

ER'S
ROOMS.
1890.

CARPETS, with 5-8 Borders
s, Brussels Patterns,
t to any size.

ring Stock
Steamer.

MINNER.

UR HOMES!



MULTITUDE OF FAULTS.

is will be happier for living in harmony—
interior of your home neat and handsome,
re Painter, 175 Charlotte street. He will do

be made ready with the painter's skill and
ful room, at least in your home. Give it
R. MR. STAPLES makes a specialty of

THEY SING IT—
More About a Song of the Salva-
tion Army at Moncton.

Moncton Times has been trying to
to what extent the Salvation Army
place, has been singing the blas-
song mentioned by PROGRESS.

k. There seems a difference of
among the Army. Some are
to deny the authorized use
lines; others say that they use
in used," is the report. A letter
ace Hutch tries to give the in-
that the song was not sung there,
uses PROGRESS in a somewhat
an way for saying what it did.

fer to believe our Moncton con-
ant, especially as the St. John sal-
claim that there is such a song,
they do not use it. It is, they
ung by the adherents of Major
who constitute another branch of

is no doubt that it has been sung
on as asserted. Whether it was
ed" or whether Grace Hutch
something with which PROGRESS
concerns. The Army has used it,
never do so again.

grandmother's Valentine.
Day was up in the attic of her
er's house in the country. Mrs.
looking among some boxes for
elvet for the sofa-cushion that
s making, and her bright-eyed
daughter was busy with her in
s. Presently Bessie opened a
in the corner of the attic.
ndama," she exclaimed, "this
of pictures!"

see," said the old lady. She
oked into the box; then she
tled, though her smile was sweet

are pictures your grandpa
men were children together.
first valentine to me is there.
ook if you like."

at down on the floor beside the
ook out the pictures one by one
to the very last.

"It is," said Grandmama Day,
pink tinge in her cheeks.
s faded, childish drawing of a
d girl. The boy was offering
rl a four-leaved clover, and she
g, shyly looking down at her
ds.

"funny?" laughed Bessie.
seem so to you, my dear?" said
nana, taking the picture and
with much tenderness.

ugh died away, and her own
s she saw the tears shining in
s eyes. Her grandfather had
before she was born, and this
st realization of the love and
were still alive in his wife's
jumped up and threw her
her grandmama's neck, and

veet," she said, "to think that
boy is grandpa, and that you
on Day wiped her eyes.
first thing he ever gave me, and
drawing," she said. "I think
valentine down to my own
sixty years, Bessie. Come
we'll find your velvet scraps."
mpassion.

Quite A Difference.
undertaker and an employee got
about wages. The undertaker—
(to undertaker)—"Now, sir,
omise to pay this young man
se?"

"—No, sir, it was so much a
e."

If You Have Houses To Let
Advertisement in Progress.
This paper goes to the Family and
is read from the first to the
last column.

VOL. II., NO. 95.

PROGRESS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1890.

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

PRICE THREE CENTS.

BEGINNING TO LOOM UP.

SOME OF THE MEN WHO WANT TO BE ALDERMEN THIS YEAR.

Nothing Very Definite as Yet, but There are Fleshy Hopes to be Heard From—The Best Course for Ratepayers who Want to Have the Best Men in the Council.

The advice of PROGRESS in regard to the way in which candidates for the common council should be chosen by the ratepayers has been very favorably received in many quarters. It is admitted to be the only way in which the best men can be chosen, and the only way in which ambitious, but bad or inefficient, place-seekers can be kept from the mismanagement of public affairs.

The office should seek the man, not the man the office.

The individual who thrusts himself forward unasked, and is elected because the people are indifferent and the best men will not seek the place, rarely proves a good representative. He has a motive in wanting to get into the council, and if that motive is to advance the interests of himself and his friends he is the kind of man who should be left at home. Even if he has no greater object than the gratification of personal vanity, he is the wrong kind of a man to serve the people. Such a man is too easily influenced by those who have axes to grind at the expense of the people.

That men have come forward of themselves in the past have proven good representatives is due rather to accident than to the bad system which has prevailed. With the enlarged city it should prevail no longer. They ratepayers of each ward should choose the men they want, not merely follow this man or that who puts himself forward because he wants the position.

Several suggestions have been made as to the best methods of choosing candidates. One is that a few of the responsible ratepayers of each ward issue a notice calling a convention, guarding either by ticket or otherwise against the meeting being packed by persons having no business there. The less machinery there is about the matter the better. All that is needed is an expression of opinion from those having at heart the best interests of the city. To secure such an expression nothing more is required than that some one should take the lead. There will be enough fall in line to carry the idea to a finish.

A ticket thus brought to the front is pretty certain to succeed as against individuals who nominate themselves, or are the candidates of one or two ward bosses. As it is now, the ward boss and his friends represent the only organization that exists. It is sometimes easy for him to carry his men, who are thus smuggled into the council against the wishes of good but apathetic citizens.

The proper time for organization is now. If some of the candidates now beginning to be mentioned are the right men, let them be endorsed. If not, let better men be chosen.

The ward bosses are already laying their plans. It is time that the people had something to say.

To all appearance, there will be a good many candidates for the council this year. Probably none of the present aldermen will have a walk-over, and some of them be relegated to private life.

In Kings ward, the old ticket of Barnes and Blackadar will offer, and will be opposed, though as yet no one has been mentioned who would stand much chance of defeating either of the present incumbents. In any case, Ald. Barnes is pretty sure of re-election.

So, in Queens ward, is Ald. Robertson. He is a great deal stronger than he was last year, when, indeed, he would have been defeated had not Mr. J. S. Turner spoiled the chances of Ald. Woodburn.

The police magistrate dismissal entered largely into the politics of Queens, and Ald. Robertson's connection with the Globe came very near sending him back to private life. In the recent local election, however, his position was so clearly and unequivocally defined that he may now be considered as good as re-elected.

His colleague, Ald. Jack, led the poll last year, but the causes which have helped Ald. Robertson have not helped him. It is believed that he fully realizes this fact and is hard at work endeavoring to strengthen his position.

It is understood that Mr. J. E. Woodburn will not again offer for Queens. The names of both C. E. Macmichael and W. Watson Allen have been mentioned, but if the former be selected as a candidate, Mr. Allen is likely to give him his support.

In Prince, it was reported that Ald. Morrison will retire. Ald. Knodell is in the field again, and so is Mr. T. B. Hanington, who polled a very good vote last year. Prince ward has several men who would make good representatives, and would probably serve if they were called upon, but are unwilling to bring themselves forward.

In Wellington, Ald. Shaw and Peters will seek re-election. Ald. Shaw having been elected to the local legislature has not desired to continue as an alderman,

lest the people should think he wanted the earth. It is altogether probable, however, that he will be willing to serve if, as seems to be the case, the people want him. In event of his retirement, the names of possible candidates are Enoch W. Paul, John K. Dunlap and Samuel Crothers.

So far as Dukes has been heard from, there is yet no candidate to the front who will be likely to affect the chances of Ald. Bizard and Tufts.

Ald. Smith, having been elected to the legislature, will retire in Brooks ward, and his head-clerk, Mr. C. B. Lockhart, will be a candidate in his place. Mr. George A. Davis will also offer. Ald. Stackhouse's chances are not so good as they were, on account of the part he took in the local election against Ald. Smith.

There seems to be a general impression that when tenders for coal are asked by the city, next fall, no law will be violated if a contract is given to Ald. Busby, who will then be in private life. Victoria ward may or may not return Ald. Law, and it remains to be seen how it will regard the candidature of Mr. John J. Forrest. There is probably no ward in the city which stands in greater need of active interest on the part of its leading residents than does Victoria.

In Dufron ward it is probable that the orange and the green will be as harmoniously blended as they were last year in the amiable understanding between Aids. Kelly and Vincent on election day. It is predicted that they will run on separate tickets and that each of them will have opposition.

Aids. McGoldrick and Connor will be opposed in Stanley ward. The name of A. W. Howe is mentioned as one of their opponents. So, also, there will probably be opposition to both Aids. Chesley and Christie in Lansdowne ward.

The indications are that there will be a lively election all round. If the best citizens combine intelligently, there ought to be a model council next year.

A MOUSE IN THE ROOM.

Two Methods of Giving It a Fright That It Will Remember.

There is at least one young lady in St. John who is not afraid of mice, and will go to sleep calmly with the full knowledge that there is one in the vicinity of her room. She objects to the creature keeping her awake by gnawing too loudly, however, and has devised an ingenious plan for securing quiet when such a noise prevents her falling asleep. Previous to retiring she places all her boots and shoes on a table within easy reach, and when the gnawing is heard she flings one in the direction of the sound. This alarms the mouse for a time, and as often as it begins again she flings more boots at it until the creature becomes discouraged and seeks other quarters.

One of the most unique methods of mouse hunting is that which was resorted to not long ago by a well-known officer of the Fusiliers. He is said to have an aversion of mice which amounts almost to fear—just as an elephant is said to have, and has been the case with many famous military men. On the night in question he discovered a mouse in his room, and true to his military instinct seized his sword and boldly charged upon it, pursuing it from place to place until it disappeared in a convenient hole, in a convenient hole in a state of such tumultuous alarm that it never dared to show itself again. The pen may be mightier than the sword sometimes, but not when there is a mouse in the room.

The Reason Why.

Post office employees say that the sheet showing the arrival and departures of mails is regularly posted in the lobby of the St. John office, and is as regularly torn down by the hoodlums and other loafers who hang about the place. It is, they say, impossible to keep a paper of any kind on the walls. No, it is not. A very trifling outlay would procure a small frame with a glass front and moveable back. This could be fastened to the wall, and padlocked, and put where it would be in view of the window clerks. The public have a right to the information. Whether the hoodlums have any right to take possession of the lobby is also worthy of consideration.

It Was a Great Success.

The Salvage Corps made a discovery Tuesday night. It was that the members of the corps had been missing lots of fun every year by not having an "at home." This time the experiment was tried, and proved to be such an unqualified success that it will be repeated every year hereafter. The affair was most successful in every respect, and the cheers given at the close for Capt. Frink and his men were given with a thorough good will, because they were most heartily deserved.

St. Stephen Flyers.

An interesting account of the fast horses around the St. Croix has been received, but is held over from this issue. It will appear at an early day.

TENDING TO SOCIALISM.

HOW THE CORPORATION MAY RUN THINGS IN THE FUTURE.

The Process of Evolution by Which in Time the Citizens May Have Nothing to Do but Draw Salaries—A Brilliant Prospect of Future Prosperity.

It is probable that before PROGRESS reaches the public the common council will have given a decision in the electric light matter. This, it will be remembered, has been before the board for weeks which have mounted into months, and at one time it looked as though it would be likely to remain there forever.

The cause of this was, in the first place, a disinclination to offend the St. John Gas Company. That influential and respectable corporation had put in a tender for lighting the city at \$9,800 a year, while its more modest competitor, the Calkin company, had offered to do the same service for \$7,500. Obviously, all other things being equal, there was no other course than to accept the latter tender, but as the aldermen were somewhat unwilling to do this, and as the Gas company had decided objections to their doing so, the matter was allowed to drop out of sight until most of the citizens thought it was buried for all time.

It was not. In the meantime, however, the idea had been advanced that the city should do its own lighting, by fitting up its own station and running the machine in its own way. A number of the aldermen, as well as the chairman of the board of works, are in favor of this plan, and it is very possible that it may be adopted. Whether it will prove the cheaper and better plan, is something which time and experience alone can prove.

Should the city take this step, it will illustrate the tendency of the age towards socialism. In the socialist's ideal age, it will be remembered, the state or governing power does everything and the people, as individuals, practically nothing. It will apply as well to a municipality as to a more extended territory. It sees that the things which a citizen now has to do for himself will be done for him, he of course, in this instance, footing the bills.

To illustrate this, one has only to look back to the early days of St. John when every man had his leather fire bucket, and was a fire department unto himself. This state of things was succeeded by a volunteer organization, which came to a great extent under civic control, and finally by a paid department, in which the city does all the work and takes all the responsibility.

In the same way, every man, in old times, carried a lantern or had one hung out in front of his premises. In time there was an evolution to street lighting by persons whom the city paid for the service, and now the city proposes to perform the work wholly itself.

In the matter of sidewalks, too, the original settler could put a plank or two in front of his house, or allow the mud or rock to remain, as he chose. Later, plank sidewalks were put down as they were needed, and then came the asphalt which was laid whether the lot owners wanted it or not, and they had nothing to do but pay the bills.

Except when they showed fight, as they sometimes did, and bulldozed the corporation out of its claim.

Then, too, people used to shovel snow from the sidewalks a good deal more than they do now. In these days the snow ploughs not only clear the sidewalks in front of corporation property, but kindly make a smooth way in front of many blocks of private houses.

This happens when one is on the line between a city official's office and his residence.

Bye and bye the snow-ploughs will do all the work, and the shovels which were piled so busily yesterday morning will be placed in museums as relics of an age of which the then generations will have only traditional knowledge.

The corporation will not stop here. Some engineer with friends in council will urge that the city do its own heating. A central station will be erected with a huge engine and boiler to send steam or hot water to every house, not only for heating, but for cooking purposes. The great arguments in favor of this will be the decreased fire risks, and increased economy. With no dangerous flues in private houses, the fire department will become practically an ornament, and Chief Kerr will wax exceedingly fat.

Then, too, since the city undertakes to make the streets passable in summer and winter, it should also see that the citizens traverse them as conveniently and rapidly as possible. Electric railways through every street will be a necessity, the bridge to the West End being also thus equipped, while free ferries will run from various piers every five minutes.

The city will, of course, have its own docks, on both sides of the harbor and in Courtenay Bay.

All these improvements will, of course,

necessitate a large army of officials, who will have to be paid for their services. This will be added to the tax bills, of course, but as the citizens will have to buy so much less for themselves than they now do, it is believed the account will more than balance.

Besides, the most of them will have positions as directors or officials, and will be in receipt of an income from the city. Almost every man who wants an office can have one in the future.

To accommodate and feed such an army of employees in the most economical and efficient way, the city will have to run its own hotels, apartment houses and tenements. Perhaps it will take all the houses, big and little, by "the right of eminent domain" and run everything from buying classic statuary to polishing up "the handle of the big front door."

The vast expenditure required for capital and running expenses will be secured by taxes levied on the citizens, but a large and constantly increasing fund is expected from the presence of strangers to be attracted by summer carnivals, managed by the corporation, and held every season. These carnivals will cost nothing, because the men to do the work would be officials under regular salary, while the city will have its own plant for electric exhibitions. Besides, the rates at the corporation hotels can be doubled after the strangers get here. So can the fares on the street cars, while the normal big profit derived from the corporation gin-mills can be more than doubled by the simple and expeditious process of watering the gin.

The whole scheme is worthy of the attention of the members of the council. It is not very visionary than some other schemes which have found advocates at the board in the past.

Besides, there's millions in it, for the men who will run the machine.

TO THOSE ABOUT TO DIE.

Liberal Inducements Offered by the Rival Woodstock Undertakers.

The undertakers of Woodstock make things lively in that town by their rivalry of each other. There are two of them, and each has a four inch double-column advertisement in the local papers. These ads are placed close together, so that those in need of coffins can take their choice. Each undertaker has a double-column cut of a gorgeous hearse, with nodding plumes and all the habiliments of woe. There is not much to lead a stranger to choose between these conveyances, for though it is true one pair of horses is much more spirited than the other pair, yet the latter is provided with an attractive acting and the driver has a much more mournful aspect than the driver of the opposition hearse.

The most liberal inducements to die are offered by the rival "funeral directors." The first has not only "everything in connection with a first-class undertaking establishment," but has telephone connection. He asserts that "parties from the country, requiring anything in above line, will consult their own interests by calling here first," and declares that he can quote "prices that defy competition," with the great attraction of a "hearse second to none in the province."

On the other hand, his rival says he is "prepared to finish caskets and coffins at prices unheard of before," and his wares do seem to be ridiculously cheap. Fancy a casket for an adult at \$12, and a coffin for \$7, with children's prices away down at \$4 and \$5. "Give us a call and see for yourself," he says to those "likely to need coffins, and he guarantees "satisfaction in every particular."

The rivals of Woodstock are apparently trying to rob death of its sting by lowest cut rates and energetic advertising.

The Want of a Minute.

Mr. Cowie was one of those careful travellers who invariably spent 25 cents when he purchased his railway ticket at the station and covered his life with \$3,000 accident insurance for the day. The only reason why he did not do so a week ago Saturday was lack of time. The last gong was ringing when he paid for his ticket, and ticket agent Hanington, knowing his custom, said:

"You haven't time to wait for your accident ticket, Mr. Cowie."

"Never mind," was the hasty reply, as he started hurriedly for the train, and said, "I guess it won't matter this time."

But it did matter.

Books for the Library.

The heart of Miss Martin, the librarian of the Public Library, has been made glad this week by the receipt of a consignment of new books from England. They are now on the shelves, and include a choice assortment of standard fiction, belles letters, etc. The public will feel a renewed interest in the library with this valuable addition, and the effect is likely to be shown in a largely increased patronage.

Long, selected chair cane is used in all chair seating, by Duval, 249 Union street.

AFRAID OF CRITICISM.

THE WAY IN WHICH AN ALDERMAN TRIES TO SPITE "PROGRESS."

His Plan to Make the Council Decide that the People's Paper Shall Have no more City Advertising—Is He the Man to Represent the Citizens?

At a meeting of the Treasury department of the common council, on Tuesday, Ald. Busby introduced a resolution that no more advertising be given to weekly papers, or in other words, to PROGRESS. A clause to that effect was inserted in the report, according to custom. If Ald. Busby had moved that no coal be bought by the city from anybody but himself, it also would have been inserted. The board leaves all suggestions to be dealt with by the council.

When the report was taken up, section by section, in the council yesterday, Ald. Peters, chairman of the treasury board, moved that this section be not adopted. This was seconded by Ald. Bizard, another member of the board, who got the floor just ahead of Ald. Nase, who rose for the same purpose. Ald. Vincent also endorsed the motion, which was carried unanimously. Ald. Busby was not present.

The animus of Ald. Busby is due to the fact that PROGRESS has from time to time published facts which show that he is wholly unfit to represent any ward in the common council. It has not gone out of its way to do so, nor attacked his record when, as a member of the old Portland council, he was chairman of the worst managed fire department this side of Japan. It did not say, as it might have said, that a man who had shown himself so utterly inefficient in a responsible position had no business in the present council. It took the view that as he had got in there by a "fuke," he would have to stay until the time came for the intelligent electors of Victoria ward to choose a better man, and it was prepared to endorse him in any good measures which he might advocate or support.

Unfortunately, he did not give an opportunity for such endorsement. When there was a right and a wrong thing to do, he appeared to choose the latter. One of the first acts which brought him into prominence was his putting in a sham tender to supply coal to a department of which he was a member. This tender was accepted, and PROGRESS in the interests of the citizens referred to it in clear and unmistakable terms. There have been other reference to Ald. Busby, in his capacity as a member of the council, none of which have exceeded the bounds of fair and just criticism.

In return for this he proposed to prostitute his position and use the machinery of the city to avenge himself.

The city advertising is not essential to the success of PROGRESS, but it claims that it is as fully entitled to patronage as any newspaper in St. John. It has, indeed, taken more interest in public affairs, and done more to point out existing or threatened evils than any other paper. It has told the truth about public men, whether they advertised with it or not, and it has not, like the city dailies, accepted patronage as a bribe to keep silent when justice demanded that it should speak. If it has hit some public men, so much the worse for them. They should have behaved better. If they were sensible men, as some of them were, the criticism did them good.

The members of the common council do not "run" the city, except as the servants of the ratepayers. The best of them may sometimes err and their acts may be open to comment by an independent paper. But it may be laid down as a sound principle that an official who is afraid of such criticism, who fears the light of day upon his acts, and who tries to gag the press or avenge himself upon it, is not fit for his position. He is not put in office to do as he pleases, but as the best interests of the people require.

Only men who realize this truth should be sent to the council. A man who abuses his position to suit his own ends, either in the way of grabbing a boodle or gratifying spite, or who allows himself to be made a tool in the hands of designing men, has no right there.

And the electors should see that no such man gets there.

Everybody Will Go.

There is scarcely need to call attention to the concert to be given by the Fusiliers' band, next Thursday. It is probable that seats will be at a premium before the opening hour that evening. If they are not, they ought to be. Everybody likes to hear that band, to say nothing of the excellent local talent which has been engaged to assist it. Besides, the proceeds of the concert are for a most deserving and charitable purpose.

A Good Motto.

There is an interesting letter on another page from the widow of the Hon. James E. Lynott, St. George, to the inspector of the North American Life. A man who insures his life in a good company proves his regard for his family. "Prompt payment" is the motto of the North American Life.

A GREAT PICTURE.

"Heavenly Love," A Great Masterpiece to be an Exhibition Next Week.

The people of this city are to have a rare treat next week, when that famous picture "Heavenly Love" will be on exhibition for the first time in this country. The picture arrived this week from Limbury on the Lahn, in Germany, and the agent E. Scholl, proposes to have it ready for exhibition purposes by Wednesday of next week. This picture is one of J.B. Scholl's great masterpieces "Earthly Love" and "Heavenly Love" and has attracted the attention and admiration of thousands wherever it has been shown. An extract from the artist's life translated from the German by a gentleman in this city, says:

In 1850, by the demise of a relative, Scholl's wife inherited 9,000 florins, with which he and his friend Engel designed and erected a large studio in Roedelheim for the purpose of painting two large oil pictures, one entitled "Earthly Love" and the other "Heavenly Love." The former represents a dream of a bridegroom who lies asleep; over him Hyenus, the deity of marriage, appears, surrounded by cupids hovering in the air, and presents to him the form of his destined bride. The latter, a vision of the highest ideal, is revealed to Scholl, the artist. In a dream he is seated before a canvas, his hand extended in the act of taking the pencil from a cupid to delineate the pure and seraphic figure of a mother and child, representing the pure love. Carl Engel and other geni assist in the preparations of colors. Looking out upon an ideal world appears the Taurus Mountains and the artist's house at Roedelheim. After the completion of these two great paintings, people interested in true artistic work came far and near to inspect them and they met with universal admiration. These paintings were sent to the Exposition Universelle at Paris. They arrived later than the time officially set for the reception of exhibitions, but, such was their merit, that a special permission was extended, and they were retained after the regular show was over for further exhibition.

St. John people are rarely privileged to see the masterpiece of a famous old country artist, and no doubt they will crowd Jack's assembly rooms from next Wednesday until the closing of the Exhibition.

WHAT BECAME OF HIM?

A Rumor Which Has Reference to One of St. John's Missing Men.

Several years ago, a young butcher of St. John made preparations to take a business trip to the United States. He was provided with a large sum of money, and night before he was to leave he took "a turn around town with the boys," and they left him, at a late hour, at the corner of Orange and Carmarthen streets, and that was the last ever seen of him by his friends. He disappeared as utterly as if the earth had opened and swallowed him. It seems absolutely certain that he did not leave the city, and it is almost equally certain that he was the victim of foul play.

There was at that time, in the lower part of the city, a certain notorious house, which still exists, but is under different management. The woman who was proprietor of the house at that time subsequently left St. John, and at a later period died.

A rumor, which cannot be traced to any reliable source, has been current of late to the effect that in her last illness, and while delirious, the woman repeatedly talked of the missing man in such a way as to leave the impression that she had a knowledge of the manner of his disappearance and place of burial. The rumor, indeed, has been so definite as to locate the latter. There are other rumors in connection with the matter which, in the absence of better authority, it would be unwise to publish. Whether or not the story has any foundation is a matter which may be worth investigating. A good many men have disappeared from St. John, most unaccountably, in the last score of years, and in a very few instances has there been found a trace of them afterwards.

Good Sample Rooms Wanted.

There is hardly a commercial traveller who will not say that St. John lacks good sample rooms. There is no building in the city that is known as a centre for sellers and buyers. In conversation with PROGRESS a few days ago, a well known citizen interested in real estate intimated that if sufficient encouragement was held out, he would not hesitate to erect a building for such a purpose. Speaking of a certain central lot he said he could erect a building there 70 by 70 which would contain at least 14 good sample rooms. "I would have them comfortable" he continued, "intended either for permanent or transient occupation, well finished, well heated, and with a janitor always in attendance to assist in handling sample trunks. An elevator would be a necessity. These rooms would have to be well lighted, and they would be large enough for a man to stretch himself and show his goods to advantage. There are few rooms in the city now that are not cramped for room, dark and uninviting. Since the Short Line was opened this town has been, more than ever, a centre for commercial men, and such a building as I have thought of should be a convenience to them." A call for replies from travellers, elsewhere in this paper, is worth reading.

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

A Mistake That Was Well Paid For—Old Timer Tells of How he Was Deceived Twice—A Laughable Incident Follows a Good Resolve.

XV. I am now going to present myself to the readers of PROGRESS in a dual capacity, with a view of inquiring what is best to be done in stress of circumstances.

Just about the time of the completion of the Suspension Bridge, my usual afternoon "constitutional" was marked out between the ferry boat (after crossing over), through Carleton, over the Suspension Bridge and Straight Shore road, and so on to the Market square—a stretch, perhaps, of three miles.

When on my travels, one afternoon in December, and when just back of the asylum, going towards the bridge, a low sleigh passed me, the horse walking, with a person sitting in on the upper side, apparently taking his ease, as if he felt that he would be in plenty of time to get where he was going.

After passing him a few hundred yards, and by chance looking back I observed the sleigh overturned, as if it had struck an ice hillock, and the said party clinging to the side and beckoning most earnestly for me to return to his assistance.

The impression was that he was under the influence of the ardent—how could a sleigh going at a walking pace be overturned and its occupant thrown out under ordinary circumstances; and therefore I thought he ought to be able to readjust matters without extraneous aid—besides, there were several persons on the road nearer to him than I was.

So I kept on the even tenor of my way; and when I crossed over the bridge and reached the toll house, I asked the keeper who was that tough customer who had just crossed over in a low sleigh.

After thinking a moment, he replied, "O, that was Mr. — of Indiantown—why, what's the matter?"

Although unacquainted with the gentleman, his name and standing, of the highest order, was quite familiar to me, and at that moment I would have given a good deal if I could have changed my entity for that of somebody else.

The parable of the Levite and Samaritan came into my head with a rush, and I wished myself in Jericho; and soliloquized that instead of passing by on the other side, I should have gone to the stranger's relief, drunk or sober.

What a fool I was, and how selfish! and so forth. Now, as the toll-house was the source of my information, whence I obtained the gentleman's name, as an aggravation to my predicament I knew that it would not be long before he would learn my name from the same quarter.

And so he did. It was not long after this, as I learned afterwards, when said gentleman with a broken leg and in great pain, was brought over the bridge by two persons who had gone to his assistance.

It appeared that the sleigh had capsized and the occupant fell under one of the runners, whereby his leg was broken besides having sustained other injuries.

As a matter of course my name and name ran through Indiantown like stubble in a blaze under a strong breeze. And no wonder. I was innocent and I was guilty of the charge laid against me.

And what tended to the aggravation was the fact that I had nobody to defend me, or rather plead some excuse in extenuation of my Levitical conduct.

Nobody to say "now might there not be some mistake," or "I don't think any body would be so hard-hearted." No. I had not the benefit of a doubt.

Some folks even went so far as to say all Indiantown would boycott him (but under another name, as Boycott had not entered the classics at that time.)

But if it was not so treated, I certainly boycotted Indiantown—for I was afraid to venture in those sunny regions for six months afterwards.

However, I made up my mind from that episode down to the present day, that I should never be caught in such another dilemma—this was a lesson to me—and no matter under what circumstances if I saw a fellow-being in need of help I would be the first man to mount the deadly breach and fall in the discharge of a humane duty.

I will now explain how faithfully I kept this good resolution and the result of my kindheartness, for I had now become a thorough Samaritan.

Shortly after removing to Fredericton (bringing all my good resolutions with me) I was one night awakened out of a pleasant dream about old times in St. John, by a tremendous rapping at the front door.

The house was situated a little below town, and somewhat isolated. The night was very dark. On going to the door two men presented themselves, both apparently in great trouble. The one who spoke up said, "O sir, my mother lying near Morrison's Mills, is very low (I don't remember that he said his mother-in-law) and we want to go for the doctor up town—every minute is precious—and we take the liberty of asking if you will be so very kind as to lend us your horse and wagon, and we shall never forget you."

Certainly, was my prompt reply—for the Samaritan had full possession of every atom of my economy. Hold on for a moment until I dress myself,—for I must confess I had very little more on than Samaritans generally at this time of night. I soon, however, was in my wraps, and with my strange companions sallied down to the

stable in the darkness and harnessed the horse, and in a few minutes more away they went at full speed—for the doctor.

I took the precaution to tell them how to dispose of the horse on their return—to stable him, lock the door and place the key on the step, and all would be right.

Next morning I was informed by the stable lad that the horse was not in the barn. Ah—ha! said I, from the impulse of the moment, they have stolen the Samaritan's horse. In the course of the morning I thought I would see Phil Mulligan (our whole police force at that time), and lay the case before him and get him to go upon the scent; but before seeing Phil I learned that my wagon was up town all smashed to pieces against a lamp post, and a strange horse had been impounded that morning, caught running at large, and the owner thereof was required to pay \$4 redemption money.

Thus, for my good nature in trying to redeem my former error in the character of a Levite, I lost a wagon worth \$100, and had to pay four dollars for getting my horse out of pound.

It appeared that the two sweets who called upon me were on a bender that night, and obtained the team "under false pretences," and went helter skelter through the town at a break neck pace,—and, at my expense.

Now I beg to ask the readers of PROGRESS what they would advise me to do—next time? AN OLD TIMER.

HE WRESTLED WITH GAELIC.

The Experience of a Provincial Clergyman with a Strange Tongue.

The Rev. Mr. Shephard, who erstwhile presided over a cure of souls in one of the towns in the maritime provinces, was not after the pattern of most Presbyterian divines. He had marked and singular ways of his own, and was particularly noted for absent-mindedness.

A part of his flock consisted of the nation who claim their tongue to have been spoken in the Garden of Eden—namely, Gaelic.

It was Mr. Shephard's ambition to master the Gaelic language sufficiently to minister to that portion of his flock in their native tongue. He labored long and truly, and one Sunday decided to apply his researches in the Gaelic language practically, and deliver a sermon in that classic tongue.

Sunday came and the sermon was preached. Afterward the minister, with some complacency, asked certain of the congregation how they had liked the sermon. Several hung back and said nothing.

Then one bolder than the rest lifted up his voice and said cautiously: "Well, parson, na doot it wuz a ferry fine sermon what-erffer, but we could na onderstand an word o' it!" This was a damper. Mr. Shephard abandoned the study of the Gaelic tongue as something beyond the capacity of mortal man to accomplish.

Some time after this, most of the town, Mr. Shephard included, went to hear a celebrated lecturer, who had drifted that way. In the course of the lecture, Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith was mentioned, and the lecturer dwelt on his mastery of a number of languages. Mr. Shephard heard this with some interest, as he had recently been engaged in the study of an unknown tongue himself. He jumped to his feet in great excitement, and roared out, to the infinite astonishment of the lecturer, "There's the Gaelic, let him try that!"

I recall another story about Mr. Shephard, where he was, so to speak, "hoist with his own petard." One member of his flock was habitually addicted to looking upon the wine when it is red, and judging from his usual condition, he did not meet his step at looking at it. Mr. Shephard met him one day, after he had been sampling it pretty extensively. The pastor stopped, and more in sorrow than in anger, remarked, "Well, Donnelly, drunk as usual." Donnelly looked up with a gleam in his eye and answered, sympathetically, "Hic, so am I, sir."

SYDNEY NOEL WORTH.

Test of Popularity. Miss Tayke—"Did you get any valentines, dear?"

Miss Sweet—"No. I don't believe I've an enemy in the world."—Boston Times.

WHAT SHALL I CALL MY LOVE?

If there be truth in ancient saws It surely would be meet That I should call my love "Revenge"—They say Revenge is sweet.

Or I might name her "Conscience," who Makes cowards of us all; Or her that teaches more than books "Experience" I might call.

"Economy" is wealth, they say—She's wealth enough for me; "Consistency" a jewel, and A jewel, too, is she.

Or "Knowledge" would be apt and true, For that is power I wis; Yet might I dub her "Ignorance," For Ignorance is bliss.

And yet again, she drives us mad, So "Learning" would be it; And she'd do grace to "Brevity," For she's the soul of wit.

But when before her virgin charms My suppliant knee is bent I'd like to call her "Silence," for "The Silence gives consent."

And if in these triumphant arms I hold the winsome elf, I'd call her "History," in the hope That she'll repeat herself.

—Wilson K. Welch, in Life.

WHEN YOU TAKE ETHER.

THE SENSATION DESCRIBED BY ONE WHO HAS FELT IT.

A Graphic Description of the Sensation When Passing from the Conscious to the Unconscious—An Experience to which that of Dying Seems Near Akin.

I have so often heard people wonder what it felt like to take ether—that is, to be thoroughly under the influence of it, that I thought in the interest of my fellow creatures, I would resurrect a most painful memory and describe the exact sensations, so that "those about to take ether," may know exactly what they have to expect.

The operation for which it was administered in my case was not a dangerous one, but it was sufficiently painful to require a powerful anesthetic, and the services of both a dentist and a surgeon, who were to pry into the innermost recesses of my jawbone, and satisfy themselves and each other whether or not a portion of that valuable adjunct to my personal appearance and internal welfare should be removed.

I was accustomed to chloroform, but "the realms of ether," to soar into poetry, were untried territory to me. Would that they might always have been.

I submitted patiently to be enveloped in the long linen shroud that is used on such occasions, and which differs only in color from the genuine article, and clambered cheerfully into the operating chair. I had heard so much about partially etherized patients kicking the glass out of the windows and violently assaulting the doctor, that my great anxiety was to keep quiet and submit to the influence as quickly as possible. I clasped my hands resolutely on my knee and leaned back in the most placid condition of mind and body that I could command. I heard the gurgling of the ether as the doctor poured it out, and the faint, sickly smell crept heavily through the atmosphere.

"Are you quite ready?" he asked, and on my answering came swiftly behind me and clasped a rubber mask over my nose and mouth. Somewhere over the mouth was a sponge or reservoir for the ether.

As I write I can feel the sensation now in all its horror. Suffocation is too mild a term to express it. It implies too slow a process. It was more like strangulation from the fumes of sulphur. The breath was not only caught from my lips, but dragged forcibly from the laboring lungs by a power that felt like an air pump. In spite of myself I threw up my hands with a strangled cry of agony, and the doctor loosened the mask for a moment and gave me a breath of air.

"It's all right," he said cheerfully. "It always acts that way."

Then he tightened the mask again and I began to struggle for breath, which only ended when I grew too weak to struggle any longer, and by that time I did not care; my brain was very active and I knew that I was dying. I remembered being told years ago never to take ether, as it was unlikely that I would ever come out of it, and I was sorry in a vague way that I had taken the risk. I did not see my whole past life spread out before me according to the accepted idea, though I was quite certain that I had only a moment or two more on earth. I wondered if I had not virtually committed suicide, and whether I would be punished accordingly, and I thought of my mother and wished I had said good bye to her. I hoped someone would tell her before they took me home.

Then I felt the surgeon raise my eyelid and pass his finger over my eye. I tried hard to say "not yet," but my voice had passed beyond my control, and the words came out separately and far away in a high strange tone which was echoed several times. Then I grew quite happy. I was sinking far down in a soft, warm darkness that was black beyond all earthly darkness, and that wrapped me close and finally carried me down beneath great waves of water that rose and sank with delightful motion. I knew that I had been drowned, and all pain was over forever. I did not want to breathe or to live, I was too happy as I was. And then all was blank. In a moment more I heard a voice very far away say anxiously, "Is he coming to?"

Someone else answered, "Yes he'll do now, he has a good constitution, and it will bring him through." I tried to ask "Is it over?" but my tongue seemed paralyzed, and once more I sank into "the peace of nothingness."

I was roused again by someone bending over me and shouting "Hullo! do you know me?" and I saw the doctor's dark eyes and white teeth, nothing else, not even the outline of a face, just the eyes and teeth seen against a faint background of window with a brick wall beyond. I heard him say "He's going off again; we'll have to carry him into the next room out of the fumes of the ether." And the next I knew the kindly doctor was holding me upright while he jammed my hat down on my head, pounded me cherrily on the back, and assured me as he helped to carry me to a waiting cab, that I was "all right now."

All right? I had clambered into that chair at 2 o'clock in the full vigor of youth and health. As the cab drove off the railway whistle boomed 5, and in those three short hours I had changed into a helpless invalid, who might have been just crawling out of a sick bed after weeks of illness. My head was aching as if it would fly apart. My

limbs felt like lead; each nerve was quivering with a nameless pain, and a deadly sickness hung over me like a pall. I had grown into a feeble old man in one afternoon, and I was conscious of but one wish: that someone would be merciful enough to put me out of pain, as we do an animal that is hurt beyond recovery.

I do not know how terrible a thing death may be, or if all suffer alike; but it seems to me that if I had to choose between an ordinarily merciful death and another dose of ether I would almost choose the former.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

A MARVELOUS PREMIUM.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK, SECURES IT.

Nearly Six Hundred Thousand Dollars Paid By One Family For Insurances in the Mutual—The Most Stupendous Transaction Known in the History of Insurance.

The insurance world has recently been startled by the announcement that the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, has secured a check for \$578,345.00, covering the premium for insurance on the life of Mr. Theo. A. Havemeyer, the well-known merchant of New York, and four members of his family. While it is left to the millionaires of the United States to express their faith in the management and stability of this colossal institution in such a princely manner; yet, our people are awakening to the fact that a desirable investment may be obtained in this way, and in proportion to their wealth are taking advantage of it. Mr. J. Herbert Wright, the company's general agent here, last week received a check for \$5,224.00, representing one premium on a policy recently placed by him, and this is only one of the large premiums on his books.

There are two very significant points for consideration in connection with this insurance:

FIRST—That the Messrs. Havemeyer, seeking a profitable and safe investment of a vast fund, selected life insurance as offering more advantages and greater security than any other form of investment.

SECOND—That they had such faith in the management and stability of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, that they willingly entrusted to its care nearly \$600,000 in cash, without any security beyond the PROMISE of the company to pay!

The assets of this purely Mutual Company now aggregate \$136,401,328.02; which is many millions of dollars in excess of the largest banking institution in the world.

Any person desiring to learn the full details, in reference to the advantages which this company offers to its customers, may get the information by calling at the General Agency of the company for New Brunswick, in the city of Saint John, 99 Prince William street, Walker Building.

The policies written by the Mutual Life Insurance Company during the year numbered 44,577; or, say one hundred and fifty-two policies for each day of the year (exclusive of Sundays). The advantages of life insurance are, day by day, being more and more appreciated in Canada.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York paid to its policy-holders, for death claims alone, over one hundred millions of dollars (\$100,000,000).

A marvelous feature of these payments is the short space of time in which they were made, showing the phenomenal growth of the Mutual Life Insurance Company. It is indeed remarkable that a company starting without a dollar, should within 46 years pay for the one account of Death Claims over \$100,000,000.

It is unnecessary, perhaps, to state that no company in the history of the world has been able to accomplish such a result, although many of the institutions selling Life Insurance in Europe were organized at the beginning of the present century.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for Consumption, speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 5 cents.

Addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 89 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Perfumes, Etc.

We have now on hand a large and well assorted stock of

Perfumes Toilet Soaps,

WHICH WE WILL

SELL AT POPULAR PRICES.

F. E. GRAIBE & CO.,

Druggists, etc.,

35 KING STREET.

N. B.—SABBATH HOURS: 9:30 to 10:45 a. m.; 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m.

NO HUMBUG.

A Fact Worth Knowing.

At the CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL can be found one of the best and largest stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING, of all kinds, at Prices and Quality that cannot be excelled.

Our large stock of 'TWEEDS and COATINGS we are making to order at very low prices for Cash. We will guarantee to give a first-class fit, and warrant every garment.

This is your chance.

T. YOUNGCLAUS,

Wholesale and Retail 51 CHARLOTTE STREET

THIS CUT REPRESENTS OUR

New Hard Coal

Charter Oak Range.

THE most perfect Cooking Stove we have ever offered. We invite all who think of making a change in their cooking apparatus in the near future, to inspect it carefully, as we feel satisfied that it is

NEARER PERFECTION

than any Stove in the market. It is chaste in design; fine in finish, and as an operator has no equal.

We fit it either with or without Warming Closet, Top Shelf, Water Front, etc.; also, with extra large Fire Box for wood burning, and, last but not least, in common with all CHARTER OAKS it is fitted with the

WONDERFUL WIRE GAUZE DOOR,

the advantages of which for Roasting and Baking are now so well and favorably known. We guarantee every one we sell to be all we claim for it in every respect, and commend it to those who appreciate Home industry, as a production of which we are justly proud.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. St. P. S.—We can furnish references from many parties using above range.

ENGLISH CUTLERY.

OUR SPRING STOCK OF CUTLERY is now open for inspection. We import only the best makes of goods, and show a large assortment for choice. If you are buying we can satisfy you as to quality and price.

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

THE NEW CROCKERY STORE,

94 KING STREET.

China Tea Sets.

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

Prices as Low as ever. C. MASTERS.

THERE IS ALWAYS

ROOM AT THE TOP,

AND THE

GRANBY RUBBERS

HAVE LEAPED INTO THAT ENVIABLE POSITION AT ONCE,

BECAUSE OF THEIR

SUPERIOR

STYLE, FINISH & DURABILITY.

Get 1889 Goods.

THE HARMLESS PISTOL.

THE VACUUM TIPPED ARROW GUN AND PISTOL, just patented in the United States, Canada, France, England and Germany. Retail price of Pistol, with Vacuum Tipped Arrow and Target, 50c; retail price of Nickel-plated Pistol, with Tipped Arrow and Target, 75c. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 5 cents.

For sale by all dealers in Toys, Fancy Goods and Novelties throughout the country. If any one desires to purchase this novelty, and your local dealer does not have it, address the Sole Agent.

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CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,

60 Prince William Street.

Kindly remember us when you are selecting your purchases. We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all, of FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, PLATED WARE.

We invite you to call and see our stock. 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

AN ARAB SAID

Remember, three things come by thee; yet it has perished. It will not savor, it will not its speed; it flies to wound.

The spoken word, so soon for by thee; yet it has perished. In other hearts 'tis living still; And doing work for good.

And the lost opportunity. That cometh back no more to In vain thou weepst, in vain Those three will never more.

A FAIR DEED

BY BELLA I. FORD

"I have good news for you, Maud," said Aunt Esther. "George Ashley arrives in that reminds me you need dear, for you must needs lo as first impressions are ever

"Well, Aunt Esther," w "you can save the needless if to see me is the object of visit, he can spare himself. I'll have nothing to do with to inspect me, indeed! I own were a farm or piece of fun of a human being."

"Come, come, don't be s plied the aunt. "He has g is of good family, has all the constitute a true man, and v any girl desire?"

"It's all very well, Aunt I to say so," replies the indig suits the present occasion. terminated to have nothing to A girl should be at liberty choice, without her friends' gagement for her."

"Well, my dear," was the "you are young and inexpe when you come to know mor you'll change your opinion."

"I think," continued the I'm sure of it—there was nev of this sort known to termi If they don't hate beforeha sure to afterwards. I'm no pent when it's too late. I d will end it now."

"My dear girl, there shoul word as detest in the Engli The scripture tells us we mu one—even our worst enemy Maud, you don't really me say."

"I mean every word," was reply. "Since my very chil name not been the bane of i has been held up as an worship—and I've learned to name with scorn."

Aunt Esther, turning abou ply, finds herself alone.

"Dear, dear," sighed she, ties of youth. That girl's ut since the death of her pare dulged her in every way but ad seems to take the reins hands. I'm sure the child h attachment. He's a fine, int low, and would make her parti. However, as he is co remain silent and let thing course. Time will reduce th more reasonable frame of min

Meanwhile, Maud Ronald room, in a far from pleasat mind never varies from these d "He comes in three weeks— three weeks."

"Do you know Maud Ronald going hastily to the mirror, " bill of sale on you? The ar place in less than a month; arrives in three weeks. Bu significantly at herself, "there done in three weeks. Let me ping her foot impatiently upon inoffensive strip of tapestry an at nothing in particular; "tha do. I'll write him this very d my exact feelings towards him perhaps, entertain the same op and be glad of the release.

her face lightens up, "I'll send graph, and what my words effect, the portrait will do.

Jordan, if she knew the use I'r her photo. I dare say she'd ne me, but then it's for a good slides, she's away in Melburn an know. Now, it's time I was g Esther a hand, so I'll lay you t till I get the chance to write; t dear old photo, what good tur me."

She enters her aunt's presen wise old personage, to Maud; follows closely the motto of a and nothing more is said of the lover. But if the aunt's tongu her mind has rose-colored drea future of her silent niece. "Ye needs a new dress," opines she say nothing more about it, but self—have it made up, and she too glad when the time comes

Accordingly, that afternoon upon her important mission, lo niece behind her in an exultant mind. "Now's my chance," when her aunt's figure disappea sight. "If ever I made good time it must be now," and pr was oblivious to all things else,

BUG.
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HALL can be found
Y-MADE CLOTHING.
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which we are justly proud.
Prince Wm. St.
above range.
BERRY.
We import only the best making
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FINEST assortment
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your purchases.
suit all, of
WARE.
WILLIAM STREET.

AN ARAB SAYING.

Remember, three things come not back;
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee; yet it has perished not;
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,
That cometh back no more to thee;
In vain thou weep'st, in vain dost yearn,
Those three will never more return.

—The Century.

A FAIR DECEIVER.

BY BELLA L. FOLEY.

"I have good news for you this morning, Maud," said Aunt Esther Coolidge. "George Ashley arrives in three weeks. That reminds me you need a new gown, dear, for you must needs look your best, as first impressions are everything."

"Well, Aunt Esther," was the reply, "you can save the needless expense; and if to see me is the object of Mr. Ashley's visit, he can spare himself the trouble, as I'll have nothing to do with him. Coming to inspect me, indeed! One would think I were a farm or piece of furniture, instead of a human being."

"Come, come, don't be so saucy," replied the aunt. "He has good prospects, is of good family, has all the qualities that constitute a true man, and what more can any girl desire?"

"It's all very well, Aunt Esther, for you to say so," replied the indignant niece; "it suits the present occasion. I'm fully determined to have nothing to do with him. A girl should be at liberty to make her choice, without her friends plotting an engagement for her."

"Well, my dear," was the mild response, "you are young and inexperienced; but when you come to know more of the world, you'll change your opinion."

"I think," continued the girl—"nay! I'm sure of it—there was never a marriage of this sort known to terminate happily. If they don't hate beforehand, they are sure to afterwards. I'm not going to repent when it's too late. I detest him, and will end it now."

"My dear girl, there should be no such word as detest in the English language. The scripture tells us we must love every one—even our worst enemy. You know, Maud, you don't really mean what you say."

"I mean every word," was the emphatic reply. "Since my very childhood has his name not been the bane of my life? He has been held up as an idol for me to worship—and I've learned to treat his very name with scorn."

Aunt Esther, turning about to make reply, finds herself alone.

"Dear, dear," sighed she, "the frivolities of youth. That girl's utterly spoiled since the death of her parents. I've indulged her in every way but this, and now she seems to take the reins in her own hands. I'm sure the child has no other attachment. He's a fine, intellectual fellow, and would make her an excellent parti. However, as he is coming, I must remain silent and let things take their course. Time will reduce that child to a more reasonable frame of mind."

Meanwhile, Maud Ronalds is in her room, in a far from pleasant mood. Her mind never varies from these doleful words, "He comes in three weeks—He comes in three weeks."

"Do you know Maud Ronalds," said she, going hastily to the mirror, "that there's a bill of sale on you? The auction takes place in less than a month; the bidder arrives in three weeks. But," nodding significantly at herself, "there's lots can be done in three weeks. Let me see," tapping her foot impatiently upon the bright, inoffensive strip of tapestry and gazing out at nothing in particular; "that's what I'll do. I'll write him this very day; tell him my exact feelings towards him. He may, perhaps, entertain the same opinion of me and be glad of the release. Moreover," her face lightens up, "I'll send this photograph, and what my words will fail to effect, the portrait will do. Poor Eliza Jordan, if she knew the use I'm making of her photo. I dare say she'd never forgive me, but then it's for a good cause. Besides, she's away in Melburn and will never know. Now, it's time I was giving Aunt Esther a hand, so I'll lay you safely aside till I get the chance to write; then I'll see, dear old photo, what good turn you'll do me."

She enters her aunt's presence, but that wise old personage, to Maud's surprise, follows closely the motto of a still tongue, and nothing more is said of the expected lover. But if the aunt's tongue is silent, her mind has rose-colored dreams of the future of her silent niece. "Yes, the child needs a new dress," opines she, "and I'll say nothing more about it, but buy it myself—have it made up, and she will be only too glad when the time comes to wear it."

Accordingly, that afternoon she set out upon her important mission, leaving her niece behind her in an exultant frame of mind. "Now's my chance," said she, when her aunt's figure disappeared from sight. "If ever I made good use of my time it must be now," and presently she was oblivious to all things else, save pen,

"Economic" White-wear for Ladies.

For this month we are making a SPECIAL SALE at REDUCED PRICES of the "Economic" (un-trimmed) White Cotton Underwear, consisting of NIGHT GOWNS, CHEMISE and DRAWERS. The "Economic" Underwear is made from an Extra Quality Cotton, and is manufactured in our own factory; we can, therefore, guarantee the sewing on these garments as being the very best.

They are on sale in our SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for LADIES, and are marked at prices lower than they can be made up for in Ladies own homes.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

disappointed thrown over by some heartless girl.

"Maud's eyes were riveted upon the floor, her face wore a deep blush, while Aunt Esther, grim and severe, stared at the speaker.

"Well, well, the wickedness of men," was her curt reply. "A fine excuse for his errors—gone to the bad, eh?"

"Yes, gone to the dogs. A sheer case of disappointed love on his part. He has vowed never to trust womankind again, but then you know, time heals those wounds," and he looked in a careless fashion at the guilty girl opposite him.

"If the ground would only open up beneath my feet," is poor Maud's heartfelt wish; or "if Aunt Esther would not be so inquisitive." She felt that her tell-tale face was revealing all and that the man opposite could read her very thoughts.

"Tell me what he is about at the present time?" said Aunt Esther.

"Well," replied the visitor with a sly twinkle, "I believe he is trying to gain the affections of a certain young lady."

"Do you think him likely to win?" asked Aunt Esther, eagerly.

"I don't really know. She's a fine girl and I'm afraid too good for him."

"Oh, the villain," was Aunt Esther's vehement response, while Maud's repentant mood assumed a vindictive form. "I'm real glad I sent the photograph," was her inward comment, while Aunt Esther, with all the zeal and ardor of her nature, hoped that the girl he was after would have nothing to do with him."

On his way to his lodging, George Ashley found his mind in a pleasant train of thought. "My scheme," said he, "is not at all a bad one. If the end proves as good as the beginning all will be well. The man who gains her noble heart will be well repaid."

The weeks glided into months, until it occurred to George Ashley that his visit must terminate. Would he confess his true sentiments to Maud or not? He felt sure she loved him, but when she found out the real facts would she profess her former antipathy for him? The months ere they should meet again appeared before him. His anxiety lest in his absence another should supplant him weighed heavily upon him and he resolved to speak his mind, come what might.

Accordingly the next day he paid his usual visit to Aunt Esther's cottage, his thoughts deeply fixed on the project before him, and in a few minutes he was by her side.

"Dearest Maud," said he plunging eagerly into the subject, "this is our last walk together. Ere tomorrow's sunset we two will be far apart."

"Must you really go?" said she, with deep regret, raising two sad lovely eyes to his. "I shall miss you so much."

"Will you miss me Maud? I shall be happy to know that I occupy a place in your memory and that I have gained a true friend."

"How strangely you speak," she responded with mild reproach, "have we not been the best of friends and, with tender paths, 'I think it mean of you to go away so soon. Can I not coax you to remain a little longer?"

"That," replied he, depends entirely upon yourself. Can you keep a secret?"

"I hope so," was the startled reply, fixing upon him at the same time an anxious look.

"Well," replied he, "when you hear my story, Maud, you will understand." "I owe your aunt an apology, but on the other hand consider the scales are equally balanced. So we shall forget and forgive, be friends in the future, casting all deceit in the background."

"I don't understand you, Ralph," was Maud's somewhat false reply, "you're a perfect enigma to me, be more explicit please."

"Well you know," with a mischievous glance, "'tis a very delicate subject,

DID YOU EVER USE PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND?

The thousands of bottles of Paine's Celery Compound sold in this city the last few months, leads us to ask the question at the head of this article.

If you have used Paine's Celery Compound, please write us full particulars of your case, and we will refer your letter to our consulting physicians. We find sometimes that a little advice in regard to diet and other matters hastens a cure. For this letter of advice we will make no charge. We only ask that you tell your friends who may be suffering with nervous diseases what our remedy has done for you.

We are always glad to hear from people who have used Paine's Celery Compound. Many have written us of the headaches that it banished, the back-ache that it cured, the brain trouble that it removed, and the sleeplessness that it replaced with healthy slumber. All these kind words are cheering to us. That this medicine has brought health and happiness to thousands of homes, is our best reward. Write us what it has done for you.

Here are samples of letters we have received recently, short and right to the point. Annie Gourly, River Beaudette, P. Q., wrote: "I have used your Paine's Celery Compound for weakness. I find it to be a certain cure. I feel as well now as ever I did in my life."

W. Gordon of Montreal, P. Q., wrote: "I have been troubled for a long time with indigestion, and have tried several remedies, but without benefit. I finally used Paine's Celery Compound, and can heartily recommend it to any one suffering with indigestion."

Remember that Paine's Celery Compound is a scientific, health-giving medicine that restores vigor to all the physical organs. Its action upon the nervous system is entirely different from that of any other medicine; hence its superior power. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL, P. Q.

How to Please Them.
Such little things please women!
They are made happy by a smile and a flower.

By a new frock and a pleasant greeting. By a bit of cake and a good cup of tea. By a well-fitting pair of slippers and a handkerchief with a drop of perfume on it. By a string of gold beads or a new book. By being told they look nice, and having this accompanied by a kiss.

By a tete-a-tete supper, or a lot of the girls to eat ice cream in the middle of the day.

By a box of candy or ten postage stamps. By a wedding or an engagement.

By going to the matinee, or having a bit of news that is an absolute secret told them.

But they are happiest of all when they can lean their heads up against the shoulder of some great big man, tell of their woes and joys, be laughed at and kissed, be patted and assured of being "a ridiculous little donkey, but after all a pretty good little girl." That's what they like best.—Ez.

"Used Up,"
"Tired Out," "No Energy," and similar expressions, whenever heard, indicate a lack of vital force, which, if not remedied in time, may lead to complete physical and nervous prostration. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to vitalize the blood, build up the tissues, and make the weak strong.

"For nearly three months I was confined to the house. One of the most celebrated physicians of Philadelphia failed to discover the cause of my trouble or afford relief. I continued in a bad way until about a month ago when I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It acted like a charm. I have gained flesh and strength and feel ever so much better. Shall continue using the Sarsaparilla until completely cured."—John V. Craven, Salem, N. J.

"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time."—E. L. Pater, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas.

Be sure and ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$3 a bottle.

Women Have Decided That They Will Not Be Hooped Again.

"Never fear," said a bright woman yesterday, "that hoop skirts will come in. They can't. They're an impossibility under the present social regime. Hoop skirts go with formalism, conventionalism; limp skirts are necessary with estheticism and occasional chairs. There are three things that act and react on one another—furniture, manners and clothes. Hoop skirts were all very well for a generation that bowed and courtesied and set its sofas, tables and pianos primly back against the walls. There was a fine clear space in the middle where social evolutions could be fitly and with dignity performed. Greek draperies are the only ones really compatible with the present method of arranging drawing rooms.

"If there any encouragement for hoop skirts in a society which drops into statuesque poses on cushions wherever those cushions chance to occur, which clasp its hands over its knees and is always assuming picturesquely confidential attitudes? Hoop skirts are not Desartian. There is one thing only in their favor, they would give an opportunity for classes. One could give lectures on the art of managing a hoop skirt, and Lent is coming when lectures multiply. The true daughter of the nineteenth century would take lessons, if she could, in the art of dying. But no, hoop skirts in a horse car civilization are impracticable."—N. Y. Press.

The great majority of so-called cough cures do little more than impair the digestive functions and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it cures the cough, does not interfere with the functions of either stomach or liver.—Addet.

Make a Note of It.
The woman who finds that the lacing in the back of her corsets will show through her bodice finds the remedy in choosing another lace; the chances are that she has a round cord, or else somebody has convinced her that a rubber lace is desirable. What she wants to do is to pay 50 cents for a long flat silk lace which will outwear any of the others, and will never announce its existence except by being easy to pull when she wishes to tighten her stays.—N. Y. Sun.

Beauty of Skin & Scalp Restored by CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvelous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; CUTICURA SOAP, 50c. Prepared by the FOTTER, DRUGS AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin restored by CUTICURA SOAP. — 50c.

Dull Aches, Pains and Weakness instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster, 30c.

RAILWAYS.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.
"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c.
"THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.
Commencing December 30, 1889.
PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, AT
19.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland & Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.
FULLAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.
11.20 a. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate points.
4.10 p. m.—Fast Express for Fredericton, etc., and via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West.
CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL.
12.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Ypres and Isle.
FULLAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.
RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM
Montreal, 7.35 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached.
Bangor at 6.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached.
Fredericton at 7.15, 11.20, 11.45 a. m.; 12.25 p. m.
Woodstock at 10.15, 11.25 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.
Houlton at 10.25 a. m.; 11.50 p. m.
St. Stephen at 10.50 a. m.; 11.20 p. m.
St. Andrews at 8.55 a. m.
Fredericton at 12.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.35 p. m.
Arriving in St. John at 7.45, 11.00 a. m.; 11.30, 12.00, 11.50 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE.
18.30 a. m. for Fairville and West.
1.15 p. m.—Connecting with 4.10 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.
Trains marked † run daily except Sunday; † daily except Saturday. † Daily except Monday.
F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.
A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY!
St. Stephen and St. John.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME.
ON and after THURSDAY, Oct. 3, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
LEAVE ST. JOHN at 1 p. m., and Carleton at 1.25 p. m.; for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p. m.; St. Stephen, 6 p. m.
LEAVE ST. STEPHEN at 7.45 a. m., St. George, 9.50 a. m., arriving in Carleton at 12.25 p. m., St. John at 12.45 p. m.
FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER STREET, up to 8 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m.
BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance.
W. A. LAMB, Manager.
St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889.

Intercolonial Railway.
1889—Winter Arrangement—1890
ON and after MONDAY, 15th November, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.30
Accommodation for Point de Chene..... 11.10
Fast Express for Halifax..... 11.20
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 11.20
Express for Sussex..... 11.25

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 o'clock and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 10.20 and the Sleeping Car at Montreal.

The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 10.20, will run to destination on Sunday.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
Express from Sussex..... 8.20
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 11.10
Fast Express from Halifax..... 11.20
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 11.25
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Muirgrave..... 11.25

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.
D. FOTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., 15th Nov., 1889.

Buctouche and Moncton Railway.
On and after MONDAY, 18th November, Trains will run as follows:
Leave Buctouche, 8.30 | Leave Moncton, 15.30
Arr. Moncton, 10.30 | Arr. Buctouche, 17.30
C. F. HANINGTON,
Moncton, 14th Nov., 1889.

TICKETS
— 20 —
MONTREAL and All Points West
BY SHORTEST ROUTES.
Baggage Checked to Destination.
Travellers' Insurance Tickets for Sale.
FRED E. HANINGTON,
TICKET AGENT, Intercolonial Depot.

HOTELS.
ROYAL HOTEL,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
T. F. RAYMOND,
Proprietor.
ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,
25 to 32 GERMAIN STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Modern Improvements. Terms, \$1.00 per day.
Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75c.
W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.
HOTEL DUFFERIN,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
FRED A. JONES,
Proprietor.
BELMONT HOUSE,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day.
J. SIMS, Proprietor.
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.
VICTORIA HOTEL,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
D. W. McCORMICK, Proprietor.

IN SILK, CASHMERE, and MERINO, EYES.

50c. SILK VEST, in wearing wear. COMBINATIONS in Natural Colors; Boys' Blk. Ribbed Children's Waists; 36 inches.

J. J. HARRAY, 1890. 117 THE STREET.

NOVELTIES in our line. 38 KING STREET.

Official Stenographer writes: This is a specimen of work made on this machine. Copies. I pin my faith market, in addition to its

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

And the Happenings in Social Circles of Fredericton, Moncton, Woodstock, Dorchester, St. Stephen, Sussex, Amherst, Calais, Etc.

A pleasant meeting of the Eclectic club was held last Friday evening, at the residence of Mrs. Chas. Kinneer.

Mr. J. Fred McMillan returned to his home at Colborne, last week.

Miss MacLaren is visiting Mrs. Snowball, at Chatham.

Miss Grace Campbell is visiting Digby, N. S.

Miss Katie Murray left for New York last week, to pay a visit to her aunt.

Mr. J. de Wolfe Spurr spent this week in Halifax.

Mr. Arthur C. Thomson, of Halifax, has been appointed to the branch of the Bank of Montreal in this city. He arrived here the first of the week.

Mr. Owen Campbell, of the Bank of Montreal, has been granted a few weeks' leave of absence, and is visiting his friends in Moncton.

The two young children of Mrs. Andrew Cowie, who have been seriously ill with inflammation of the lungs, are recovering.

Mrs. C. J. Coster, although not able to be out, yet is convalescent.

Mr. George Jones, who accompanied his father and sisters as far as New York to see them on their European tour, will remain there for two or three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Symonds have closed their residence, Waterloo street, for a few weeks, and are residing at Mrs. Gillespie's, Chipman's Hill.

Mrs. C. Y. Gregory left on Tuesday for Halifax, to spend a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Campbell, of Fox Hill, spent Wednesday in the city.

Mrs. John Ferguson, of Bathurst, who has spent the last few weeks in the city, returned home last Saturday.

Before the departure of Mr. Oliver Stone, last week, for Regina, several entertainments were given in his honor; a gentlemen's whist party at the residence of his brother, Mr. Joseph Stone, Germain street, and another by Mrs. H. D. Troop, Orange street.

Mr. D. Russell Jack intends shortly to convert the old Reformed Episcopal church, on Charlotte street, into two private residences, one of which he will occupy himself.

Mr. James Stratton, Mr. E. McLeod and Dr. Barker, are attending court at Ottawa.

Miss Clements, who has been spending the last few weeks with Mrs. D. J. Seely, was summoned home last week in consequence of the death of her aunt.

Mrs. Henry Street, Welsford, spent this week in the city, the guest of her sister, Mrs. MacLachlan, Coburg street.

Mrs. Walter Scammell and her daughter Miss Maud Scammell, returned to New York, on Monday last, while in St. John several pleasant family gatherings and entertainments were given for them. A small dance at the residence of Mrs. Charles Scammell, Princess street. A card party at Mrs. Wm. Fraser's, Leinster street, and also at Mrs. Alfred Morrison's, Orange street.

Over a week ago invitations were sent to nearly 70 young ladies and gentlemen for a farewell dance given on Tuesday last by Mrs. C. F. Kinneer to her son, who left last Thursday for a new home in Toronto.

That Mr. Kinneer was held in high favor and esteem by the many friends he is leaving behind him was amply shown by Mr. Roy Campbell calling order at the supper and making an appropriate speech presenting Mr. Kinneer with a handsome diamond breast pin, from his gentlemen friends.

Mr. Kinneer returned to his home in dancing was begun and kept up until midnight. The guests present were: Miss Carrie Fairweather, Miss Edith Clarke, Miss Emma Robertson, Miss Jennie Hall, Miss Annie Puddington, Miss Gussie Cruikshank, Miss Annie Scammell, Miss Lila Lawton, Miss Gertrude Scholfield, Miss Maud Cowan, Miss Grace Skinner, Miss B. Hubbard, Miss Kitty Crook, Miss H. H. Steiner, Miss Alice Holden, the Misses Robinson, the Misses Fielders, the Misses Walker, the Misses Seely, the Misses Brock, and Messrs. Walter A. Bunker, Walter C. G. Blair, M. Robertson, T. Shaw and Charles Hall, John and Bev. Robinson, Guy and C. Kinneer (Sussex), H. Puddington, Alex. Barker, Woodrow Wilson, J. Sharp, Robert and H. Foster, George Botford, J. DeForest, R. Gordon, E. De Beer, A. T. Thorne, W. Rankine, J. H. Smith, J. A. Smith, J. Dunlop, F. W. Murray, J. Burrell, L. Donald, J. Dunlop, winners were: Ladies, Mrs. Rankine and Miss Fielder; Messrs. M. W. McLaughlin and H. DeForest.

Congratulations are in order for Mr. H. Morice, of Sackville, on the occasion of his marriage in this city on Monday. Mr. Morice, who has many friends in St. John, met his wife, then Miss Elvina M. Olson, at Pugwash, about three years ago, and whether her father's vessel had come. It was a case of love at first sight. Miss Olson returned to St. John, but afterwards came to the United States. The preliminaries having been arranged, she came to St. John last Sunday, and the couple were united by Rev. Wm. Lawson, on the following morning. They left on a wedding tour to Florida the same evening.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Toms, 194 Duke street, was the scene of a happy event Thursday evening, the occasion being the marriage of their daughter, Lily Maud, to Dr. Walter F. Bonnell. The guests, who consisted of the immediate friends and relatives of the contracting parties, began to arrive about 7 p. m. and at 7.30 the ceremony was performed by Rev. G. O. Galt.

The bride was attired in white satin with pearl trimmings, tulle veil, and white lilies of the valley.

Miss Maggie Fisher, cousin of the bride, and Miss Mabel Cowan, niece of the groom, were bridesmaids, and Dr. Simmons acted as best man. Miss Finlay wore pink satin with net overdress and flowers; and Miss Cowan pink satin.

A handsome seal ring, the gift of her father, and a magnificent gold bracelet from the groom, who also remembered each of the bridesmaids with a handsome present. Dr. and Mrs. J. Bonnell left for Boston and New York. On their return they will make their home for the present at the Clifton House, Germain street.

St. John—North End.

Miss Sheldon, of Fredericton, is the guest of Mrs. Barnhill, Douglas Road.

Miss Livingstone, has been unable to teach school for several weeks, having had a very severe attack of influenza. She is slowly recovering. Miss Tilly Shaw is teaching at Sand Point, during the illness of Miss Livingstone.

Dr. Bonnell left for Boston, Thursday, on his wedding tour, he will be absent eight or ten days, and will probably visit New York. After his return he will reside at the Clifton House.

Miss Bessie Parker, is recovering from an attack of influenza.

Miss DeBoo, of Sussex, who spent a week or two with her friend Mrs. Rowan, Douglas Road, returned home last week.

St. John—West End.

On Friday, the 14th, the members of the West End Longfellow club assembled at the railway station to witness the departure of one of their members, viz. Miss Sophie Russell, who left for her future home in Ottawa. The usually bright faces of the girls and boys were clouded as they realized that this was probably the last time they would see her for many months. Miss Russell will remain with her friends in Montreal for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Woodman, left on Tuesday morning for Florida, to spend the remainder of the winter season.

Mrs. Crisp, wife of the rector of St. Jude's Church, has been ill for some weeks.

The Misses Taylor of Yarmouth, who are spending the winter, at the West End are the guests this week of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Clark, on Prince street.

Mr. George Dunn, of Houlton, who with his two little girls, has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Dunn at Riverside cottage, last week for a trip to the States. The little girls will remain with Mr. and Mrs. Dunn until their return.

Private Moys.

HALIFAX.

Feb. 20.—The Miss performance at the academy audience during the course of the best actors, and take it altogether the affair was a success.

Monday night the Amateur Dramatic club gave a performance at the Academy entitled, "The Two Roses." The play is a very brilliant one, and it certainly was not brilliantly acted. Perhaps we are spoiled, and expect too much, but the general feeling is one of disappointment. The different parts were taken by Messrs. Marshall, Parsons, and Wallace, of the West Riding Regiment, Geo. Currie, Mr. S. J. Fuller, Miss Grant, Mrs. A. M. R. Doull, Mrs. G. Morrow, and Mrs. W. Tobin.

Miss Grant, who is really a good actress, was the recipient of a handsome bouquet. After the performance a supper was given at the residence of Mrs. J. Duffin, Morris street, at which all the officers of the West Riding attended.

Young Westphal Howe's death was very sudden; only the evening before he attended a small dancing party at Mrs. F. Bullock's. He expected to go up to his law exams on Monday last, and was studying hard for that purpose. The doctors think his death was caused by brain trouble.

Mr. John P. Mott has passed away, too. He will be sorely missed, and his place will be hard to fill. His will has been read, and it shows a very generous and liberal man, who had the least claim upon him has been well remembered, and handsome bequests have been left to the various charitable institutions of the city.

Mrs. Wm. Lawson still continues very ill. There are not the slightest hopes of her recovery.

The smoking concert was most successful. About 250 people filled the hall, and the receipts were ways has been, and I suppose always will be, a mystery to me how those men can sing with such strong Westphal Howe's death was very sudden; only the evening before he attended a small dancing party at Mrs. F. Bullock's. He expected to go up to his law exams on Monday last, and was studying hard for that purpose. The doctors think his death was caused by brain trouble.

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and Miss Maggie looked charming in white marvellous trimmed with gold fringe. corded silk, in dress.

Mrs. Gilliland, in pink corded silk, in dress.

Miss Crookshank, in a lovely costume of pale blue and white, with blue sash, with pretty ruffles running through it, and an exquisite spray of pond lilies.

Mrs. Macnutt, in black lace; pale blue sash.

Mrs. Macnutt, in pink satin and coffee lace.

Mrs. Edward Watson, in salmon pink satin and cream brocade velvet.

Mrs. S. J. Fuller, in black silk and lace.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Mr. Le Moine's Books. Among the books to be enjoyed by all interested in the history and antiquities of Canada, are Mr. J. M. Le Moine's Maple Leaves, and more recent Explorations of Jonathan Oldbuck, F. G. S. Q., in Eastern Latitudes; though the delight these works will give is by no means to be confined to students and specialists. With many curious facts, and other incidents, he has great variety, and much of the romantic; while through all is infused an attractive literary grace, and the enlivening quality of his genial personality. For the tourist about the St. Lawrence, the Saguenay, the St. John's Lakes, Quebec, Magdalen Islands, and Cape Breton, they will serve as useful itineraries, and make the trip at once more pleasing and intelligent. There is condensed into articles comparatively brief the results of patient inquiry and long research, to which succeeding authors will doubtless stand indebted; but no painful exactness is made on the casual reader, who is beguiled on from page to page through fairest scenes in Eastern Canada, while honied lips recite their legends and restore the actors of time past. With him, we follow the fortunes of "D'Ilberville, the Cid of New France"; behold the sublime self-sacrifice of Dollard, the Canadian Leonidas; and his daring men at the Long Sault; shudder at Iroquois ferocity and barbarity, while we witness the unexampled suffering of De Brebeuf and Lalemant on the shores of Lake Simcoe, and the massacre of settlers at LaChine; with him we exult in the graceful gallantry of "The Heroine of Vercheres"; catch the sigh of the forest from the songful lips of "Cadeux the Old Voyager"; stand on the site of some old house, and recount its early history; pause at "the grave of Garneau the Historian, or, in fine, listen to his descendant on "Our Early Friends, the Birds," with all the interest of pupils to whom it was first spoken. A unique position of his "Explorations" is that wherein, for a season, he assumes the romantic character of Jonathan Oldbuck, rendered so familiar to us by the genius of Scott; certainly the log of the yacht Hirondeelle is not the least agreeable character of a volume alive and sparkling wherever you chance to open it. A view of Spencer Grange, Silly (the beautiful environ of Quebec) is contained in the volume. This is the venerable and accomplished author's country seat, surrounded by groves and gardens, and enshrining many treasures of literary and antiquarian interest. It is a cynosure attractive to men of rank and fame, and where the humbler often find a cheerful welcome.

PASTOR FELIX. The March Wide Awake opens with a charming biography in miniature, by Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey, of "The Beautiful Emily Marshall," a famous young belle of Old Boston. Among the illustrated articles are "Animals at School," by Eleanor Lewis, and "Among the Date Palms," by Frances H. Throp, with her own drawings made in Africa recently. "Poor Lady Ursula," by Lucia Beverley, is a true story of the fate of a young Englishwoman who came to Maine in the early days. California furnishes the material for another story, Mrs. Fremont's "A Picnic Near the Equator." "The Colic that Kicked Up" will delight the little people, and young and old will read with interest Miss Poulson's "Early America in Clay." The article has some twenty illustrations of historical objects shaped in clay by the sightless children. Ingenious boys and girls will be apt to try Mr. Beard's "Musical Correspondence," a very ingenious system of cypher. "The Kaduskak Giant," by Miss McLeod, is a powerful story of Old Acadie, and shows what a rich mine of historical tradition lies unworked. Mrs. White's "Newspaper Workers" will be read with profit. Wide Awake is \$2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

Won't Work in St. John. It is quite the proper paper now in England to have a list of the bridegroom's presents published with that of the bride's gifts, and to have that list composed of articles essentially masculine in purpose. Just why when a man endows a woman with all his worldly goods everyone else, his friends as well as her own, should proceed to shower upon her all the wedding presents, leaving him out in the cold entirely, is not easily to understand from a masculine standpoint of reasoning. And we most heartily approve the new departure which provides the husband, who seems to be of little recognized importance at the modern wedding, though it would be rather difficult to get up a wedding without him, with scarf pins, guns, carriages, horses and traps, all sorts of smoking comforts, umbrellas, silver dressing cases, driving whips, etc., just the same as the bride has her diamonds and silver.—Er.

For cramps, cholera, diarrhoea, summer complaint, use Kendrick's Mixture. Kendrick's Mixture, a positive cure in nearly every case. Sold by dealers. 25 cents.—Adet.

Exceedingly Thoughtful. The mania for matching sometimes carries the modern woman to extreme lengths. One very charming lady presented a bit of Royal Dresden china to another a few days ago. The china was packed in a box and the box was tied with a peculiar shade of pale lavender ribbon. "Why lavender?" queried the spirit of idle curiosity. "It isn't a thing to speak about," replied the giver, "but I picked out the ribbon because it's the exact shade of her underwear."—Mail and Express.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The sacred concert and organ recital, which was given in St. David's church on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Young People's association in connection with the church, was well worth the attention it received. When the singers and orchestra took their places on the platform, every seat in the church was occupied, and those who could not get seats were accommodated with chairs, which were placed in the aisles. It is estimated that there were about 1,000 present.

Mendelssohn's "War March of the Priests," from Athalia, was given by the Philharmonic club, with Mr. James S. Ford at the organ. This piece, which increases in favor the more it is heard, was very well rendered, but might have been improved slightly, had a little more attention been given to the piano passages. Mr. Lindsay's solo, "Abide With Me," by Blandner, was sung with a good deal of expression, the articulation being very clear and distinct. His song was followed by an organ solo, "Hymn of Nuns," by Weyl, and a double number, "The Rose Tree," by Zimmerman, by Mr. Ford. He was particularly happy in the first number, but his best effort was in his last solo, "Cuckoo and Nightingale," which was really well played, although it needed a greater variety of stops than he had at his command to do this selection full justice.

The choir sang "Large are the Mansions," Miss Willet taking the solo, which she sang with good effect. The organ solo, "Agnus Animam," by Rossini, was well played by the organist of the church, the only fault being that the tempo was rather hurried. Miss Hancock also accompanied the choir in their numbers. The effect of Mr. Daniel's solo, "Jerusalem," was somewhat marred by the organ accompaniment being too loud, the voice at times being almost drowned.

"Sweet ye the Love" was then sung by the choir, the solo being taken by Miss Young and Mr. Fowler. The overture to "Samson," by Handel, was certainly the gem of the evening, and it went with a swing which showed that everyone was familiar with his or her part, the different movements being taken up in perfect time and tune. The club deserves great credit for the rapid progress it has made within the past year, and it has been clearly proven that it is not necessary to go outside of our own city and import professionals while we have such a club as this at home. It must be remembered that they are all (with, I think, one or two exceptions) amateurs, and therefore deserve the greater praise. The concert was brought to a close by singing the doxology, with the orchestra and organ, and as Rev. Mr. Bruce had requested the audience to join with the choir in singing this hymn, it was given with a will. I for one would be glad to hear more of these concerts, and where we have so many large churches, good organists, etc., I do not see why it cannot be done.

Tuesday evening a meeting of the "Old Musical Club" was held at the residence of Mrs. J. R. Armstrong, Wellington row. A very good programme was carried out. The next meeting will be held at Miss Marion Jack's, Orange street.

A musicale was given by a number of Mrs. G. F. Mathew's friends, at her residence, Princess street, Thursday evening.

Two successful rehearsals for Dorothy were held last week, one at Mrs. deB. Carrille's and the other at Miss Burgess's. It is feared that the libretto is expected very soon from England.

The latter part of last week was very dull musically, about the only attraction being the "Colored Star Company" at the Institute. I went to one performance, but cannot say that I was charmed with the entertainment, for after you hear Miss Nubar read you have heard the best part of the programme. The other people do not do anything very remarkable, but they are certainly the most obliging company I have ever listened to, and are quite ready to appear an unlimited number of times in an evening. Mr. Fisher, the baritone, has some good notes in his voice, but the majority of his songs were beyond his powers, and as for the little girl who whistled, why she did not even keep in tune. I am afraid Mr. Washington has lost by his venture in bringing the company here.

The 62nd band will give a concert on the 27th. A large number of musical people are giving their help. Among the number, Mrs. W. S. Carter, Miss Hea, Miss McNeil, Messrs. T. Daniel, A. H. Lindsay and A. M. Smith. There are several others whose names I have not heard.

Mr. J. Ford intends giving an organ recital, in Leinster street Baptist church, on the 25th of this month. Appropos of organs: they say the one built for Mr. W. F. Coombs, of Halifax (by Fred Peters), is a very fine instrument. Several organists (Mr. Ewing, of St. James, and Mr. Bourne, of St. Paul's, among the number) tried it on Saturday afternoon.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

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

AMHERST, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Amherst at G. G. Bird's Bookstore.]

Feb. 19.—W. S. Gilbert's farcical comedy Engaged, which has been under rehearsal for several weeks, by some of our leading amateurs, was played at Music Hall on Wednesday night last, before a crowded house, the elite of the town turning out en masse. The proceeds were for the improvement of Victoria square.

DRAMATIS PERSONE. Chevis Hill (a young man of property) C. W. Main Belwayney (his friend) A. W. Bateson Mr. Symptom (a doctor) Mr. McKenna Angus Maclester (a Lowland peasant lad) Major McCulleray J. A. Black Bellinda Treherne Miss Hill Minnie (Symptom's daughter) Mrs. N. Curry Mrs. Maclester (a Lowland widow) Miss Kinder Maggie (her daughter, a Lowland lassie) Parker (Minnie's maid) Mrs. J. Main

The play was well put on. After the performance at his residence, Ballyhooly Hall. Among the strangers in town Wednesday I noticed Mr. Percy Kind and Miss Blandner, of Dorchester. Mrs. and Mr. J. L. Black, of Sackville, were in town on Friday.

The long-tailed ball came off on Friday evening last, at the dining saloon, which was prettily decorated and admirably adapted for the purpose. The ladies were dressed as usual, with extreme taste. Invitations were sent to many outside of the town, but owing to a delay in the evening trains, many were disappointed in not reaching here. Among the strangers present I noticed Col. Mrs. A. J. Miss Blair, of Moncton; Mr. and Mrs. David Maclester, and the Messrs. Peters, Moncton; Mrs. Trites, of Pettitville; Miss Bunt and Miss Peters, of Fredericton, who are visiting in Dorchester; and the Messrs. Hamilton and Hickman, of the latter place; Mr. Black, of Sackville; Mrs. Stephen Thorne, of St. John; Miss Powell, of Moncton; Miss Robb, of Antigonish, and Miss Townshend, of Halifax.

Miss Townshend left this week for Halifax, after a visit here of three weeks. The friends of Mrs. Sterne will learn with regret the death of her little daughter, Freda, a bright child of eight years, which occurred on Monday last.

Mrs. J. Inglis Bent entertained a number of ladies at a cocktail tea, on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. W. R. Robb gave a pleasant party to the sister people, on Tuesday evening, in honor of her sister, Miss Powell, of Moncton.

Mr. A. R. and Mrs. Dickey are at present in Amherst. Miss Dickey is gaining in health and expects to be in Ottawa in a very few days. Mr. Dickey has been received from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur of Moncton, and Mrs. Dickey is improving and they are perfectly satisfied with the climate.

Rev. G. F. Miles, Baptist minister, died at his residence on Wednesday morning from paralysis, after two weeks' illness, and in the same house his son, Arthur, is lying very low with consumption; his death is hourly looked for. Mrs. Miles is in a very precarious state, and it is supposed to be the last stage of consumption. Mr. and Mrs. Miles were born at Kingscliff, N. B.

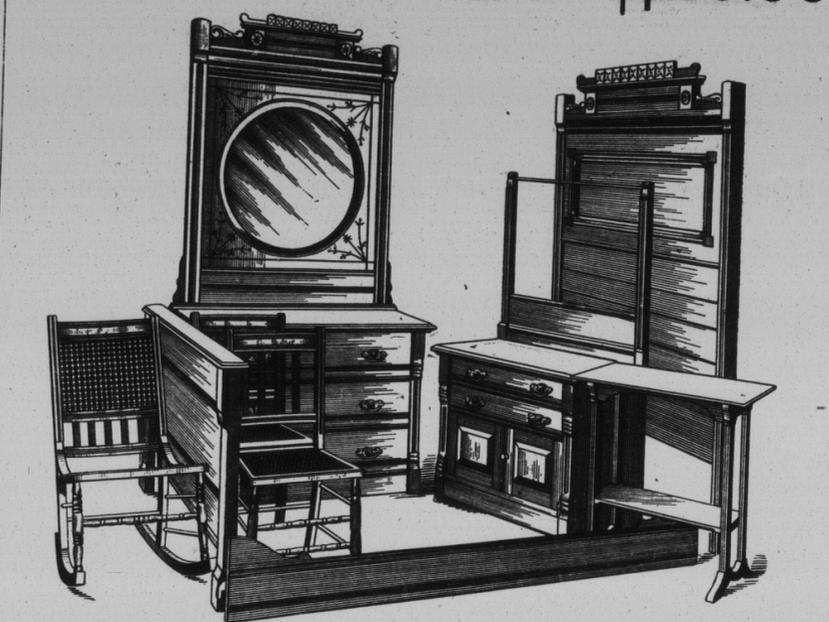
Mr. David Churchill, of St. John, is in town this week. SHEDIAK. [Progress is for sale in Shediac at A. Muggridge's store.]

Feb. 19.—A large number of ladies and gentlemen were invited to a cocktail tea, on Tuesday afternoon, at the residence of Mr. H. H. Shaefer, at his residence at Point du Chevre, last night. The night was fine, the sleigh received a most cordial welcome from the elegant ladies. Dancing was the feature of the evening. The music furnished by local talent with success. The music furnished by local talent with success. The music furnished by local talent with success.

Mr. Alfred Wilbur gave a dinner party to a few of her young lady friends, at her residence, The Cedars, on Wednesday last. Rev. Mr. Baird has been spending a few days in St. John, and has been preaching in the Wood in the morning and St. Andrew's church in the evening. J. G. A. Belyea, B.A., occupied his past time during his absence.

Mr. J. Howe, of Windsor, N. S., who has been spending a few days with Rev. Mr. McKenna, preached on Sunday in St. Martin's in the Wood in the morning and St. Andrew's church in the evening. Among the strangers in town this week I noticed Sherard, of Amherst, and Mr. Lytle, of St. Stephen. The concert in the Agricultural Hall, given by the St. John's Musical Association, on Monday evening last, was a decided success. The feature of the performance was the laughable comedy "Marrying."

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

HAROLD GILBERT, 54 King Street.

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Then Let Us Recommend a Bottle of Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream!

Thousands can testify to the wonderful effects of this preparation in Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Whooping Cough, Impaired Nutrition and Wasting Disease.

The disagreeable taste and smell of the Oil is completely disguised and rendered palatable that we have yet to learn of one case where the stomach refused to retain it.

Warranted to contain 50 per cent. of finest Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. Physicians endorse it, and prescribe it daily in their practice—having discarded all others.

Ask your druggist for ESTEY'S COD LIVER OIL CREAM. Price 50c; six bottles, \$2.50. Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Manufacturing Pharmacist, Moncton, N. B.

JAS. KELLY, Tailor and Clothier, No. 5 MARKET SQUARE, WINTER GOODS.

Wants to dispose of his Large Stock of WINTER GOODS, so as to make room for Spring Importations. With this end in view he has marked prices as fine as possible. Those who want Underclothing, Reefers, Overcoats, Ulsters, Gloves, etc., will save money by purchasing at present.

KERR'S Confectionery.

New and Specially Fine CHOCOLATES, CREAMS & CARAMELS CARNIVAL MIXTURE, over 7,000 packages sold within the last few months.

Cream Chips, ASSORTED FRUIT AND LIME FRUIT TABLETS.

70 KING STREET, 28 DOCK STREET, Opposite VICTORIA HOTEL, Opposite BARRY & McLAUGHLAN'S.

FERTILIZERS.

Imperial Superphosphate, Potato Phosphate, Bone Meal. WE ARE OFFERING THE FOLLOWING PRIZES THIS SEASON:

To the farmer obtaining the best results from an acre by the use of our POTATO-PHOSPHATE.....\$100 in Gold.

To the farmer obtaining the largest crop of Buckwheat from an acre by the use of IMPERIAL SUPERPHOSPHATE.....\$25 in Gold.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Company.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU.

Portraits, Buildings, Advertisements, and Catalogue Work. Masonic Building, St. John, N.B.

The Following Goods Just Opened

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

GREY FLANNELS, from 12c. per yard; WHITE AND UNBLEACHED SWANSDOWNS; CRITTONES AND TURKEY FURNITURE COTTONS; TICKINGS, COLORED CANTON FLANNELS; BLACK AND WHITE AND MEDIUM GREY CAMBRICS; FANCY REVERSIBLE ENGLISH CAMBRICS; DRESS GOODS, COSETS, RIBBONS; LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S CASHMERE HOSIERY; also, HEAVY MAKE ALL-WOOL HOSE; BLACK AND COLORED MITTS, etc., etc.

Other Goods to arrive in a few days will be announced when opened.

GET YOUR Pictures Framed

AT GORBELL ART STORE, 207 Union Street. Finest English and American Studies Rented at reasonable rates. Mantel Mirrors and Fire Screens made at short notice.

NEW GOODS.

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

F. E. HOLMAN, 48 KING STREET.

OPEN ALL NIGHT!

The Golden Ball Drug Store WILL BE KEPT OPEN ALL NIGHT. 2, 1-4i. G. T. MALLERY.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St.

Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-outs at short notice.

WHY HE W...

A Defence of the Meant to Soremoed Hills. A local correspondent writes four weeks the residents Queen and Alma streets have individual who comes around between 10 and 12 o'clock, whistling. It seems strange to him, even the police thinks they might find out would advise him to discontinue.

Now, my dear "lo don't you think that y hard on the "indiviv Come, now. I don't su that this misguided you he is young—has the al is making a nuisance of he thinks his whistle, a sound so much himself his neighbors to partici ness. At the first glan the exuberant overflow with youthful hilarity, love for all mankind; b —oh, local correspond heart and bitter pen— lie beneath the surfa bosom: what sacred fi may send that whistle of that dear young man ness, long drawn out?— strong that it fuses all th strains of melody.

"Love took up the harp of the cords with might! Smote the chord of self th music out of sight."

Why you can see at the chord of self must much out of sight to a hearted musician to sp evening of this bitterly ing up a continual wa arise like incense to patron saint. He must considerably I should t around in the cold "fro might well have the eff most ardent temperame Can it be, oh local c you were never young y the delicious madness of "All the heart was full of into speech Like the sap that turns to ne peach In the happy harvest, fields a

Oh, sacrilegious "loc dare to judge that you your shallow plummet s the depths of his feel was whistling soft not love. She may have servant girl whose nig and her labors may hav by the sound of music mayhap her mistress "followers." Did you never sear your affections yourself youth? If you didn't y fun. Just think of creep d away sward on a lovely I was never sufficiently dangers of influenza and cold feet to serenade in in say, of taking your tunc faithful banjo, and bun "Slumber my lo-oved on pe-a-cessfully slum-ber" window! When I thin smell the blush roses no gentle sound of her win and another window on the same, while her pap are some sorrows too sac before the rude gaze of public—I will confine my hand, and my mission sh that persecuted youth for with which the Daily Tr his feelings.

Whistle on, my dear b of the heartless policeman police force are proverb the charms of music, but life is one to crush out all ment, so take heart of gr you have at least one ar who is with you in every even though he prefer lamented Lord Byron, to ing "by a sea coal fire."

A Stay of Proce Laura (rapturously)— tic spot every year. Pigmentor (seriously)— long? Laura (indignantly)—S a gentleman, but I find mistaken. And without listening to protestations of our gallen tured little maid swept t him.—Typical Times.

Many diseases of the only annoying but are d You will not be disappoint Baird's French Ointment insect stings, piles, chapp Sold by all dealers.—Adet Well Matched "I have this evening be congregation of idiots," s young parson. "Then reason you always called brethren?" replied a stro —New York Ledger.

Let quality, not quantity a medicine. Ayer's Sa concentrated extract of the ingredients. Medical m recommend it as the surer omical blood medicine in Adet.

