

PROGRESS.

VOL. 1, NO. 19 ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

The early advertiser catches the Summer Boarder. It will cost you only 50 cents to insert a 10-line statement of the advantages you can offer to guests. It will pay. Try it.

Notices coming under the heading Wanted, For Sale, To Let and Found, under 25 words in length, cost only 10 cents in PROGRESS. Thirty thousand people read PROGRESS from the heading to the last line.

Carpet Warerooms. NG, 1889.

HERE and HOUSEKEEPERS will want to see the LATEST NOVELTIES in TAPESTRY CARPETS, with borders to match, STAIRS, MATTINGS, ART SQUARES, RUGS, and the BEST VALUES ever QUOTED in this city.

STOVES! Our celebrated GURNEY STANDARD RANGE has no equal. It is made from the very best iron, put together by the very best fitters with all the latest improvements, and, therefore, is the quickest cooker and best baker in the market. Every one warranted. Also, a good line of Cook Stoves.

Tea Store! OOLONG, JAPAN, SOUCHONG. lb. cads and half-chests. 73 Germain Street.

SYDNEY WARD. SAINT JOHN, N. B., Feb. 12, 1889. WE, the undersigned Residents and Voters of Sydney Ward, in the City of St. John, N. B., would nominate WM. LEWIS, Esq., of said Ward, to represent us in the Common Council as Alderman, and pledge ourselves to do all in our power to secure his election.

To the Electors of Sydney Ward. GENTLEMEN: In compliance with your requisition, asking me to allow myself to be put in nomination as a candidate for ALDERMAN at the approaching election, I beg to say that, although the matter is not of my seeking, I am entirely in your hands, and will accept with pleasure your flattering nomination. A glance at the names on your requisition convinces me that you intend to carry the election, and I am content to leave the result in your hands, assuring you that I elected my best efforts in the future, so in the past, will always be put forward in the interest of this city, and Sydney Ward in particular. I have the honor to be, Yours, WILLIAM LEWIS.

By Order of the Common Council of the City of Saint John. PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill will be presented for enactment at the present session of the Provincial Legislature to provide for the extension of wharves on the "Pettiball" property.

To the Electors of the City of St. John. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to solicit your votes for the responsible position of MAYOR for the coming year. During the past I have endeavored to perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability; and if selected again by you I will continue the same course.

To the Electors of Wellington Ward. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: We shall again be candidates for your suffrages at the coming election for ALDERMEN of Wellington Ward, on the first Tuesday in April next. And we promise to serve you (if elected) in the future as in the past.

To the Electors of Wellington Ward. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: At the request of a number of the Electors, I have decided to offer for the ALDERMANSHIP of Wellington Ward, on the first Tuesday in April next. Spring lamb carcasses were quoted in the Boston market at \$37, lately. Spring lamb isn't in regular use here as an article of diet.

AH, THERE! MR. PURDY.

IS IT ALL SETTLED TO YOUR ENTIRE SATISFACTION? Civic Elections in United St. John—Carleton Anxious for a Shot at Mr. Everett—Mayor Chesley Wants to Be An Alderman, but He is Going to Be Left.

Mayor Thorne hasn't decided yet for certain whether he will be in the field again for the chairmanship of the united city. There can be no doubt that he has gained ground since the passing of the interim bill and the talk of other candidates.

But the talk in the city does not compare to the election jabber in Portland, where every man suspects his next-door neighbor of aspiring to civic honors. The most encouraging sign is the craze displayed by the ring. Many of them are preparing for their civic funeral, but there are some who will fight to the last.

The Chesley brothers are among the latter. John A. has announced himself for ward 1, and Lon is on deck in No. 2. Ward 1 will be a three-cornered contest. Two of the candidates are honest, respectable men and good citizens; the other is a member of the ring.

Brother-in-law Purdy is on his mettle. He objects to a sweeping change in the representation, and proposes to take a hand in the fight. His great concern at present is to find a mate for Lon Chesley to run in No. 2. You will hunt a long time, Mr. Purdy. The only shouter PROGRESS thinks of is John Murphy (the one who voted twice), but Mr. Purdy hasn't the confidence in his popularity that he might have.

To shorten a long story, if he cannot get a suitable mate to brace up his brother-in-law, Lon Chesley, in No. 2, he will put himself in nomination; but if he is successful in his hunt, he will go to Ward 5 and join hands with Alderman John Connor. What does Alderman McGoldrick say to that?

PROGRESS is told that Alderman McGoldrick was always for union. If it wasn't for the fact that the information came from a reliable man, it wouldn't be printed—with the vote against union in Ward 5 staring us in the face.

In Ward 3, the only John Kelly is ready and willing to lend himself to a representation for the addition of St. John. "Boss" Kelly has been an alderman and a water commissioner, and he can run No. 3 almost as easily as Boss Lantulum can Kings ward. He will have lots of opposition, though, in James Kelly, the county master of the Orangemen, who proposes to rally his brethren of the order about him, and fight his namesake in his own fork.

Mr. Thomas Millidge is also spoken of, but whether he will run or not does not seem to be decided upon.

BRAD'S I WIN, TAIL'S YOU LOSE.

The Profitable Business Methods of a Charlotte Street Retailer. "Have you heard how one of our adopted citizens is using the 'instalment plan' to fleece people?" was asked of PROGRESS, Wednesday.

PROGRESS knew many reputable merchants who use the system to their patrons' advantage, but wasn't acquainted with a dishonest one, and said so. "The man I allude to," the informant went on, "is a Hebrew who came to St. John not very long ago. He keeps a little shop on Charlotte street, but most of his business is done outside, and is in the line of albums, clocks, rugs, etc. Poor people and ignorant ones are his favorite customers. He sells them a showy, cheaply-made article, at double its honest price, and arranges for them to pay it certain sums each week. But the beauty of the scheme is that he makes them sign a carefully-worded agreement which provides that the goods shall be given up if any instalment isn't paid and practically amounts to a lien upon the maker's property for the whole bill.

Then the trouble begins. In one case, where the dealer sold a \$12 album, the purchaser defaulted the third payment of 50 cents, and the Jew was very polite and obliging about it. "It really didn't matter: could be paid next week as well as not." It was paid and the woman who bought the book was so grateful for the Jew's civility that she skimmed around among her friends and got him a half-dozen customers. Time passed on, however. The woman paid \$10. When there was only \$2 lacking to complete the purchase, she fell behind a week in her payments—and the Jew snatched the book and kept the money!

"This same man includes in his contracts a stipulation that 10 per cent. of the cost of the articles shall be added to the real bill if he is put to the trouble of going to law to collect the debt. "I suppose these methods are legal enough, but it's pretty certain they're not honest, and it's a shame that the fellow should be allowed to impose on people as he is doing. Just let me know, when you hear of a victim who's getting ready to make it warm for him, and I'll be glad to supply either the tar or the feathers."

Easter Cards and Booklets, at Portland News Depot and Bookstore.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY. The Real Reason of Mr. Cropley's Attack on Mr. Fenety. It doesn't take much fire to make a great smoke in Fredericton. Two dead-head minstrel show tickets are the latest fuel the fire has had. Mr. W. T. H. Fenety, the local agent for the St. John minstrels, furnished the management with a list of Fredericton papers for press complimentary. They were sent him, and marked as soon as received, "Gleaner," "Farmer," "Capital," "Reporter." The editors of the Capital and Reporter failed to give the show decent advance notices, and Mr. Fenety gave the tickets marked Capital and Reporter to his assistants.

The Capital whined in its next issue about the absence of "press courtesies," and Manager Guillard wrote him that among the tickets in his possession were two marked "Capital." Then Mr. Fenety caught it from the warlike Cropley, who insinuates that he is the kind of a man who would "steal the coppers from a dead man's eyes."

It is very funny, and it really was too bad that Editor Cropley was not privileged to see a performance which he is pleased to call "a disgrace to St. John." But apart from this fair-minded people cannot get rid of the idea that Mr. Cropley's attack on Mr. Fenety was not as much from a journalistic as from a trade standpoint. The gentlemen have been rivals in the stationery and book business and the reason of Mr. Cropley's violent language may be found in the next column of his newspaper where the following notice is given prominence:

Mr. Edward H. Allen will commence on Wednesday next, 2nd April, in Cropley's book store, to auction off Mr. Cropley's entire stock of books, stationery and fancy goods. The sale will begin at 10 o'clock, a. m., and be continued from day to day until the whole stock is disposed of. The stock must be disposed of not later than the end of April.

Further comment is not necessary. Umbrellas Repaired, 242 Union Street. Get Sober Before You Come, John. "I had the honor of meeting John L. Sullivan, while he was on his recent 'tour,'" writes a St. John boy, who is visiting New York, "and listened to his wild talk for an hour, with considerable amusement. He said that he made up his mind, months ago, to go to the provinces for a fortnight this summer, and that he should get as far back in the woods as he could, and just fish and shoot and brace up. I can't place much reliance on this, for John was well set up when he told it, but I put it in, thinking you would be interested to know."

FLOTSAM ON THE HOUSE.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT. Railway Bills and Subsidies—The Great Hector, Hamilton and His Franked Parcel—Dr. De Bertram and the Short Line, and the Advocates of Female Suffrage.

FREDERICTON, April 4.—It was a field night in the assembly tonight, and the woman suffragists nailed their colors to the masts. The premier's address in opposition to the resolution was an eloquent one, delivered as it was when the speaker was indisposed, and in the face of an ominous-looking audience in the ladies' gallery. Mr. Emmerson's speech in reply was an able one, as was that of our own Silas, who was speaking under the inspiration of a dispatch of a very interesting character just received from St. John.

The debate was adjourned until tomorrow, and possibly a vote may not be reached even then. It is claimed by the champions of the sex that the government is using undue influence among its supporters to induce them to vote down the resolution. This the premier emphatically denies.

The chances are that we will be fairly supplied with railways before long. New Brunswick has now a much greater mileage per capita than any other country in the world. And there are charters still extant to about double the total, with others looming up every day. Hon. Michael Adams is here and has about convinced the assembled wisdom that the country is suffering for a line between Temiscouata, Newcastle and Shipigan Harbor. The great Hector Cameron—famed far and near for "booming" Anticosti Island and wearing pants of London make—is here urging the incorporation of a company to build the St. Lawrence & Maritime Provinces railway.

This road, like the first-named line, starts from Edmundston, but where it ends no man can tell. It may be hazarded that it will find a deep-water terminus somewhere north of Florida. Westmorland's only Joseph and oily Alfred, I am informed, were strenuously opposed to the idea of granting these roads the privilege of issuing bonds to the extent of \$15,000 a mile, but were rather over-awed by the gib-speaking speculator from Toronto at last.

Concerning the great Hector himself and his mania for Cockney clothing, a good story is told. One pair of pincers which he received did not fit, and he blandly directed them by "parcel post" back to his tailor, franking the parcel with that lordly air of his. The postage came to just \$4.80. But that was nothing for a country with such illimitable possibilities as ours to pay. Then there is the Sudbald & Hammond Vale railway, which Mr. White, M. P. P., thinks the country is yearning for. The bill has passed both houses. Another bill which was just introduced today may turn out to be rather an important one possibly. It emanates from Mr. Louis G. DeBertram and his associates, who seek to be incorporated for the building of the Short Line connecting link between Harvey and Moncton.

Hon. Mr. Richard seems to have this bill in charge, and judging from the present feeling in reference to the actions of the Canada Pacific, it is quite likely to pass. Mr. DeBertram, I believe, proposes to build the road for the subsidies which were offered by the dominion to the C. P. R.

The Franchise bill has received the finishing touches down stairs and is now before the Lords. Mr. Humphrey was the only man opposed to the manhood suffrage idea in the assembly. What will be done upstairs remains to be seen, but I think there can be no doubt of its ultimate passage. The supplementary estimates will be brought down today. An increased grant to the St. John public hospital is said to be one of the items. Properly speaking, the counties interested should bear their proper share of this burden, but then you have to tap the municipal pocket very gently these times.

Dr. Dan. lobbied against the Coroners' bill to some effect, didn't he? But why should Danial oppose the holding of useless inquests, is the query? We pause for a reply? Marcus has been quiescent of late. But it is said he intends to call for a statement of the Premier's views on Irish home rule before the session is over. This would be a taking card in Johnville. Sir William Q. and Mr. Barberie have made some fine hauls of cusk and gizzard across the river, 'Tm told. Also of suckers. Likewise of chubs. I rise to remark, 'Im't it just a trifle ludicrous how Bro. Silas and our friend Alfred are blowing around about the way they pushed through the St. John elections bill? The bill would have got through in time, possibly, without any very desperate pushing, but whatever was done in that direction falls rather to the credit of Hon. Mr. Jones than either of these gentlemen.

And still Grand Falls isn't happy. It has the middlest streets in the province, the finest stud of racing hogs probably in

AMERICA, AND THE MOST DENSELY POPULATED DOGS IN THE WORLD.

Upon the long lines of drapery that festoon the stately avenues of the town on wash-mornings, the bland and genial bovine and the pensive William-goat alike browse peacefully. It has rained, and roosters that crow on the front gates of the citizens at the winking hour when churchyards yawn. It has at least 40 names on its voters' list now, as compared with 39 names one defaulter in 1840. It has expended on sidewalks alone since that year the sum of \$1.09, and the more imposing private dwellings of the town have had during that period more than \$1.50 worth of paint lavished upon them. This does not include the fences that have been whitewashed. Is it any wonder a town which has made such strides in less than a half century should ask the legislature for a mayor and corporation? The wonder is the house don't send Bro. P. from Queens, up at once, and then they'd have a mayor and corporation both.

We can never feel safe. What a horrible casualty would ensue now if two trains should collide on the N. B. R., some of these fine days, one containing all the candidates for civic offices in the new city of St. John, and the other loaded up with applicants for the vacant seats in the legislative council! I am positive that a prominent historian and also a gentleman who thought he ought to have had Secretary McLellan's place as Maritime bank liquidator would be found among the killed on the latter train.

The legislative council has been chiefly occupied up to date in bouncing the bills that have come up from the other branch. And most of them deserved to be bounced. Did anyone ever hear of a company seeking incorporation to build a public hall in the country, that did not state that the hall was to be used for purposes of religion, temperance and morality? By that means the \$30 payable on all bills is remitted. Quite an artful preamble that, isn't it? But the game has been played for all it's worth. The next one that goes in don't go in.

Hon. D. L. Hanington, sr., is missed from the legislative council this session. The Hon. gentleman has been in poor health for some time past, and is also suffering from the effects of a fall. He and Hon. Mr. Young, of the legislative council, have been longer in public life than any other members of either house. The former, who is now about 84 years of age, was a member of the lower house about 40 years ago. Hon. Mr. Young was first elected to the lower house in 1861, and has been a member of one or other of the two houses continuously since that date. Both Mr. Hanington and Mr. Young were appointed to the legislative council at confederation in 1867, as was also Mr. Lewis, who died last year. Hon. Mr. Hamilton, who died in 1887, was the last link connecting the present Legislative council with that of pre-confederate days.

The St. John Union bill, it is said, will not be ready for introduction until next week. If not we are booked for a lengthy loafing spell, I fear. Mayor Thorne, Alderman Peters, Alderman Robertson, Harbor-Master Taylor and City Engineer Peters, of St. John, have been shooting about the corridors the past few days. They were lobbying against the bill relative to the extension of the Long wharf, and have carried their point, I am told.

The Miramichi bantams are still walking around each other, head down and tail up, sparring cautiously for an opening. There is talk of getting up a cocking-main before the session is over. "Not having hesitated to say so before, I say now that I don't hesitate to say we ought to hesitate before we say so,"—Hon. Mr. Dominicos. The ladies' gallery of the assembly room is sadly destitute of the galaxy of beauty that formerly beamed upon the members. Is it that the Newcastle Adonis has departed? or that William, duke of Kent, is absent? Or is it that Bro. Silas has plunged into the vortex of the matrimonial maelstrom since last we met?

There is no truth in the disquieting rumor that Hon. Mr. White intends resigning his seat in the council. People who seek to plunge society into amica by such reports ought to be impounded. FLOTSAM. Even the Babies Want It. A funny incident, which is vouchered for by a well-known citizen, is given for its worth. His family were at dinner, Saturday, when the "baby," a bright little girl of four years, deliberately descended from her high chair and said, "If 'oo please excuse me, I'll see what 'Progress says today."

Nothing At All. Dr. John Berryman M. P. P. has gone to Fredericton, and the Telegraph innuendoes that Mr. W. W. Clark will be the next chief of police. What was the matter with PROGRESS' barometer? Good News Paper—Five Cents for Fifteen Copies—at McArthur's, 80 King Street.

"LARRY" FOR MONCTON.

THEY PROPOSE TO MAKE IT HOT FOR ST. JOHN.

The Shamrocks and Their Prospects for a Good Season—A Game for the 24th of May—Grounds Secured and Ready for the Work of Preparation. Thursday was a great day for the Shamrocks. On that afternoon the lease of their new grounds was signed—a ten years' lease, with option of purchase or renewal. The grounds cover four and-a-half acres, and include the LaTour rink, through which, by the way, entrance will be made. The rink area will have to be encroached upon about 15 feet, to give room for the catcher's position, but buildings that are already standing will be utilized as dressing-rooms, a refreshment stand, etc. The street cars pass the door. What's the matter with all that?

The changes and improvements that will have to be made will cost about \$1,000, so the friends of the club must take hold, with both hands and make that bazar a "go." If city people work as hard as St. John boys who have left home, it will be for tickets in the drawings are already being sold in the United States.

The club has two or three good batteries in view and correspondence isn't being neglected. Patrons will miss that old standby, Danny Connolly, who, as everybody knows, married a St. John girl and removed to New York; but Danny's place will be filled by a man who could probably give him lessons in pitching, though perhaps not in popularity. It's too early to mention names. A month hence, PROGRESS will have some interesting news to print.

There is a fair prospect that the club will open the season May 24th, with the Holy Cross College nine, of Worcester. It is one of the best amateur nines in Massachusetts and will draw a crowd. A private letter from a gentleman prominent in Moncton base ball circles says that the club expects to have a great season there. Monctonians are about as enthusiastic as St. John people over the prospects. The personnel of the nine has not been decided yet. The writer says he thinks they can make it "quite interesting for the Nationals with Wagg and Larry and Bobby Stewart and the material we have here—I might say chiefly composed of St. John boys." He says further that, while Larrabee has not been signed yet, there is a very good chance of getting him, but if they do not succeed they will get one equally good to hold Wagg.

Well, there's nothing the matter with that for confidence and enterprise and it is a comfort to know that St. John boys in Moncton are still ball cranks. Room Paper Five cents a roll, at McArthur's bookstore, Portland, opposite Bell Tower.

Capt. Rawlings Isn't Tall Enough. When the members of the city police force read PROGRESS, last Saturday, there was a wholesale grin on exhibition. Captain Rawlings and his pettion caused it all and the rare and beautiful smiles of the brass buttons illuminated the town for the day. PROGRESS didn't catch on to the cause of their mirth for an hour or two, but when it ran into a sergeant and his squad, shouted: "Look here, what makes you fellows so full of grin today?" "Rawlings and his paper," was the laconic reply. "What's the matter with Rawlings?" "Well, you know our regulations require that a member of the force must be five feet eight inches in height. That shuts Capt. Rawlings out."

It Is a Wonder. Mr. Lindsay, of Toronto, writes a St. John friend that Canada will probably be favored with a visit from some prominent British lawn tennis players, this season. The Hamilton brothers who were with the Irish cricketers last season, intend returning to take in many of the fixtures in this country and the United States. "It is a wonder," he adds, "that the Canadian clubs have not more tournaments arranged to bring about that club rivalry that makes any sport all the more interesting. Pastime, of London, of March 20, gives a list of 63 English tournaments already fixed, including dates from April 1, at Hyde Park, to August 26, at the Essex county meeting at Leyton."

The Home of Mr. Pattison. "As a rule," writes a valued correspondent in Dorchester, "we are an easy going community. Early hours do not worry us, hard work does not seem to have overtaken us, and we live in the faith that all things come to those who wait," the course pursued by Martha serving us a lesson never to be forgotten. Somebody Try It and See. There is a fortune within the grasp of the enterprising merchant who first imports the Figs in Clover puzzle—and advertises it in PROGRESS. Everyone wants it.

REMARKABLY CLOSE GUESSING.

Mr. T. O'Brien, Bookseller, Leases Sydney Market Wharf. Timothy O'Brien has the Sydney Street Market wharf for the next year at \$501.50.

His tender was a remarkably shrewd guess since Mr. Littlejohn, the lessee last year, was only \$1.50 below him, his tender being \$500. PROGRESS has a communication bearing on the subject, which is very interesting but very long—to long to publish. Summarized it notes the fact that Mr. Timothy O'Brien, the successful tenderer, is a brother of the partner of the chairman of the harbor, and its inquiries into the whys and wherefores are very pertinent. It also calls attention to the fact that Alderman Lantulum has an old hulk lying in the slip; that it was there last year and that Mr. Littlejohn proposes to bring an action against the owner for \$300, for wharfage.

The genial alderman probably thinks that Mr. Littlejohn is charging him too much and will let the county court settle the question. But a curious charge is made to the effect that Mr. O'Brien is only Mr. Lantulum's agent, and that Mr. Lantulum's brother has charge of the wharf at present and that in view of these facts the old hulk can remain in its present obstructive position another year, if Mr. Lantulum pleases.

But it was very close guessing, wasn't it, Mr. O'Brien? Mr. Littlejohn, \$500; Mr. O'Brien, \$501.50. Ladies' Purse—new Spring Styles—at McArthur's, 80 King Street. SERGEANT NIXON AND THE GATE. A Little Scene at Fort Dufferin That Was Missed by a Painter. Sergeant Nixon carried away a fine gold-headed cane, and all the good wishes of hundreds of friends when he boarded the train for Toronto, Monday night. Few persons were privileged to be intimate with Sergeant Nixon, but those who were found him full of information on almost every subject, and willing to impart it. He was a Crimean soldier, one of an artillery battery that fought in many a cannonade, and on one occasion came so near annihilation that only four remained alive defending the guns. One of the survivors was Sergeant Nixon.

Visitors to Fort Dufferin remember the well-known military guardian of the fortifications who directed their movements, telling them where they might and where they might not go. The writer recollects being brought to a sudden "halt" one day, some years ago, when he wandered near one of the magazines. Plenty of others shared the same fate that day—it was about the time of the landslide—and retired in confusion.

A good story is told of the sergeant and Boss Lantulum, the truth of which is only vouched for by that fickle dame "Hearsay." The alderman and some visiting friends were doing the town, and, of course, must take in the fort. When they arrived the gate was locked as usual, and the sergeant was in his sentry box. Mr. Lantulum shook the entrance and pummeled it in the most approved fashion, but Mr. Nixon failed to appear. He probably didn't hear the row, but when the alderman tired of pounding, shouting and waiting, climbed the fence and poked his nose over the pickets, he looked straight into the muzzle of a Martini-Henry in the hands of the redoubtable sergeant.

"Get down!" said Mr. Nixon. "Mr. Lantulum didn't move." "Get down!" said Mr. Nixon, "before I count three." Mr. Lantulum stared at him in amazement. "One, two—"

Mr. Lantulum vanished. The sergeant then opened the gate and the visitors entered in a proper way, and took a good deal of satisfaction in looking about them. Leave your orders for Carpet Cleaning at Harold Gilbert's, 86 King Street. We Give It Up. "Why isn't a man or woman allowed to sing on the street?" asked a citizen, yesterday. A middle aged man, so lame that he had to use a crutch and a cane to get along, and half blind, was singing on Prince William street, one day this week, holding his hat in hand for pennies at the same time. A policeman came along and ordered him off the street. "What is the difference between that man and the organ grinders who squat about the streets daily, or the street band that draws a crowd and obstructs the sidewalk? This fellow had a very good voice and was annoying nobody.

Raphael is Taking a Rest. "The Recording Angel must have drawn a big breath of relief when spring began," said an employee of the water office yesterday. "During the cold weather some out of ten people leave their taps open at night and then lie to the inspector, when he asks about it. There's water enough wasted in that way to supply the whole city for a year.

PREPARE YOUR CARD

TO RECEIVE THE NUMBERS OF SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Free Public Library has received some new books...

The following list of recent additions to the Free Public Library speaks for itself...

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

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HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

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OLD TIMES AND NEW.

By Mead and Stream—Charles Gibbon. Golden Shaft—A Hard Knot—Loving a Dream—Of High Degree—Castaway—Edmund Yates. Fathom Hope—Edmund Yates. Land at Last—Nobody's Fortune—Edmund Yates. Col. Quatich, Y. C.—H. Rider Haggard. All Sorts and Conditions of Men—Walter Besant. Dorothy Forster—Ubbie Jack—For Faith and Freedom—Her Great Idea—Mrs. Walford. A Self-Necked Generation—Mrs. Walford. Domestic Stories—Mrs. Craik. Oris—George Macdonald. The Elect Lady—George Macdonald. Legends and Stories of Ireland—Samuel Lover. East Lynne—Mrs. Henry Wood. Wise Women of Inverness—William Black. In Far Lochaber—The Story of an African Farm—Ralph Iron. A Winter Picnic—Dickinson and Dowd. The Roger—W. E. Norris. Prince of the Blood—James Pryn. The Alamo—Amelia E. Barr. In Spite of Himself—Amelia E. Barr. The Man Who Laughs—Victor Hugo. The Despot of Broomseidge Cove—Chas. Egbert Craddock. The Owl's Nest—Mrs. Wistlar. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland—Lewis Carroll. Cressy—Bret Harte. Annie Kilburn—W. D. Howells. A Counsel of Perfection—Lucas Malet. The Countess Eve—J. L. Shorthouse. A Teacher of the Violin—A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder—James De Mille. Major Lawrence—Hon. Emily Lawless. John Ward, Preacher—Margaret Deland. CANADA. History of 3 vols.—Wm. Kingsford. Sir John Ross' Narrative of Second Voyage in Search of Northwest Passage. Voyage of Alex. Mackenzie in 1789 and 1793. Neutrality of Great Britain During American War—Bernard. Journey Round the World, 2 vols.—Sir George Simpson. Narrative Journey to the Polar Sea, 2 vols.—Sir John Franklin. Columbia River, 2 vols.—Ross Cox. Canada and Canadians in 1846, 2 vols.—Sir Henry Bonycastle. Second Visit to the United States, 2 vols.—Sir C. Lyell. Notes on North America, 2 vols.—Prof. J. F. W. Johnson. Narrative of Life in Canada—Sir F. Bird Head. Northwest Passage by Land—Viscount Milton. Voyage to Hudson's Bay in 1814—Ed. Chappell. Canada—H. E. T. Coke. New Eldorado, British Columbia—K. Cornwallis. Hudson's Bay—R. M. Ballantine. Campaigns at Washington and Newport in 1814-15. The Fisheries Dispute and Annexation—J. H. de Kiewit.

There was a limit. Their heads were in the clouds, though their feet slipped and slid over the sloppy sidewalk. She clutched his arm as though she feared that someone would try to tear him away. He bent his head with an air of lordly self-restraint that showed he could be master if he wished. They were settling the details of their wedded life.

"You know, George," she murmured, "papa talks of moving to Halifax, and— I've never been away from home before. I told mamma we should expect her to visit us as often as once in three months, and stay at least a fortnight each time. That was right, wasn't it, dear?"

"Oh, I s'pose so!" he said, with an apparent effort. She glanced up at him timidly.

"Remember how much I'm giving up for you, George!" she pleaded. "If I hadn't promised to marry you I might have gone to California, last summer, or to New York, and taken lessons from a great artist. Then, you know, I've never had to do any hard work, and I should feel awfully about marrying a poor man and keeping my own house, if—if I didn't—love—you—George? You know, don't you—dear?"

"Um—yes." "Don't you think we might afford one girl?" she went on: "just a little one. She wouldn't eat much—and I'd try not to eat much, myself—and I'm sure I could save her wages out of my housekeeping money. Just imagine how awfully lonely I shall be in that big flat, with you away all day! And oh, George, I do so hate to wash dishes!"

He turned away from her imploring face. It was hard to refuse her request, but he felt that it must be done: "You don't understand, darling," he answered, as tenderly as he could: "We're venturing a good deal in marrying at all, on such a small income. I'm convinced that nothing but the closest economy will keep us clear of debt. If I get the advance that I'm almost sure of, next January, we shall come out with colors flying. Then you can have a half-dozen girls, if you want them. Just now, though, you'll be my own little wife and help all you can, I'm sure. We'll give up everything we can, won't we, darling?"

"There's one thing I won't give up!" she cried with sudden passion. "Never, NEVER, NEVER!"

"What's that?" he asked, apprehensively. "Edwards' Dessicated Soup!" she answered firmly. "I won't try to live without it, and if you don't go down to Taylor & Dockrill's and order half a dozen cans, you can take your old ring! So there now!" —Adet.

"When the spring-time comes," we usually find ourselves drowsy and exhausted, owing to the impure and sluggish state of the blood. To remedy this trouble, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most powerful, yet safe and economical, blood-purifier in existence. —Adet.

Advertise your wants in "Progress." Three lines will cost us only 10 cents.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

JEREMIAH FODDER SEES FREDERICTON, AFTER MANY YEARS.

How the Highstalks Changed When They Moved Into a Two-story House—The Free Seats in the Cathedral—A Now-Forgotten Methodist Sermon.

I just took it into my head to tell you of a little trip to Fredericton I made a few weeks ago. I know it'll astonish my folks when they see it in PROGRESS for my folks always sends to town for it, they say it beats the other papers all hollow, and I must say I think its ruther spicy myself. 'I'n a plain man, and don't put up to much learnin' but I hev ben very obsarvin all my life, and I hope I hev good sens enuf to know that natur never intended me to have a seat in the house of assembly.

I hadn't ben in town of a Sunday for forty three year, the reason I remember so well, I'd done a little lumber that year, and sold my logs to Mr. Bedell in the spring, and he paid me my money, so thinks ses I, I'll trect myself to a watch, for I'd never had none, so I bawt a good silver one from Mr. Justin Span and paid three pound for it, and I aint never had reason to repent my bargain. Mr. Span was a dutchman, but he was an excellent mechanic.

Well as I sed, I kinder hankered to spend a Sunday in town, so I got a chance and put up at the Cummershal, and havin the afternoon with nothin to do, I thought I would spend it a visitin my friends. I wanted to see Captin Currier, as good a man as ever sailed the river, but he was too sick to be seen. I hed sun noshen of goin down to call on the Judge's widdier, I knowed she'd be glad to see me for I alwus voted for her husband and didn't ask no pay for it ether, but I expected she'd press me to stay to tea, and as she's most a hundred years old she might take it to hart if I didn't, so as it was a good way down I giv it up. Now ses I to myself, there's Joshua and Marthy Ann Highstalk there sort of elbow cuzzins, and they was rale clever the last time I called on them. To be sure they lived in a story and a haf house then, and they qir in a too story now, and it mite make a differance, and it did, as I found out.

On percedin to the hous I rung the bell at the dore, and though I heerd fokes a talkin in the hall, they kept me waitin till the hired gal cum from the kitchen to let me in.

As soon as the sun had got out of my eyes, I spide Seraph, one of the dawters. Why, Seraph, ses I, how air you? I don't know you, ses she, in a very cool vice. Don't know Jeremiah Fodder, ses I, what ketchen you when you was fallin from the haymow 29 years ago next fall! I'd know you anywhere by yer hair. Jest then the gad sed Mis' Highstalks would resave me up stairs, and she did. a-settin' on a big cheer that was all covered over with cloth flowers, and a most dazzin' room it was, with chancy ornaments and things I did not know the name of. Marthy Ann had a very high cap, or turban, on her head, and she spoke in a drawlin' vice, and hoped that my family was well; and where was I residin' now. I told her all the news I knowed; how Hiram's wife had twins and Sofrony was goin' to be married, and how I'd put a noo ruff on the inn barn, and that I'd a good stock of cattle and as much mudder land as I wanted. She kept sayin', ah, yes, indeed, in a patronizin' way. I am glad you are so comfortable. Jest then Seraph come in and, without noticin' me, sed: Maw, couldn't you order the dinner for five instead of six. You know we air doo at "The Jingles" at eight, and I want the coachman to take a note to "The Softwood." I kinder consaited they did not want me, so I bid them good day and left.

After I'd come home and was a-sittin' in the kitchen a-tellin' my wife and Ant Polly about my visit to the Highstalks, I thought they would a-killed themselves laffin'. They yelled and yelled, and jest held their sides. O, tell that agin about Marthy Ann, ses Ant Polly; it's jest like her. Me and her sister playd together when we was children, and she alwus would play "lady," and she nster set in a old sly way that behind the barn for hours, a-pretendin' she was Mrs. Shore from Fredericton, and they laffed agin till the tears rolled down their faces. When Hanner could speak, ses she, I'll bet anything she consaited that thing on her head was a crown and she was Queen Victory. Well, ses I, don't git in high stericks about her; but, after all, we talked and laffed till nigh about midnight.

To go back to that Sunday in town I'd laid out to attend the Salvation Army and the Cathedral, so I went out when the first bell rung and walked on till I got to the Cathedral. I'd never ben inside before and I thought it was a mighty grand meetin' house. I went up pretty far, as I'm a leetle hard of heerin' and sat down in a pew, but a terrible old women and two other wimmen sed it was their seat, so I moved a few pews fuder back, but a very civil spoken man told me he was accustomed to set there with his family, so I went back agin' and sot down aside of a colored man and was not disturbed no more. I'd run of a nosum that the sects was free, but it seems I was mistaken. As I sot there a meditatun', I observed fokes that I alwus thought was methodists, and other fokes that I was sure was Scotch Kirk, but there they was a reedin' their prayer books quite nateral. Well ses

NEW SPRING CLOTHS!

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ST. JOHN ACADEMY OF ART.

STUDIO BUILDING, 74 GERMAIN ST., SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE SCHOOL-ROOMS are now open to Pupils from 10 until 5 every day in the week, except Saturday afternoon. The aim of the school is to give Pupils a good training.

DRAWING AND PAINTING.

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With Sewed and Taped Seams.

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ALSO—A Full Line of LADIES LONDON CLOAKS in newest styles.

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PROGRESS.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 6. CIRCULATION, 5,500.

THE MARITIME METROPOLIS.

That wide-awake and flourishing newspaper, the New Glasgow Enterprise, sees in the completion of the Chignecto ship railway a good thing for Prince Edward Island, Eastern and Western Nova Scotia and all New Brunswick, but a bad thing for Halifax.

The Island will send its potatoes to St. John and Western Nova Scotia ports in its own schooners as cheaply and speedily as it now sends them to Halifax.

The wholesale merchants of St. John will have no time in getting there. For many years, they have sold goods in every part of Nova Scotia and the Island, notwithstanding the disadvantages of position and transit.

CHILDREN NOT WANTED.

After the reformatory has been secured and the general public hospital has been extended, philanthropists will do well to turn their attention to a class that is neither vicious nor deceased, but for which there seems to be no room in the world—the children of people who have to live in hired houses.

The landlords don't want them. Their parents are handicapped by them. Nevertheless, as the children were brought into existence without their own consent, somebody must take care of them until they become able to take care of themselves.

Let us have a public home, then, where, once a year, the children born since the 1st of May next preceding can be deposited. There let them remain until they arrive at years of discretion.

But in the meantime, while this new public institution is awaiting erection, the people who have to move next month might agree with each other to put their children into hogsheds and feed them through the bungalow.

IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

Mr. EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, the talented editor of the Toronto Saturday Night, has taken a step that someone should have taken long ago, in calling together the advocates of Canadian Nationality.

They are many. Mr. SHEPPARD will find no difficulty in organizing a society that, for quantity and quality, if we may so speak—will compare most favorably with any other political club, of whatsoever nature.

Long life, therefore, to Mr. SHEPPARD'S National society! and may its efforts prove a pleasant prelude to Canadian Nationality!

The legislators at Fredericton ought to be able to give the Sabbath Observance society some points. They rest the whole seven days.

What's the matter with Superintendent DAVID POTTINGER of the I. C. R., as president of the Moncton Base Ball club?

The extra 24-page edition of the Sun, announced Dec. 11 last "to appear early in February," finally struggled through the realms of Wednesday morning. It contained a good deal of interesting reading matter, several columns of advertisements, and a map of the St. John river originally engraved for the "Mc. Arthur Marine Journal."

There is a spirit of disgust in a half column carnival talk in the Mail of Halifax, from which we clip the following bit of sarcastic truth:

In Halifax we have a way of convening meetings and passing vigorous resolutions, of making stirring speeches, on matters that seem to call for concerted action on the part of citizens in general, after which we go home satisfied that we have done our duty; and that is the end of it.

We have been there, and can extend our heartfelt sympathy. Gag the talkers.

The Chicago & Grand Trunk railway has arranged to run a through limited vestibule train between Chicago and Portland, during the coming summer. It will accommodate thousands of excursionists, and these are the people who will have money to invest or spend. We suggest to all whom it may concern that it would be for our and their advantage if we could induce them to come a little further east.

The criticisms of the Halifax Critic are rather suggestively ludicrous, when they affect to be inspired by morality or good taste. That is the periodical which prostitutes its advertising space to the uses of the Quebec lottery, and which, only a few weeks ago, indulged in a sneaking defence of that disreputable institution. The Critic should look to its own beam before it goes in search of motes.

To THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS.—You will please send me the name of your correspondent for Dorchester.

No, Mr. PATTISON, we will not send you the name of our correspondent, but we will ship to your address, freight paid, any bakery you may select. Your letter entitles you to it.

Executive sessions of the United States senate are grappling with the old familiar salary question, and the personal experiences related by some of the worthy men who are trying to exist on \$5,000 a year are said to be extremely touching. It seems to be generally conceded that no congressman can be blamed for selling his vote to pay his whiskey bill.

Mr. SAMUEL SCHOFIELD'S paper on the comparative natural commercial advantages possessed by St. John and Halifax was more valuable and timely than anything read before the Board of Trade for a long time. Mr. SCHOFIELD knew what he was writing about and his presentation of the facts was striking and forcible.

The people of the United States complain that Postmaster-General JOHN WAXMAKER has violated his most cherished business traditions. He has been in office a whole month, they say, and it is still impossible to buy six postal cards for 5 cents or to have a "hunk" of mince pie thrown in with a dozen stamps.

The development of a town depends more upon the brains, energy and enterprise of its men and women than upon any other consideration. Now, let us shuffle off old fogies, give politics a rest, drop all petty cliques, and stand shoulder to shoulder and with hearts filled with hope—so ahead!

A correspondent asks, "Why don't you give the Scott act in Fredericton a good writing up?" We were under the impression that Fredericton gave the Scott act a vacation during the session.

The New York Press asserts that the net profits of the Metropolitan Telephone company for six years have been 473,911-100 percent. That Gas company of ours will have to look to its laurels.

GEORGE F. BAIRD, M. P., made a practical speech in the commons, Thursday, and accomplished something. PROGRESS has a portrait engraving of him for its next issue.

GEORGE WASHINGTON wasn't the kind of man we take him for, if he didn't turn in his grave when he heard what sort of cattle are running that New York Inauguration ball.

How is it that three-fourths of the clever men in the house come from the maritime provinces?—Toronto World.

In spite of the debates at Ottawa, we are ground for believing that some Jesuits do not have horns.

The easiest way for Sergt. NIXON to "get square" will be to refuse to celebrate the 12th of July.

President HARRISON will not kiss any babies during his term of office. We can respect him now.

Mr. JOSEPH O'BRIEN, and the "rag-tail bob-tail" element of Carleton seem to be at loggerheads.



Still you, m'amin, washing can't be done well unless the soap is right. I've been washing these 30 years and tried all kinds, and there's none like Logan's Ideal Soap for taking dirt & stains out of the clothes without rotting them, and it don't make the hands rough and sore as many soaps do. It's made by Wm Logan St. John. All grocers sell it.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE,

38 King Street,

(OPPOSITE ROYAL HOTEL),

Open for Business.

There are many persons outside the State of Maine to whom the announcement of the sudden death of HOBART WOOD RICHARDSON, editor of the Portland Advertiser, will come with the crushing weight of a personal bereavement.

His Ma Has a Stormy Interview With Mr. Crewdon's Crow.

There is a tame crow up town which belongs to Mr. Crewdon. His name is Jim, bein' named, pa sez, after Jim Crockit coz he's allers after boodel. His complexion is brooned and his nose is rovin'.

One of the signs of spring is that Free Public library has begun to grow.

That big snow storm is easily accounted for: It was an April fool.

PEN AND PRESS.

Two New York Sun reporters climbed into the wild beasts' cage at the Barnum-Bailey show, the other day, and treated themselves to a new experience. It is presumed that they are in training to interview Gen. W. T. Sherman.

One Angus Matheson, who sent some bogus items, supposed to be funny, to the Picton News, has been interviewed by the local justice to the tune of \$25. This is the place where the laugh comes in, though Mr. Matheson doesn't think so.

The North Shore "journalists" are lustlers. Mr. Smith, of the Advance, and Mr. Stevens, of the Times of Moncton, have been giving the people some insight into their characters. A short time ago there was an old-time tilt between the Chatham editors. The remarks of each showed that he knew much about his neighbor. But all this hubbub is too much for editor McDougall, of the Pioneer, who was under the impression, last week, that the Pioneer was a fortnightly instead of a weekly paper.

For an Idle Hour.

The Witness of the Sun, by Amelia Rives, is published in paper for 25 cents. McMillan has it.

Prof. Byron C. Tapley has composed and published a sacred solo entitled, "Joy to the World," which is for sale at the music stores. Price, 30 cents.

Silken Threads is the suggestive title of a splendid detective story by the author of Mr. and Mrs. Morton. Bryce Barclay, a society millionaire just engaged to be married to a brilliant and beautiful girl, is found dead in his chair in his own house. The coroner, doctors and his friends agree that he was murdered, but how or by whom are the questions that detectives set out to answer. The reader is given no insight of the conclusion and the story becomes more intensely interesting with every page. Published by Theo. Robinson, Montreal. Price 30 cents. For sale at McMillan's.

Room Paper. Large assortment. Special values. At McArthur's, Main St., Portland.

Read Our Prices!

- 15 patterns Fancy Tennis Flannels, 10c.; 10 " Printed Challies " 10c.; 30 dozen Black Cashmere Hose, - 22c.; 30 " Colored Cotton Hose, - 8c. pair; 15 " Gentlemen's Half-Hose, - 8c. " 26 patterns Fancy Dress Goods, - 12c. 15 " " " " - 15c. 10 dozen Ladies' Under Vests, - 20c. each. 10 " " " " - 35c. "

TERMS CASH—ONE PRICE ONLY. BARNES & MURRAY, 17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

The New Crockery store, 94 KING STREET.

DAILY RECEIVING—NEW GOODS. Now showing a fine display of CUT-GLASS DECANTERS, CELERIES, CLARETS and WINES; also, DECORATED TOILETTE SETS, and OLD BLUE WILLOW CHINA BREAKFAST and TEA SETS, and CUPS, SAUCERS and PLATES. C. MASTERS.



WE HAVE. It from the lips of several ladies, "who had been around," that our shapes are the prettiest and most becoming in the city. The above cut is the IVANKHOE, one of the most popular styles in New York and Washington.

The other leaders are the ESMERALDA, HADING, CLEOPATRA, FAUNTLEROY, ELSBERG, MARGUERITE, and DIRECTOR, all of which we have in stock, with hosts of others.

Our French imported Bonnets and Hats will be opened out on Monday. Some very pretty things in Children's Hats are being shown.

The two greatest values offered in this Province: 1,600 yards of English Mohair Dress Goods, at 10 cts., really worth 20c. 1,000 yards of Scotch Foulle Dress Goods, at 12 cts., really worth 25c.

We are showing the dandy 4-Button Kid Gloves, in Black, Tans and Drabs, at 50c. per pair. The latest novelties in sectional Gimps, Ornaments, Collars and Cuffs, etc.

We most cordially invite the Ladies to call and examine the above lines. MANSON'S, 16 King Street. N. B.—Dress and Mantle making executed on the premises.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE. There's No Excuse for It. TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS:—On behalf of the young men who have troubled themselves to undergo severe practice for the advertised sports of the Young Men's Christian association, I wish to express a justifiable indignation at the action of the committee of that body in failing to carry out their programme. It is certainly unfair to induce the boys to undergo the trial of training, and then without apparent cause to drop the matter; and it is especially unfair to those who have hitherto worked arduously in making this class of entertainment popular.

As their exhibition of last April was a pleasing success in all particulars, this action is the more surprising. SORE MUSCLES. St. John, April 5.

He Finds It Everywhere. TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS:—Enclosed you will find 25 cents. Please send me PROGRESS for three months. I have been going to send for it all winter, but forgot it until now. I have seen your paper in nearly every city I have visited. Wherever I have seen a St. John boy, there have I seen your paper—even away out in Southern California, where I was last summer with the company. I am a St. John boy, but have been away nearly ten years.

VAL P. AKERLEY, Care Denman Thompson Co., Academy of Music, New York. Here's a Way Out of It. TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS:—I notice a paragraph in the last PROGRESS worded, "What will Janitor Dorman do?" Now I would ask a second question—What is the building known as the Epidemic Hospital for? In answer to this I would say—it is for cases precisely like that of Janitor Dorman. X. O. P. St. John, April 3.

Monday Was April 1st. Mr. McKay, of the firm of Hunter, Hamilton & McKay, played an April-fool joke on the newspapers, Monday, by ordering his advertisements printed in red ink. He didn't stop to argue, and by the time that the advertising clerk had recovered from his paralytic stroke and begun to explain how impossible it would be, Mr. McKay was half way back to his store, though he had to stop at every few steps and laugh. But this is a red-letter day for his firm, just the same.

Leave your orders for Carpet Cleaning at Harold Gilbert's, 54 King Street.

SOCIETY. And the... The... One of... it would... thought... One of... Empire... with pale... velvet an... of lilies... bouquets... more rib... In anot... green fall... and sash... white osts... "1889" in... tre were... bouquets... The follo... Killed... of china... sailor hats... bouquets... with white... I notice... drawing r... palace, M... and Zoe F... the dress... passed by... Old Bond... particular... panels of... broiled... grey satin... outlined w... bordered... sected with... The Miss... white silk... one being... water gra... feathers an... veil and o... Miss Ed... where she... Mrs. Cott... Halifax, a... John friend... Mr. W. J... trip to Eng... Mrs. DeS... dola point... I am sorr... boy has a... Mrs. Stee... for Englan... Rev. A. J... up housek... house. Lieut. F... commission... to Egypt w... While at W... animations... Mr. A. Ch... dent at the... been confin... Lieut. T... Tuesday fo... the Royal S... A pleas... day last, at... Carleton str... celebrate h... I hear th... before Cou... drawing ro... where she... said to have... compliments... Mr. J. Al... married in E... John on We... will reside i... is statione... Mr. and M... Beard's, N... Mrs. John... city this we... ing. A young d... with scarle... Mrs. C. D... week, is, I... Sunday las... riage of Mr... chester, Rob... the establish... finest silver... labra to man... I hear His... intends visit... Easter festi... A very han... mer by Mr... opposite the... Mr. Harol... place. APRIL 3.—O... brilliant w... interesting e... son of M... youngest da... bride who w... beautiful go... toire style, the... orange bloss... and a long pl... bouquet of wh... ly elegant an... Miss Ritchie... Almon, sister... ported by his... the guests, w... Ritchie's resid... M. B. and M... Ritchie, Chic... supreme court... John, Mrs. M... Misses (2) A... Ritchie, A. D... (bride), Mrs... Mrs. Slayter... Mrs. Duffin, M... Mr. L. G. Wain... Mrs. and Miss... Clarke, Mrs. C... Owen and Mrs... McDonald, W... (Crest), Miss... The bride an... ceremony for... is on the sta... This makes... had since... Here, Mr. and... left by the Ove... side. Dr. Lewis an... the Parliam... Lewis will be... an officer of... in Halifax. Appropos of... credibly inform

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Notes and Announcements. At a recent gathering where the company was discussing Eugene Field, Maud Howe was quite enthusiastic in her appreciation of his humor, summing up with the remark, "Mr. Field is the most charming literary man I have met in the West—but he looks like a convict." The story was, of course, carried to Mr. Field, and is now repeated by him as a unique tribute to his personal pulchritude.

Mr. Swinburne's new volume of poems will be called *Poems and Ballads, Third Series*. Although certain poems, such as "The Armada," "The Jubilee," etc., have appeared in magazines, a large and important section will be quite new to the public. A feature of the volume will be a group of original Border ballads, written in the Northumbrian dialect—a noticeable and specially interesting series, inasmuch as Mr. Swinburne is a Northumbrian, and has during all his life given special attention to Border poetry.

The New York Shakespeare society publishes the third volume of the *Bankside Shakespeare*, the text furnished the players in parallel columns with the first revised folio text, the subject of the present issue being "The Merchant of Venice." The introduction is furnished by William Reynolds, and is principally occupied with an examination of the law of the play, with a view of the Baconian-authorship theory. Of course, he throws another shovel of facts and arguments on the corpse of the Baconian theory.

James Anthony Froude's new historical novel will be published this month, says the *April Book Buyer*, the title being *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*. The period is the middle of the last century, and the characters include Irish exiles who have taken refuge and acquired influence in France, which they use as a base of supplies in their intermittent warfare against England. The smugglers and privateersmen give a great deal of animated action and romantic interest to the narrative. The book is expected to take rank with the best of Mr. Froude's work. It will be issued in cloth and in paper bindings simultaneously with its appearance in England, being the first volume which the Scribners will have issued for some time among their Yellow-Covered Paper novels.

Prof. James Bryce, says the *Pall Mall Budget*, is one of the hardest workers of day. As a M. P. he was one of the busiest and most successful private members, and when he became under-secretary for foreign affairs, he exchanged the quality rather than the quantity of his parliamentary work. But on the top of all this he was also a lecturer at the Inns of Court and a professor at Oxford. When it is added that he moreover takes a very active part in a multitude of social and philanthropic works in London, it will be seen that Mr. Bryce has come nearer than most people to solving the problem of being in two places at one time. Personally, Mr. Bryce is a charming companion, full both of information and of sympathy. He lives in a pretty house in Bryanston square, which his sister helps him to make a centre of many interesting gatherings. He is of course a Scotchman, is 50 years of age, and has made the ascent of Ararat. Indeed, his fondness for walking is no doubt the secret of his power of work. For once, however, he has been "knocked out," and as soon as he had passed his book for the press he went off to India to recuperate.

An interesting portrait of John Burroughs at 20 opens the *April Wide Awake*, as frontispiece; this engraving accompanies Mr. Burroughs's own story of his boyhood, "The Boy John Burroughs; a Glance Backward," telling how he had to struggle for his "schooling." Another excellent piece of biographical and historical work is by an English writer—Mrs. Blathwayt, entitled "Raleigh and the Potato"; this given by courtesy of the National gallery, Dublin, Ireland, a portrait of Lady Raleigh, Sir Walter's wife, also engravings from photographs made especially for *Wide Awake*, of Hayes-Barton farmhouse (Sir Walter's birthplace), of the Raleigh place of worship, the church at Budleigh Salterton, also Sir Walter's residence at Youghal, Ireland, a most picturesque spot, and the garden where the first potatoes were planted in Ireland, and many other interesting illustrations. "A Dash for a Flag," by R. M. Bockus, is a spirited story of the Civil War. "Men and Things," the new department, is full of overflowing with bright, original anecdotes, accounts and "short talks." The poems of the number are particularly good. The serials, "Five Little Peppers Midway," by Margaret Sidney, and "David Vane and David Crane," by Trowbridge, are jolly reading.—Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price, \$2.40 a year; 20 cents a number.

The tens of thousands of readers of Octave Thanet's short stories in the magazines will be greatly interested in the portrait of this talented Western girl which appears as a frontispiece in the April number of the *Book Buyer*. The accompanying sketch gives much interesting information about her literary career, her methods of work, her ambition, with a good dash of detail which makes one more familiar with the personality of Miss French, her real name. Those who like to read character, or try to read character, in handwriting will be able to exercise their ingenuity upon a fac-simile reproduction in the same number of the

Book Buyer of a portion of a manuscript page from a forthcoming instalment in *Scribner's Magazine* of Robert Louis Stevenson's story, "The Master of Ballantrae." The other leading features of this number are illustrated reviews of Appleton's *Cyclopedia of National Biography* and Mr. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new story, *The Pratty Sister of Jose*; and besides these there are the usual budget of London and Boston gossip about books and authors by J. Ashby-Sterry and Arlo Bates, reviews, with illustrations, of the principal current books, readings from new books, literary notes, and the department of queries, edited by Rosseter Johnson.—New York: Charles Scribner's sons. Price, \$1 a year, 10 cents a number.

THE MODEL COUNTRY PAPER.

A Lay Sermon which "Progress" Comments to Some of Its Exchanges.

An essay read before the eighth bi-monthly meeting of the Connecticut Weekly Press Association at Norwich, March 18, by R. M. White, editor of the Torrington Register.

By "local" I mean rural, or concerning journals whose field is the community where they are published, in distinction from those of state or inter-state circulation. If this paper deals more with the ideal than the practical in your mind I accept the criticism in advance. But the ideal must precede and lead the way for the practical. If ideal, I trust it is in the right direction for others to carry out in its true working plans, the benefit of whose operations the writer feels the need of as well as anyone. Our brethren of the urban daily press keep fully abreast of the age in its marvelous progress. They have pressed the mechanic into service, and with the best sinews of thought at their command, with special wires, and trains and cable rights, fill in superabundance the most voracious demands of a nation of readers at a speed of production that almost equals thought itself. These great journals have their faults to be sure, but they are not in the line of my argument.

The keynote of my thought this afternoon is found in the old sentiment so well used by our worthy president, "I magnify my calling." Brother Maples used it in the business conduct of our work; Brother Fla in the filling of the local columns. I would add to these the same thought in the more purely editorial part of our endeavor. The advent of the C. W. P. A. has wrought improvement typographically and in the style and matter of the local columns among the journals of its members who attend the meetings and its future will be one of expanding influence in all ways, we must believe, if we bring to it our best offerings. It is too much the fashion of the metropolitan press, arrogant often in the heights to which it has attained, to sneer at the country weekly. Their conception of its editor is a man supposed to know the best time to cut roven, to write learned treatises on famous cows; his paper devoted to quilling bees, Cousin Sarah's visits, Farmer Pograin's crops, somebody's farm shingled, the sewing society, deacon's meetings, and last but not least—spring poetry! His supposed impunctuality is a standard butt for the joker's column—kept on the shelf with the mother-in-law joke, the Chicago girl's foot, and all that ilk, to be brought down and furnished up for their readers with clock-like regularity. His subscribers are supposed to pay for wood, turpins, ancient chickens. For his advertisements he gets, in their idea, liver pads, patent pills, abdominal trusses, Beatty organs, and a 25-cent ticket to the show. That there has been reason for this, and that the condition and the opinion are going out of existence are both true. It is for our association to see to it that, as far as the local papers of Connecticut are concerned, they stand high enough so that the flow of such criticism shall not reach the skirts of their garments.

But seriously, brethren, is there not room for advance with most of us? Do not we feel our unimportance too much, and add to it? The fact that we do not aspire to mold public opinion except in town matters leads our constituency not to look to us in all as guide, expecting nothing of moral and intellectual influence, or as a public instructor. So that power which is put in our hands is unused and lost. It is because so easily an attained ideal is seen which leads many to think that they "can run a paper" themselves, and thus give birth to thousands of upstart sheets which weaken profits and lower farther the journalistic rank.

That this public influence can be and is wielded by local weeklies in matters of broader scope than the environment of their townships, is shown by journals (some of which I might name) whose opinions are eagerly looked for, and carry unmistakable weight. If you say the multiplex duties of our office prevent our doing likewise, I admit the difficulty, and seek light on so systematizing work as to leave room for higher endeavor. The local editor has to be hundred-armed to take hold of all his duties. His work is both legislative and executive, literary and mechanical, producing and financing. So in matters requiring long and patient re-search, tables of figures, knowledge of jurisprudence, polity of foreign nations (although one of our members excels in this) and the like, we cannot expect to place our efforts. But why should not all our brethren use brains and pen towards the settlement of state questions—the secret ballot, grade crossings, temperance law adjustments, and so on, thus having no small part in advancing public reform? We should not let the dailies do all the loud thinking for our people, many of whom, beside, have no daily. There are topics on which we are handicapped by lack of access to great libraries and public documents, and these we must let alone. But every editor should have a good library of his own. I have been thinking how closely national or international matters come home to us all, and effect the immediate relations of our lives. If there are mutterings of war, the men to fight will have to come from our villages, the greater part. If diplomatic correspondence with the Argentine Republic opens up new trade—if trade is widened by a proposed merchant marine, then our Connecticut mills feel a thrill all along their belts and wheels. If M. le President and his associates in Paris dicker with the Calumet and Hecla, then 100 to 150 houses in the Nangatuck valley do not go up in 1888. If a frost sings the wheat in Dakota or Manitoba plains, then all our families feel a tightening of the cords of life. If Stanley

is thought lost in the wilds of Africa, if a Mississippi steamer goes down in fire and wave, or a railroad wreck chickens with its loss of life, are not our readers as much touched with sympathy as any? And our voicing gives tone to their better feelings, as we are responsive to the claims of human sorrow.

Not that I believe in long editorials, but terse, crisp comment on such topics as in one way or another come home to our readers, or a clearer conception of many an important piece of news is gained from the editor striking the pith, and associating with sentiment and analogies events, than from reading through columns of insignificant detail. Our local writers are aiding the advantages of their towns in material things and making them "liver," more progressive. But is this enough? I wish to reaffirm my position. In our reflective moments, when we can shut off all the pressure of our routine work, does it not look, in a chance light, too much like drudgery, like selling hardware or any other business conducted only to get a living? The editor has his paper under absolute control and in his speaking to the community should make it a reflex of his better self—should put into it his best thought. He must make sacrifice and tireless effort to make his journal more valuable in every way, that the people may feel it to be a necessary part of their lives and are helped thereby. He must often forget himself, never working for personal ends, or taking personal advantage of his superior opportunity, but always recognizing the varying interests of his constituency.

The city gets its best men and blood from the country. I can make no more trite statement than this. In song, a Whittier; in sermon, a Beecher; in speech, a Choate; all gained their inspiration from the scenes of country life amid which they were bred. The stuff of which heroes are made is not born in piles of brick and mortar, but finds its genesis among God's handiwork. The dweller then goes to the fountain source of inspiration and gets it first hand. The strength of the hill is in his heart, the poetry of the earth in his soul. The waving forests whisper the music of nature's secrets; the brook clicking over the stones, telegraphs (if one can get the code), the teaching of the waters, and many mountain crests, semi-crowned in crystal splendors, catch the beams of day and toss them in his face and at his feet. Yet better still is the voice of humanity, that heart-to-heart touch that quickens the pulses of feeling and gives vigor to thought. Our city brother catches on the point of his pen one who looks up for a moment from the dense, almost indistinguishable masses, only to sink the sooner into instant oblivion. But when accident has come to him, with whom we have "taken sweet counsel," whose hand we have grasped, whose inquiry touches our heart strings, and if such a one dies—the next day or the next year will his loss have ceased to be felt. Thus all the better influences of land and sky, of manhood and womanhood, throw themselves in our pathway and only need to be picked up and forged into living thought and passed through the channels of our own. In closing—my subject includes all that has gone before, and the sentiments of this paper are only in place through the exalted positions taken by my brother journalists of our association in the different departments they have occupied. This is the sum: To seek advance all along the line. Assume editorial control and selection of all our columns. Typographically, keep impression clear with clean type and rollers and fresh blankets; give to the melting pot antiquated letters, rimmed and black faced. Conduct our business on business principles; cut off dealings with unscrupulous advertisers; make selections with care. Above all, expand the local columns, making them minister to the widening of the social life of our respective localities, and finally, as our highest office, helping them upward to intellectual and moral progress.

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HAROLD GILBERT, The American Rattan Company's BABY CARRIAGES.



As the above are the only Manufacturers in Canada of "SUPERIOR REED AND RATTAN GOODS," their BABY CARRIAGES being a specialty, for which I have been appointed Sole Agent for Saint John.

I take much pleasure in calling your attention to their New Designs in Carriages for 1889, now on exhibition at my Ware-rooms; and should you require anything in this line, I have every confidence in recommending the AMERICAN RATTAN Co's goods to you, as they stand today without a rival in the Canadian market.

For Beauty of Design, Neatness and Durability of Construction, and Excellence of Workmanship, they are unsurpassed.

HAROLD GILBERT, - - 54 King Street.

The "Bell" Cigar Factory ADVERTISES FACTS.

We made more Cigars than all Cigar Factories East of Quebec City during 1888.

We paid more DUTY than all Cigar factories east Quebec city during 1888.

We have imported more HAVANA TOBACCO than all Cigar factories east Quebec city during 1888.

And still we do not ADVERTISE to give a CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR for 5c.

Established April 21, 1884, we have doubled our production every year, and today we are making better Cigars than any other factory in the maritime provinces.

BELL & HIGGINS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

CREAM CHIPS. CREAM CHIPS,

The most delicious Confectionery in the market, 20 CENTS PER LB.

HUGH P. KERR, - - King and Dock Sts.

Try KERR'S COUGH TABLETS and BUTTER SCOTCH, in 5c. Packages.

Encourage Home Manufacture.

MARITIME VARNISH AND WHITE LEAD WORKS.

JAMES ROBERTSON, Manufacturer of all kinds of VARNISHES and JAPANS, WHITE LEAD, COLORED and LIQUID PAINTS and PUTTY.

FACTORY—CORNER OF CHARLOTTE AND SHEFFIELD STREETS. Office and Warehouse: ROBERTSON'S New Building, Corner Union and Mill Streets. St. John, N. B. WILLIAM GREIG, Manager.

IF YOU WANT YOUR Pictures Framed,

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EASELS and FIRE SCREENS a specialty.

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JENNINGS', 171 Union Street.

OIL PAINTINGS, AWAY DOWN.

IF YOU WANT SHOW CASES

FOR MAY, YOU MUST ORDER NOW.

LeB. ROBERTSON, Manufacturers' Agent.

BANJO INSTRUCTION

MR. FRANK DINSMORE will give instruction on the Banjo, at No. 40 SIMONDS STREET, PORTLAND, OR AT PUPILS' RESIDENCES.

Terms.....\$5 per Quarter. Inquire at C. FLOOD & SONS. The very best references given.

MOORE'S

Almond and Cucumber Cream, FOR SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.

It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips. It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise. It removes Tan, Pimples, Scaly Eruptions and Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and brilliant. An excellent application after shaving. PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Sample bottles, 10 cents.

Prepared by G. A. MOORE, DRUGGIST, 100 BRUSSELS ST. cor. Richmond.

EVERYBODY SHOULD HAVE IT

The Brunswick Patent Flush Valve

has now been over 18 months in use in a number of the best dwellings throughout the city, and in every instance gives the very best of satisfaction. It is the only water closet valve that thoroughly washes out the closet and leaves the trap full of clean water, thereby preventing bad smell in the house. Faries about making sanitary alterations would do well to see this valve before having their work done. Apply to THOS. CAMPBELL, Plumber and Gasfitter, 79 GERMAIN STREET.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

WOODSTOCK. APRIL 5.—Mr. and Mrs. Knight and their son Reginald left on Saturday last for Halifax, their future home. Mr. William Halliburton, agent of the Bank of Nova Scotia, having been appointed to the agency at Liverpool, N. S., intends leaving Woodstock two weeks hence with his family. During their 27-year residence here they have become endeared to a host of friends, whose best wishes follow them. Mr. George Anderson has returned from a trip to Bathurst, May 1. Misses Nellie and Annie Wilbur went to St. John Monday. Miss Annie will attend the convent of the Sacred Heart. Miss Jennie Shenton, who, some time ago, seriously sprained her ankle in St. John, is not yet able to walk. Mr. Herbert O. White left on Monday for Spokane Falls, Washington. Mr. Michael Kelly, who has been absent for two years in Montana, has returned home. Miss Cynthia Vézey has gone to Boston for a short visit. Mr. and Mrs. D. McQueen intend removing to Andover, May 1. Mr. George Malcolm, of Truro, made a short visit here last week. Mr. and Mrs. Tibbitts, of Andover, spent a few days here last week. Mr. Alfred White, of St. John, called on his Woodstock friends last week.

DORCHESTER.

APRIL 3.—Much disgust is expressed at the action of the school trustees in refusing to close the schools for a few weeks in order to prevent the spread of scarlet fever, which, instead of dying out, is daily becoming worse. Fresh cases are announced every week, and there is no doubt that nearly all contract the disease at the schools. What is the board of health doing, anyhow? Mr. W. A. Trueman, barrister, of Albert, was in Dorchester on Thursday last. Mrs. John Hickman and her granddaughter, Miss Mary Peck, returned last week from a very pleasant visit to Kingston. Mr. J. H. Harris, of Moncton, spent Sunday in Dorchester, the guest of Mrs. D. L. Hamilton. Mr. W. C. Milner, collector of customs, of Sackville, was in town on Saturday. His friends here warmly congratulated him on a very recent addition to his household. Mrs. C. F. Hanington, of Moncton, has been visiting Mrs. D. L. Hamilton. She returned to Moncton Saturday evening. Miss Lettie Crookill, of Moncton, has been spending a few days in Dorchester with her friend Miss Edith Wilbur, returning home yesterday to Moncton. Mr. M. G. Teed paid a short visit to St. John last week. Miss Belle Forster, while going to church, last Wednesday, was overtaken by a vicious cow. In her efforts to escape Miss Forster fell by the wayside and sprained her ankle severely. I am glad to hear that she is convalescing. Miss Ethel Lowerson returned on Saturday to her home in Amherst. Mrs. Sayre, of Richibucto, is visiting her friend Miss Mary Peck at Elmhurst. Mr. R. W. Hewson, of Moncton, spent Sunday in Dorchester. This is getting to be a chestnut. Rev. Mr. Simonds returned to his parish on Friday last. Mr. Fred Chapman, formerly of Dorchester, but now of Moncton, spent Sunday here.

TODAY, OUR RED-LETTER DAY—ONE YEAR OLD.

Our general business health has been so good the past year, and our prospects for the future are so bright, that we're disposed to be jubilant on this, our birthday. We want to do a large trade today, not so much for the profit—that we are willing to divide with you—as the glory.

Dividing the profit! How? by presenting every customer who buys a dollar's worth or more, with an article worth twenty-five cents as a souvenir of the occasion. This will be about half the profit, as we do not make more than 50 per cent on the average: perhaps you have an idea that we make 75pc—but we don't, except on some articles—shirt buttons for instance.

HUNTER, HAMILTON & MCKAY, DIVIDING THE PROFIT WITH YOU TODAY.

APRIL 6, 1889.

Dr. Fuller, surgeon-dentist, of Amherst, has been filling many an aching void in Dorchester, during the past week. Mrs. Fuller accompanied her husband.

Mr. T. V. Cook, of Moncton, was in Dorchester on Monday.

Mr. H. C. Hanington leaves today on a visit to Boston. He expects to be away about two weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Willard D. Wilbur gave a very pleasant dance, Monday evening, in honor of their guests, Miss Crookill. The party was not at all large, only about 30 being present, but it was not less delightful on that account. Excellent music was furnished by Milligan's string orchestra, and dancing was kept up with great spirit until about 12 o'clock, with but one interruption—a very important one to some. Coming, as it did, in 1888, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur's hospitality was doubly appreciated by their guests.

Messrs. J. H. Hickman and G. F. Wallace have returned from their trip to Fredericton.

Master Willie Hickman has quite recovered from his recent serious illness.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. M. Barlow Palmer will regret to learn that their family are suffering from scarlet fever.

By the way, Mr. "Brown," about whom I wrote last week, has decided to "smuggle" in the "blank blank correspondent for Publishers," and accordingly he today let go his suspicion (followed up by his fist) on one of our junior limbs of the law, for exposing his (Brown's) naughty language to the public gaze, last Saturday. Missed again, Mr. Brown! Try another shot. Meanwhile, the limb aforesaid, resenting the fact more than the indignation, has laid the matter before a magistrate, and "dar'll be wuh." Oh! PROGRESS is a power in the land, I tell you. PANSY.

NEWCASTLE.

APRIL 5.—Mr. Lyman Hatley, who has been in the employ of the Bank of Nova Scotia for a number of years, has severed his connection with that institution and is home for a few days.

The first of the "Friday Evenings" took place at Hill-top on the 28th ult. A most enjoyable evening was spent. During the evening Mr. H. Williston was called to the "chair" and surprised his friends with a neat and effective speech, which was heartily applauded.

Mrs. Stewart, wife of Editor Stewart of the Halifax Herald, is visiting Mrs. Yeomans.

Mr. Hutchings, formerly of the Merchants Bank of Halifax, is expected at Hill-top for Easter.

One of the most enjoyable drive whist parties of the season was given last night by Miss Aggie Adams. Independent of her being very popular, Miss Adams possesses that happy faculty of making one feel perfectly at home in her presence, which is no doubt the secret of her success in entertaining. The bodily prize was secured by Miss McCurdy and Mr. D. E. Park by an overwhelming majority.

—23. It consisted of a box of blacking and mouth organ. The first prize was won by Mrs. Street and Mr. Allan Ritchie. Some wicked was telephoned to the suburbs that the drive whist party would take place on Monday evening. Consequently several of the girls repaired to the house of Miss Adams dressed in their best and were considerably annoyed on being reminded that it was the 1st of April.

Miss Malby spent two days at Nelson this week. Miss Susie Sargeant will visit Chatham the latter part of the present month.

Mr. W. A. Park returned from a holiday trip to Gibson and Boston.

L. X.

Miss F. A. Brown, of Halifax, who has been visiting in Amherst, returned home on Saturday.

Mrs. Col. Clarke, of Halifax, is visiting friends in Amherst.

Miss Minnie Wilson returned from her trip to Boston, on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Fawcett were in town today, from Sackville. ANOX.

CARAQUET.

APRIL 3.—Mr. C. Hubbard, of Point Marcel, passed through here, yesterday, on his way home from Bathurst, where he had been visiting for a few days.

Mr. Alex. Boyd, of Misou, has arrived in town, and reports good travelling on the ice between the Island and mainland.

Mr. August McLean, of Bathurst, was in town yesterday, while on his way to Shippegan, where he intends carrying on a large canning business this year.

Hon. B. Young, who is building new schooners in addition to his present fishing fleet, is expected home about the 15th inst.

Mrs. B. Young, who left here on Saturday last to visit her friends in Bathurst, is expected home today.

Miss E. M. Young, who is visiting Miss Carman, of Bathurst, intends prolonging her visit till the 15th inst.

Miss L. C. Blackhall, telegraph operator, who has exchanged offices with her sister of Bathurst, is expected home today. Miss Blackhall's many friends will welcome her return. JACK.

SHEDIAU.

APRIL 5.—The fact of Lent holding sway does not prevent the young folks of Shediac from having an occasional "gathering of the clans." On Tuesday evening Miss Carrie and Mr. Albert Smith entertained their numerous friends with an oyster supper. Dancing was kept up till an early hour when all departed well satisfied with the pleasant evening they had spent. Mr. Smith leaves for St. John today, on route for an extended voyage among the East Indies.

Our Presbyterian friends are welcoming Rev. Mr. Baird as their pastor. They are to be congratulated upon securing such a genial and talented minister.

Mrs. Beck, who has been visiting in Newcastle, is paying a short visit to her sister, Mrs. E. Smith. It is rumored that after Easter we are to be treated to a musical and literary entertainment gotten up by the Misses J. Webster, W. Harper and M. Morrison. The talent of the Grammar school is to take the lead in the way of tableaux, etc. REX.

KINGSTON, KENT CO.

APRIL 5.—Mr. Edwin Bowser, who has been in Halifax purchasing a schooner, has returned. Capt. West will bring it to this port when navigation opens. Mr. Bowser and Capt. West are both very pushing young men, and I hop' their late investment will prove profitable.

F. R. BUTCHER, Skinner's Carpet Warerooms. SPRING, 1889.



WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN WALL PAPER. PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL GLASS. Window Shades, Picture Mouldings, Feather Dusters, Etc. No. 56 King Street, Saint John, N. B.

DIAMONDS, RUBIES, SAPPHIRES, EMERALDS, PEARLS, OPALS, TORQUOISE, CORALS, MOON STONES, CRYSOPTILES, TOPAZ, AMETHYSTS, and other Gems. W. TREMAINE GARD, GOLDSMITH, Practical Jeweler, Optician, Diamond Setter, and Electro-Plater, No. 81 KING STREET, (UNDER VICTORIA HOTEL), Manufacturer and Repairer of FINE GOLD AND SILVER JEWELRY, WATCHES, Etc. Orders from out of town promptly attended to. Birthday, Friendship, Engagement and Wedding Gifts, SPECIALTIES.

Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Solid Silver, and Plated Goods, Spectacles, Opera Glasses, Fans, Pens and Pencils, Walking Sticks, Japanese Goods, Jet Goods. W. TREMAINE GARD, GOLDSMITH, Practical Jeweler, Optician, Diamond Setter, and Electro-Plater, No. 81 KING STREET, (UNDER VICTORIA HOTEL), Manufacturer and Repairer of FINE GOLD AND SILVER JEWELRY, WATCHES, Etc. Orders from out of town promptly attended to. Birthday, Friendship, Engagement and Wedding Gifts, SPECIALTIES.

SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE. And the Centennial School Opened Again by the Board. The Centennial school is still closed—all except the basement, where Janitor Dorman and his family still reside. Mr. Dorman has been house-hunting, but he hasn't found what he was looking for and it is very likely, from present appearances, that school will be out until the secretary and Mr. Dorman come to an understanding. "Fred" says his daughter is as well and strong as any child in town, and he can't see why he should moan on her account. When Principal Town rang the bell of the Centennial the other day the "sick" girl was well enough to let him in as usual. Mr. Town appeared somewhat surprised but said nothing. As near as Progress can get at the facts there appears to be a continual aggressiveness between the principal and janitor. Neither loses any opportunity to dwell upon the faults of the other, and the result is continual trouble. There does not appear to be anything wrong with the janitor's daughter at present. She had a sore throat, which, Progress is informed, was of a very light character and not such as to cause any alarm. But if Dr. Berryman, the attending physician, says that the child has a contagious disease the board should see to it that the apartments are vacated and fumigated and that "school is in" again.

Enclosures and Note Paper, Wholesale and Retail, at McArthur's, 80 King Street. Who Gave the Item Away? Ald. McGoldrick has been in a puzzled frame of mind since last Saturday, when he read his dollar transaction with Mr. Peacock. He can't imagine how PROGRESS got hold of the story, for he says there was only one man present when he made the arrangement with Peacock, and he is sure he didn't mention it. The alderman is quite right, the third person didn't mention the transaction. Don't try to find out how the affair leaked out, for you would have a queer hunt. But PROGRESS doesn't mind telling the alderman, in spite of the above, that he has a bigger mortgage on a seat in the new council than three-fourths of his associates in the "bear garden."

What a Crowd There Will Be. The members of St. Andrew's church and their host of friends propose to celebrate the completion of repairs upon their Sunday school by giving a splendid concert next Thursday evening. Miss Homer has undertaken to conduct this musical treat, and with such favorites as Mrs. Girvan, Mrs. Gilchrist and Mr. Lindsay, and no admission fee, what a crowd there will be!

Another Store for King Street. Another handsome store has been added to King Street, and its attractions are additional, from the fact that it is the only one of its kind on the street. Sheraton & Selfridge are open for business, and judging from the appearance of their place this week, have been having lots of it. Give them a call and see what they have, and you will please yourselves and them.

Leave your orders for Carpet Cleaning at Harold Gilbert's, 84 King Street. Chairs Canned and Repaired, 249 Union Street.

SPRING WILL SOON BE HERE and HOUSEKEEPERS will want to KNOW where to buy their CARPETS and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS. Having made SPECIAL preparations for the coming season, I will be able to show all the LATEST NOVELTIES in

WILTON, BRUSSELS and TAPESTRY CARPETS, with borders to match; LINOLEUMS, OILCLOTHS, MATTINGS, ART SQUARES, RUGS, MATS and CURTAINS. At the LOWEST PRICES and the BEST VALUES ever QUOTED in this city. Samples forwarded on application. Special quotations for CHURCHES, HOTELS and PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

A. O. SKINNER, - - 58 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THIS WEEK SPECIAL! SPECIAL! we call the attention of the readers of PROGRESS to some

Novelties Sunshades. The very Newest and Latest Styles, with

NATURAL WOOD and FANCY HANDLES. PRICES—LOW as USUAL.

DOWLING BROS., 49 Charlotte Street, City Market Building.

Commercial Buildings. OPENED THIS DAY: A NICE STOCK OF BLACK AND COLORED SILKS; PLUSHES in all colors; VELVETS in all shades; TRIMMING SILKS and SATINS; BONNETS and HATS; FEATHERS—ALL NEW!

Also: A Fine Lot of LACE CURTAINS. 9 KING STREET. J. W. MONTGOMERY ASSESSORS' NOTICE!

THE BOARD OF ASSESSORS OF TAXES for the City of Saint John, in the present year, hereby require all persons liable to be rated, forthwith to furnish to the Assessors True Statements of all Their Real Estate, Personal Estate and Income, and hereby give notice that Blank Forms, on which statements may be furnished under the City Assessment Law, can be obtained at the office of the Assessors, and that such statements must be perfected under oath, and filed in the office of the Assessors within THIRTY DAYS from the date of this notice.

W. B. BUNTING, Chairman. JOHN WILSON, ULAH DRAKE, Assessors of Taxes. Dated this first day of April, A. D. 1889.

Extracts from "The Saint John City Assessment Act of 1882." Sec. 23.—The Assessors shall ascertain, as nearly as possible, the particulars of the real estate, the personal estate, and the income of any person who has not brought in a statement in accordance with their notice and as required by this law, and shall make an estimate thereof, at the true value and amount, to the best of their information and belief; and such estimate shall be conclusive upon all persons who have not filed their statements in due time, unless they can show a reasonable excuse "for the omission." Sec. 48.—No person shall have an abatement unless he has filed with the Assessors the statement, under oath, within the time hereinbefore required; nor shall the Common Council in any such case sustain an appeal from the judgment of the Assessors, unless they be satisfied that there was "good cause why the statement was not filed in due time, as herein provided."

SEEDS! JUST ARRIVED: 1 Car Choice Western, and 1 Car Choice Lower Canadian Timothy; Together with Red, Long Late, Alsike and White Clover; Red Tops, Barley, Wheat, Oats, etc., etc. Also to hand: A full supply of Fresh and Reliable VEGETABLE SEEDS, leading varieties. AT LOWEST PRICES.

P. NASE & SON, Wholesale and Retail General Merchants, INDIANTOWN, ST. JOHN, N. B. Labor-Saving Devices FOR OFFICE USE. THE "SHANNON" FILE; THE "SHANNON" BINDING CASE; THE "SHANNON" FILING CABINET.

The "Shannon" is preferred to all others, as papers can be examined with the greatest ease, their disarrangement being impossible. For sale by J. & A. McMILLAN, ST. JOHN, N. B. Chairs Canned and Repaired, 249 Union Street.

VOL. PLEN. TO MAN.

Mr. Ford, Unsmug, Mr. Even, It fell—

If the no artist he fine group, eye for be see both at One prest be left and He won't s year if the Its such a and Horne people that about him f it is said, r But he will Purly about grocer is g contést, as McCready T. The present Ward 5 is Conner and they are in n But Mr. P fine running in the person to take War with it. Per doesn't think will do as he and the peop is a candidat is no doubt in they will vote Gilchrist runs can beat the v time and War with such a re The Messrs prompt action relative to cer the Globe. V proached with ing to investg at the alderme But when the evening—after press some ho to go to Fro doesn't want to in that council heard of the c nent man in property holder him "that it though something The funny part speaker was bro does not speak Chealey to his journals.

The chances a Kelly and Mr. J represent Ward but they will be another man who undertaker, and n ders of political d There's a live "Sandy" Law and be in the field, and Barclay Robinson work for them. son would be dou there is yet a dou Sturdes haven't b associations in the There is a good in this part of the question paper fell and there is a grov There will run ag enough for the po ence would stand h Mr. Barker's frie path, and his notie Carlton this week some fun yet.

Envelopes and No Retail, at McArthur's. There is Goin Manager Lamb in town this week ar Progress has an i hand at the lever n change. But don't day or tomorrow o new manager a few then watch the Sho mistake in the prop any occasion to get policy before you b

It was Wednesd man sat in a barber's too weary to talk, a scribe the stench abou building on the Mar fashion that his hearer ories and rushed for very funny, for, as a factory hadn't even l

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