood, a work that he himself condemned utterly, and sought earnestly to suppress, cannot be called "sweet reasonableness," to say the least of it. That Shelley was profoundly in sympathy with the inmost spirit of Christianity, and at war only with those whom he regarded as perverters and corrupters of this spirit, will be plain to any who read Shelley as a whole. His utter antagonism to naturalism, his intensely spiritual attitude, will be obvious to the reader of the "Adonais."

In his treatment of the lamentable episode with Harriet, Shelley's French critic shows himself both delicate and just. In the eyes of some, it was Shelley who was wholly to blame for the tragedy. Others, again, hold poor Harriet solely responsible. To arrive at a just estimate, we must consider many little known facts. Shelley, as the disciple of William Godwin, did not believe that marriage was right. Harriet Westbrook shared his views. She threw herself on Shelley's protection, declaring that she was the victim of domestic tyranny, and begged Shelley to carry her off. The rash and chivalrous poet, not yet out of his teens, though not in love with the girl one whit, believed himself in honor bound to respond. And at once he married Harriet, seeing that her position would be painful if she were allowed to live according to her convictions. Harriet was attractive, amiable, in love with her husband, and for a time all went well, her fundamental lack of sympathy not obtruding itself violently upon Shelley's absorption in his work. The estrangement commenced with the birth of their first child, toward whom Harriet displayed a marked insensibility. This neglect was the subject of continual remonstrance on Shelley's part, under which Harriet's attitude of contemptuous indifference grew rapidly. After a time Harriet went away with her sister—who seems to have been the cause of much mischief in the house. Shelley repeatedly urged his wife's return, even in such appealing terms as these:

O trust for once no erring guide! Bid the remorseless feeling flee; 'Tis malice, 'tis revenge, 'tis pride, 'Tis anything but thee; O deign awhile pride to prove, And pity, if thou canst not love. But Harriet turned a deaf ear. It must be remembered that Shelley and Harriet both regarded the marriage tie as one that might be dissolved at will. At this time Shelley was given information which seemed to explain Harriet's growing heartlessness. She was unfaithful to him, he was given reason to believe. His constant companion at this period was a woman in every way capable of comprehending his genius and aiding its growth. This was Mary Godwin, between whom and Shelley there grew up an absorbing passion. With his and her views on marriage, and with their belief in Harriet's infidelity, it is not altogether strange that they took the course they did. Shelley announced his intentions to Harriet, at the same time pledging himself to secure her comfortable maintenance. Harriet waited a year, expecting that Shelley

would tire of Mary Godwin and return to her; then, finding this expectation vain, she formed another connection, which turned out unhappily. After this disappointment, her thoughts recurred to the idea of suicide, which she had always supported as justifiable; and she drowned herself in the Serpentine. The shock was a terrible one to Shelley, and left its indelible traces on his after life. He came to believe that in his first suspicions he had wronged Harriet, and his remorse was bitter. A knowledge of all the facts and a clear perception of the mental attitudes, beliefs and characters of the persons concerned, will alone justify one in judging Shelley's conduct in this matter. The stainless purity of his life in every other regard, his clean-mindedness, his hatred of profligacy, his unimpeachable sincerity of act and purpose, must be borne in mind to correct and temper our censure of this one fault. And in defence of Harriet, on the other hand, it must be remembered how difficult is the lot of one attempting to fill too large a sphere. The error which would lay all the blame upon Shelley, is an error of bigotry and ignorance; but still more intolerable is the error which would lay the blame wholly upon Harriet.

As a critic of Shelley's poetry, M. Rabbe displays a keenness of insight and a subtlety of appreciation which are marvellous when we consider that to him the language of Shelley is an alien tongue. Perhaps in no fellow-countryman has Shelley found a more adequate critic than in this discriminating and eloquent Frenchman.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

An Important Work. In a few weeks there will be published under the auspices of the Haliburton society, a work on Haliburton the Man and the Writer, by Mr. F. Blake Crofton, B. A., provincial librarian of Nova Scotia, and author of The Major's Big Talk Stories. The work is the result of several years labor and research and will be one of the most important contributions to Canadian literature. Mr. Crofton's literary ability is well known. The president of the society, Professor Roberts, will furnish an introduction explaining the society's scope and aims. The secretary is Mr. George F. Thompson of King's college.

Notes and Announcements. Howells' novels will hereafter be published first in Harper's Weekly.

The last volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica will be published this month.

It is said that the Rev. Edward Everett Hale is preparing a Life of Christ.

The December number of the Atlantic Monthly will contain a paper on the eminent comedian William Warren, by Henry A. Clapp, the well-known dramatic critic of Boston.

Messrs. Estes & Lauriat of Boston, and Mr. W. R. Jenkins of New York announce a magnificent illustrated edition of Victor Hugo's great historical romance. The Boston house presents the work in English—a new translation by Miss A. L. Alger, while Mr. Jenkins retains the original French, making his the first French edition de luxe published in America.

Mr. Walter Besant has written a biography of the author of The Gamekeeper at Home and The Amateur Poacher and The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies will shortly be published in New York by Longmans, Green & Co. Mr. Besant's account of the struggles of unfortunate Jefferies is pathetic and affecting.

Some one calls attention to Mrs. Henry Wood's ignorance of law breaking in her last novel when she wrote: "Some thought it must be felony, others said forgery." Felony Mrs. Wood rather suspected to be some variety of crime.

"The Recluse" is the title of a hitherto unpublished poem by Wordsworth. There is to be a volume of Wordsworthiana issued, for which Mr. Lowell, Lord Coleridge, Matthew Arnold and Lord Houghton have written papers that will be included.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press a new translation of Virgil's Aeneid, made by Henry Hamilton, of Philadelphia. It is a rhymed version, and will contain some metric features new to this species of work. The translation is said to be careful and scholarly, and the volume will be issued in attractive duodecimo form about Dec. 1.

There is some delightful literature about the Indians in the November Wide Awake. The appeal to the children to build the dining-room of the Ramona Industrial school at Santa Fe is repeated, and then there is a touching story by Margaret Owen Foster, entitled "The Little Captive Chief." "An Evening at Carlisle," by Miss Sparhawk, a teacher in the Indian school, describes an entertainment given by the Indian girls, and pleads eloquently for the education of all our young Indians. In Mrs. Upton's "Children of the White House," a fine chapter is given concerning "The Household of John Quincy Adams," full of anecdotes and fresh historical matter, and very valuable for its 27 illustrations—many of them portraits wholly new to the public. Other attractive articles are by Madame de Meissner, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, C. S. Messenger, Harlan H. Ballard, Miss Winslow and others, and the two serials, "Plinky Small" and "Double Roses," are concluded, to make way for a new "Peppers" serial by Margaret Sidney, and one of New England life by J. T. Trowbridge. Wide Awake is \$2.40 a year; 20 cents a number, and is published by the D. Lothrop company, Boston, Mass.

MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Mr. Morley's recital at St. Luke's church, Portland, has been postponed to next Thursday evening, the 22nd, certainly a most appropriate day, St. Cecilia, the patron saint of all organists. No doubt our unrivalled organist (certainly unrivalled in this country) will be duly inspired and give us a rare musical treat.

Apropos of the paragraph in last week's Progress from a leading clergyman in reference to the giving of oratorios in churches, the simple reply is—money. At the great festivals of the choirs of the cathedrals in England, it is found by experience that the only way to cover expenses is by giving performances in the evenings, at secular halls, where admission prices for seats are charged. Granted that collections are taken up at the cathedral where the performances of oratorios are given, but these voluntary contributions go but a small way to cover the necessary expenses. People all the world over will not give of themselves, so much to hear the finest music sung, even in the proper place (which is certainly the church or cathedral for oratorio), as if they have to purchase the ticket before they have the right of entry to the building. It is certainly not right that admission should have to be paid for entrance into a church for whatever occasion, and therefore in the case of an organ recital or performance of oratorio, to meet the necessary expenses, recourse has to be had to an offertory or collection—which, being voluntary, is generally a failure as to amount. However, I hope that those who attend the recital next Thursday will leave all their small change at home, and give as much as if they had paid for their admission beforehand.

I think the members of the Oratorio society might assist in a small way to help replenish the coffers by paying for their own copies of the new works to be undertaken by the society. A copy of each of the best oratorios is certainly a desirable possession for any musical person and it would help to keep down expenses.

I hope that if the Oratorio society takes hold of the Prescott Opera house scheme, that some arrangement will be made by which the building will be provided with an organ. It certainly seems to my mind, or at least to my sense of hearing, essential to the perfect performance of oratorio for an organ to be part of the accompaniment. Under the hand of a thoroughly skilful organist, who knows how to produce the proper effect of an organ, viz., the imitation of an orchestra, what an assistance it is to an orchestra! specially if the latter be one composed of amateurs.

No sign of the Minstrels getting to work again, as yet. This is a pity, as they certainly can depend on good houses whenever they appear and have learned experience from their first attempts and should give performances that would go without a hitch.

The Wizard Oil company still continues to draw the public in spite of the lottery part of the entertainment being stopped. It is the best performance of the kind that has ever been given in St. John and is well worthy a visit.

Mr. Boscovitz, who was mentioned in my notes last week, gave his first recital last Wednesday in Chickering hall, Boston, and the Times says he most happily re-introduced himself to Boston. Particularly interesting were the renderings of some old works on a harpsichord. He has announced a course of lectures on "How to interpret Chopin."

Sullivan's Mikado is now being performed daily at a Danish circus at Stockholm, but in a strange fashion—no words are given, but each piece is acted and danced. Such is fame!—The American Musician.

The Clara Louise Kellogg English Opera company will commence a week's engagement at the Boston theatre Monday, Nov. 19. This will be the first week of English grand opera in that city this season. The company consists of over 100 members. The repertoire for the week is as follows: Faust, Carmen, Il Trovatore, Martha, Bohemian Girl, Mignon.

In spite of the libretto of the Yeoman of the Guard being the poorest of all Gilbert's productions, as some of the New York critics say, yet the Casino, where it is being played, is doing a larger business than it ever has before.

When the Spanish invaded Mexico, the sight of a man on horseback was a novelty to the natives of the land of the Montezumas, so states history. It is further stated that the superb horsemanship of the invaders at first impressed the untutored Mexicans with the idea that horse and rider were one; that one instinct and brain guided the perfect evolutions of these Spanish centaurs. Leaving this question to history, the simile is clear that the accompanist must be to the singer what, in the opinion of the native Mexicans, the Spanish cavalry man was to his horse. One mind must govern both, and the bonds of subtle sympathy and sentiment must be so close and so complete as to perfectly unite their dual nature and produce a harmonious whole. It may be said of the perfect accompanist that he is, like the true poet, born—not made. The gift of complete adaptability must be his, together with the possession of a sixth sense, wherewith he becomes, for the time being, of one mind with the singer he accompanies.

HAROLD GILBERT.

Announcements for next week.

CARPETS.

Special inducements for purchasers next week in all kinds of Carpets.

This being the last opportunity to reduce my stock and make room for my large Spring purchases before the Holiday trade and stock-taking, I will offer all the following lines at prices LOWER THAN I HAVE EVER OFFERED BEFORE:

- Brussels Carpets, Wool Carpets, Tapestry Carpets, Union Carpets, Oilcloths, Linoleums, Rugs and Mats, Art Squares, Chenille Curtains, Cornice Poles.

Intending purchasers are invited to look through my stock before placing their order.

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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,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS - Proprietor.

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

Hotel Dufferin,

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FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor.

Best \$1 House in the Maritime Provinces.

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

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

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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.

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VICTORIA HOTEL,

(FORMERLY WAVERLY), 81 to 87 King Street ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK - - - Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

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.

THIS IS THE TIME

of year people are troubled with that dreaded disease called CATARRH.

Why suffer, when you can procure the following invaluable remedies, viz.: Nasal Cream, Nasal Balm, Sages' Catarrh Cure, Sanford's Catarrh Cure, Constitutional Catarrh Remedy, Marshall's Catarrh Snuff, Catarrhine, R. D. McARTHUR, MEDICAL HALL, No. 59 Charlotte street, opp. King Square.

NEW FRUIT!

For the School Children

An Elegant Card Given Away WITH EVERY SCHOOL BOOK.

A CHROMO GIVEN AWAY With Every Dollar Worth Purchased. Call while it is yet time at MORTON L. HARRISON'S, 90 King Street.

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(FORMERLY WAVERLY), 81 to 87 King Street ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK - - - Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

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.

THIS IS THE TIME

of year people are troubled with that dreaded disease called CATARRH.

Why suffer, when you can procure the following invaluable remedies, viz.: Nasal Cream, Nasal Balm, Sages' Catarrh Cure, Sanford's Catarrh Cure, Constitutional Catarrh Remedy, Marshall's Catarrh Snuff, Catarrhine, R. D. McARTHUR, MEDICAL HALL, No. 59 Charlotte street, opp. King Square.

NEW FRUIT!

For the School Children

An Elegant Card Given Away WITH EVERY SCHOOL BOOK.

A CHROMO GIVEN AWAY With Every Dollar Worth Purchased. Call while it is yet time at MORTON L. HARRISON'S, 90 King Street.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

Commencing October 22, 1888.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, AT:

16.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

18.50 a. m.—For Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.

14.45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations.

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

FULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM BANGOR AT 16.30 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached.

Vancouver at 11.15; 11.30 a. m.; 12.00 p. m. Woodstock at 6.00; 11.40 a. m.; 18.20 p. m. Houlton at 15.00; 11.40 a. m.; 18.20 p. m. St. Stephen at 16.55 a. m.; 11.30; 19.45 p. m. St. Andrews at 16.50 a. m. Fredericton at 18.25; 11.2 a. m.; 13.15 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 16.45; 19.10 a. m.; 13.00; 17.00 p. m.

18.00 a. m.—Connecting with 5.50 a. m. train from St. John.

4.30 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.

F. W. GRAM, Gen. Manager. H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. A. J. HEATH, 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 35 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 are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. KOTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., May 31, 1888.

UNION LINE.

Daily Trips To and From Fredericton.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, the splendid Steamer DAVID WESTON and ACADIA, alternately, will leave St. John (Indians) for Fredericton, EVERY MORNING (Sundays excepted), at nine o'clock, local time, calling at intermediate stops.

Returning will leave Fredericton for St. John, every morning, Sundays excepted, at eight o'clock. Connecting with New Brunswick Railway for Woodstock, Grand Falls, etc.; with Northern and Western Railway for Yorktown, Chatham, etc.; and with steamer Florenceville for Eel River, Woodstock, etc.

R. B. HUMPHREY, Manager. Office at wharf, Indians. St. John City Agency at H. CURRIE & Co.'s, Prince Wm. street.

TO TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN CHEAP TELEPHONES.

THE ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY are about opening a Telephone Exchange in this city, and are making arrangements, which will be completed in a very short time, for giving the public telephones at much less rates than have heretofore obtained in this city.

A Company also propose starting a Factory in this city for the manufacture of Telephones and other electrical apparatus, thus starting a new industry. THE ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY ask the public to wait until a representative of their company shall call upon them. This company is purely a local one, and we cordially solicit your support in our endeavor to introduce a new, better and cheaper Telephone than any yet offered the public.

ST. JOHN TELEPHONE CO.

A representative of the Company will be at the office of The Provincial Oil Co., Robertson Place, where those wishing to subscribe may sign subscribers' list.

While you're young, you'll be young. While you're old, you'll be old. While you're rich, you'll be rich. While you're poor, you'll be poor. While you're happy, you'll be happy. While you're sad, you'll be sad. While you're healthy, you'll be healthy. While you're sick, you'll be sick. While you're strong, you'll be strong. While you're weak, you'll be weak. While you're wise, you'll be wise. While you're foolish, you'll be foolish. While you're kind, you'll be kind. While you're unkind, you'll be unkind. While you're generous, you'll be generous. While you're stingy, you'll be stingy. While you're brave, you'll be brave. While you're cowardly, you'll be cowardly. While you're honest, you'll be honest. While you're dishonest, you'll be dishonest. While you're true, you'll be true. While you're false, you'll be false. While you're good, you'll be good. While you're bad, you'll be bad. While you're beautiful, you'll be beautiful. While you're ugly, you'll be ugly. While you're young, you'll be young. While you're old, you'll be old. While you're rich, you'll be rich. While you're poor, you'll be poor. While you're happy, you'll be happy. While you're sad, you'll be sad. While you're healthy, you'll be healthy. While you're sick, you'll be sick. While you're strong, you'll be strong. While you're weak, you'll be weak. While you're wise, you'll be wise. While you're foolish, you'll be foolish. While you're kind, you'll be kind. While you're unkind, you'll be unkind. While you're generous, you'll be generous. While you're stingy, you'll be stingy. While you're brave, you'll be brave. While you're cowardly, you'll be cowardly. While you're honest, you'll be honest. While you're dishonest, you'll be dishonest. While you're true, you'll be true. While you're false, you'll be false. While you're good, you'll be good. While you're bad, you'll be bad. While you're beautiful, you'll be beautiful. While you're ugly, you'll be ugly.

BERT.

week.

all kinds of Carpets.

carpets, mats, Squares, Cornice Poles.

before placing their order.

Furniture Warehouses,

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

Commencing October 22, 1888. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-LONIAL RAILWAY STATION, St. John, at 8 a.m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, and points west; also for Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Edmundston.

8 a.m.—For Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock. 10 p.m.—Express for Fredericton and Inter-Lonial.

10 p.m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, and points west; also for Fredericton, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

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AN AID TO MEMORY.

"While you're in the city, Ned, Won't you buy some thread?" Phyllis asks, and while I linger, Taking that which is the due Of him who wins the bread for two, I reach for some of the white thread.

LITTLE MISS EUNICE.

Little Miss Eunice had fallen heir to a fortune. Little Miss Eunice sat in the best room of a large hotel in the city of St. John, and thought over the events of the last few days in silent wonder.

There was much to think of when her thoughts went backward. How father had loved the little garden, so deserted now, that lay behind the grove, and how trim and flower-filled he had kept it.

Then Miss Eunice would click her needles more swiftly, and wonder if the foot was long enough on the sock she was knitting, and finally stroll back to the house.

The day the letter came, though, the thick letter which made such a sudden change in Miss Eunice's life, she had been knitting quite mechanically, sitting there under the pines, her eyes wandering now and then to the hazy cloud-crowded hills that marked the distant river's course.

Greater still was her surprise when Miss Eunice announced her intention to travel, to spend the winter in Europe. No one thought before, it was unheard of!

How strange it had seemed to say goodbye to them all, to leave the white cottage open for a few days, to drive away toward the shining river, losing the sight of the well-known shingles long before the water

was attained. Then, how fair the journey down the blue St. John, among the green low islands with here and there a house and farm, past grassy meadows up to fertile farms, and these to wider hills; past irregularly fringed with alder and ruled with lines of plum-foliated alms; till at last the banks grew higher, more rugged, a bluish of the sea came through the summer business, and the rocky city loomed in view.

All through that voyage—Miss Eunice, in a shabby corner of the deck, busied herself with plans for the coming winter, and the plans grew more definite as the river neared the sea, till she almost saw the small apartment in Italy where she would at last live out her dream.

So it was that she was sitting at the window, dreaming and planning. But when the clock struck three she rose, put on her bonnet and her most business-like air, and set out to see the lawyer in whose hand was her business.

Many a one, after a glance from those innocent blue eyes, went on his dusty way feeling as if he had been in the country, among ferns and forget-me-nots and all sweet, shy things for one happy moment.

When he was done, Miss Eunice said earnestly: "He must let me help him. He must have the education, the opportunity, that he needs."

"My dear Miss Eunice, your whole fortune would not more than give him that, and I fear you can scarcely persuade him to accept a present!" Miss Eunice asked, wistfully; and the lawyer answered, heartily, that he would not call him proud, exactly, but very independent.

"But I must try to help him, somehow. I will think it over." And think it over she did, all that evening and the greater part of the night, and when morning came her mind was made up.

After all a strange, home-sick feeling was waking in her heart; not so much for the white house among the pines as for the dear, vanished faces, the young, old voices that had talked over with her the beautiful foreign sights, which now she would not see.

How it happened, none could tell. Whether the gentle soul took flight beneath those iron roofs, or left its shattered dwelling when they laid her softly on the office lounge, they did not know.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

Young Souls Need Choice Care and Keeping, as Well as Love.

As a general thing I don't believe in sermons served as restaurants serve food—in thick slices. I believe in teaching truths as one whips cream, dropping in the moral for flavoring.

Don't yank your little one over a crossing by its arm. If you cannot carry it, go slow, and try to remember its weakness. How would you like to have the museum grant you a long and haul you across State street by your own coat?

THE EQUITABLE exceeds every other life assurance company in the following important respects. It has: The Largest New Business. The Largest Amount of Outstanding Assurance. The Largest Surplus. The Largest Total Income.

A NICE LOT OF PERFUMES, In Bulk, JUST RECEIVED AT T. A. CROCKETT'S, 162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.

THE PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN. Has all the requisites of a PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN. A FREE FLOW OF INK. ALWAYS READY TO WRITE.

FOR SALE BY ALFRED MORRISEY, 104 King Street. AN ADDITION. MR. JOSEPH A. MURDOCH, Confectioner, 87 Charlotte Street, BEGS TO INFORM THE PUBLIC THAT he will serve the

HER HERO. "Have you ever?" I asked. "Of sweet Dell I do not know. In the flood of the moon's pale glory, 'Have you ever met him? Who quite suited your whim As the hero of your love story?"

HINDS' HONEY and ALMOND CREAM. Sunburn, Tan, Freckles, and all Inflamed or Irritated conditions of the Skin. C. P. CLARKE, King Street. F. BEVERLY, Germain Street, INVITES ALL THE LOVERS OF C. CANARY BIRDS. To give him a call. BEAUTIFUL \$3 each.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY, Incorporated 1851

Security to Policy Holders - - - \$1,775,317.81. E. L. PHILPS, Sub-Agent, St. John. R. W. W. FRINK, St. John, Representative for New Brunswick.

Better than a Government Bond.

SUPPOSE a special agent of the Treasury department should call upon you to-day, and say: "The Government would like to sell you bonds for any amount between \$1,000 and \$100,000, and if it is not convenient for you to make the investment at once, we will allow you to pay for the bonds in fifteen or twenty equal annual instalments."

THE EQUITABLE exceeds every other life assurance company in the following important respects. It has: The Largest New Business. The Largest Amount of Outstanding Assurance. The Largest Surplus. The Largest Total Income.

A NICE LOT OF PERFUMES, In Bulk, JUST RECEIVED AT T. A. CROCKETT'S, 162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.

THE PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN. Has all the requisites of a PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN. A FREE FLOW OF INK. ALWAYS READY TO WRITE.

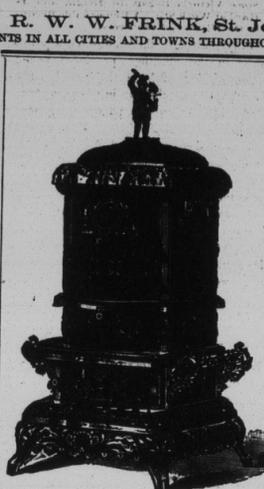
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STOVES.

COLES & PARSONS. We have just received another shipment of our famous Self-Feeding Stoves, "Art Countess," which for beauty and heating qualities cannot be excelled.



COLES & PARSONS.

Encourage Home Manufacture. MARITIME VARNISH AND WHITE LEAD WORKS. JAMES ROBERTSON, Manufacturer of all kinds of VARNISHES and JAPANS, WHITE LEAD, COLORED and LIQUID PAINTS and PUTTY.

THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY

ADVERTISES FACTS. When we import 10 Bales of Tobacco we do not advertise "68 Bales." When we make a 5 CENT CIGAR we don't advertise it as "clear Havana"—but neither do we fill it with sweepings.

BELL & HIGGINS,

"Cleanliness Is Next to Godliness." The American Steam Laundry, LOCATED AT Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street, HAS THE Latest Improved Machinery, the Most Efficient Supervision, and, therefore, Everybody says, DOES THE BEST WORK.

Saint John Institute

PENMANSHIP AND BOOK-KEEPING. CORNER KING AND GERMAIN STREETS. EVENING CLASSES in Penmanship and Book keeping. Send for Circular. Address: J. R. CURRIE, Accountant and Penman, St. John, N. B.

GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS.

July 28th—Opening Today: 4 Cases Single and Double Guns, Flobert Rifles, Revolvers, Breech Loading Double Guns, Etc. CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 and 62 Prince William Street.

Family Washing Done Rough Dry

25 CENTS PER DOZEN. UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY - - - 32 Waterloo Street. P. S.—By this we mean Washing and Drying only.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

MONCTON SOCIETY.

gentlemen arrived in Moncton from Halifax, the object of their visit being to assist at the marriage of two of their party—Dr. Thomas Murphy, of Newfoundland, son of the provincial engineer of Nova Scotia, and Miss Mary...

BORDER JOTTINGS.

St. Stephen, Nov. 15.—Indian summer, which, it seems, had only been "postponed on account of the weather," has at last reached us, and we are rejoicing in a few days of sunshine, with perfect moonlight nights.

On Tuesday morning last, Rev. Father Dollard performed an interesting ceremony, whereby St. Stephen loses one of its most popular young ladies. The occasion was the marriage of Mr. Fred Bogue, of St. George, to Miss Laura Breen, eldest daughter of Mr. Philip Breen.

Mr. N. H. White, of St. John, was in town Monday. Miss Ellen Todd visited St. John last week. Mr. G. W. Prescott, of Woodbury, N. J., was registered at the Queen, Tuesday.

WOODSTOCK WHISPERS.

WOODSTOCK, Nov. 14.—Mr. and Miss Wark, of Fredericton, are spending a few days here this week.

Hon. P. G. Ryan is the guest of J. S. Light. Mr. Geo. F. Gregory is in town.

Mr. Owens, of Millville, accompanied by his sister Miss Owens, of Fredericton, made a few days visit in Woodstock recently, the guests of Mr. J. C. Cole.

Mr. James A. Greaves, of Houlton, Me. spent Sunday in Woodstock. Among the guests at the Exchange yesterday were Judge Stearns and Mrs. A. M. Hussey, of Carleton, Mr. W. B. Torrence, of the Merchants bank, Halifax and Mr. Samuel Hayward, of St. John.

Mr. Ernest A. McKay, of Fredericton, was in town last week. The many friends of Mr. Robert Brown are pleased to hear he has so far recovered from his illness as to be able to drive out occasionally.

A quiet wedding took place Wednesday evening at the residence of Dr. Camber, the contracting parties being Mr. Lemuel Vanwart and Miss Nettie Payson. Owing to sickness in the bride's family none but immediate relatives were present.

New Goods arriving daily at D. McArthur's.

Annihilation for Mr. Ellis. PROGRESS is gratified to observe that Rev. H. S. Hartley, B. A., has taken the field on the annexation question against Mr. John V. Ellis, M. P. In introducing Rev. J. W. Skerrett, the other evening, Rev. Mr. Hartley said—according to his own report—that "any topic bearing on the question to his mind if it did not stultify annexation, would be distasteful to a British audience, who prize loyalty, and love for all things British equally with the endowments of the mind and high Christian deportment. It was good, according to the Pauline mind, to be enabled to give a reason for the hope within us. To the same mind, coherent, rational and tangible reasons must be adduced, for whatever is said or done. We must not only observe the sentiment, but realize it; and after the analysis, it would be impossible to come to any other conclusion than the one which must per se force itself on the mind of the most obtuse, that annexation would mean a forfeiture of righteous laws hallowed by profuse circumstances, and employed after long and careful study, a degeneration of the super-excellent advantage to be reaped under a limited monarchy, the letting loose of the Ate, the opening of the dire box of Pandora, the infliction of cruel throes, every four years, the dreadful massacres of negroes as is daily the case in the Southern States. He further illustrated from historic data, the evident failure of Republics. "So," added the rev. gentleman, "we have that which the Apostolic age knew not anything, and which owes its existence to the country bearing liberty, equality and fraternity."

Best makes of pianos and organs for sale to hire, at Bxll's, 25 King street.

FIFTY YEARS A PRINTER.

SOME OF THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF GEORGE W. DAY.

A Man who has been hard at work ever since Victoria began to reign, and is hard at work still—A Remarkable Record in the History of the Press.

Fifty years ago there was not a power press in the maritime provinces nor a steam printing office in the world. The daily paper was unknown in this part of the continent. The weekly papers were few in number and high in price. They aspired to little and accomplished it. The era of enterprise did not dawn until the advent of the electric telegraph.

In those days, printers were made. A boy was apprenticed to a master and learned every detail of the trade. A journeyman was more than a typesetter. He could impose, make up and do the press-work as well. He was literally a printer, who knew all the mysteries of his trade.

In the year 1837, the first paper published in Carleton county was started at Woodstock, by Gilbert & Slader, of St. John. Soon after it was established, a bright lad of fourteen was taken as an apprentice. His name was George W. Day.



GEORGE W. DAY.

From that day to this he has worked at his trade. His busy life as a printer extended over more than half a century. He has outlived all who started with him in the race. And he is today as active, industrious and energetic as he was a score or two of years ago.

Mr. Day is a St. John boy, born in 1823. After his experience as an apprentice in Woodstock, he returned to this city, in 1840, and worked on the Morning News, which George E. Fenety had established in the previous year. In the following year Mr. Day went to Boston and was soon at work in the Journal office. The Journal at that time was published by Sleeper & Rogers. It was printed by hand power on an Adams press, which required two hours to put out the daily edition of 1,500 copies.

When Mr. Day returned to St. John, in 1845, he brought with him the first power press ever seen in New Brunswick. It was for Doak & Hill, the eccentric publishers of the Loyalist, which at that time was published in Fredericton.

In the following year Mr. Day worked in the office of J. & A. McMillan, and in 1847 he started his own "boss" from that time to this.

His first feat was to establish a newspaper. It was called the Albion and was a very good paper indeed for those times. It lasted two years, but in 1858 it was revived and lasted two years more.

But one paper was not enough to keep the office busy, so in connection with the Albion the St. John Mail was issued. It was edited by W. H. Venning now of the fisheries department and had a brief and bright existence of about a year.

One would have thought the starting of two papers in one office was enough of glory for one year, but Mr. Day considered a religious paper would fill a long-felt want, so he started the Christian Visitor. He secured Rev. E. D. Very as editor, at a salary of \$4 a week, and thus was launched the paper which is the prosperous and influential organ of the Baptists today. The Visitor was purchased from Mr. Day by the Baptist association, in 1848, and was successively under the management of Rev. Messrs. Very, Bill, Armstrong and Hopper. It was subsequently amalgamated with the Halifax Messenger, and has since been published by the Maritime Baptist Publishing company.

On the first day of January next, Mr. Day will again resume the printing of the Visitor, which he sent out as his own venture more than 40 years ago.

Since the day Mr. Day began his work as a publisher he has printed for himself and others some 27 new papers and periodicals. Many of these lie in the grave of buried hopes, their names almost forgotten. Others such as the Visitor, Daily Telegraph and Sun are living in the fullness of their strength.

Here are some of the publications which first saw the light in Day's printing office: The True Liberator, established by the renowned Paddy Bennett, in 1847. The Weekly Freeman, established by the still more renowned Timothy W. Anglin, in 1846. The Colonial Presbyterian, started by William Elder, in 1856, and which was printed as Day's office until 1860, when it was merged into the Presbyterian Advocate.

The tri-weekly Leader, started in the interest of the Liberal party, in 1856.

The Cadet, a Sunday school paper, established by Rev. I. E. Hill, in 1856. The Protestant, a monthly, issued in 1859, by Rev. William Ferris. The Parish School Advocate, another monthly, started by Alexander Munro, the historian, in 1860. The Weekly Tribune, a journal in the interests of education, started by E. C. Freeze, in 1860. The Christian Watchman, edited by Rev. E. B. Demill, in 1860. The Morning Telegraph, started by John Livingston as a tri-weekly, in 1862, and serving as the Daily Telegraph at this time. The Free Press, a weekly devoted to just and political matters, started by Mr. Day in 1864. On the advent of confederation, in 1867, the name was changed to the New Dominion and True Democrat. It dealt with men and measures without fear, favor or affection, and was directly the means of reforming many abuses in the notoriously bad city government of 18 or 20 years ago. Some of the best writers in the country contributed to its columns, their identity being so carefully concealed that some of them, now prominent in public life, have not been suspected to this day. The New Dominion made things lively and decidedly uncomfortable for wrong-doers, once in a very serious way. A book of rather interesting reminiscences might be written regarding some of its stormy days. It was discontinued in 1879. A peculiarity of its management was that Mr. Day never solicited a subscription for it or an advertisement for its columns. In 1884, the tri-weekly Standard was started by a Mr. Farrell. Like its namesake in later years it had an existence of only a few weeks. The tri-weekly Journal was established by William Elder in 1885, and amalgamated with the Telegraph in 1889. The Cadet, a temperance monthly, was issued by Samuel Tufts in 1888. The St. John Advertiser, a monthly conducted by Gordon Livingston, was at first printed by Chubb & Co., in 1890, and a few months later it was issued from Day's office. The Masonic Mirror was a venture of Robert Parkin, in 1870. It was issued monthly. The Catholic Star had the most brief existence on record. Its proprietor, William Hogan, had the first number printed, but before the edition was delivered to him he departed for Boston, leaving that "bright, particular Star" to be quenched in darkness. The Daily Tribune was one of the evening papers which are periodically launched to crush the Globe out of existence. John Livingston started it and was succeeded by J. L. Stewart, who now runs the Chatham World, the religious organ of the North Shore. The Tribune had political backing and lived until 1875. It was decidedly outspoken in its sentiments, and published more rank libels than any St. John daily had succeeded in printing up to that date or has attempted to perpetrate since. The Daily Sun, which still lives and seems likely to live, was started by the Conservatives in 1878, with J. L. Stewart as editor. Mr. Day printed it for the first three months of its existence. The Woodstock Gazette, a school paper started in 1882, the Family Story Paper, a monthly issued in 1885; the Y. M. C. A. Record, begun in the same year, and the Chronicle, of the Diocese of Fredericton, started in 1886, completes the rather remarkable list of papers which Mr. Day has helped to call into being.

JOHN IN THE SWAMP.

During a Wet Season, While His Father is Always There When It's Dry.

I was up to the Institute the other nite. Pa and ma said I couldn't go, and they emphasized their remarks when I cum back, both of them.

The head fellar said what they had to separate the sheep from the goats, so they put us fellars down in the swamp, 'cause we's young. The swamp was just like after a wet spell. I put my hat under the seat and now I can't ware that hat any more. Pa always emfazises a good deal more when I ruin anything. I never knew what they put boys in the swamp after. That's where pa always goes when there's a no-pera. Guess he wouldn't mind bein' a young fellar the other nite. It must always be dry when pa goes 'cause he always goes out fur a walk between the acts.

It was a daisy of a show, I think. The man said what his oil would cure all kinds of soars and bruises. I wonder if he knew how many of us young fellars needed some when we got home. He said what this was the 9 tenth century and what the world was goin' round and he wouldn't be surprised to see everybody usin' wings instead of horses, things was enlightenin' so, and everybody laffed. Our Sunday school teacher says what we're goin' to have wings sometime, and if anybody laffed at him they'd be fired out. Pa says I aint goin' where they have wings.

The man said what next evenin' he'd tell all the girls what to do 'cause its leap year, and a good many doods looked frightened and a big fellar what was sittin' in the swamp behind me dropped a lanscape on my hat. I told pa what I wasn't in nigger heaven but he wouldn't believe me, and ma said I always 'sociated with the lowest of the low. There's no chance for a young fellar to be a Mr. G. Washinton any way. I guess what Bill Johnson's laid up yet, 'cause some fellar put rubber gum in his hair.

You'd a died if you'd seen the fellar smokin' the 5 cent cigar. He made believe gittin' sick, but me and Bill Johnson could a learned him a good deal after we learned. Bill got on one side of a house one nite and I got on the other and I guess if we hadn't been on opposite sides the house would have floated away.

JOHNNY MULCAHY.

New Ink Stands at McArthur's King St.

All Will Recognize Him.

The leading feature of the November Gripack is a portrait and sketch of the life of Mr. Thomas F. Raymond, of the Royal Hotel. The picture is a very good one, and does justice to the genial countenance of St. John's oldest hotel-keeper. A well-merited recognition of the services of Harry Doherty, the oldest hotel clerk, is included in the sketch. The Gripack has the usual large variety of news of railways and hotels, and especially of commercial travellers.

It Will Warm Your Heart.

There's no reason, ladies and gentlemen, why warm beverages in winter should not be as popular as cooling drinks in summer. No drugstore is complete in August without a soda fountain. George Robertson & Co. is the first grocery firm to introduce the public to hot coffee and cocoa. Both articles are the best, prepared especially for their trade by the best manufacturers, and combined with Fairweather's cream and Robertson's sugar, make a drink fit for the gods.

He Wouldn't Answer the Question.

"The latest engagement, Mr. Gard?" "That's a professional secret, PROGRESS—but nothing gives me greater pleasure than ratifying such pleasant little agreements by one of my elegant engagement rings. They can't be equalled in the city, in my opinion. I have a splendid holiday stock ready to open. It contains something to please all."

One for "Progress."

It was in St. Stephen and PROGRESS was under discussion. "Yes," said a St. John young man, "PROGRESS is a first class Sunday paper. I always lay it on my bed Saturday night, so as to have it right on hand in the morning."

BOVINE LIQUID FOOD

All chronic, wasting diseases are the result of bad digestion or attended with it; and the great result to be accomplished first is to correct this defect. Nervous Debility and Neuralgia are often the results of nerve starvation. The weary hours of pain and the sleepless nights of those suffering from nervous diseases are but the beseechings of the exhausted nerves for food.

Having these facts before us, medical science points us in the direction of a food suited to the digestive condition of the sufferer.

I have given Liquid Food to patients for months with signal benefit, especially in complicated cases of Dyspepsia and Nervous Debility of long standing.

It adds much to the nutrition of the patient, overcomes the constipation, subdues the nervousness by increasing the strength, and is just the amount added which is required to secure success.

B. N. TOWLE, M. D., Boston, Mass. BOVINE LIQUID FOOD. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. 6 Oz. Bottle, 60c. 12 Oz. Bottle, \$1.00.

SKINNER'S Carpet Warerooms 58 KING STREET.

I have just received from the manufacturers the finest lot of Turcoman and Chenille Curtains ever imported to this city, and at prices that will astonish my customers. THE LOWEST PRICES EVER QUOTED.

A Beautiful Chenille Curtain for \$12 per pair; A Fine Turcoman Curtain for \$6.50 per pair.

A. O. SKINNER. McCafferty & Daly.

THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS CONSIST IN PART OF LADIES' ULSTERS AND JACKETS, (Tailor made); MISSES' ULSTERS, in seven sizes; LADIES' CASHMERE HOSE; LADIES' and CHILDREN'S LAMBSWOOL HOSE; LADIES' LAMBSWOOL VESTS, three sizes; GENTLEMEN'S TOP SHIRTS; GENTLEMEN'S FLANNEL SHIRTS, our own make; GENTLEMEN'S SHIRTS and DRAWERS (Canadian), from 25 cents; SCOTCH LAMBSWOOL SHIRTS and DRAWERS, in several qualities. EXTRA GOOD VALUE.

Two Cases Latest Style London-made Ties and Scarfs. These goods are very choice in their different qualities, and we offer them at LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

McCafferty & Daly, Cor. King and Germain Streets.

OUR ASSORTMENT OF Christmas and Fancy Goods, IS ONE OF THE LARGEST WE EVER HAD.

We also have a large stock of Annuals and Booklets; and our Christmas Cards are ready for inspection.

T. H. HALL, Bookseller and Stationer, 46 and 48 KING STREET.

HATS. HATS. MANKS & CO.

Would ask the attention of buyers to their Stock of Men's Fine Felt Hats, OF LATEST STYLES. BOYS' SCHOOL AND DRESS HATS, in Straw, Cloth and Felt—all grades; CHILDREN'S Fine and Low Grades of STRAW SAILOR HATS, MIDDY CAPS, Etc., Etc., And a Full Assortment of ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE. 57 - - - KING STREET. - - - 57.

You Will Save Money PUBLIC NOTICE.

BY CALLING AT 167 Union Street FOR YOUR BOOTS and SHOES, FANCY Slippers bottomed and custom work promptly attended to. PRICES LOWER THAN THE LOWEST. S. H. SPILLER. You can get your Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry Repaired IN FIRST CLASS ORDER AT MARTIN'S JEWELRY STORE, 167 Union Street.

DELICIOUS HOT COFFEE

—AND— CREAM —AND— Rowntree's Elect Cocoa, SERVED FROM CHASE & SANBORN'S FAMOUS COFFEE URN. —AT— GEORGE ROBERTSON & CO'S, Up-Town Store, - - 50 KING STREET.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

When you can buy the SAME GOODS or BETTER, at the SAME PRICES or LOWER, DON'T send your good money out of the city by giving your order to a stranger. ROBERTSON'S Printing Stamp Works, 154 Prince Wm. Street.

DON'T BE DECEIVED.

MISS TREFRY, Having returned from Boston and moved her studio to 17 ORANGE STREET, HAS RESUMED HER CLASSES IN PAINTING AND DRAWING.

"I WAS IN"

"FOR GOD'S SAKE"

"Corn Lee's" "Viewed by a Re-

"A Warning to an Innocent"

"New York," "heard no story in stirred it to its unfortunate, hap-

The tale is a bri with nameless de- less girl who left forced to live a p- tives, too, in you whom in a conv- pendent of Proce-

Detention, some eyes filled with and in piteous to their sake her ide- cred. "Poor girl!"

for only a week or case comes before injunction of sece- do not know her a- she satisfied me fr-

the tale she tel- She is of slight build, is scarcely eyes which at a d- melt into blue on a- is only seventeen y- in fact, and yet she- orical such as wou- one but a demon- was a fall such as who landed in this- tended her to wr-

around. The whol- has been forced to body. In soul, let- grief may wash t- which perhaps over- force subsequently- tise.

Picture to your- fined in manners, b- advantages of an e- walls, sitting now- quiet and innocen- her in her pain,— cloud and suffering- hopeless. Draw the- blasted and devoid- girl who might have- world, but who now- straight in the vi-

view of Cora Lee. her name. That was- she-devil Carrie Bak- placed upon her. I- was too homely for- ites whose days are- whose nights are spe-

The girl was young- must have, in her si- would be more in- surroundings. But- from the subject and- let the unfortunate- regular sequence.

"I was brought- orphanage," she said, John. I was only a- there and the sisters- had an uncle who was- father's death, my mo- would leave us enou-

gave it all to our cou- was the only place- died long, long ago, a- only thought that com-

member Saint John- went with one of the- they were so good to m- who it is that is now p-

said as she burst out- "Oh, for God's sake- away!" she cried, as- correspondent and her- have two sisters marri-

would kill them to le- fallen. I was not to- when I came to New Y- ing to a home. St-

Augustine or she wou- come. I know she wo- if she learned that he- out so often with her- God! Oh no! I cannot- ing to. I did not fall-

fault. I was nearly fi- when one day, about- from New York called- on Cliff street, and off- I was glad of it in o-

member how the poor- to her and said she di- with me. Sister Joseph- name, as well took m- night before I left, and- down and prayed, and- me always to be good- articles of devotion, and- want to say who the lad- away, except that the di-

She imposed both on- Augustine. She told the- about her being a relati- of California; and of the- The rest of the story