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# PROGRESS.

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VOL. III., NO. 108.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

## MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

ST. JOHN KNIGHTS TEMPLARS IN THE ST. CROIX VALLEY.

They are Welcomed and Entertained by the St. Stephen Knights with True Border Hospitality—What They Saw, and How the Ladies Came to the Front.

The Encampment of St. Stephen, K. T., is a very promising daughter of the eminently hale and hearty Encampment of St. John. For some time past, the fratres of the border town have professed to be anxious to see an exemplification of the various grades by the officers of the parent body. They were undoubtedly sincere in their professions, but nobody imagined that they were in need of instruction, because everybody knows that whatever the St. Stephen people attempt to do at all they do well. The invitation was looked upon rather as a dark plot hatched by Julius T. Whitlock, George F. Pinder and others to give a few of the St. John men a sample of the practices around the St. Croix as a preliminary step to enticing the entire encampment to the border at a more propitious season.

The party which went to St. Stephen on Tuesday consisted of the following fratres: Dr. Thos. Walker, P. E. C.; James McNichol, P. E. C.; John A. Watson, Lieut. Commander; Mayor W. A. Lockhart, J. Harry Leonard, D. R. Jack, E. J. Sheldon, J. T. Nuttall, and W. K. Reynolds, Warder. They came back on Wednesday and Thursday with the most vivid recollections of a particularly enjoyable time.

They did not owe much of it to the weather, for Tuesday was one of the wettest days of the year. It wasn't a fair average sort of rain, but it came at irregular intervals in such copious showers as to more than atone for the moderately humid times, in which not more than half an inch or so fell within a minute. Several of the St. John boys, who foresaw a literally—not figuratively—"wet" time ahead, remained at home. It is perhaps better for their peace that they will never know how good a time they missed.

A visit to the stock farm of frater William F. Todd had been promised as one of the attractions. It did not look like much of a day for seeing any kind of a farm to advantage, but most of the party went and have been talking about it ever since. Dr. Walker felt perfectly happy as he started off with frater Todd behind such a famous piece of horseflesh as "Kentucky Belle," while Mayor Lockhart forgot city politics as he was bowled along by a dandy span driven by frater Joseph Eaton, of Calais. The rest of the St. John party occupied a four horse barge with frater Whitlock as coxswain. Teams containing fratres from Calais, Milltown and St. Stephen completed the procession.

The stock farm of William F. Todd, at Oak Point, six miles from St. Stephen; is the most complete and remarkable thing of its kind east of Kentucky. There are now sixty horses there, of which forty are owned by Mr. Todd. This statement, of itself, would not carry much meaning, and so some of the party have thought until they began to see what the horses were like. Then they began to realize what a stock farm meant.

First of all some of their eyes opened a little when they saw the beautiful proportions of "Electioneer," but when they beheld the imperial "Lumps," for which Mr. Todd paid \$17,000 in hard cash, there was a veritable hush of admiration, broken after a moment by exclamations which were almost wholly adjectives of praise. It needed not a horseman to admire such a creature. Every line of him appealed to the sense of beauty which most men possess, while to any one who understood the "points" of a good horse the sight was one of the keenest enjoyment. Then came "Edgardo," and other horses of lesser fame, but all of high value, while not the least interesting part of the exhibit was that of the brood mares, with their coats which showed in every step the most valuable points of their famous sires and dams. "Equity," the best blooded mare at the farm, is stone blind and has been so ever since the pink-eye attacked her, at the age of six, three years ago. To speak of all the horses worth mention, however, would be a task for a man who could talk horse and had columns of space in which to enlarge on the subject. It is enough to say that all the visitors were delighted not only with the stock, but with the admirable arrangement of its care.

Another remarkable sight was afforded the party on the return to St. Stephen, when Mr. Todd's private stable was visited. It is called a stable, because it contains horses, hay and oats, but apart from that it would be better designated as a palace for certain privileged members of the equine race. It is quite safe to say that there is nothing like it in Canada, and probably nothing in America with which it need fear comparison. Built of brick, with concrete floor, its interior is finished as one would expect to see some costly public building. The box stalls of polished natural woods and polished brass fittings

## JACK AND HIS NEW HOME

THE SAILORS' REST AND WHAT IT HOPES TO ACCOMPLISH.

Crimps Do Not Like It, because It Proposes to Interfere with their Business—Rules and Regulations that Will be Found Worth Reading by Others than Sailors.

Since its last issue, PROGRESS has received copies of the rules of the Sailors' Home, the Stranger's Rest leaflet and texts, and the business card of the Home. They are more interesting than the average literature of this kind that finds its way into the sanctum, and instead of assisting to keep up steam, will find a place in these columns, which—pardon the egotism—is a sufficient voucher of their value.

The first information "Jack" gets of the Home erected for him in St. John is on the business card of the institution, which are distributed liberally where they will meet his eyes. He is advised by this to make his stay at the Home, and to "Beware of Crimps who seek your money, not your comfort or welfare."

The "Crimps" don't like this sentence, and are looking for satisfaction—hence their combination and threatened boycott noted in PROGRESS.

Quite properly the business card sets forth some of the advantages of the institution, which to those who are unacquainted with the way of the sailor and his boarding house are not uninteresting. Here they are:

Open to Seamen, whether they have money to pay in advance or not.  
Every man has a bed to himself.  
There are in the Home, Writing, Reading and Smoking rooms, and a Library.  
Men are only charged for the time they are in the Home.  
Hot and Cold Water Baths free to those boarding in the Home.  
Every accommodation and convenience provided for the comfort of Seamen.

Once in the Home the sailor finds a neatly printed leaflet which contains the rules of the institution. Those who can imagine them carried out to the letter, will look for a speedy reformation of the crews that come to this port. They, too, are worth reading.

REGULATIONS.

1. The rate per week for boarding at the Home shall be \$4.00.
2. When a man is shipped, and is about leaving the Home, should he have any property to leave, he will lock or lash it up, mark his name on it, and it will be deposited in a place of safety; and the Home will not be responsible for any effects left by seamen, unless handed over to the Superintendent, who will give a receipt therefor.
3. Swearing and all improper and abusive language must be entirely avoided.
4. Smoking can only be allowed in the room set apart for that purpose, and it is particularly requested that there be no lighting of matches in the bedrooms.
5. The gong will be sounded as follows: Getting up at 7 a. m. Reading word of God at 7.50, when all who desire to be present will be made welcome. Breakfast at 8. Dinner at 1 p. m. Tea at 6; and at 9.30 for supper. Men are asked to come regularly to meals at the hours appointed.
6. The door will be locked at 11 o'clock every night (except on Sunday, when it will be locked at 10.30 o'clock), and no one can be admitted after that hour except men who have just come ashore from vessels newly arrived.
7. The Library, Writing and Smoking Rooms, and all conveniences, are exclusively for the use of the inmates of the Home, and no one can be admitted to the Home, unless he is allowed to receive a fee or remuneration for services rendered to any seaman.
8. Card-playing not allowed in any part of the Home.
9. No spirituous or malt liquors are allowed to be brought into the home on any pretence whatever.
10. No one may leave the gas burning needlessly in any part of the Home. The gas will be turned off at eleven p. m. Hot and cold water taps must be turned off each time after using, made welcome.
11. Anyone wilfully or carelessly destroying any part of the Home, or any furniture or property therein, must make good the damage.

There is still another surprise for him. No matter whether the "Crimps" get him or not the "Stranger's Rest" which is in the Sailor's Home is open for him. There he can find almost anything he wants—except whisky or tobacco. He can write letters home, or have them written for him. He can find his mail and pass a pleasant evening, if his nature is social, with those who are there to entertain him and make his port life as happy and homelike as possible.

They Grow in Prince Edward Island.  
A newly arrived domestic, not from Erin's isle, but from Prince Edward Island, was in the kitchen the other day when some coconuts arrived. Her mistress, a well known lady of this city, wishing to teach her some useful knowledge remarked, "I don't suppose you ever saw a coconut before, Mary."

"Oh, yes, ma'am," was the reply. "I have seen lots of them. They grow on a tree in our back yard at home, though I don't think I ever saw any as large as this one. My brother Joe used to climb the tree and shake them down for us. There isn't much worth knowing that you can teach Joe, ma'am."

The lady abandoned any further attempt at instruction in the line of coconuts.

How Much Money was in Them?  
There are a good many letters in the registry department of the city post office every month. The carriers have their own books which are signed by those on their rounds, but there were over 3400 registered letters signed for at the delivery window of the registry department in April, which is a pretty good showing.

## AMONG THE MASONS.

What is Happening and to Happen with the Craft in New Brunswick.

An official visit to the Victoria Lodge, Milltown, was made by Grand Master Walker, on Wednesday evening, when he was accompanied by a number of the craft from St. John. There was a banquet after the work, and it is unnecessary to say that the occasion was a most enjoyable one in every respect.

It is expected that a picked staff from the Royal Arch chapters of St. John will visit St. Stephen at an early day and exemplify the work of the capular degrees.

Mr. Alfred F. Chapman, of Boston, who is too well known in Masonic circles to need further description, is expected in St. John early in June.

It is probable that a fair representation of members of the craft from St. Stephen and Calais will take part in the observance of St. John's day in this city.

As already stated by PROGRESS, an official visit to Keith Lodge, Moncton, will be made on Wednesday evening next, when Grand Master Walker will be accompanied by a staff which will exemplify the work of the third degree.

The Masonic celebration at Portland, Me., on St. John's day, would probably attract a number of visitors from this city, were it not for the arrangements already made to observe the day here. While inclination might tempt them to go, loyalty will constrain them to stay.

There is no part of this jurisdiction in which Masonry is in a more flourishing condition than at the border. The lodge at St. Stephen is the largest in the province, and in that as well as in other bodies established there, a genuine interest is steadily maintained. The members of the craft in the valley of the St. Croix seem made of the right kind of stuff.

Before the St. John men left St. Stephen, eminent Commander Whitlock presented the visitors with photographic souvenirs of himself, but they don't need anything to remind them of him or of his fellow worker Pinder. They will always remember the good time they had, and some day they may go to the border again, for they know that the latch string is always out for strangers.

## HAVE YOU EVER TRIED IT?

Put an Alarm Clock at Your Bedside Tonight.

Arrangements for a fishing excursion on the holiday were nearly completed, when the question of early rising came up. An alarm clock was suggested as the best solution of the difficulty; whereupon one of the party said, with fine sarcasm:

"Yes, there's no danger of your being asleep if you have an alarm clock. I tried that scheme last Dominion day. I went to bed early, and set the clock to strike at 4. Being a pretty sound sleeper, I had doubts of the clock's ability to wake me, so I placed it on a chair beside the bed. Then I turned in and tried to go to sleep. But it proved to be a very difficult thing to do. The clock went tick-tick, tick-tick, like a steam engine, and the ticking seemed to get louder and louder all the time. I turned on one side and then on the other, but it was no use—the clock kept on ticking, and I couldn't do anything else but listen to it. I plugged my ears with the bed-clothes, and twisted myself up in the farthest away corner, but I couldn't shut out the noise made by that clock. I tried to think of something else and found it impossible, for everything I thought of eventually turned into a clock, with its never ceasing ticking. Then I remembered having read somewhere that the best way to go to sleep was to close your eyes and think of nothing. I closed my eyes, but thought of the clock. I rolled over and tossed about for hours, and got into every possible position, and tried all the different methods for going to sleep that I had ever heard or read about, but finally came to the conclusion, that they were not intended to compete against an alarm clock. At last I got desperate and, getting out of bed, I discovered that it was 3 o'clock. I was bound to have satisfaction, so I carried that A 1 "alarm" out into the next room, and getting into bed again determined to have one hour's sleep anyhow. And I did. It was 8 o'clock before I awoke that morning. Oh! yes; get an alarm clock, by all means."

## HE WAS LOOKING FOR THE BOSS.

He was from the country, there was no doubt, the hayseed was hanging to his boots as he stood gazing about him in front of the Victoria hotel Thursday evening. He was looking for somebody, and when a moment later, Sir John Allen stepped briskly out of the hotel on his way to the circuit court, he was arrested by the countryman's beckoning finger, which swayed to and fro in a mysterious fashion.

"Are you the boss?" he inquired, as His Honor obligingly stopped.

"No," was the smiling response.

"Ah, I thought you was. Can you tell me where I'll find him?"

"No," said Sir John; and as he moved up the street, the rustic disappeared in the ladies' entrance.

## CUNNING WINS THE DAY.

THE CASE OF BUSBY VS. SCHOFIELD SETTLED AT LAST.

A Very Interesting History of the Suit from the Start to the Finish—How Mr. Samuel Schofield Escaped His Liability for Damages—Pity the Evidence was not Taken.

One of the morning papers of Wednesday contained the following apparently uninteresting paragraph:

In the circuit court, yesterday, the case of Busby vs. Schofield was settled before trial. This was an action of trover, claiming damages for wrongfully converting and selling a certain cargo of coal of plaintiff's. The dispute arose over a shipment of coal, as to whether payment of freight and delivery of cargo were concurrent acts or not. In another case, the supreme court of New Brunswick held that they were. This case was settled by defendants paying the value of the coal and the costs in the suit.

On the face of this there appears to have been a very amicable and agreeable ending to a tedious and expensive suit at law, but to those who have followed the case from the start, and have watched it in its various stages, the gist of the whole business is better expressed in briefer terms, which may be inferred from the following story.

Some two or three years ago, the exact date does not matter, the brigantine *Curlew* sailed into the harbor of St. John with a cargo of coal for one William L. Busby, a coal merchant doing business on Water street. No sooner was the *Curlew* moored to the wharf and ready to discharge her cargo than her manager Mr. Schofield demanded the freight from Mr. Busby.

The latter thought Mr. Schofield was aroused with more than his usual promptness and refused to pay the bill until the cargo was discharged. Manager Schofield was not to be bluffed in this fashion, and in his turn he instructed the captain not to permit a ton of coal to be discharged until the bill was paid. It was a case of flint and steel and the sparks began to fly. Busby was determined to have his way and Schofield would not give in one jot. Finally Busby offered to pay the freight on each ton as it was discharged, the only reasonable objection to which was the tediousness of the method. Though it was original and a departure from the usual method of paying freight it appears to have been perfectly legal. But Manager Schofield failed to regard it in that very necessary light and took the step which caused all the trouble. He refused to deliver the coal until all the freight was paid.

Mr. Busby then retired from the scene, waited until Mr. Schofield had the cargo discharged and carted to a warehouse at a great distance from the wharf and at very great expense, and then began an action against Captain Winchester, who was in command at the time. Pending the trial, Mr. Schofield had the coal sold to pay freight and expenses, and deposited the difference in the Bank of New Brunswick in his own name.

From court to court the case went, now at St. John, again at Fredericton, then in Ottawa and back to St. John again, being decided in favor of both parties in different courts.

In the meantime the Maritime bank failed, and Samuel Schofield followed suit shortly after, though few people could trace any connection between the two events. The failure of Schofield as a merchant was even a greater surprise than that of the Maritime as a bank. He was a big shipping merchant, with extensive connections, was careful, prudent and methodical—oh, so methodical—the agent of steamship lines, and was regarded almost as safe as the Bank of New Brunswick. But it became the fashion to fail, and he was in the fashion.

Before doing so, however, he transferred his large interest in the *Curlew* to Mr. Black of Pickford & Black, of Halifax, with whom he had some business connection. There cannot be much doubt that in the transfer he indemnified Mr. Black against any unfavorable results of the impending suit at law which it will be readily seen was a very safe thing to do in view of what followed.

Outside of one owner, who had an eighth interest in the *Curlew*, the ownership at the time of Schofield's failure appears to have been peculiarly placed. Mr. Black, of Halifax, whose close business connection with Mr. Schofield was noted above was set down for 38 shares, and the Messrs. Millar who were employed in clerical work in Schofield's office were down for 18 shares. The Messrs. Millar were faithful employees of Mr. Schofield, and it may be that in a generous moment he gave them the shares thus credited to them, or it may be that they, by hard and patient industry—and it can be easily understood how hard and patient it would be—saved sufficient out of their salaries to invest in shares in the *Curlew*. And it will readily be conceded that having money to invest in vessel property with their intimate knowledge of their employer, Mr. Schofield, as an excellent, economical and successful manager they would unhesitatingly place it in a vessel under his control. At any rate, no matter how,

## THE CLERKS' CHESTNUT SIGNAL.

How the Clerks in one Dry Goods Store Signal the Chestnut.

"Did you hear that tapping?" was the question asked PROGRESS, in a leading dry goods store, a few days ago.

"It was somebody tapping on the counter with a pair of scissors, wasn't it?"

"Yes! listen and you'll hear it again."

Sure enough three taps more were heard further down the counter; then three more on the counter opposite; and more still from another counter, and tappings could be heard away at the further end of the store. The clerks all looked to the front and went on with their work in a most unconcerned way, yet it was plain that they were doing the tapping.

"What does it mean?"

"It's the clerk's chestnut bell," was the answer. "Whenever anyone gets off a chestnut, his victim taps on the counter with his scissors. Then all the rest of the clerks take it up and by the time it gets all around the store and upstairs, the unfortunate story teller generally feels like sinking through the floor."

## ITS FIRST RECITAL.

The St. John School of Music, established in January last, will give its first public recital on Tuesday evening, 27th. Many of the pupils have only been studying for a short time, and the public must not expect to hear finished, artistic singing from beginners. The programme consists of seventeen numbers, and is an attractive and varied one. A good audience should encourage this school by its presence and support.

On Monday, and all next week, special sale of wide light prints, 8 1/2 cents.—Geo. H. McKay, 49 Charlotte Street.

the clerks had 18 shares when their employer went under the financial wave, and he appeared to have no interest outside of the management.

Busby finally won the suit at law, the supreme court at Ottawa deciding in his favor. He was free to enter up judgment against the owners, Mr. Schofield among the number. But he did not. No doubt he wanted the money—who wouldn't be glad to get some \$1,600 after having laid out of it as long as he had. But it would almost seem that the spirit of forgiveness had been hovering over him, and that, instead of smiling at his victory and at his old enemy Schofield paying for the trouble and expense he had been put to, he was actually grieved that the suit came to the end that it did.

He was at liberty to enter up judgment and proceed to get his cash. But he was acting under advice, and refused to do any such thing. Instead, he began another suit against the owners, and the new case figured on the docket as "Busby vs. Schofield et al."

Exceedingly interesting! Mr. Busby and Mr. Schofield were the plaintiff and defendant in a law suit, and yet both were getting advice from the same lawyer! Mr. Busby had evidently made up his mind that it would suit his purposes to shield Mr. Schofield, and Mr. Schofield was quite willing to be shielded. The advisers of another owner offered Mr. Busby the amount of his verdict, provided he might enter up judgment and proceed against all the owners to compel them to pay their share of the verdict. That was fair and equitable, and would have secured to Mr. Busby all his claim, but no; his agreement with Mr. Schofield would not permit him to accept such an offer. The Supreme Court was appealed to, to compel Busby to enter up judgment. It was in the argument and evidence before this body that the fact of collusion between Busby and Schofield was brought out, and the Chief Justice expressed in plain terms his opinion of the lawyer—in this case Mr. Charles Palmer—who would be a party to such a proceeding. The appeal could not be sustained, but it was dismissed without costs, which was in itself plain evidence of the court's opinion of such a job.

But little remains to be said. The fortunate and astute managing owner who caused all the trouble by refusing the freight, who took the cargo, deposited the proceeds to his own credit and afterwards failed comes out of the whole affair unscathed and richer or poorer—just as you please—in the addition to his reputation for wonderful sagacity.

Busby gets his money which he kept out of so long—longer than there was any need for.

Two solvent owners, at that time, have to pay the verdict, a dear one in one sense, but a cheap one in another, for, no matter what the cost, it is never too much to pay to get out of bad company. It is in one sense a pity that the case did not come to trial and permit the exposure of the inside of the whole business. Incidentally, considerable light might have been thrown on other transactions which date back some years, but which would prove exceedingly interesting recollections to the merchants of the city.

## THE LATEST CHESTNUT SIGNAL.

How the Clerks in one Dry Goods Store Signal the Chestnut.

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THE IDEAL CLERGYMAN.

CORRESPONDENTS WHO TELL WHAT HE IS LIKE.

Some People Expect a Good Deal More of Him Than They are apt to Find in a Minister—A Picture, without Prejudice, of a Minister who is Truly a Pastor.

The ideal of a minister of the Gospel is one on which people ought to agree in respect to all the essentials, though it is sure that there must be a field for difference of opinion in regard to the minor characteristics. Two correspondents enquired of PROGRESS, last week, for information on the subject in general, and PROGRESS, as in all such cases, wishes the replies to come from its readers. Most of them, doubtless, have such an ideal, whether they can describe it or not. They know what pleases them about this pastor or that one, and in many instances their views on certain points will be very decided. Some of them may think that they have found their ideal. If so, it ought to be fairly easy for them to describe his most prominent traits, for which they admire and respect him. Such a plan has been adopted, it may be inferred, by the correspondents whose letters are published this week. There are many others who can draw pen portraits equally well if they have in view clergymen whose lives they can admire.

As no man is perfect, it may be that some will say, "I like Mr. —, and he is my ideal in all but this and that." In such case, let the correspondent suppose that the this and that are different, and paint the rest of the picture from nature. There is room for a great delicate artistic work in this respect, and there is a little doubt that many good clergymen will be generally recognized by the ideals which are described by correspondents next week. The letters need not be long. The shorter the better, so long as they tell the story of the minister's life among his people—the man as seen by his flock and by the world.

HER IDEA OF A MINISTER.

A Character Drawn from Life—He Practices What He Preaches.

In writing of my "Ideal Minister," I find it rather a difficult subject to handle, especially as our editor has informed us that, in order to make our letters interesting, they must be short and to the point. My ideal is not drawn from imagination, but a living worker, who, by his life, has shown himself to be a true ambassador for Christ. His sermons are clear, logical and forcible, thrilling his hearers with hope, joy and gladness, as they listen to the old, old story told with such enthusiasm, such evident sincere belief, and yet with such a humble estimate of his own power of comforting, always putting Christ as the means of enabling him to teach, and ever in his prayers sending up an earnest petition that God the Father would give him power to bring the word of truth home to some lost soul.

We go away from that service feeling that it was good for us to have been there, and feel strengthened and refreshed for the never-ending duties of life. My ideal is also consistent in his home life. No word is uttered there that could not be heard by any of his people; no amusement is indulged in that he would condemn in others, nor does he shut himself up in his study, too busy preparing his next sermon to listen to an oft-repeated tale from some poor woman in distress. No! Out of his own hard earnings he helps that woman, and sends her away with many kind words ringing in her ears. His time is also given to the members of his own household; he never rests until he has brought them within Christ's fold. He is continually telling others to take a firm stand, and not be ashamed to own his Lord. He does not consider any man too wicked or too depraved to be beyond the influence of the teachings of God's word.

His pastoral visits are indeed drops of consolation to his people. Always cheerful, energetic, and genial, he unconsciously influences all with whom he comes in contact; his bright and hopeful words helping them to feel that after all life is worth living. His people are not afraid of him. They can give him their full confidence and his presence is always welcome, for he does not make it a point to talk only on religious matters, but is a ready listener to any subject of interest. His wonderful tact enables him to see when his hostess would prefer not being questioned about her absence from the family pew on the preceding Sunday; nor does he make a point of enquiring for the members of the family collectively, then individually.

This ideal of mine is perfectly free from prejudice against churches of other denominations, and strives in every act, word or deed to do only as he would be done by. Lenient to the desire for amusement among the younger members of his congregation, he encourages them in all their entertainments, but in the matter of right and wrong, he always takes a firm stand; never once allowing the slightest indulgence to mar the perfectness of his calling. If compelled to engage in matters of controversy he holds to his own opinion with quiet dignity, but is, nevertheless, always open to conviction. The bereaved in his congregation are always comforted by his words, and enabled to realize that it is only for a time they are

separated from their friends, and that soon they too will join the "happy throng." My ideal is a keen observer of human nature, and is careful never to give offence by speaking a word out of season. His people, young and old, respect and reverence him, and true love and esteem is fully appreciated by this. "My ideal of a Minister," and it is not an uncommon one for few who have chosen this glorious profession have in any way come short, but are all trying in the way they believe to be right, "to bring forth fruit, meat for repentance." ISABEL.

HE MUST BE ALWAYS ON CALL.

Present to Every Nuisance Worry and Tea Fight, and give to Every Charity.

MONCTON, May 21.—I think I can tell you what some people's conception of an ideal minister is, without stopping to think very long. It is a man of superhuman goodness, cleverness, patience, and above all forbearance. He must have talents far above the average, and yet have experienced such extreme difficulty in finding a market for the same that he will be proud and happy to labor from morning till night and from week to week for starvation pay. He must preach sermons that shall cast the most able efforts of Canon Siddey into the shade and which would require a whole week's preparation if done anything like justice to, and meanwhile he must be in a state of constant circulation amongst the congregation, he must visit the sick, and also the well, he must be what is called a "hard worker," or "a good worker," and he must be always on call like the concierge in a French tenement. Above all must be the life of every muffled worry, and tea fight in the parish. And as for entertaining—when! he must keep open house all the time; he must dress well, on what, I don't know, and I dare not ask. He must be deeply grateful for the yearly imposition of that terror of clerical life, the donation party; he must give to every charity, his purse must be ever open, even if it should be empty also. He must be like Goldsmith's country parson.

"A man he was to all the country dear, And passing rich on forty pounds a year."

He must in short be a sort of archangel who is willing to descend to this toilsome earth and abide there for a consideration of some four hundred and fifty dollars a year. He must—but this is the ideal minister of some people. I will tell you about my ideal next week.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

"A Giddy Girl" Wants to Have the Last Word About Economy in Clothing.

Though the discussion on income and matrimony is practically closed, "A Giddy Girl" entreats that in justice to herself PROGRESS should publish a letter which she sends in reply to a lady who took issue with some of her statements. There is room for only a part of her words. She says:

It stands to reason that a sensible man would not require the same things every year. For instance, a waterproof coat should do him two or three winters, and an overcoat two winters. So if it was a little more one year it would be less the next, and anyway, my figures in the long run would be correct for a sensible man, and the one who is not may stay single. For instance, \$5 for two grey flannel shirts is silly. You can get splendid flannel for 40 cents a yard, and seven yards makes two shirts. That amounts to \$28. Say 20 cents more for lining and buttons, and so you have your two good flannel shirts for \$3, which along with four good cotton shirts at \$1 a piece, and four suits of good under flannels, should with proper care in the washing last two years.

Now, last year my brother got a good black suit, and took his other to wear to work. It is as good as ever, not even shiny as corkscrew is apt to get. Even if it was I would take a wet cloth and damp it off. It makes it as good as new. So you see when he gets a good suit he does not need another, and \$10 was just what his boots came to. Hats about six, then about \$2.52 for neckties, socks, and handkerchiefs. Altogether his bill for last year was:

- 1 Black Suit..... \$28.00
1 Overcoat..... 20.00
Boots..... 12.00
Inside Shirts..... 6.40
Hats..... 4.00
Outside Shirts..... 7.00
Neckties, Socks, etc..... 3.32
\$84.92

Supposing he needed that every year, I am sure I could get along on the remainder. My own bill for last year was:

- Boots..... \$ 4.00
Dresses..... 10.00
Hats..... 6.00
Gloves and Stockings..... 4.00
Underwear..... 3.00
\$29.00

\*I got four pretty ones out of that.

Either he or she can get a handkerchief, necktie, or pair of gloves now and then out of the house money and never miss it. Where as if you got all in a bunch it seems heavy.

When a girl has a very limited allowance there is a hundred little contrivances by which she can select her wardrobe. I like nothing better than to get hold of a man's overcoat, (cast off one of course) rip it up, turn it wrong side out, and cut, a stylish double breasted, raw edge, tailor made jacket, and when you finish it and press it off, I defy you to tell the difference from a new one. Oh, there's a hundred thousand ways for any one that has wit. After all to come back to the question, it is not how much money have you got, but what kind of hands is it in, that's the rub; where one would swim another would sink.

An Insinuation. "Let us consider the thing soberly." "All right. I'll wait until you are ready tomorrow, say."—N. Y. Sun.

The entering wedge of a complaint that may prove fatal is often a slight cold, which a dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral might have cured at the commencement. It would be well, therefore, to keep this remedy within reach at all times.—Adv.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF IT?

MONCTON'S HOSPITAL SCHEME IS NOT HEARD OF NOW.

It Has Got Tired of Shining and Has Gone Back Into Its Hole—The Sufferers who were Expected to Fill It are Not Very Clamorous in Demanding It.

The Moncton hospital scheme which burned before our dazzled eyes with all the radiant but evanescent splendor of a comet for a few brief weeks, seems like the celebrated comet described by the negro, to have got "tired of shining and gone back into its hole." Now what I wish to ask with all the humility of a true thirst for information is this: Where are all those sufferers who were just waiting until that haven of rest was built so that they might sink into the downy couches of the paying ward with long sighs of satisfaction, while their thankfully offered shekels poured in an unending stream into the exchequer of that much needed institution, filling it almost to overflowing?

What has become of them? and how is it that they can wait so long for the haven where they lain would be? Unless my memory fails me strangely, a great many people in town pounced upon your gilded correspondent with all the force and emphasis of the wild untutored possum dropping upon the unsuspecting June bug in the sylvan glades of the forest primeval. They intimated that he was an obstructionist, a bird of ill omen who croaked, and one of the daily papers said, in a very quiet and gentlemanly manner I know, but still said, that it wasn't exactly nice of yours truly, to be trying to throw cold water on so noble an enterprise, and one that was so much needed in our town, and intimated that he would be showing much better taste if he would just simply take a seat somewhere at the corner end of the hall where he would be out of the way and say nothing.

I don't think anyone accused your "G. C." gifted correspondent of interested motives in attempting to discourage what seemed to him a very impracticable scheme, or suspected him of a far-sighted dread of being asked to subscribe to the hospital fund as soon as it became *un fait accompli*. No! I don't think so. There is a sort of freemasonry about these matters, and what newspaper man is there in the world who does not know too well that the pockets of his brother scribe rarely contain anything except the very indifferent quality of silesia of which they are made? Knows it too well, I repeat, ever to dream that the most widely sanguine committee in the world would think of asking a newspaper man to subscribe to anything, unless, indeed, it might be a promissory note.

My autograph? 'Tis pleasing to reflect, Although the thought may cost a single sigh, That what a banker would with scorn reject Should have some value in a scholar's eye.

Oh, no! My motives were quite disinterested, and when they were misunderstood I did not talk back at all. I preserved a dignified neutrality from that time forth; for I knew that my turn would come soon, and I could afford to be magnanimous.

How could I expect the outside world to know that it was merely the spirit of prophecy which had rested for a brief space of time on my unworthy shoulders? I knew it myself, and that was sufficient, for me at least, though it didn't seem at all sufficient for the outside public.

But now, after two months of silent expectation, would it be taking too much upon myself, if I just asked where our hospital is to be located? In what part of the town, I mean? and when the various committees think it will be ready for occupation?

You see, the infirmities of age are beginning to make themselves felt in my case, and I would like so much to know when I may lay my weary bones peacefully down in the warmest corner of the rheumatism ward and be at rest, swathed in fine flannel and hot fomentations.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

But Have Strikers Sometimes.

"The saloons all seem to be doing a good business," remarked the judge. "Yes," replied the pittoresque; they are running 'fall time.'"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

EGLON.

Eglon is master of Israel; God speaks not for eighteen years; His people are slaves to the infidel; Their portion is blood and tears.

King Eglon sits in his private room, And thinks of his state and power; His heart exults o'er Israel's doom; His servants tremble and cower.

Left-handed Ehud, the Benjaminite, A tribute of gold doth bear; And prone in the mocking courtier's sight, He humbly offers it there.

"A word in secret with thee, O king!" The king and he are alone; "A message from God to thee I bring!" A thrust—a fall—a groan!

The king lies dead on his chamber floor; His servants have found him so. Safe in Seirath, Ehud no more Feels his and Israel's foe.

"To the fight, O Israel! God again Hath spoken and we are free!" By the fords of Jordan ten thousand men Tomorrow's sun will not see.

MATTHEW RICHESY KNIGHT. Benton, New Brunswick.

The best and surest dye to color the beard brown or black, as may be desired, is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never falls.—Adv.

THE THYCKE FOGGE PAPERS.

The Senator Aims his Opinion of Loyalty and Says that Money Talks.

No. XI.

Very Few of Us answered to the roll call on last Wednesday evening when the Hon. Thyckke Fogge took his accustomed chair. Some of Us had started off in advance of the fishing crowd so as to be able to have a more startling array of fish stories than the unfortunates who could only afford to be away on the holiday and the day following. Others of us were drawn to the pig pen that is called a theatre here, to see the downfall of vice as shown in the career of Jim the Penman, but Those of Us who clung to the den were made as welcome as if we all had been in Our usual seats.

The Sage was reading some ancient and musty documents when We came in, and in answer to an enquiry said he was refreshing his memory with regard to his claims to Loyalist descent. Said he: "A friend of mine recently doubted my being a true and full blooded descendant of the party that started this city of Ours, but I think I convinced him that I was, for I am among very few in this city that have reached my age that can say his grandfather was born here; my great-grandfather was among the crowd that landed here over a century ago, and as one of his descendants, I am free to remark that I would have been as well pleased if he had not. On the maternal side my great-grandparents left pleasant homes and prosperous farms on the Hudson to come down this way and fight fog and rocks, and bear all sorts of hardship, in order that over a hundred years afterwards we might have a city here of forty to fifty thousand people. I must say that I am not imbued with the Loyalist idea, and honestly, speaking, of course, only for myself and entirely from a selfish point of view, would have much preferred had my progenitors remained in that country, which, during the years that have elapsed since they left it, has grown to command such a position among the world's great nations, although, had such been the case, there probably would have been no such person as he who now addresses you. I can hear my truly loyal friends and fellow-descendants of the cranks of eighty-three howl with indignation over my sentiments, but what is the good of our great boon of free speech if one cannot express one's opinions. In many ways I am satisfied with our lot, and have more than praise for those who braved the dangers of the voyage here, and who, literally cut out their homes from the solid rock that forms our city's foundation, but I cannot help feeling that had many of these same brave spirits remained in the land they left, their descendants would have been much better off today. Now, I am aware that this is rank heresy, and in the opinion of many I should be severely punished for daring to express myself in such a manner, but I am speaking from an entirely selfless and worldly point of view, and after all, what is loyalty but a sentiment. I put it to any One of You, Would you refuse an offer which would increase the amount of salary or income you now receive, because its acceptance would necessitate your taking up your residence under the folds of some other flag than the triple cross that waves above us here? No, my young friends, I do not think there is One of You that would hesitate a moment on account of your loyalty. Any hesitation would be on account of leaving home and friends not from any particular desire to live under this, that, or another piece of bunting, for in this commercial age it is the money that talks. Right here a delegation from the Loyalist Society was ushered in and the Senator was informed that he had been elected an Honorary member of the body, and was requested to name a time when he would address a mass meeting on the subject of "How to preserve the old burial ground."

DO NOT FINISH HOUSE CLEANING WITHOUT USING CHICKERING'S FURNITURE POLISH.

THIS POLISH is made from the receipt used by Chickering in polishing his celebrated Pianos and is superior to all others. It is clean and easily used, does not require as much rubbing as ordinary Polishes, and leaves the Furniture perfectly free from tackiness, so common in other Polishes. Give this a trial and you will use no other.

F. E. CRAIBE & CO., Druggists and Apothecaries, 35 KING STREET.

FOR SALE. A PARLOR GRAND PIANO, MADE BY CHICKERING, Boston, U.S.A., in 1854.

Warranted in perfect order. Credit given to buyer if wanted. L. W. JOHNSON, Fredericton, N. B.



The "Cycle" Wheelbarrow.

SUCH A WHEELBARROW as this is just the handiest thing one can have about a place. Where there is a garden it is indispensable. Unlike common Wheelbarrows, it is not a head in front, but is so light that where it is child's play, yet, though weighing only 35 pounds, it will carry 300 pounds. It is furnished with the "Watkins" patent wheel in which the tire, spokes and axle are steel, and the hub malleable iron. The flat steel spokes are dovetailed into the malleable iron hub and morticed into the steel tire in such a way that it is impossible for them to work loose, forming, for its size and weight, the strongest and most durable wheel made.

The axle bearings automatically adjust themselves in line with the axle,—hence it runs true. On TERRAZZO STREET, SPRINGUS form the connection between axle and body of the barrow,—hence the weight of the load is carried on springs, allowing it to ride easily over obstructions.

The legs also are of steel, and, like all the rest, amply strong, very light.

The barrow is taken apart for shipment, but five minutes' work will put it together. It is made throughout of the best material by skilled workmen, tastefully painted and varnished, and never fails to give satisfaction to every purchaser.

PRICE: \$6.00 CASH WITH ORDER. FREIGHT PREPAID to any Railway Station in the Maritime Provinces.

W. F. BURDITT & CO., Saint John, N. B. All Kinds of Farm Machinery.

Prepare FOR THE Warm Weather

BY PURCHASING A FIRST-CLASS REFRIGERATOR!

We have them in many sizes and in all styles, HARDWOOD AND SOFTWOOD, at prices ranging from

\$10.00 EACH UPWARDS.

Buy Early while the Assortment is Complete.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 Prince Wm. Street.

P. S.—GAS and OIL STOVES for Summer Cooking and Heating in a variety of sizes.

These goods we show in actual operation. Inspection solicited.

At this Season of the Year,

When the ground receives its deposit of filth and animal matter accumulated during the winter,

A "PEARL" WATER FILTER,

attached to the Faucet or vessel from which your drinking water is drawn, WILL ENSURE ABSOLUTELY PURE WATER, AND PREVENT CHOLERA, TYPHOID, DYSENTERY and other diseases incident to the drinking of tainted or impure water.

Sent by Mail on receipt of \$1.00. Adjustable Threads for Threadless Faucets, 35 cts.

The Filter may be suited to any larger vessel. Send for circular.

T. McAVITY & SONS, - - St. John, N. B.

THE NEW CROCKERY STORE,

94 KING STREET.

JUST RECEIVED: A NEW LOT OF

Flower Stands and Vases,

in very pretty designs and colors. Just the thing for CRYSTAL WEDDING PRESENTS.

Prices low as usual. C. MASTERS.

Ornament is not a luxury, but is one of the minds necessities, which is gratified by means of the eye. Where the architect ends the decorative painter commences, bestowing here some brilliant colors and there some soft predominating tint.

ROBERT BARBOUR & SON, 143 BRITAIN ST.

House Painters, Wall and Ceiling Decorators and Paper Hangers.

ESTIMATES GIVEN.—

SWEEPING REDUCTIONS

Great Mark Down Sale!

\$8,000.00 WORTH

—OF—

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

AT LESS THAN COST.

For the next Four Weeks we will sell Ready-made Clothing at Less than Cost Prices. Call Early and secure Bargains.

IMMENSE STOCK OF GENT'S FURNISHINGS. LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY.

Our stock of goods for CUSTOM WORK is strictly FIRST-CLASS, and we GUARANTEE A PERFECT FIT.

CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL, 51 Charlotte Street.

T. YOUNGCLAUS, Proprietor.

I was very fond of Cat! had been hurting me that so poky, and perhaps this as I got older, and it was wedding day, and I want good time.

I didn't think about got to our place and put Tea was ready, and Cath- ting before the stove.

"The girl is going," says it's too lonely here. up at 6 o'clock, and she's the evening train.

"Just like 'em," says I Cathrine Ann, I've got a

You can place your or of Painting, with White Union street. Telephone

MY PICTURES.

Do you want to see my pictures? The one I love the best. It comes when dying comes. Lead nature to her rest.

The background to my picture is a mountain towering whose rugged peaks are in outline 'gainst the blue.

The stars look brightly I see them in the lakes, And of its silvery white A magic mirror make.

With giant limbs extended Behind my noble trees Their branches gently bend To seduct persuaded.

The flowers have closed And try to hide from me The moonbeams touch the And paint their glisters.

Oh, Artist! can't thou A scene like this of mine Can't make the dewdrops The silvery moon to shine.

Oh, paint me little flowers Whose perfume fills the air Bedew their lovely petals Display their beauty rare.

The stars—my living light These brilliant eyes of mine Can't draw their shape, Their colors, too—then

The brush divine that paints Is not to mortal given The colors and the Master Are only found in Heaven.

—SUN FIVE

HOW HE WENT

When I was down in selling our potatoes, it that I ought to buy son for my wife. Seemed getting plainer and plainer was all kind of ash color clothes, bonnet and gloves last time I went to church she used to be fixy.

But she did it all for couldn't be a doubt of the I'd just show her. So we were sold and the other had my chop and my great walked along uptownward the windows, and pretty a milliner's shop. There lady sitting at the door, up she nodded and smile as if she'd know me if I says she:

"Doesn't the gentleman and look at some nice bonnets—inside? The Paris. And it does not look at them—nothing at sitting down at the counter outside."

"That's very true, ma in I walked, and down I gave me, and out of the take all sorts of bonnets.

"Is it for your own she, 'or is it for a daughter for a little miss? If I a selection. All the late matter of taste, a bonnet taste entirely."

"Right you are there, 'Now, my taste is gay been putting herself in lately, and a little bit of I'm looking for. So outiest, ma'am, and if I'm for it."

"I see—I see," says "I'll get you down the h in the store. Indeed, th in all the Bowery, there ladder she went, me hold she came with a handbag and there was a bonnet."

It was a good big bonnet and I like plenty for my as pretty a pea green as looked upon—satin, and gathered about so you c it was done, unless it was right on the side of it was as my hand, with a low brood, and stylish over the claws seeming to hold th cherries as natural as if off the tree, and a big y his head, and the strings on one side and red sa as broad as my hand bonnet!

"Ah!" says I, bringing a man does when he feel you've hit it now, ma'am bonnet, and puts me in n That pleases me, and may

"It's a lovely bonnet, lady," said when you'd s it would be lovelier, for would give dignity to elegance and beauty, at twelve dollars, my dear only that it is so late would be fifteen; but if for it and avoid soiling it that, why, twenty-five c cover the expenses."

"The box, by all me a minute more I had it b paid my twelve dollars ar and was walking up th how Cathrine Ann woul saw that bonnet, and as of money in my brow thought I'd be liberal for a mantilla, too, and thro out at a door, all broca with a ball fringe, and o to close up business. A bought it, and they put it And then I started for th care."

I was very fond of Cat! had been hurting me that so poky, and perhaps this as I got older, and it was wedding day, and I want good time.

I didn't think about got to our place and put Tea was ready, and Cath- ting before the stove.

"The girl is going," says it's too lonely here. up at 6 o'clock, and she's the evening train.

"Just like 'em," says I Cathrine Ann, I've got a

You can place your or of Painting, with White Union street. Telephone

MY PICTURE.

Do you want to see my picture, The one I love the best? It comes when dying sunbeams Lead nature to her rest.

The background to my picture Is a mountain towering high, Whose rugged peaks are softened In outline 'gainst the sky.

The stars look brightly downward, I see them in the lake, And of its silvery whiteness A magic mirror make.

With giant limbs extending, Behold my noble trees, Their branches gently bending To salute perfume breezes.

The flowers have closed their dainty cups And try to hide from sight, The moonbeams touch the tree-tops And paint them glistening white.

Oh, Artist! can't thou paint me A scene like this of mine, Can't thou make the dewdrops glisten, The silvery moon to shine?

Oh, paint me little flower-cups, Whose perfume fills the air, Beware their lovely petals— Display their beauty rare.

The stars—my living diamonds— These brilliant eyes of night— Can't thou draw their shape, Oh, Artist! Their colors, too—their light?

The brush divine that painted this Is not to mortals given— The colors and the Master Hand Are only found in Heaven.

—San Francisco News-Letter.

HOW HE WENT SHOPPING.

When I was down in York one day, selling our potatoes, it occurred to me that I ought to buy something handsome for my wife. Seemed to me she'd been getting plainer and plainer lately. She was all kind of ash color—I mean as to clothes, bonnet and gloves, and all, the last time I went to church with her, and she used to be fixy.

But she did it all for the best—there couldn't be a doubt of that—and I thought I'd just show her. So when the potatoes were sold and the other things, and I'd had my chop and my cup of tea, I just walked along uptownward, looking into the windows, and pretty soon I came to a milliner's shop. There was a fat Jewish lady sitting at the door, and when I came up she nodded and smiled just as sociable as if she'd know me from a baby, and says she:

"Doesn't the gentleman want to walk in and look at some nice bonnets—beautiful bonnets—inside? The latest style from Paris. And it does not cost nothing to look at them—nothing at all. It's as cheap sitting down at the counter as standing up outside."

"That's very true, ma'am," says I, and in I walked, and down I sat on a stool she gave me, and out of the cases she began to take all sorts of bonnets.

"Is it for your own good lady?" says she, "or is it for a daughter, or may be it is for a little miss? If I know I can make a selection. All the latest styles, but it's a matter of taste, a bonnet is—a matter of taste entirely."

"Right you are there, ma'am," says I. "Now, my taste is good, and my wife was putting herself into Quaker colors lately, and a little bit of brightness is what I'm looking for. So out with your prettiest, ma'am, and if I'm pleased I'll pay for it."

"I'll see—I see," says the Jewish lady. "I'll get you down the handsomest bonnet in the store. Indeed, there's nothing like in all the Bowery, there is not," and up the ladder she went, me holding it, and down she came with a bonnet and opened it, and there was a bonnet.

It was a good big bonnet, to begin with, and I like plenty for my money, and it was as pretty a new style as ever mortal eye looked upon—tatin, and all ruffled up and gathered about so you couldn't think how it was done, unless it was by magic. And right on the side of it was a red bird as big as my hand, with a long tail rising up broad and stylish over the crown, and his claws seeming to hold tight to a bunch of cherries as natural as if they'd been picked off the tree, and a big yellow glass eye in his head, and the strings were green velvet on one side and red satin on the other, and as broad as my hand. There was a bonnet!

"Ah!" says I, bringing my breath out as a man does when he's relieved. "Ah! you've hit it now, ma'am. That is a tasty bonnet, and puts me in mind of old times. That pleases me, and may I ask the price?"

"It's a lovely bonnet," said the Jewish lady, "and when you'd see it on your lady it would be lovelier, for it's a bonnet that would give dignity to any lady, and elegance and beauty, and cheap it is at twelve dollars, my dear gentleman, and only that it is so late in the season it would be fifteen; but if you'd have a box for it and avoid soiling it or crushing it or that, why, twenty-five cents more would cover the expense."

"The box, by all means," says I, so in a minute more I had it by a loop, and had paid my twelve dollars and a quarter for it, and was walking up the Bowery thinking how Cathrine Ann would feel when she saw that bonnet, and as I'd put away a lot of money in my brown pocket-book, I thought I'd be liberal for once and buy her a mantilla, too, and there was one standing out at a door, all brocaded velvet, blue, with a ball fringe, and only seven dollars to close up business. And I went and bought it, and they put that in a box, too. And then I started for the depot and the cars.

I was very fond of Cathrine Ann, and it had been hurting me that she should dress so poky, and perhaps think I'd got mean as I got older, and it was nigh about our wedding day, and I wanted to give her a good time.

I didn't think about much else until I got to our place and pushed open the door. Tea was ready, and Cathrine Ann was sitting before the stove.

"The girl is going," says she. "She says it's too lonely here. Her month was up at 5 o'clock, and she's packing to go on the evening train."

"Just like 'em," says I. "But light up, Cathrine Ann, I've got something I want to show you."

"You can place your orders for all kinds of Painting, with Wilkins & Bonds, 268 Union street. Telephone connection.

TROUSSEAU For Infants.

We have now in stock every thing required to dress an infant, including LINEN SHIRTS, FLANNEL SKIRTS, EMBROIDERED FLANNEL SQUARES, FLANNEL FOOT BLANKETS, COTTON SLIPS, NIGHT-GOWNS, SOFT QUILTED MUSLIN BIBS, emb'd; LINEN FEEDERS, RUBBER BIBS.

CAMBRIC and MUSLIN DRESSES.

A varied assortment of new pretty styles, useful and dainty, trimmed with insertions, Embroidery, Tuckings and Valenciennes Lace and Fine Tucks.

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to show you. I've been noticing that you haven't treated yourself well about clothes lately, so I've been shopping for you. "Why Richard," says she, "I thought you'd think I'd been just a little extravagant."

"Not you," says I. "You thought I was getting mean and wanted you to make jackets out of my old overcoats or something. Now, see here, this is what I want you to wear, and when they're gone more like 'em," and out I whipped my bonnet and my mantilla and held 'em up on each fist. Well, I never saw Cathrine Ann act as she did that day in my life. First she stared until I thought her eyes would pop out of her head. Then she gave a little shriek, then she laughed, then she cried, and then she came and put both her arms about my neck and kissed me.

"You dear, good old thing," said she. "Well," said I, "I'm glad you like 'em. I ain't so forgetful of your looks as you may think. I'm just as proud of 'em as ever, and it ain't no time for you to settle down to be a Quaker grandmother yet by any means. Try 'em on, Cathrine Ann."

She did as I asked her. The way that red bird stood up on the green bonnet was stylish, and the blue bobs on the mantilla looked slick, and Cathrine Ann turned herself about solemn and calm before me.

"What did you give for them, my dear?" says she. "So I told her. "You were very generous," says she. "I'm going to take real good care of them for very best. I never had anything like them in all my life, and never expected to."

Then she came to me and hugged me, and began to cry again; but just then in came Biddy Dolan, the girl, with her hat on.

"I'm goin', ma'am," said she; then she threw up her hands and opened her eyes wide.

"How Mother!" she squealed. "Was there ever such a elegant bonnet! I didn't see one like it in me life, barrin' 'twas once on me Lady Murphy in Dublin city—she was ridin' in her carriage. And the beautiful cape! Sure, ma'am, darlin', it's like a quano ye look."

"Thank you, Biddy," said my wife, and in a minute more she went out with the girl and shut the door between the kitchen and the dining room. Then they went upstairs together, and when my wife came down she had put the things away.

It was like courting times that night. I never knew Cathrine Ann to make so much of me, and when you have tried to please any one it's nice to feel that they feel what you've been about. That was a real pleasant night. However, as time went on I began to feel sort of curious about one thing. I dunno how long ago it was since I had given Cathrine Ann the bonnet and mantilla, and she hadn't once let me see her in them; not once.

First Sunday she didn't go to church because she had no girl. Second, she said go in the old dust colored things. She did feel bashful about showing herself first in the new ones on Sundays. And next she had rather a headache and stayed at home.

So it went on. I was getting mad about it, and business took me down to York again, and I was away four days—the longest time I ever was away from home since I was married—and one evening I took a notion to go to the museum, and there in the front row, with her back round, was my wife. I couldn't believe my eyes. But it was a fact; my wife in her new bonnet and mantilla that I had bought myself.

I'd have knowed 'em anywhere, and beside her a big young man with a red necktie and a green necktie, and his arm around her waist, and she snuggling up to him as if it was courting times, and they were alone in the front parlor Sunday evening.

You could have knocked me down with a goose feather. I guess I got a little white, for I saw folks looking at me; but I laid low and said nothing and the song was over and the folks began to get up. Then I crept up soft and sure toward my wife and that fellow, for they never budged, but just sat still making a show of themselves there. Who he was I didn't ask, but I was going to wipe him out, whoever he was. As far as Cathrine Ann went I knew it was my fault. I'd drove her to such courses by dressing her up 'mos agin her will in all the splendors of fashion.

She'd know her weakness and kept plain. The minister had preached on that subject and I hadn't paid attention. I'd tricked her out, and this is what it had led to. Coming to New York to go to museums with young men! How sudden it was and how awful! I remembered how good I felt bringing home those things, and I sort of wanted to die; but I crept up and up, clucking my umbrella, and in a

moment more down it came kersplash! on the top of that fellow's red head, and over he went with a howl.

"Bloody murder! it's kilt I am!" says he. "But I'll pay ye back, ye devil, I will!" and off went his coat.

But there I stopped. The woman was looking at me, and it wasn't my wife—it wasn't Cathrine Ann. It was no more and no less than Biddy Dolan, who left our house the night I took those things home. But she had my wife's bonnet on and my wife's mantilla, and being the same height and the same colored hair, I made the mistake.

"It's not my wife!" I says, out loud, feeling as if I'd got hold of life again. "But those are her clothes! You've robbed her of them, you thieving creature, and she won't do the same to you! The height and fashion and the best of the kind to be bought in New York, and she never had them on once! I'll send for the police and have you arrested!"

But Biddy didn't quail. She put her arms akimbo and stared at me. "I'm no thafe!" said she. "Send for the missus and bring the words true. Ye brought the bonnet and mantilla home the night I left, bad luck to ye! Ye'll not deny that!"

"No," said I, "that's true."

"And me comin' in and saying me thoughts consarin' 'em," said Biddy. "What did the missus do but come to me in the kitchen. 'Biddy,' says she to me, 'me husband has brought me home these things I've on wid the best intentions, but they're far too gay for me at my time in life,' says she, 'and since ye loike them, says she, 'take them for the wages. They're worth a shillin' to me, and I'll never be wearin' them.' And sure it was a decent bargain, and me after bein' married shortly to Pat here, so I took it and said thank ye, an' you're an old fool, ye are, for yer pains."

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429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999, 1001, 1003, 1005, 1007, 1009, 1011, 1013, 1015, 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023, 1025, 1027, 1029, 1031, 1033, 1035, 1037, 1039, 1041, 1043, 1045, 1047, 1049, 1051, 1053, 1055, 1057, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1065, 1067, 1069, 1071, 1073, 1075, 1077, 1079, 1081, 1083, 1085, 1087, 1089, 1091, 1093, 1095, 1097, 1099, 1101, 1103, 1105, 1107, 1109, 1111, 1113, 1115, 1117, 1119, 1121, 1123, 1125, 1127, 1129, 1131, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1139, 1141, 1143, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1151, 1153, 1155, 1157, 1159, 1161, 1163, 1165, 1167, 1169, 1171, 1173, 1175, 1177, 1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1189, 1191, 1193, 1195, 1197, 1199, 1201, 1203, 1205, 1207, 1209, 1211, 1213, 1215, 1217, 1219, 1221, 1223, 1225, 1227, 1229, 1231, 1233, 1235, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1243, 1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 1325, 1327, 1329, 1331, 1333, 1335, 1337, 1339, 1341, 1343, 1345, 1347, 1349, 1351, 1353, 1355, 1357, 1359, 1361, 1363, 1365, 1367, 1369, 1371, 1373, 1375, 1377, 1379, 1381, 1383, 1385, 1387, 1389, 1391, 1393, 1395, 1397, 1399, 1401, 1403, 1405, 1407, 1409, 1411, 1413, 1415, 1417, 1419, 1421, 1423, 1425, 1427, 1429, 1431, 1433, 1435, 1437, 1439, 1441, 1443, 1445, 1447, 1449, 1451, 1453, 1455, 1457, 1459, 1461, 1463, 1465, 1467, 1469, 1471, 1473, 1475, 1477, 1479, 1481, 1483, 1485, 1487, 1489, 1491, 1493, 1495, 1497, 1499, 1501, 1503, 1505, 1507, 1509, 1511, 1513, 1515, 1517, 1519, 1521, 1523, 1525, 1527, 1529, 1531, 1533, 1535, 1537, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1545, 1547, 1549, 1551, 1553, 1555, 1557, 1559, 1561, 1563, 1565, 1567, 1569, 1571, 1573, 1575, 1577, 1579, 1581, 1583, 1585, 1587, 1589, 1591, 1593, 1595, 1597, 1599, 1601, 1603, 1605, 1607, 1609, 1611, 1613, 1615, 1617, 1619, 1621, 1623, 1625, 1627, 1629, 1631, 1633, 1635, 1637, 1639, 1641, 1643, 1645, 1647, 1649, 1651, 1653, 1655, 1657, 1659, 1661, 1663, 1665, 1667, 1669, 1671, 1673, 1675, 1677, 1679, 1681, 1683, 1685, 1687, 1689, 1691, 1693, 1695, 1697, 1699, 1701, 1703, 1705, 1707, 1709, 1711, 1713, 1715, 1717, 1719, 1721, 1723, 1725, 1727, 1729, 1731, 1733, 1735, 1737, 1739, 1741, 1743, 1745, 1747, 1749, 1751, 1753, 1755, 1757, 1759, 1761, 1763, 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779, 1781, 1783, 1785, 1787, 1789, 1791, 1793, 1795, 1797, 1799, 1801, 1803, 1805, 1807, 1809, 1811, 1813, 1815, 1817, 1819, 1821, 1823, 1825, 1827, 1829, 1831, 1833, 1835, 1837, 1839, 1841, 1843, 1845, 1847, 1849, 1851, 1853, 1855, 1857, 1859, 1861, 1863, 1865, 1867, 1869, 1871, 1873, 1875, 1877, 1879, 1881, 1883, 1885, 1887, 1889, 1891, 1893, 1895, 1897, 1899, 1901, 1903, 1905, 1907, 1909, 1911, 1913, 1915, 1917, 1919, 1921, 1923, 1925, 1927, 1929, 1931, 1933, 1935, 1937, 1939, 1941, 1943, 1945, 1947, 1949, 1951, 1953, 1955, 1957, 1959, 1961, 1963, 1965, 1967, 1969, 1971, 1973, 1975, 1977, 1979, 1981, 1983, 1985, 1987, 1989, 1991, 1993, 1995, 1997, 1999, 2001, 2003, 2005, 2007, 2009, 2011, 2013, 2015, 2017, 2019, 2021, 2023, 2025, 2027, 2029, 2031, 2033, 2035, 2037, 2039, 2041, 2043, 2045, 2047, 2049, 2051, 2053, 2055, 2057, 2059, 2061, 2063, 2065, 2067, 2069, 2071, 2073, 2075, 2077, 2079, 2081, 2083, 2085, 2087, 2089, 2091, 2093, 2095, 2097, 2099, 2101, 2103, 2105, 2107, 2109, 2111, 2113, 2115, 2117, 2119, 2121, 2123, 2125, 2127, 2129, 2131, 2133, 2135, 2137, 2139, 2141, 2143, 2145, 2147, 2149, 2151, 2153, 2155, 2157, 2159, 2161, 2163, 2165, 2167, 2169, 2171, 2173, 2175, 2177, 2179, 2181, 2183, 2185, 2187, 2189, 2191, 2193, 2195, 2197, 2199, 2201, 2203, 2205, 2207, 2209, 2211, 2213, 2215, 2217, 2219, 2221, 2223, 2225, 2227, 2229, 2231, 2233, 2235, 2237, 2239, 2241, 2243, 2245, 2247, 2249, 2251, 2253, 2255, 2257, 2259, 2261, 2263, 2265, 2267, 2269, 2271, 2273, 2275, 2277, 2279, 2281, 2283, 2285, 2287, 2289, 2291, 2293, 2295, 2297, 2299, 2301, 2303, 2305, 2307, 2309, 2311, 2313, 2315, 2317, 2319, 2321, 2323, 2325, 2327, 2329, 2331, 2333, 2335, 2337, 2339, 2341, 2343, 2345, 2347, 2349, 2351, 2

PROGRESS.

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

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

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 24. CIRCULATION, 6,800.

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

IN THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

One of the most noticeable things in the addresses made by the city clergymen, last Sunday, was the broad and tolerant spirit shown in treating of the Loyalists and their times. The words uttered by some of them could have been spoken with equal propriety in Boston or New York. There was an absence of sectional spirit, and a recognition of only those qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race which are found in common under the flags of both the great nations.

There was a time, within the memory of some of us, when the same feeling would not have been shown at such a time. The old bitterness had not then died out, and the dislike of American institutions, whether good or bad in themselves, would crop out occasionally even in the pulpit. It was not strange. The Loyalists came here smarting under a sense of wrong, and the second generation imbibed their prejudices. In the files of St. John papers a generation or so ago, the rank abuse of the United States as a country, and the Americans as a people, have a ring which would be curious if uttered by any reputable journal here today. The word "Yankee" was a term of reproach, which carried with it suggestions of humbug and low cunning. Even in the schools, the children were taught less of loyalty to their own country than of enmity to that of their neighbors.

Time, with the increase of railroads, has made the two peoples better acquainted with each other, and for the last score of years the barriers have been gradually breaking down. Our people have found that it is not essential to loyalty to espouse the quarrels of a century ago. They have learned, too, despite the traditions of their ancestors, that the revolutionists had a just cause, and that the struggle for freedom from arbitrary measures was no more than would be made by our own people today. Broad views have taken the place of narrow ones, and we can today, without sacrificing a whit of our loyalty to Queen and country, admire all that is good in our neighbors and welcome them as brothers of a common race.

Less than a century after the separation of the revolted colonies from the mother country, and less than half a century after the second war, the heir of the British crown stood by the grave of Washington and planted a tree to his memory. That tree died, and a few years ago some English acorns were planted at the request of the Prince, to supply its place. These grew into oak saplings, and last week one of these was formally planted at WESTINGTON'S tomb by the British minister. This it is that the spirit of the age in the two nations is one of unity, as of two good neighbors who have no desire to break down the walls between the houses, but live within their own bounds on the best of terms with each other. And so it is likely to be. They understand each other too well to resort again to the old time arbitrament of war.

The pulpit has a mighty influence in fostering this feeling of concord, and in preserving that peace and good will which is taught to nations as well as individuals by the New Testament. It is a happy sign of the times that clergymen of all creeds are prompt to recognize the fact.

SENATE AND COUNCIL.

The argument of those who favor the retention of the senate in the dominion system of government and the legislative council in the provincial system is that these bodies are analogous to the English House of Lords. The Canadian Voice, however, shows that there is no sound basis for this idea. Our commons and assembly are the prototypes of the British popular branch, and there the parallel ends. The House of Lords, it says, "is a growth of centuries, while our senate is only a manufacture, hastily constructed by 'prentice hands, and ill adapted to the work it was intended to do."

Beyond this lies the important fact that the senate is simply the creation of the government of the day, that it is not independent of it and is not responsible to any authority. It is not, and in the nature

of things it cannot be, a free and untrammelled body like the House of Lords, which owes nothing to the commons, and has nothing to fear or hope from it. Under such conditions an upper chamber is a mere excrescence upon the body politic.

While this fact is probably not fully recognized by the people of Canada, the popular voice in New Brunswick would have no uncertain sound if asked to pronounce upon the life or death of the Legislative Council. It was constituted in the days when the people had less to say in the affairs of the country than they have today, and when it was considered that some safeguards were necessary to prevent their governing themselves too much. It has degenerated in later years into a mere asylum for unfortunate politicians, and is simply a lever in the hands of the government of the day, by it this one or that, to more effectually compass its schemes. It may be that an upper chamber is useful, but it needs to be one formed on a different basis, and composed of a different class of men. This is so well recognized that if it were left to a popular vote in this province, the abolition of the council would cease to be a question after the hour when the ballots were counted. It would be "swept" out of existence in the most emphatic sense of the term.

The government which will sincerely undertake its abolition will live in history as one which had the interests of the people at heart. The present government has promised much and done nothing, but it has still its opportunity, if it will embrace it. If it does not, the day may come when it will regret the delay and others will accomplish the reform.

The day of the dissolution of the Senate of Canada is further off, but it, too, will come, if the press of the country will do its duty in keeping the matter before the people. Our upper chambers have neither the sanction of antiquity nor the record of past usefulness to urge as a plea for their existence. They cannot be venerated, they cannot be admired. They should go, and that quickly.

TWO MODERN ISMS.

Mr. EDWARD BELLAMY, who has sprung into notoriety within the last year or so, through the writing of a book called Looking Backward, has been talking lately on the subject of "nationalism." He claims that this fad which prevails chiefly in Boston and San Francisco is a natural outgrowth of the times, and that it will be accomplished within fifty years. He believes the air to be full of it, which is perfectly natural considering the ardor shown in Boston, and that nothing can hold it back. In proof of this he points to the fact that far away San Francisco rivals the New England city in the extent of its enthusiasm.

Boston adopted the idea, as it has gone rabid over many others good and bad, and the followers of BELLAMY there include all sorts and conditions of people, from intellectual, well-meaning workers, down to fellows who have in the past posed as friends of the working man, and thus secured an easy living by being supported at his expense. They are what used to be recognized by newspaper men as "professional friends of labor," who had abandoned their trades to work with their jaws and settle the questions of the rights and wrongs of wage earners in comfortable offices, while the workers paid the bills. It would not be fair, however, that these men represent the eccentric city in the new movement. There are men actively interested in it who have more than a national reputation, but, as in all other Bostonian ideas, a list of those who do the most talking on the subject shows a collection, in its way, as curious and mixed as were the animals in the sheet let down to PETER.

In San Francisco, the secret of the ardor appears to be a desire to get rid of the Chinese.

Mr. BELLAMY sums up the accepted principles of nationalism as follows:

"That industrial competition should be displaced by industrial association. This involves the absorption by the government of all the enterprises or agencies by which men produce food, clothing, fuel, shelter, and luxuries, and the means by which they are distributed and exchanged. We would abolish competition and substitute for it such an association of industries that everything made or done should be reduced to a cost price for the benefit of both producers and consumers. Government then would be the management of a vast industrial system, in which every man should be a partner. In our ultimate society all the workers would be organized after the plan of a great army. Every man would have his place and his special duties under acknowledged commanders or superintendents; promotion would be by merit; retirement from active labor would come after such a number of years as would equitably measure the value of a man's work in terms of production; men or women disabled in the course of their labor would be pensioned, and the pension system would extend to all the retired corps. Under judicious superintendence there would be no more shoes made, for instance, than would be required by the population, no more wheat grown than would be sufficient to supply bread, and so on through every form of productive industry, the absence of competition securing the community against the evils of over production.

These radical changes in the social system he expects to see accomplished through the system itself, by legislation. In this he apparently overlooks the fact that with human nature as it is at present, and governments as they now are, he or anybody else would find a good deal more rascality and jobbery than can be possibly accomplished as things now are. The government would probably precipitate a revolution about the time that the scheme

got fully in working order, and the BELLAMYITES would be forced to abandon the fat offices as administrators of it, to seek more congenial surroundings in Canada.

The most unpromising feature up to the present time is that while the idea of nationalism is to benefit the wage earners, they as a class do not appear to be interested in it. The men who are to the front are thinkers and talkers, who are anxious to benefit the masses whether the masses want it or not. There are out and out socialists and anarchists among the toilers, but they do not seem to accept the new fad as the remedy for their ills. When they take hold of it, there may be some hope of its success, but so far Mr. BELLAMY and his friends have not made much headway outside of the classes who are more fond of reading than they are of working.

Out of this nationalism has sprung a society of Christian Socialists, which would seem to bid fair to drift on a different and more practical line. According to its advocates it differs from nationalism in the important fact that it does not believe that life can or should be reduced to a system; that less emphasis should be put on state governments than on those of municipalities, and that society can best be served by a common brotherhood of which the principles of the New Testament form the basis. It does not believe in turning over everything to the state, but in the people organizing to do their own business. This society aims at practical work in doing good by means of voluntary organization in which practical Christianity is the aim. In these points it has much to commend it to all earnest friends of humanity and religion, and its goal appears a tangible one as compared with the airy castles of the nationalists pure and simple.

Whatever may be the end of all these isms, some good must result in teaching people to think. It is certain that the world is out of joint as things now are, and the full realization of this will in time bring a better state of things, whatever it may be called.

WHAT THEY HAVE DONE.

Nearly three hundred men, senators and commoners, have been paid good wages for enjoying themselves at Ottawa for the last four months. They have been paid \$1,000 each and their mileage, including the \$600 allowed to General Laurier for coming from England. They have cost the country a pretty round sum, and here is what they have given in return:

They have amended the tariff, so as to increase the cost of living to the masses for the benefit of a few classes. Under the pretence of helping the former, they have made dearer meat, drink and raiment for the mechanic, and added to the duty on tools of his trade, which are not and will not be manufactured in Canada.

They have raised the bounty on pig iron manufactured in Canada, which will be a benefit as far as it goes.

They have formulated a bank act, which renders note holders less liable to loss than they have been in the past. This is a good measure, and should have been passed years ago. The act is lacking in an adequate penalty for people who cause the ruin of banks, and now escape unpunished.

They have provided for a bureau of labor statistics, which means government situations for people who won't labor, and no practical value to labor itself. The workmen want something more practical than statistics and theories founded on them. These things don't solve the great problems of labor.

This is about all of moment that parliament has done. The senators have listened to some divorce stories, and have given their gracious concurrence to bills passed by the commons.

Does it need three hundred men and four months' time to do what has been done for a population smaller than that in some of the states of the union?

NEW YORK has 3,410 men on its police force, but despite this standing army, the thieves get in their work in rather open ways. The other morning burglars forced the front window of a house on Thirty-seventh street, near Broadway, and carried off all they desired, though a gas lamp burned on the sidewalk opposite the house, and the locality is one where the police are supposed to be around at all hours. The other day, while a district attorney was prosecuting a case in court, thieves stole his typewriter from his office. One judge had two dictionaries stolen, and the other mourns the loss of an overcoat. The industrious crook has great opportunities in that big and wicked city.

The alleged humorist known as BILL NYE was announced to give a Sunday evening lecture in St. Cloud, Minn., not long ago. The clergymen of the place did not care about it, or pass resolutions, but they arranged such interesting services at their churches that NYE was left to lecture to empty benches. There is a moral in this which may be profitably applied in fighting sin in a good many of its forms.

SUNDAY HITS AND HINTS.

Long may Victoria reign. Trouble for the trout begins today, and so does trouble for the fishermen.

The relation of the trout fisher to his belongings is that in proportion as he is full the basket is empty.

Does the city intend to do anything about having the names of the streets placed in position this summer?

The life and reign of Queen Victoria have been the most potent arguments in history in favor of a limited monarchy.

So Stanley, the explorer, is to be married. He is doubtless of opinion that after the risks he has run in the Dark Continent, he can afford to take the chances of matrimony.

If there happen to be a few dollars that are not wanted for the Mount Pleasant boulevard, they might be expended in putting down a decent sidewalk along Mill street. Portland bridge is a disgrace to civilization.

Of 42 acts which the royal assent was given before the prorogation of parliament, 16 were to amend the public statutes in some form or other. Though lawyers abound among the legislators, no public act seems to amount to much until it is amended out of the original form in which it became law.

According to the Sun the only clergymen who said anything worth reporting on Loyalist day were three Presbyterians and Rev. H. A. S. Hartley. According to the Telegraph there were two Presbyterians and Dr. Wilson. Yet some people who attended other than these churches were pretty well satisfied with what they heard.

A Good Company at Last. The Harkins company is much better than the average combination that strikes St. John. The people appreciated them and gave them fine houses. The opening play, The Golden Giant, is of the roaring western type, but it proved a good drawing card. Harkins was thoroughly at home in his part, and his acting was graceful and finished, leaving nothing to be desired. To see W. T. Melville, as "Bixby," was alone worth the price of admission. His make up and acting were simply perfect. Miss West and Miss Huntington had a great deal to do, and did it well. Jim the Pennan and The Unknown were put on from Wednesday to Saturday.

Twelve Pages Next Week. There is something to look forward to next week, in the shape of a choice number of PROGRESS—a twelve page paper. There will be splendidly illustrated articles and a variety of reading found in no other paper in the provinces. The price will be the same, but advertisers should remember that there will be an excellent chance to make announcements at the special rate of 50 cents per inch.

Who Can Solve It. The following puzzle, attributed to George Canning, has been handed to PROGRESS for publication. Those who are fond of such things will find it worthy of study:

There is a word of plural number, A foe to peace and human slumber; Now say what you chance to take By adding S your plural make, But if you add an S to this How strange the metamorphosis; Plural is plural then no more, And sweet what bitter was before.

No Wonder They Grumble. The King street merchants are finding a great deal of fault with the neglect of the Board of Works to have the street watered in dusty weather. Thursday was particularly bad day for them, as the wind blew in sharp gusts, carrying thick clouds of pulverized dirt with it. One firm which undertook to do some varnishing work was obliged to send the painters away.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES. Midge and Marsh Midge. The warm sun brought forth midges innumerable yesterday afternoon. The air was impregnated with the odor of coming summer.—Moncton Times.

They Hate Anything New. At the old police station this morning representatives of the city press were regaled with a lobster salad lunch—a sort of good-bye to the old building. The speeches were so full of pathos and regrets at parting from the old building as to bring tears to the eyes of those present.—Herald Echo.

They Use Good Whiskey There. Last night a horse attached to a night soil cart became weak on Alameda street and fell. The driver unharmed him, and had the harness and cart removed, but left the poor horse lying in the street. Early this morning a crowd gathered round, and the animal being still alive, by permission of Hon. M. J. Power, he was removed to the stable of that gentleman, who doctored the animal up so well with hot drinks, etc., that after a while he came around all right, and was as lively as a colt.—Herald Echo.

Terror to Evil Doers. We learn that, during the past week evidently, some youngsters have again been tampering with the cars standing on the track near the station, regardless of the warning they received some few days ago. Beware! Beware!—Lansburg Argus.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE. Contradiction with Thanks. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In Saturday's issue of PROGRESS you said I gave up the right and title of my child before sending her to the poor house. I deny that I ever gave up my title or right of her, and I wish to have it contradicted in the columns of the PROGRESS with thanks. WILLIAM WILSON.

CHATS WITH CORRESPONDENTS. CÆLUS.—Your sketch is less that of an ideal clergyman than an attempt to point out a particular one as unworthy of his calling. Declined.

THORN APPLE.—Your letter is too long and is only the continuation of a dispute which is of no benefit to anybody.

Painting and Glazing in all their branches are done in first-class style, by Wilkins & Sons, 266 Union street.

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

The base ball season opens Saturday. The arrival of the imported players for the two local teams this week caused quite a flurry around town, and raised the enthusiasm about 50 per cent.

The New Brunswick league starts out with four strong teams, each of which seems confident of carrying off the honors. The St. Johns have three imported players, while the other three clubs have about seven each. This is quite a change, for the St. Johns were the first to bring players from outside.

The representatives of the four league clubs got in a great stroke of work Monday night, in arranging the schedule. It was a more difficult job than most people imagine, for all the clubs had dates ahead with outside teams, and I believe the Moncton and Fredericton men knew what they wanted and didn't feel like taking anything else. A great fault in the schedule, which it seems could not be very well overcome, is the large number of Saturday games between the Shamrocks and Fredericton on the former's ground. All the holiday dates were left open. The league games between the St. Johns and Shamrocks will be arranged for as soon as possible so as to enable the clubs to make dates with outside teams.

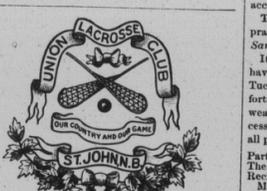
The Shamrocks think they have a better man in Lezotte than Kirmes. There is no doubt about it, in one respect. Lezotte has managed to do what he promised others could not do. Besides, he is said to be a good all round player.

I believe the players were very anxious to start practice when they arrived here. Many of them had not done much ball playing this year as yet, especially the St. Johns two new men, Priest and Foster. Sullivan and McArthur, however, have been playing ball, and from all accounts something very much above the ordinary kind.



Do you know him? Well, you should for you saw him in the box often enough last year—you saw him pull the club out of many a hole. More power to his elbow this year.

I think most of those who read this column will agree with me that lacrosse has come to stay, and that it deserves all the encouragement we can give it. The games at Halifax and St. Stephen ought to prove great attractions in those towns and I have no doubt they will. Here's to the Union for the honors at Halifax!



What do you think of this for an emblem? Isn't it a credit to the club, not to mention PROGRESS Engraving Bureau?

Look out for the Kelly uniforms on the boys today—lacrosse and base ball. They are dandies.

The double umpire system has been adopted by the N. B. league. It has proved most satisfactory everywhere, and it is said the National league have almost decided to adopt it. They will now, sure. The system has done away with "skinking" to a great extent, and umpires should now be able to see their life insurance premiums reduced about one half. The St. Johns and Shamrocks have excellent umpires to fill the position, in Christie and Connolly. Both of them have had some experience, and we all know them as good square men. It only hope that the Fredericton and Moncton will be as fortunate in their choice. The Shamrocks will pay their umpire a regular weekly salary, and the St. Johns will pay so much per game.

George Whitteet was an imported player this week. He came from Boston, and I believe is chock full of base ball, and has all the latest points. Look out for him.

The games on the Shamrocks grounds this season will begin at 2:30 sharp.

My remarks of last week about giving the St. John amateurs a chance seemed to find favor in the good many quarters, but I am afraid, from what I have heard, that I have been misunderstood on one point. I am not one of those who would sooner see (or say they would) ball by local amateurs than that which is now given to us by the St. Johns and Shamrocks. In the first place it wouldn't pay. Not even those who are advocates of it would lose half a day to attend the games. When people pay money to see a ball game, they want the worth of their money, and they can only get that when the clubs are composed of the best players that can be secured. Of course there are times when an amateur game may prove more interesting than a professional; but then let it be what it may can't get over the fact that it isn't first-class playing.

My idea was that the big teams get some of the best amateurs, place them in the hands of a good coach, and let them learn all the points of the game. The St. Johns have only four outside players, as it is; but the best of the local men are old players, and the new ones are getting into the game as best they can, and it remains to be seen what kind of ball they will play. None of the St. Johns' imported players are supposed to do any coaching, and in that case it is not likely that they will.

On the other hand, I believe Capt. Donovan, of the Shamrocks, is going to take the matter up and give the boys all the chance possible. It is his intention to reside near the grounds and have the team get in all the practice possible. The younger members of the club will have a grand opportunity to learn batting and all about the game—and they could not get a very much better instructor than Capt. Donovan.

Mr. James Berry, of the Sun, will be the official

score for the New Brunswick league again this year. A better man could not have been secured.

The Players' League men say they will pay no further attention to the threats and bluster of the National League managers. The latter have managed to get the support of some of the most influential papers in the States, and have no trouble in letting the public hear their side of the story, while such papers as the New York Sun refused to print John M. Ward's reply to Mr. Spaulding's statements regarding the decreasing interest in base ball. The newspaper was in power said to be over, as far as the Players' league is concerned, and they will "in future conduct the contest on the diamond." If the National league will do likewise, it will confer a great favor on base ball enthusiasts, who are interested simply in the game, all over the country.

The initial trip of the Boston Brotherhood team proved a great success, in every way. It is claimed that, with one exception, they drew larger crowds than any other ball team that ever represented Boston. They played ten games, the average attendance being 4,400 to a game. The Boston club took in over \$8,000 on the trip. The expenses were about \$1,500, leaving a clear gain of \$6,500.

Secretary Brunell explains the large scores in the Players' league games by the heavy batting, and says that no base ball organization ever had so many crack batsmen in its clubs; and adds: "In addition to the batting stars of the old league, we have gained from the American Association such men as Orr, Bierens, Coniskey, Griffin, Shindle, Milligan, Larkin, Browning, Vinner, Coniskey, O'Neil, Latham and Boyle. And incidentally come base-running strength, through Bierbauer, Stover, Griffin, Shindle, Coniskey and Latham."

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

As the Baptist seminary concert came off so late last week, I had not time to notice it, so will say now that it was well attended, and that the audience, to judge from the applause and numerous encores, enjoyed it very much. There has not been very much going on this week in a musical way with the exception of the regular Oratorio choir practices, etc. Everyone is devoting their "evenings off" to the theatre. Approes of choir practices: The Trinity chorists sang their first anthem on Whit Sunday, Master Fred Sturdee taking the solo I believe. I did not hear the service in Trinity on the evening of Ascension Day, but hear on all sides that the boys sang very nicely.

Last Sunday being the anniversary of the landing of the Loyalists, appropriate hymns were sung in St. John church, and the service was concluded with the National Anthem. Mr. Ford played, as a postlude, an arrangement of God Save the Queen, with variations.

Among the "American Matters of Interest" in the Illustrated London News, I saw the following: "Patti will soon be again in London, after her triumphal tour in the United States. One of the smartest things printed about her while in New York was this announcement:

Dread, In the forty-eighth year of its age, of scarlet fever, PATTI'S HAIR.

A great deal is being said by the English papers about Mr. Cowen's new opera, Thorgrim, which has just been sung at the Drury Lane theatre, London. The music is said to be very effective.

The meeting of the "Old Musical club," which was to have been held at Miss Bowden's, on Tuesday last, has been postponed until Tuesday next, on account of the Choral Club's concert.

There was a fairly good attendance at the Oratorio practice Monday evening; portions of Jeptha and Samson were sung.

It seemed too bad that the Choral club should have such an unpleasant day for their musicale as Tuesday was, but I think every one who was fortunate enough to be invited loved the bad weather and went. The evening was a great success, and I am sure it was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The programme was as follows:

- Part I. of "Christ and His Soldiers".....John Farmer
The Life of Christ.....Miss Maggie Henderson
Recitation and Quartet.....Miss Maggie Henderson
Madames Jardine and Patton, Messrs. Lindsay and Smith.
Solo and Chorus—"Hark the Glad Sound".....
Carol—"In the field with the angels abiding".....
Chorus—"O come, all ye faithful".....
Song—"And did the Sun of God appear".....
Mr. Tom Daniel.
Chorus—"Hail on, ride on in majesty".....
Chorus—"And the people stood beholding".....
Chorus—"Ciel are the Rocks".....
Solo—"By Jesus' grave on either side".....
Solo and chorus—"Jesus Christ is risen today".....
Our best Redeemer, etc. (The bread).....
Mr. A. H. Lindsay.
Chorus—"The Lord ascended up on high".....
Instrumental March.....
The Philharmonic society.
Selections from the programme at the club meetings.....
Mendelssohn Evening Song.....
From Elijah French Evening Song.....
Haydn
Mrs. Thomas Patton.
Handel Haydn Evening—Violin Solo, "Hymn to the Emperor".....
Glee and Ballad Evening—Ballad, "Love's Old Sweet Song".....
Molloy
Miss Annie Turner.
British Evening Song, "The Harpers and the Flowers".....
Miss Alice Hea.
Mozart-Wagner Evening—"Triumphant march and prayer" from "The Magic Flute".....Mozart
Solo—Mr. Tom Daniel.
Male Quartette—"Students' Evening".....Mendelssohn
Messrs. Lindsay, Bourne, Porter and Smith.
The latter number was not sung until the visitors had been served with coffee and light refreshments. Then the evening was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem. This is the last meeting of the Choral Club before it re-organizes in the autumn. The members of the club are Messames W. A. Ewing, Giffly, Givray, C. Y. Gregory, R. Jardine, Macdonald and Patton.
Misses Goddard, Alice G. Hea, Minnie V. Hea, Henderson, Clara Quinton, Lizzie Smith and Turner.
Messrs. Bourne, Cruikshank, Tom Daniel, Davies, Geo. R. Ewing, W. A. Ewing, Lindsay, Macdonald, Porter, A. M. Smith and Turner.
The Philharmonic society played the accompaniment for the cantata.
TABLET.

Letter from Mr. Ewing. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In your correspondent "Tablet" dissertation, last week, on matters musical, a paragraph appeared which somewhat surprised me. That able critic says:

"After talking to some of the Dorsetty company, I find that no one objected in the least to paying the Philharmonic club. Surely there is a mistake here (unintentional, no doubt). 'Tablet' has apparently overlooked one very important member of the Dorsetty committee. I allude to the efficient secretary, whose views on this subject I know, from a personal interview, were entirely opposed to having anything to do with the Philharmonic club. W. A. EWING, May 21. Pres. of Philharmonic Club.

Starting Out. She wanted a cottage. He wanted an apartment. "Suites to the sweet," he said with a tender glance. "Flats to the flat," she retorted with a scornful smile. N. B.—They took a cottage.—N. Y. Sun.

To get Paper Hanging done quickly and reasonably apply to Wilkins & Sons, 266 Union street.

THE CUP T... Wir... SHERATON... P. S.—Ask for circular... BAS... SATURDAY th... 2 GR... IN THE MORN... THE SI... IN THE AFTER... THE SI... THE DOUBLE U... Messrs. CHRISTIE and... GENERAL AD... DON'T... CASH... GRO... CERY... American Mill... OWING to the large increase in the price of flour, the opposite Car Stable, lately occupied by the... and will hold a Cheap Sale of... make room for Summer Goods from New York in a few days... MRS. L. B. CARROLL.

New Brunswick league again this man could not have been secured.

League men say they will pay no attention to the threats and bluster of the opponents.

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Advertisement for Logan's Ideal Soap featuring an illustration of a cherub and the text 'The Bells have a story to tell, Track Cherub pulls hard on his rope.'

THE CUP THAT CHEERS, is EAGLE CHOP TEA. Wire Flower Stands.

Advertisement for Eagle Chop Tea featuring an illustration of a wire flower stand and the text 'WIRE HANGING BASKETS; Wire Flower Pot Trainers; Hooks for Hanging Baskets; Lawn or Country Vases, with Reservoirs.'

Prices as Low as the Lowest. SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 King Street.

BASE BALL! May 24. SATURDAY the Base Ball Season will be opened, and there will be 2 GREAT GAMES!

Advertisement for The Shamrocks baseball team featuring the text 'IN THE MORNING, at 10 o'clock, on the Grounds of the SHAMROCK A. A. CLUB, THE SHAMROCKS VS THE ST. JOHNS. IN THE AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, on the Grounds of the ST. JOHN A. A. CLUB, THE ST. JOHNS VS THE SHAMROCKS.'

Advertisement for the Caligraph Typewriter featuring an illustration of the machine and the text 'The Simplest, Most Durable, Cheapest and Most Rapid Type Writer IN THE WORLD.'

What SCHEFFIELD & CO. say: We have much pleasure in stating that the Caligraph purchased from us has been in constant use in our office for several years, and is still in good order.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Sole Agents. DON'T ASK FOR CREDIT. CASH GROCERY. HARDRESS CLARKE. American Millinery Store. MISSES E. & S. WARRELL.

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.

Mrs. Morman, of Halifax, is visiting friends in the city. Captain, Mr. and Miss Powys arrived from England on Thursday, and went immediately to their home in Fredericton.

Mr. J. M. Robinson, of Rethel, is laid up with a severe attack of acute rheumatism. Mrs. Sydney Smith, of St. John, has also been suffering with a similar attack.

Mr. Simon Jones and the Miss Jones arrived home the first of the week, after an absence of four months. Cards of invitation have been issued this week by Mrs. Isaac Burpee, Mount Pleasant, for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Elith Burpee, with Mr. George K. McLeod, which takes place at St. Stephen's church, on Wednesday, June 4.

A quiet wedding will take place in the Mission Chapel on June 4th, when Mr. Kacy, manager of the Merchants' Bank at Woodstock, will be the officiating minister.

Numbers of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. R. Cameron Grant called to offer their congratulations this week. Miss Follen and Miss Florence Boyd received with her. The bride was handsomely dressed in a becoming gown of black and white silk.

Mr. and Mrs. Lunow Robinson, Rockland Road, gave a large party of juveniles for their daughter, Miss May Robinson, on Tuesday last. Upwards of forty were present, despite the down-pour on that afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Malcolm MacKay have removed to their summer residence at Rethel, near the lake. The date of Miss Susan Fairweather, daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Fairweather, occurred on Saturday last. Miss Fairweather has been suffering with spinal complaint, caused by an accident, for the last year, from which she never rallied.

Among the passengers for England by steamer Germania, sailing from New York Wednesday 21st, were Mr. Joseph Allison of Manchester, Robertson and Allison, Mrs. Allison, Miss Gertrude Allison and Miss Nellie Cushing. They will spend some months in England and the continent.

FREDERICTON.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Fenety and by James H. Hawthorne.]

MAY 21.—The children's entertainment in the City Hall, Monday evening, was an every way an unqualified success. Every seat in the hall was filled, while large numbers were obliged to stand throughout the entertainment.

The opening number consisted of a recitation by Mrs. Ella F. Randolph, entitled "The Little Feet a-Come." Immediately at the end of the recitation the orchestra struck up a march, and about 50 little girls, all dressed in white, some wearing red caps and some white, according to the drills to which they belonged, marched in upon the stage.

Mr. Herbert McLean, from St. John, came up to attend the University sports; he will return home tomorrow. The beauty and fashion of the city turned out in full force at the sports last Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Forester has returned from her visit to Halifax, and intends leaving for Quebec the 2nd of June. Mr. Amos Wilson has returned home from a business trip to Boston.

MONCTON.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at the bookstore of W. W. Black and W. H. Murray, Main street.]

MAY 21.—A few brave spirits disregarding the general opinion of the social season, brought about a clearing of the clouds, and perhaps taking advantage of the clearing of the clouds, have delighted the hearts of their friends by giving a little dance.

Chief amongst these was a delightful little party which Mrs. C. F. Hamilton gave last Thursday night. The guests were some thirty-five in number, and a most charming evening was spent.

Mr. Frank Brown has gone to New York for a six weeks visit. Hon. F. Thompson is on a business trip to P. E. I. Sir John Allen is in St. John presiding at the court.

Mr. A. G. Beckwith has returned home from Westmount county, where he has been inspecting bridges. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Lugin have accepted the invitation of the manager of the New York Steamship Company, and gone on a short trip to New York on the Valerian.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Lugin have accepted the invitation of the manager of the New York Steamship Company, and gone on a short trip to New York on the Valerian.

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

SPORTING FURNISHINGS for 24th OF MAY. We are now prepared to furnish clubs with TENNIS, LA CROSSE, CRICKET and BASE BALL SUITS to order, Marked or Lettered: SHIRTS and JERSEYS in all colors and stripes; STRIPED BLAZERS, SILK SASHES, BELTS of every description and quality; RUNNING TIGHTS and TRUNKS; STRIPED CAPS; LEATHER LEGGINGS.

Foot Ball Jerseys and Stockings, IN ALL SHADES AND STRIPES. Ask for Prices for Clubs by Mail. We are Headquarters for Sporting Goods.

MACAULAY BROTHERS & CO. KID GLOVES! Rouillon, 1st Choice, 4 Clasp; Jouvain, 1st Choice, 4 " Undressed Kid, in Black and Tans.

DANIEL AND ROBERTSON We are showing a very nice Swede Glove, 6 Butt. Length, for 85 cents pair.

WEDDING PRESENTS! OPENING TO-DAY: A choice assortment of SOLID SILVER, INCLUDING Silver Forks, Spoons, Oyster Forks, Soup Ladles, BERRY SPOONS, ICE CREAM SETS, etc.

C. FLOOD & SON. HOLIDAY LIKE TO-DAY, being the opening of the Ball Season and commencement of Sports of all kinds, brings to your mind the fact that a general SPORTING OUTFIT is required by all who take part in the various games.

Now we are HEADQUARTERS for all kinds of Rubber Sporting Goods, including TENNIS, BASE BALL, LACROSSE and BICYCLE SHOES of best make, same as you had before, which gave such good satisfaction. This is our SPECIALTY BUSINESS. So when you require such goods you naturally think of the AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, where the best and most reliable Rubber Goods are to be had.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE. Headquarters Rubber Goods: 65 CHARLOTTE STREET. Do You Want a New Hat? MME. KANE is forced to move to make room for the new Opera House front—but she won't leave the street.

OPPOSITE McPHERSON'S GROCERY, 190 UNION STREET, will be occupied by her from May 1st until August 1st, when she will return to her present quarters. She intends to move all her elegant and large stock of MILLINERY to her new store, but is determined not to take it back here. It must be sold. It is New, Fashionable, and just as complete as any in the City, but it is too large to move again, and it will be sold at such Low Prices that it will soon be cleared out. There are three things for the LADIES to REMEMBER: THAT MME. KANE moves across the street, May 1st. THAT her Stock is Bright, New, Fashionable and Large. THAT she is selling it Very Cheap to avoid moving it back again three months hence.

New York Steamship Comp'y. THE MANAGEMENT RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCES THAT On FRIDAY, APRIL 25th, and EVERY FRIDAY FOLLOWING, the New Iron Steamship "VALENCIA," 1600 tons, Capt. F. C. MILLER, WILL LEAVE COMPANY'S WHARF, (rear of Custom House) St. John, N. B., at 12 MIDNIGHT, for New York, leaving at Eastport, Rockland and Cottage City, arriving in New York Sunday night, and freight delivered early Monday morning.

RETURNING: Steamer will leave New York TUESDAYS at 5 p. m.; Cottage City, 8 a. m. WEDNESDAYS; Rockland, 6 a. m. THURSDAY, and Eastport, 3 p. m., due in St. John THURSDAY evenings. This beautiful steamer was selected for sailing for sea-going qualities, superb accommodations and freight capacity; there is not an equal along the coast; was built under special contracts with every convenience and appliance for the comfort and safety of the travelling public and shippers, and we invite the most thorough inspection as to appointments and condition. The merits of our officers and crew we leave until the public have had occasion to observe what expert management and polite treatment will produce. Realizing that the public will fully appreciate a first-class and practical service, we leave the verdict in your hands. This direct connection with New York enables Merchants and Traders to obviate the re-shipments, delays and extra expense now attending the movements of freight and passengers, and be in a position to purchase in a much larger market, or to forward products to sections heretofore out of reach. Goods shipped to and from all principal points in the South, West, East and India, Central and South America on through bills of lading, as all connections are established. Also, through tickets sold to all principal points and baggage checked through.

RATES OF PASSAGE: 1st Class—St. John to New York, (including berth in state room) \$9.00. Excursion Ticket, (including berth in state room) 16.00. Meals—75 cents and 50 cents. Passage meal tickets at reduced rates. Additional steamers will be placed on the route in connection with above, leaving New York SATURDAYS, at 6 p. m., as soon as the arrangements can be completed. N. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager, 63 Broadway, N. Y. City. FRANK ROWAN, Local Agent, 218 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B. P. S.—The company has fitted up a nice reception room, and they extend a cordial invitation to people throughout the Eastern country to make their headquarters for their mails, their business appointments or the meeting of their friends.

SODA WATER! HOLIDAY READING! BEATRICE—by H. Rider Haggard. Canadian copyright edition. Price 30c. MARIE BASHKETT—The Journal of a young artist, 1890-1894. IN HER EARLIEST YOUTH—a novel—By Emma. Price 45c. THE DANVER JEWELS AND SIR CHARLES DANVERS—a novel and its sequel. Price 40c. THE FIRM OF GIBBERTON—by A. Cowan Doyle. Price 30c. Price of the above sent postpaid on receipt of price.

Parker Bros., MARKET SQUARE. We have started the SODA WATER SEASON of 1890, with the following choice Beverages: OTTAWA BEER, BIRCH BEER, Orange and Egg Phosphates and Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple, Vanilla, Chocolate, Coffee, Maple and Sarsaparilla Syrup. OTHER DRINKS will be added as the season advances.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)





97 King Street.

JUST RECEIVED: BLACK AND COLORED Cashmeres and Merinos



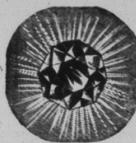
Finest Quality

MODERATE PRICES.

97 King Street.

EVERY LADY

who desires to have a GOOD COMPLEXION and NICE SOFT WHITE HANDS, should use Estey's Fragrant Philoderma.



DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CORSETS AND BELTS

ARE universally approved by leading physicians as the best, safest and most effective remedy for spinal complaints...

St. John School of Music WILL GIVE ITS FIRST PUBLIC RECITAL on Tuesday Evening, May 27th, in BERRYMAN'S HALL.

Choice JERSEY BUTTER

Apply to J. H. KING, Smith's Creek, Kings County, N. B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.) Miss Thomson will no doubt spend a delightful summer...

ST. STEPHEN. [Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-stores of C. H. Smith & Co. and G. S. Wall.]

MAY 21.—Mr. C. H. Clarke has purchased a cottage at the Lodge in Moncton...

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Grimmer, of St. Andrews, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. G. S. Mayes, of St. John, was the guest of Mr. N. F. Brown, in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Eaton, left on Monday for their new home in Lexington, Mass.

Mr. Charles Young, of Chatham, N. B., is visiting his parents in Milltown.

Rev. James Simpson, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., is the guest of Mr. John Black, of the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Parsons' Pills



Make New Rich Blood!

These pills were a wonderful discovery. They are the only pills that cure a great variety of diseases...

Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm are home again after an absence of some months. Their visit seems to have had a beneficial effect on their health...

Mr. K. F. Burns, Miss Minnie Burns, and their guest Miss Smith (Liverpool, Eng.) arrived on Saturday from Ottawa...

Mr. Robert Ryan, mother of the Hon. P. G. Ryan, died at her home last Friday morning.

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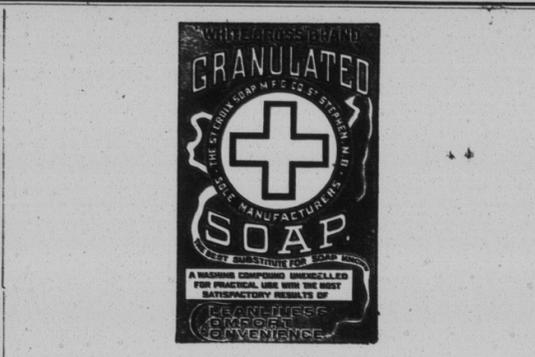
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SKINNER'S CARPET WAREROOMS.

1890. SPRING 1890.

NEW LACE CURTAINS, In White, Ecu and Colored, from \$1.50 per pair upward. SPLENDID GHEVILLE CURTAIN only \$7.00 pair.



WHITE BREAD FROM EAGLE FLOUR. LIGHT ROLLS FROM EAGLE FLOUR.

FAST TYPE WRITING. The Speed Attained by People who Make a Business of It.

The Scheme Did Not Work. "John," said the talkative wife, as her quiet husband crept meekly into bed...

The Small Boy Makes More Trouble. Young Man (to little brother of girl on whom he has called) — Does your sister Ella ever speak of me, Johnnie?

Crowded Quarters. An Indian waited for a trolley at a Northern Pacific station in Idaho and while there saw the agent taking into a telephone box.

Noted for Postage Stamps. There seems to be a revival of the postage stamp mania among the boys.

Advertisement for Pearls' Toilet Soap, featuring an illustration of a woman and text: 'FOR THE COMPLEXION IT KEEPS THE HANDS IN BEAUTIFUL CONDITION AND SOFT AS VELVET.'

TWENTY Progress gives the City News papers from May WIN IT VOL. III, N HOW JOURNAL A SAMPLE OF U NEWSPAPER E Special Commission... The splendid harbor of from the Atlantic by the B water which, though light been grossly misrepresented... 'The writer is also with his subject,' says to be. The writer is here, living here, and an affectionate interest people. But his name has been any connection paper. The paragraph, word for word Summer Carnival issued last year, at Reynolds. It might be supposed to quote this paragraph, dentally omitted to editors occasionally more of a clipping matter and by what advertence neglect son, however, can be as his article from the similar instance of tempted to quote ated the Globe co doubtless have been he appears to have with the book before relied upon it for to do, but copied word to express the vantago. In one p 'promise' for 'a better and should original writer. At ment is not an app writing and rearrang is an instance, wher the C. P. R. — Programme, p. 9. . . It makes St. J already so notable a seaport, a great rail centre as well. As a minus of the only r on the continent wh stretches from ocean ocean, it has a broad nearer than were to the great h of the West, and are armed with new pens for the prosecu of a great industrial fare. Programme, p. 13. . . The great citi the West are near to day than was Ital in the memory of dreds who are still active business life. Mr. Atkinson times; and, spec pears to have ma which is not even the Programme. hill called Fort I He says: 'The small wood all start, weather it some old-fash muzzles toward the If it were n "weather beaten for an observato that the guns, use as the propo Militia, the picti tion might be ce true. Special Com the pioneer pira press in these w ist," with the s was here last Toronto Empir the Official Pro really been at anything else to