

PROGRESS.

VOL. I., NO. 20.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1888.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

HATS.
S & CO.

of buyers to their Stock of
Felt Hats,
STYLES.
in Straw, Cloth and Felt—all grades;
MIDDY CAPS, Etc., Etc.
of ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE.
STREET. - - - 57.

Y & DALY,
Street.
MER SALE.
Spring and Summer Goods.

25 cents;
price;
ADES, WATERED SILKS, PLUSHES,
do. do. \$1.00 for 75c;
PURE SILK GLOVES, at greatly reduced
prices to clear.

Proportionately Low.
Y & DALY.
Edge Bicycles,

Nos. 1, 2 and 3,
\$75 and \$115.

just received another supply of these
World-Renowned Machines.
made on an ordinary Rudge, No. 1, roadster—
46 and 48 King Street,
Brunswick.

Base Ball

On Saturday

Monday,

September 8th and 10th,

THE

Maine State

College Boys,

Champions of the College League,

VS.

NATIONALS.

JOHN C. & A. CLUB,

Marsh Bridge.

Admission, 25 Cents.

LADIES FREE.

Grand Stand 10 cents extra.

A. O. SKINNER,

President C. & A. Club.

our and Feed Store.

Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat,

E. CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS,

From the best mills. Always on hand.
R. & F. S. FINLEY,
Sydney Street.

RICHARDS IS HIMSELF.

THE GREAT AND ONLY ORIGINAL
AND GENUINE CHARLEY.

Some of the struggles and triumphs of
Richards and Tribulation of a St. John
What People Find to Talk About in
That Connection.

Some men achieve greatness by their
own endeavors. "One of the most popular
and best known members of the legal pro-
fession in New Brunswick is Mr. Charles
L. Richards," writes the gifted author of
Our Dominion, whose labors Progress has
already noticed. And he is right. Mr.
Richards is very well known, indeed. At
the date of this writing, he is seated on a
pinnacle of fame even higher than that on
which his biographer placed him.

Many had-eyed creditors who
do sundry and diverse actions
who secure his loss. And
sheriff of the city and county.

But the place that know him knows him
no more.
He is absent in the body, but not
present with the Lord.
He has left his body, and his friends
are badly left.

That is to say:
The carpet dealer has a bill of goods
and grounds for a bill of complaint.
The mattress maker has 200 good reasons for
feeling sorry. Other tradesmen lift up a
chorus of woe. Even the coal dealer, de-
spite the advance, has a bill for coal
stale, flat and unprofitable.

Several hundred dollars of claims, with
out-purposes, were presented to
Sheriff Mr. Richards, who
pay, and some of them were covered
by a bill of sale.

The furniture
sheriff. Mr. Richards, who
wooly west.
The bill of sale to Charles
Richards furnished material for an interesting
chapter in contemporary history. It is
his reasons for the young and old. Some
of these lessons are expensive ones. They
are also profitable ones—for Mr. Richards.

He was a Queen's county boy, but Kings
county gave him his education. Coming
to this city a poor young man, he made
and lost two or three fortunes in mercan-
tile pursuits. He also lost a vessel, which
was insured. In all his relations, he en-
joyed the confidence of others, more or
less. His venerable and wealthy father-in-
law had such faith in his integrity that he
endorsed his notes to the extent of \$30,-
000, and died poor. Then Mr. Richards
had to hustle for himself.

He was able to do it. He had the gen-
eralship of a Grant, without his tacti-
city. His was the energy of a Washington, with-
out a Washington regard for victory.
These qualities eminently fitted him for the
law, and to the study of the law he devoted
his mind.

Business came slowly at first. Mr. Rich-
ards had been in law before as a defendant,
and while a man can learn much in such a
capacity, it is not always the highest qualifi-
cation for one who asks people to entrust
him with their property. Such cases as he
did get he managed well. A man in the
country districts gave him a confession of
judgment. This was very good in its way,
but as the man had neither goods nor chat-
tels, lands nor tenements, the judgment did
not count for much. Mr. Richards devised
a way to make it valuable. Meeting the
man in town he welcomed him with effu-
sion. Finding that he wanted credit, he
took him to the store of Mr. B., to whom
he highly recommended him and vouched
for his honesty. Mr. B. was delighted to
meet a new customer, and equally delighted
to send him all the goods he wanted.
Hardly had the man arranged them on his
shelves, when Mr. Richards swooped down
upon them with an execution and satisfied
the outstanding judgment with costs. The
debtors with which this was done were
satisfied the public that Mr. Richards had
found his vocation in the law.

Better things were in store. On the
night of the 18th of August, 1884, Roderick
McDonald, of Cape Breton, crossed the
harbor of St. John in the ferry boat. As
the boat reached the city side McDonald
sought to get ashore, but fell between the
boat and the floats, whereby he was badly
crushed. The man was not to blame, but
the city was.

So Mr. Richards perceived. Fearing that
McDonald was not aware of this, Mr.
Richards sought him out and informed him
of the fact. The result was an action at
law in which Roderick McDonald was plain-
tiff and the Mayor, Aldermen and Com-
monalty of the city of St. John defendants.
Mr. Richards, of course, was plaintiff's at-
torney.

The case was fought and refought. Law-
yers wrangled, judges considered and jurors
sat and listened. In the end McDonald
got a verdict for \$3,000 and \$1,400 costs.
McDonald went home to Cape Breton with
joy in his heart, but no cash in his pocket.
When the cash did reach him his share of it
amounted to \$605.23. It was accompanied
by a letter from Mr. Richards stating in
effect, that he sent much more than he

really ought to send, but that he was deter-
mined to do more than justice to his client.
He was scrupulous even to the odd 23
cents.

What became of the rest of the money?
That is what Mr. McDonald has never
found out, but with the hope of doing
so he has invoked the aid of the supreme
court.

There were \$4,400 to the credit of the
plaintiff. Of this \$1,400 was for costs and
counsel fees, and considering that it was
less than 50 per cent. on the amount of the
verdict, it was a reasonably small allow-
ance.

But the lawyers were not all paid with
that. They had a deep interest in the
\$3,000 which McDonald was supposed to
get. Hon. C. N. Skinner had argued the
case for McDonald. He got, or is sup-
posed to have got, \$1,000. Hon. Wm. Pigeon
had argued the case for the defendants.
He got, or is supposed to have got, \$1,000.
The share was only \$400. When brother Rich-
ards made provision for himself.

Some say that he made provision for
the halves. Others say that he was to get
\$2,000. As for the rest of the money, he
was to use it as he saw fit.

He allowed McDonald \$2,000, took up
and called for same square. He
paid changed \$2,000 and professional
fees, however, and credited the rest to
the supreme account.

McDonald wrote a letter of protest
against this. This book three cents of his newly
acquired wealth, so that he had only
\$1,000 left. He had spent the \$2,000
in the purchase of a house, and he had
at the time of the verdict, \$1,000 left
at his disposal.

McDonald's protest was not
successful. He was not allowed to
have the \$2,000. He was not allowed to
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credit to \$160 had he desired, but he did
not so Mr. Gilbert is that much better off.
On Wednesday, Mr. Gilbert felt a reason-
able suspicion that goods and chattels of
his debtor were about to be shipped for
Boston, and had them seized under the
Absconding Debtor's Act. Mr. J. G.
Forbes was master of the ceremonies, and
since then he has been the recipient of
other claims as previously stated. Some
people who have bills say they will not file
them, lest the public will laugh at them.

Mr. Crawford has put in an application
for all the goods covered by his bill of sale,
and the right of property will be tried by a
sheriff's jury.

It remains to be seen what the harvest
will be.
One man loses nothing. It is the land-
lord. The house had had a bad reputation
of some kind, and in order that it might
have its fair fame restored it was given to
Mr. Richards rent free until the 1st of May.
Selah!

WOODCOCK ARE OUT OF SEASON.
The Law Says They May Be Shot—Sports-
men Say the Law is Wrong.

"Look at this, will you?" said Joe Dal-
zell, with a voice of decided indignation.
"This was a woodcock; very dead and with
a very dejected look. It had apparently
felt dejected before it died, for the pin
feathers in the wings showed that it had
been shot in the moulting season."

"It is a shame to shoot them at this
time of year," continued Mr. Dalzell. "The
season should begin the 20th, instead of
the 1st, of September. The birds are
really better in the middle of August than
they are now. Moulting begins the latter
part of August and lasts until the middle
of September. The law which allows them
to be shot at that time is altogether wrong.
They are not fit for eating or anything
else."

"Speaking of game laws, there is a
strange error of fact in the one which
prohibits the killing of deer on the north-
side of the river St. John. As a matter of
fact, there are no deer on that side, though
there are moose and caribou."

"What are the prospects for shooting this
season?"
"Very good, indeed. Partridge are
very plenty. The season for them does
not open until the 16th, but of course some
men who go in search of woodcock before
that time will shoot a partridge if it comes
in their way. That is another reason why
the open season for woodcock should not
begin on the first of the month. Partridge
have been getting more plentiful since the
exportation of them was stopped. Before
they were sent away in August to sup-
ply the demand of the hotels in Boston and
other places."

"Has the influx of American sportsmen
begun yet?"
"Hardly. Mr. E. W. Davis, of Narra-
gansett, has been here for some time,
waiting for the open season for moose in
Nova Scotia. His hunting ground will be
at Kemp. He is a fine shot and a thorough
sportsman."

Good Lines Note Paper sent a quote
at McArthur's Book Store, King Street.

THE MARITIME TOURNAMENT.
Fancies for the Lawn Tennis Contests of
Next Week.

The annual tournament of the St. John
tennis club will begin on the grounds of the
club, Tuesday and will continue Wednes-
day and Thursday. On Friday evening a
grand ball will be given in Berryman's hall.
It is expected that the contest this year will
be more interesting than in any previous
years. A large number of entries having
been received from outside places. The
list at present is as follows.

Gentlemen's singles—C. Hensley, Wind-
sor, N. S.; Messrs. Bucken, Ings, Stew-
art and Bartlett, Charlottetown, P. E. I.;
Guy Kinnear, Sussex; E. H. Turnbull,
Fredericton athletic club. Capt. Brady,
Halifax; H. G. Mills and G. W. Jones,
St. John tennis club, with probable entries
from Chatham and the C and A club.

Gentlemen's doubles—T. W. Dimock
and C. Hensley, Windsor; Messrs. Brock-
en and Ings, Charlottetown; Messrs.
Stewart and Bartlett, Charlottetown; Guy
Kinnear and C. Kinnear, Sussex, N. B.; H.
G. Mills and G. W. Jones, St. John Ten-
nis club; representatives from C. and A.
club.

Ladies' and gentlemen's doubles—H.
Tilley and Miss C. F. Adams; Miss Bur-
pee and H. G. Mills; Miss M. Smith and
G. W. Jones; Miss Tiny McLaren and G.
K. McLeod, with probable entries from
Halifax.

As far as is now known the ladies doubles
will be confined to members of the club.
They could not be found.
Progress' newboys had a picnic last
Saturday. Everybody and his friend
wanted papers, and in's very early time
the edition was entirely sold out. The
orders at the office and bookstores could
not be filled. Today the edition will be
increased largely, and it is to be hoped that
everybody who wants a paper may get one.
McCarthy, Irvine and Stanton were the
prize-winners, Saturday.

EVENTS IN SOCIETY.

BRILLIANT ASSEMBLAGES OF ST.
JOHN AND ROTHESEY SOCIETY.

The ball at Mrs. Fred Burpee's, Tuesday
evening and the Tennis Ball at Rothesey-
Walsome to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Morrissey
These Who Were Present.

The ball at Mrs. Fred Burpee's, Orange
street, Tuesday evening, was a very bril-
liant opening of the St. John social season.
It has been the society event of the week,
and a very successful one at that.

Additional interest centered in the event
from the fact that the fair debutante, Miss
Katie Burpee, and her mother returned but
a short time ago from a lengthy European
tour and chose this way to welcome their
old and new friends.

No adequate ideas could be conveyed in
words of the taste and beauty of the deco-
rations. Numerous flags loomed here and
there, an abundance of fragrant flowers,
bright lanterns and lighted wax tapers
made the supper room a very beautiful
scene.

The toilettes and the guests! The for-
mer were handsome, more so indeed than
I have ever seen in many similar assem-
blies, and the latter were, one would not
legion, though in reality they were not so
numerous as to interfere in any degree with
their thorough enjoyment.

Among those present were:
Mr and Mrs. G. W. Jones.
Mrs A. A. Bartlett, Charlottetown.
Mr and Mrs W. M. McKay.
Mr and Mrs Shaford.
Mr and Mrs Stanton.
Messrs. Dr. Alward.
Miss Adams.
Mrs Florie Adams.
Miss Burpee.
Mrs New Burpee.
Miss Dever.
Miss Ada Dever.
Miss Florence DeVeber.
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THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Some Recent Canadian Poetry.

De Roberval, a Drama, and Other Poems, by John Hunter Duvar. St. John: J. & A. McMillan. Price 60c.

The author of De Roberval has given us a companion piece to Mr. Mair's "Tecumseh." These are two noble dramas, on purely Canadian themes, and set in purely Canadian surroundings and atmosphere.

ACT V, SCENE III.

Off the coast of Newfoundland. Long seas rolling in after a storm. Mermanlike singing.

A gallant fleet sailed out to sea With the pennons streaming merrily.

On the hulls the tempest lit, And the great ships split.

In the gale, And the foaming feroes sea-horses Hurl'd the fragments in their forces

To the ocean deeps, Where the kraken sleeps, And the whale.

The men are in the ledges' clefts, Dead, but with motion of living guise Their bodies are rocking there, Monstrous sea-fish and eels

Stare at them with glazy eyes As their limbs are stirred and their hair.

Moan, O sea! O death at once and the grave, And sorrow in passing, O cruel wave!

Let the resonant sea-carves ring, And the sorrowful surges sing, For the dead men rest but restlessly.

We do keep account of them, And sing an ocean requiem For the brave.

The other poems contained in this volume are "The Emigration of the Fairies"—an exquisite bit of sustained jeu d'esprit, in a style of which this generation has well nigh lost the secret—and "The triumph of constancy, a romance."

This is a gorgeous-colored, passionately romantic story of chivalry, white magic, and fair women, it is told in antique fashion of speech, and is no less interesting than poetic.

Fleurs de Lys is a volume of first-fruits, and derives its chief importance from the richness of its promise. In it the poet learns well the technicalities of his art; and he displays a tendency to the objective treatment of his themes—a tendency which augurs well for his poetic future.

In a second volume I should expect to find much more work of the quality of such a line as

Still calls the sea along the darkening shore.

There are bits, here and there through the volume, of this rare and fine poetic quality; but one feels, for the most part, that the singer is as yet feeling for his true voice.

The voice is that of a genuine singer is made plain by a few poems and a host of detached passages in this volume. Instance this, of a sea-shell:

In a lady's hand it will snugly lie, 'Tis as thin as a red rose-leaf, Yet it holds the sea-gull's sorrowing cry, And the roar of the tide-lashed reef.

The lines I have italicized are imaginative in the highest sense. And the following have that nice aptness which make sayings memorable:

Of happy period of my early youth! When Love was master, Reason but a slave, When friends seemed heroes, woman crystal truth, Success the certain portion of the brave.

But the same poem from which I take these lines contains an instance of what is a common fault with Mr. Weir—an indulgence in words which are out of tune with their surroundings. For instance—"again the changeless stars began to peep," which seems to me a procedure quite unworthy of the changeless stars. Mr. Weir tells a story with power and pathos. "The Spirit Wife" is a simple, delicate, and touching bit of narrative verse, and "Dauntless" has a noble sincerity and directness. The ballads on subjects from Canadian history, which make up the department called "Fleurs de Lys," are vivid and simple, but they are too much what the author calls them in the notes, resumes of what the historians have said. They do not seem to

have been infused in the full flame of the author's imagination. They are manly and stirring, and should be popular; but to some extent they lack the indefinable something which "Dauntless," for example, possesses. The lyric called "My Treasure" is one in which promise is already fulfilled. It is original, dramatic, excellently wrought and deeply suggestive. The note of human experience is in it. Mr. Weir has few specimens of sonnet music, but he does effective work in this most genial of metrical forms. The sonnet called "Remembrance" is wholly admirable; and the sonnet sequence on "The Maiden, the Wife, the Mother," certainly shows small sign of juvenility. What simple beauty of scene, what fervent and natural human feeling, one finds in this sonnet called "The Wife":—

There stands a cottage by a river side, With rustic branches sloping eaves beneath, Amid a scene of mountain, stream and heath. A daisy garden, watered by the tide, On whose calm breast the queasily lilies ride, Is bright with many a purple pansy wreath, While here and there forbidden lion's teeth Uprrear their golden crowns with stubborn pride.

See! There she leans upon the little gate, Unchanged, save that her curls, once flowing free, Are closely curled upon the shapely head, And that her eyes look forth more thoughtfully. Hark to her sigh! "Why tarries he so late?" But mark her smile! She hears his well-known tread.

Mr. Weir needs what riper years will, doubtless, bring him—affluence of emotion and imagination, intensity, passion. He also needs to purge his diction of inappropriate words.

My work of reviewing these four volumes of recent Canadian poetry is well rewarded by the sense of encouragement it has brought me. It is impossible to overlook the vast advance which has been made, within the last half dozen years, by Canadian thought. In all Canadian literary effort there is manifest a gain in culture, in breadth, in insight, in facility. In other words, we are ripening. At the same time, with the escape from provincialism of diction, form and method, there is an increased feeling for local coloring and for native themes. We are getting more self-reliant. We are beginning to work more in our own way, and at the same time to apply to our work the tests of cosmopolitan standards. Even a beginning of this sort is of deep significance. Such a beginning is rarely made till a people begins also to realize itself a nation.

The poems of Miss Mary Morgan have less of that most desirable Canadian flavor, are less naive, in a word—than the work of Mr. Duvar or Mr. Weir. But they are remarkable for breadth of spirit, for the culture and cosmopolitanism they evince. This poet's is an intellect that draws its sustenance from all sources. Miss Morgan has enriched her thought and trained herself in the techniques of her art by the admirable exercise of translation, and many of her translations possess a permanent value. But her original work has more significance for us. It is lyrical in form, and lyrical in mood. Its defects are numerous enough—defects of unevenness, sometimes of insufficient inspiration. There is sometimes a lapse into the commonplace; there is too often a lack of firmness, compactness, condensation in the line. But on the other hand one finds often a satisfying simplicity and completeness, a sweetness of cadence, such as are contained in these lines on seeing a child fall asleep:

"The heavy eyelids slowly droop, The eyes grow less and less, The last of languid glances flown Has left but peacefulness.

"Twas like the twilight's mellow shades, That, quivering o'er the snow, Seemed lingering glimpses from the sun, And almost loath to go.

Ere long shall thou refreshed awake, Nor ever know surprise That weariness from thee took flight In such a strange, sweet guise. As suddenly the Spring snow Starts from beneath the ground, Once more with fresh life to pursue Its never-ending round."

Another poem I must quote as showing the intellectual quality which pervades Miss Morgan's work. Like most Canadian singers of this day, her face is set hopefully toward the future. Few equal her in the confident strength of her hold upon that healthy optimism which is sanguine without being credulous. The following lines seem to me lofty and resonant:

"O Reason, Wonder, Doubt, Great warriors three! A trinity No true soul lives without!

Revered, ye still endure In every land— A stalwart band To keep the conscience pure.

To-day the tyrant king Shall crouch before Your temple-door; He knows the spell you bring.

Immortal spirits all! Inquiry And calamity, Though others they appal, Your might cannot subdue, Who only rise With clearer eyes To wage the fight anew— The battle for the way Of liberty, Fraternity, And light of the new day!"

That George Frederick Cameron was a lyric poet of fervor, force, and sincerity, Canadians have begun to realize only since his death. This is owing probably to the

fact that he spent a large part of his life outside of Canada. It is to the loving care of his brother, Mr. C. J. Cameron, that he owes his effectual introduction to a Canadian audience. Now the dead poet's position in our literature is secure. Fame may come but slowly to his name, but he will be recognized as one of the most spontaneous and genuinely lyrical of our singers. Cut off suddenly, and in the midst of his development, he has left, of necessity, quantities of crude, youthful, or half-finished work; but every here and there is a line, a stanza, a whole poem, bearing the unquestionable stamp of lyric genius. On another occasion I hope to make a detailed and extended study of Mr. Cameron's genius, otherwise I should not permit myself to touch his work at all in such a hasty and inadequate note as this. His intellectual drift, the sources of his inspiration, his lyric measures, all these must go unmentioned here, and his faults must for the present rest unnoted. I prefer to use my scant remaining space in giving examples of his power, his swinging, free music, his earnestness. As his work is done, there is no immediate need of pointing out his defects; but it is good for us to know with as little delay as possible whatever of noble achievement is attained among us. It helps toward the establishment of our national self-confidence. It is an important part of our education.

Take this, for grave majesty of thought and diction:—

"I have a faith—that life and death are one, That each depends upon the self-same thread, And that the seen and unseen rivers run To one calm sea, from one clear fountain-head.

I have a faith—that man's most potent mind May cross the willow-shaded stream nor sink; I have a faith—when he has left behind His earthly resture on the river's brink, When all his little fears are torn away, His soul may beat a pathway through the tide, And, disencumbered of its coward clay, Emerge immortal on the sunnier side."

As an instance of Cameron's rich metrical music, I will quote the lines entitled "The Way of the World." Forming my judgment by universal standards, and banishing scrupulously my Canadian prejudices, and bearing in mind the need of avoiding extravagant eulogy, and keeping my eyes wide open to the comparative imperfection of the final stanza, I do not hesitate to claim that in this lyric our literature has a priceless and imperishable possession:—

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

We sneer and we laugh with the lips—the most of us do it, Whenever a brother goes down like a weed with the tide; We point with the finger and say—Oh, we knew it! We knew it!

But see! we are better than he was, and we will abide. He walked in the way of his will—the way of desire; In the Applan way of his will without ever a bend; He walked in it long, but it led him at last to the mire—

But who are we stronger will stand and endure to the end. His thoughts were all visions—all fabulous visions of flowers, Of bird and of song, and of soul which is only a song; His eyes looked all at the stars in the firmament, ours Were fixed on the earth at our feet, so we stand and are strong.

He hated the sight and the sound and the sob of the city; He sought for his peace in the wood and the musical wave; He fell, and we pity him never, and why should we pity? Yes, why should we mourn for him, we who still stand, who are brave?

Thus speak we and think not, we censure unheeding, unknowing— Unkindly and blindly we utter the words of the brain; We see not the goal of our brother, we see but his going, And sneer at his fall if he fall, and laugh at his pain. Ah, me! the sight of the sod on the coffin-lid, And the sound, and the sob, and the sigh of it as it falls!

Ah, me! the beautiful face forever hid By four wild walls!

You hold it a matter for self-gratulation and praise To have thrust to the dust, to have trod on a heart that was true— To have ruined it there in the beauty and bloom of its days?

Very well! There is somewhere a Nemesis waiting for you.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTSON.

The Magazine.

In Lead a Hand for September are interesting special articles by Wendell Louisa Taylor, Hon. Seth Low, Frederic Woodrow and William Schuyler. The departments are as readable as usual. Progresses heartily commends the magazine to people who desire to learn the best way to help their neighbors and the public. Published at Boston. Price \$2 a year, 20 cents a number.

That clever little publication, the Writer, of Boston, contains in the September number some articles of value and interest to those who live by their pen. Eugene L. Diller discusses whether literature pays. Kate B. Sherwood writes about "Newspaper Social Personalities." "New York Newspapers," "The Story of a Rejected Manuscript" and "Two Common Errors" are all worth reading and full of suggestion.

Notes and Announcements.

The clamor of the nations in their desire to read Ben-Hur each in its own tongue is unceasing. Ben-Hur has been translated into German and Italian, and application has been made for translation into Spanish and Polish.

Mrs. Stowe's death will probably bring to a climax the unseemly feud that has gathered about her, in view of her falling health, as to which two ladies will write her biography, and of which allusions pro and con have from time to time gained access to the newspapers.

The seventh volume of Lecky's History

of England is now with the publishers and will appear early in the season. It deals exclusively with Irish questions at the close of the last century, including the last years of the Irish Parliament, the rebellion of 1698, and all the events that led up to the Act of Union.

Mr. Whittier has recently said to a friend that there were drawbacks to his enjoyment of the scenes he so happily described in "Snowbound." They recall to him his sufferings from cold, the snow beating through the crevices of his father's house and falling on his head. His lack of robust health he attributes to the privations of those days.

Vernon Lee, whose real name is Violet Paget, lives in Florence with a lame and musical brother. She is not handsome, is masculine in appearance and in her attitudes, and smokes cigarettes. Much more important are the facts that she has written several volumes on medical literature, and has contributed for eight years to the leading English reviews, besides writing Miss Brown, a novel that literally reeks with cleverness. She is said to have accomplished only 25 years.

HOTEL MEN ARE VEXED.

They Complain that the St. John Post Office is Somewhat Behind the Times.

Tuesday was a warm day, for the season. Several of the hotel proprietors waxed as warm as the day while they talked with PROGRESS.

The subject was the St. John post office.

"The absolute closing of the office on Sunday is a very great inconvenience to the travelling public," said the clerk at one of the leading hosteleries. "The mails arrive here on Sunday morning, and it is often a matter of great importance for strangers to get their letters on that day. They sometimes suffer a loss of both time and money, because they either have to go without them or are detained another day."

"But are not such instances exceptional?"

"By no means. They are much more frequent than people in general would suppose. Not only are we unable to get letters before the Sunday evening train leaves, but we cannot get them before the Flying Yankee leaves on Monday morning. Indeed, there are times when we cannot get them even in time for the Intercolonial train. Sometimes it has happened that the mails due on Saturday night have been too late to be assorted before the office closed. In one instance of this kind, a man who was on his way to New York, and whose journey depended on the receipt or non-receipt of a certain letter, was put to a great deal of trouble. A day, or half a day, meant a great deal to him, but there was no help for it. A request to be allowed in the lobby one moment, to see if that letter was in the box, was peremptorily refused by the postmaster."

"It's an outrage," said one of the proprietors of another leading hotel. "I don't know of any other city in America, unless it may be Toronto, where such a state of things exists. The public pays for the postal service, and it has a right to get its letters when they arrive."

"I know of many instances of loss and inconvenience to travellers by this system," said the proprietor of another leading hotel.

"It is especially a loss to commercial men, who have either to lose a day needlessly or take the risk of going on a route when there are letters in the office which would wholly change their plans. If the mails were sorted when they arrive and the office were open to box-holders for half an hour on Sunday morning, no possible harm could be done to anybody, and a great deal of trouble would be saved."

Further inquiry disclosed the fact that the office was formerly open to boxholders at certain hours on Sunday, but was closed by order of the department. This order was due to a petition signed by several citizens of St. John.

How a New Opera is Rehearsed.

The new Gilbert and Sullivan opera which is to be produced at the Casino shortly, is now being rehearsed at the Savoy Theatre, London. Manager Aronson, of the Casino, says that Sir Arthur Sullivan usually composes first the different choruses, especially the finale to the first act. The quartets and duets come next in order and the songs and duets last.

At the rehearsals the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus sit in a semicircle on the stage, in the midst of which is a cottage piano. Mr. Gilbert attends all the musical rehearsals, takes notes of the style of composition, time and rhythm, and then invents his groups and stage business.

Mr. Gilbert is as well known, a very strict disciplinarian, and he will stand on the stage at rehearsals and repeat the words and action of a part over and over until they are delivered as he desires. All the arrangements of color and the groupings are designed by him.—New York Herald.

A New Specie.

English-American (in dime museum, a few years hence).—"D'ye know, I can't see any curiosity about that man. It's what you call a 'fake,' I fancy."

German-American.—"Dot show vas no goot."

French-American.—"Zat ces not von bearded lady; eet ces not von living skeleton; eet ces not von vil man of Borneo. Vat he is?"

Dime Museum Manager.—"Fake, is it? Sure that mon's the fonest curiosity in seven countries; an' a har-rud toime we had findin' him. He's an American-American, begobbs.—Pack."

Dime Smoking.

Mrs. Flysparrow (to new acquaintance).—"You seem to be an inveterate lover of the weed, Mr. Nicotine. May I ask if your father smokes?"

Mr. Nicotine.—"I trust not, madam. He has been dead some time."—New York Sun.

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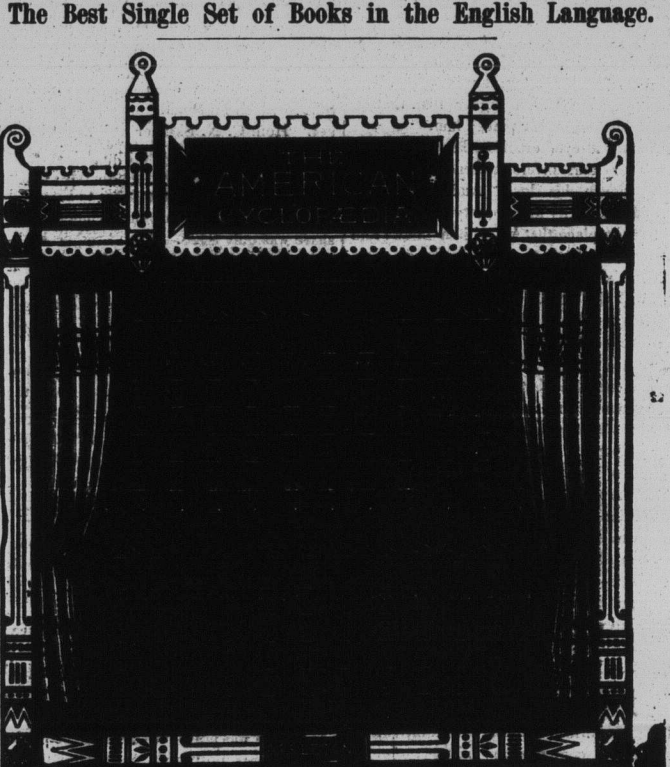
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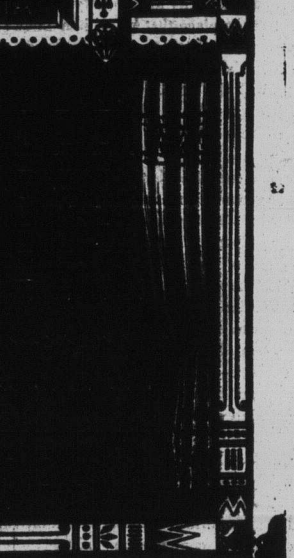
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HER WAY.

Love came to the door of the palace,
And the door was opened wide;
There wasn't a thing to hinder,
And they needed him much inside:
But he pulled his sword, and said with a sigh—
"Can I enter an open door?" Not I!
Not I! Not I!"

Love came to the castle window,
And he found a great wind there;
There wasn't a thing to hinder,
And he might have mounted there:
But he flattered his wings, and said with a sigh—
"Can I plod up a staircase? No, not I!
Not I! Not I!"

Love came to the shores of the ocean,
And saw far over the strand
An inaccessible fortress,
On a sea-girt island stand.
"Who cares for an ocean?" he gaily cried,
And his rainbow wings were quickly plied:
"Not I! Not I!"

Love came to a lonely dungeon,
Where window and door were barred;
There was none who would give him entrance,
Though he knocked there long and hard.
Then, "Who cares for a lock?" he said with a sigh,
And straightway the warder was Love himself!
"Not I! Not I!"

—Rev. L. Ogden, in *Travellers' Record*.

THE LITTLE SPY.

His name was Stenne—little Stenne. He was a child of Paris, pale and sickly, perhaps 10 years old, perhaps 12—one can never tell about these midgets. His mother was dead; his father, an old soldier of the marines, had the care of an open square in the neighborhood of the Temple. Babes, nurses, old ladies with camptools, and mothers knew and adored Father Stenne. They all knew that under that fierce moustache, the terror of dogs and loafers, lurked a tender, good-hearted, almost motherly smile, and that to call it forth one had only to ask the good man about his little son, he loved his boy so dearly!

At the time of the siege, Father Stenne's square was closed and guarded, and the poor man, compelled to keep up his constant surveillance, passed his days alone among the deserted shrubbery, and saw his boy only at home late at night. And you should have seen his moustache when he spoke of the Prussians!

A siege! It is amusing for the boys! No more school! Vacation all the time, and the street like a fair-ground.

The child was out till night running the streets. He accompanied the battalions of the quarter as they went to the ramparts, choosing by preference the ones which had good music; and in that matter little Stenne was thoroughly at home. He could tell you very well that the band of the 56th was not worth much, but that in the 95th they had an excellent one. At other times he watched the military drill and then there were parades. When little Stenne was neither at the rampart nor hanging about the bake shops you were sure to find him at the game of galoché, a famous game which the Breton military had brought into vogue during the siege of the Chateau d'Eau. He was not playing, of course; that required too much money. He was content to watch the players with all his eyes.

One especially, a big boy in a blue jacket, who never staked less than a hundred sous, excited his admiration. When that fellow ran you could hear the crown pieces jingle in his pocket.

One day, as he picked up a coin which had rolled to little Stenne's feet, the big boy said to him, in a low voice:

"That makes you squint, hey? I can tell you where it is, if you like."

The game ended, his friend led him away into a corner, and asked him to go with him to sell newspapers to the Prussians at 30 francs a trip. At first Stenne refused with great indignation, and he allowed them whole days to pass without coming again to watch the game. Three terrible days. He neither ate nor slept. At night he saw piles of galoches heaped at the foot of his bed, and 100-sous pieces, gleaming brightly, spinning in the platter. The temptation was too great. On the fourth day he returned to the Chateau d'Eau, saw the big boy once more and was beguiled.

They set out one snowy morning with linen bags over their shoulders and newspapers concealed under their jackets. When they came to the "Gate of Flanders" it was hardly daylight. The big boy took Stenne by the hand, and going up to the sentinel—a sentry brave, with a red nose and a good-natured look—said to him with the tone of a beggar:

"Let us pass out, my good sir; our mother is ill, papa is dead. I must go with my little brother to pick up potatoes in the field."

He was crying. Little Stenne, overwhelmed with shame, hung his head. The sentinel looked at them a moment, then cast a glance over the deserted and whitened highway.

"Pass at once," he told them, and turned away. There they stood, then, on the Aubervilliers road. The big boy was the one that laughed.

Confusedly, as in a dream, little Stenne saw mills tramped into barracks, battalions caressed, hung with wet rags, tall chimneys cleaving the sky empty and shattered; occasionally a sentinel, some hooded officers looking into the distance with spy-glasses, and little tents soaked with melting snow, with dying fires before them. The big boy knew the way, and went across fields to avoid the sentries. Without being able to avoid it, however, they came to an outpost of sharpshooters. There they were, with their little cabins, huddled in the bottom of a trench, full of water, dug along the railroad from St. Denis. The big boy told little Stenne in vain; they would not let them pass. But while he stood waiting, from the gatekeeper's hut came an old sergeant, white haired and wrinkled, who resembled Father Stenne.

"Come, youngsters, we won't cry," he said. "You shall go to your potatoes. But come in first and warm yourselves. That little scamp looks frozen."

Alas! it was not with cold that little Stenne was trembling; it was with fear and shame. In the guard house they found a few soldiers crouching about a feeble fire—a real widow's fire—in the flame of which they were thawing biscuit on the ends of their bayonets. They crowded together to make room for the children. They gave them a dram and a little coffee. While they were drinking an officer came to the door,

called the sergeant, spoke to him in a low tone and went away quickly.

"Boys!" said the sergeant, returning with a radiant face. "We will have our tobacco tonight! We have surprised the cue of the Prussians. We will take back that accursed Bourget from them this time!"

There was an explosion of laughter and applause. They danced, they sang, they polished their sabre-bayonets; and taking advantage of the confusion, the boys disappeared.

Having passed the trench there lay before them only the plain, and at its foot a long white wall pierced with loopholes. It was toward this wall that they advanced, stopping at every step to make a pretence of picking up potatoes.

"Let us go back. Let us not go there!" entreated little Stenne again and again.

The other shrugged his shoulders and kept straight on. Suddenly they heard the click of a gun.

"Lie down!" whispered the big boy, throwing himself on the ground.

Once down he whistled. Another whistle came in answer over the snow. They advanced crawling. In front of the wall, level with the earth, appeared a pair of yellow moustaches under a dirty cap. The big boy leaped into a trench beside the Prussian.

"This is my brother," said he, indicating his companion.

Stenne was so little that the Prussian began to laugh at sight of him, and was obliged to take him in his arms to lift him up to the breach.

On the other side of the wall there were great mounds of earth, felled trees, black holes in the snow, and in each hole the same dirty cap, the same yellow moustaches, which laughed as the children passed. In one corner was a gardener's house, case-mated with tree trunks. The lower story was full of soldiers, playing cards and making soup over a great clear fire. It exhaled a good odor of cabbage and pork. How different from the bivouacs of the sharpshooters! Upstairs were the officers. You could hear them playing the piano and uncorking bottles of champagne. When the little Prussian entered they were welcomed with a joyful laugh. They delivered their newspapers and then the soldiers poured drinks for them and talked to them. The officers all had a haughty and cruel look, but the big boy amused them with his low humor and his vocabulary of backguard talk. They laughed and repeated his words after him, rolling with delight in the Parisian mud thus brought to them.

Little Stenne would have been glad to talk, too, to prove that he was no fool; but something oppressed him. Opposite him, apart from the others, stood a Prussian, older, more serious than his comrades, who was reading, or rather pretending to read, for he did not take his eyes off the boy. In his look were both tenderness and reproach, as if he had had in his own country a child of Stenne's age and had said to himself:

"Had rather die than see my boy playing such a trade."

From the moment that his eyes fell on this man Stenne felt as if there were a hand grasping his heart and hindering its pulsation.

To escape from this anguish he began to talk. Soon everything was whirling about him. He heard his comrade vaguely, in the midst of harsh laughter, making sport of the National Guards and of their manner of drill, imitating a capture of arms at the Marais, a night alarm on the ramparts. Then the boy lowered his voice, the officers gathered about him, and their faces grew sober. The wretch was warning them of the sharpshooters' prospective attack.

Instantly little Stenne arose, furious, brought back to his senses.

"Not that! I will not!"

But the other only laughed and went on. Before he had ended all the officers were on their feet. One of them opened the door for the boys.

"Fly the camp!" said he.

And they began to talk together very rapidly in German. The big boy went out, proud as a king, clinking his money. Stenne followed, hanging his head; and when he passed the Prussian whose look had so pained him, he heard a sad voice say:

"Not a pretty thing, that—not a pretty thing—"

The tears came to his eyes.

When they were once more on the plain, the children began to run, and returned rapidly. Their bags were full of potatoes which the Prussians had given them. With these they passed the trench of the sharpshooters freely. They were making preparations for the night's attack. Troops were assembling silently. The old sergeant was there, busy placing his men, looking so happy! When the boys passed he remembered them, and gave them a kind smile.

Oh, how that smile hurt poor little Stenne! For a moment he had a mind to exclaim:

"Do not go! We have betrayed you."

But the other had told him that if he spoke they would be shot, and fear restrained him.

At Courcieres they entered an abandoned house to divide their money. Truth obliges me to say that the division was made honestly, and by dint of hearing the sound of the bright crowns under his jacket and of thinking of the games of galoché that lay before him in the future little Stenne no longer thought his crime so fearful.

But when he was alone—unhappy child! When the big boy had left him inside the city gates his pockets began to grow very heavy, and the hand that grasped his heart confined it more strongly than ever. Paris no longer seemed to him the same. The passerby regarded him severely, as if they knew where he had been. The word spy—he could hear it in the rattling of wheels, in the beating of drums along the canals. At last he came home, and delighted to find that his father had not yet come in, he went up quickly to their chamber to hide under his pillow the crowns that so weighed him down.

Father Stenne had never been so kind, so gay, as when he came in that evening. News had just come from the provinces; the country's affairs were going on better. While he ate his supper the old soldier looked at his gun, hanging on the wall, and said to his son, with his kind smile:

"Oh, my boy! how you would go against the Prussians if you were grown up!"

Toward 8 o'clock cannon were heard.

"It is Aubervilliers. They are fighting at Bourget," said the good man, who knew all the forts.

Little Stenne turned pale, and, pleading great fatigue, went to bed, but not to sleep.

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"Yes, I went into a bakery and learned how to make all kinds of bread." She added under her breath, "maybe."

"And can you do your own dressmaking?"

"I am comparatively a poor man, love, and dressmakers' bills would soon bankrupt me."

"Yes," she said, frankly, "I can make everything I wear, especially pattern bonnets."

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"I am not a professional."

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And the disconsolate young man went to the nearest drug store and bought a two-for-a-quarter cigar, with which he speedily solaced himself.—*Saturday Night*.

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I live with the sea alone,
My heart to its music sings;
Each winged breeze, heaven-wrought tone,
With sweet melody rings.

I linger along the shore,
And the gray gulls near me crouch,
And night's deep shadows sweep more
Round the narrow, sinking moon.

A star breaks out from the mist,
Like a flash, as though it came
Swift-winged from heaven's heights,
And flushed with its radiant flame.

A ship sails slowly along
The cool, sweet depths of the sea,
And a sleepy bird wakes to sweep
In the wind of yonder tree.

And like unto one who dreams,
I walk on the shining sand,
Till the sign of His presence sweeps
And the night hides sea and land.

Then across the restless deep,
Like a path by swift winds trod,
I see the sign of His presence sweep,
And my soul bows down to God.

—*Phoebe A. Collier*.

SOME MORE "SIGNS."

Variations on Accepted Ideas as to the Use of the Handkerchief.

When the fat man ties his around his neck, it signifies that the weather is warm and he has a new collar on.

When the pretty girl suddenly makes a grab for her handkerchief and claps it to her mouth, it means that she wants to sneeze.

When the whittling fiend binds his around one of his fingers, it signifies that his knife has slipped.

When a girl drops hers in the street when there is no dupe in sight, it denotes that she has been carrying too many articles in her hands.

When a man comes out of a side entrance on Sunday wiping his mouth with his handkerchief, it is a sure sign that he has been spending money.

When the flash youth takes a gentleman's handkerchief out of his pocket in a crowd, it signifies that he will never see it again.

When the young widow carries a handkerchief with a very heavy black border, it is safe to bet that she will remarry before the year is out.

When a lady and gentleman are together and the lady takes his handkerchief out of his pocket and uses it, there can be no doubt that they are married.

When a man buys any of those three-cent handkerchiefs from the street peddlers, it means that he is stuck.

When a man suddenly feels a heavy cold coming on, it means that that is just the very time he left his handkerchief at home.

When a man bets a box of handkerchiefs with a lady, and happens to get them, it signifies that he is a very lucky man.

When a strange man wakes you up in the middle of the night and pokes his handkerchief down your throat, it is a sign that he is robbing your house.

When a woman carries her handkerchief in her hand she does not always wish to cry or flirt, but probably has no pocket in her dress.

When an actress displays a lace handkerchief on the stage, it is a sure sign that she is portraying the part of a queen.

When the street Arab grabs at your pocket and makes believe that he has stolen your handkerchief, it signifies that it is April fool's day and that you are the fool.

When you see a man rush down from the top floor of a flat in a hurry to reach his office and then suddenly put his hand in his pocket and run upstairs again, you may bet your ribs that he has forgotten his handkerchief.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Dismal Swamp.

There was no one at Roger's sawmill who could give us any information, so we paddled on to the village of Deep Creek, another reaching which we passed through another lock. Here the Dismal Swamp proper lay to beget to begin. At this lock we were again raised several feet, so that we were now, although a few miles from tidal water, probably sixteen feet above the sea level.

"Shall we pay toll here?" we asked the lockman.

"Not till you come out," he answered, making it clear that there was only one entrance and exit on this side of the Dismal Swamp.

"Does the swamp begin here?"

"Yes," says the lockman, leaning at an angle of 40 degs., and slowly pushing the great beam with his back. "It begins here, and it runs all the way to Florida."

This was true in a way. The whole southern coast is margined by swamp lands; and the Dismal Swamp is not of them. It is high land instead of low land; its water is fresh, instead of salt or brackish. Among swamps it is an abnormality. It leans over the sea, and yet contains its own moisture, like a bowl. Indeed, the Dismal Swamp is a great bowl, 40 miles long and 10 to 20 wide, and can you do your own dressmaking? The water in the center. The sides of the bowl are miles of fallen and undecaying trees, mixed in a mortar of melted leaves and mold. Deep in the soft bosom of the swamp are countless millions of feet of precious timber, that has lain there, the immense trunks crossing each other like tumbled matches, "since the beginning of the world," as a jumper cut said.—*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Herald*.

A Matrimonial Catechism.

He was very practical, and in order to have everything fair and square beforehand he said:

"You know, darling, I promised my mother that my wife should be a good housekeeper and a domestic woman. Can you cook?"

"I can," she said, swallowing a great big lump in her throat.

"Can you make good bread? That is the fundamental principle of all housekeeping."

"Yes, I went into a bakery and learned how to make all kinds of bread." She added under her breath, "maybe."

"And can you do your own dressmaking?"

"I am comparatively a poor man, love, and dressmakers' bills would soon bankrupt me."

"Yes," she said, frankly, "I can make everything I wear, especially pattern bonnets."

"You are a jewel," he cried with enthusiasm, "come to my arms."

"Wait a minute—there's no hurry," she said, coolly. "It's my turn to ask a few questions. Can you saw wood and carry in coal?"

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

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Every article appearing in this paper is written specially for it, unless otherwise credited. News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 15.

Circulation, Over 4,000.

PORTLAND AT SUIT OF THE DEVIL.

Fifteen hours for the worship of God. All the rest of the week for the Devil.

The latter individual is mentioned in small capitals. This has not been usual, but it is necessary now. He is becoming more important locally than he was. He is beginning to run things in his own way.

He seems to be running the city of Portland.

Justice TAPLEY has given some remarkable decisions in his capacity of a police magistrate. Some of them have not only surprised the public, but the supreme court as well. He has now abolished a good portion of what old fashioned people have believed to be Sunday.

JOSHUA ordered the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him. Justice TAPLEY goes a step further than JOSHUA.

Mr. E. R. GREGORY, the solicitor of the city, who is supposed to represent the best interests of the people, appeared the other day as the defender of a firm charged with Sabbath breaking. The firm kept a saloon, which was open at the hour of 1.30 a. m. on Sunday, as common people suppose. The city solicitor took the ground that Sunday began at 6 in the morning and ended at 9 at night.

And Justice TAPLEY agreed with him. So did the justice who is said to have been tripping in the saloon at the hour charged in the complaint.

And so, doubtless, did the Devil. This may be sound law, or it may not be. It seems in perfect harmony with the general state of things in the city of Portland.

The police have never been able to enforce a 24-hour Sunday in that city. Now, having only fifteen hours to wrestle with, they may enforce an outward and partial observance of the day of rest.

Having secured a good share of the hours of the day, it is not likely that the Devil will rest content. He will try to get all. The next feature in Portland politics may be a progressive party, and its war cry will be—

"THE SABBATH MUST GO!"

MAY SUCCESS BE THEIRS.

The much-talked-of show and fair will be opened in Fredericton in a short time. It has been properly and thoroughly advertised; every possible preparation and precaution have been made to ensure its success, and success should attend it.

The energetic and capable gentlemen who have the affair in hand are not novices at the business. They have not made the mistake of localizing the exhibit, but have issued an open challenge to every New Brunswick county to compete with York.

We have no doubt the acceptance will be general. In fact, it could not well be otherwise, when everything, from the handsome premiums to convenient transporting facilities, are taken into consideration.

For Fredericton, then, and its citizens, for the Park association and other societies interested in this progressive movement we have nothing but the kindest wishes. May fair weather and a thronged city be their fortune.

RETALIATION IN EARNEST.

The St. John Gazette gives currency to the following fresh item:

Just as this paper was going to press, we were informed that Capt. A. Johnston, who has just arrived from Eastport, states that it was reported there that the President of the United States had prohibited all intercourse with the ports of the British Colonies at a certain period. Capt. Johnston endeavored to get a paper there, but could not; he expects that papers containing the particulars will come by the first arrivals from that quarter.

It may throw some light on the subject to state that the Gazette from which the above was taken is dated in May, 1827.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A HEAD.

Visitors to the Maritime Penitentiary are taxed 25 cents a head. This is the statement of the Dorchester correspondent of an exchange, and there is no reason to doubt that it is correct.

The penitentiary act recites the persons who, in their official capacity, are privileged visitors to penal institutions. No other visitors are permitted, except by special

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Thanks and Good Wishes.

To the EDITORS OF PROGRESS:—At the convention of the Maritime Woman's Christian Temperance Union, lately convened at Halifax, it was resolved that the thanks of the convention be tendered you for your kindness in sending copies of PROGRESS to officers and delegates, and it was further resolved that the secretary convey the best wishes of the Maritime Union for your success in your new enterprise.

On behalf of the W. C. T. U. ANNIE R. TRUEMAN, Secretary. Sackville, N. B., Sept. 11.

Signor Ronconi's Plans.

To the EDITORS OF PROGRESS: I notice in your last Saturday's issue that your musical correspondent appears to be in error as regards my movements after leaving here.

I do not then give up "vocal culture," but will carry it on in Boston, and will join the Listemann's Concert company, as flutist and basso, the same as last year.

I would not trouble you with this note, but that, as your correspondent has shown so much interest in me during the summer, it is a pity he should not be fully posted.

G. B. RONCONI. St. John, Sept. 13.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.

Fifty More Stock Subscribers Who Have Faith in the Plan.

The opera-house campaign is being conducted quite as earnestly as ever and the projectors feel justified now in anticipating the complete success of their plans at a very early day.

Stock subscribers are being added every hour. All classes of business and professional men are joining the movement. They feel that its success will be to the benefit of all.

The list of subscribers is continued with the following names:

- 101—Dr. Addy, 126—Mary Kane, 102—R. J. Atherton, 127—Thomas Keddy, 103—B. B. Biliard, 128—Stan Keenstead, 104—Thos H Barker, 129—F. K Knowlton, 105—W. S Barker, 130—B. W Leetch, 106—P. A Cruikshank, 131—A. S Mot, 107—J. H Carman, 132—A. Morrison, 108—F. Carman, 133—Chas A Murry, 109—E. S Carter, 134—H. Martin, 110—Wm Christie, 135—F. Martin, 111—F. A Crabie, 136—Thos McCollough, 112—John Crowley, 137—W. B McVey, 113—Fred W Downan, 138—H. F Pitts, 114—A. Draper, 139—R. J Nagle, 115—J. C Ferguson, 140—John O'Regan, 116—F. J Fraser, 141—Timothy O'Brien, 117—M. Guilloid, 142—Thomas O'Brien, 118—E. R Gregory, 143—Miller Olive, 119—John W Gilmore, 144—R. A Payne, 120—W. H Hatfield, 145—R. F Pitts, 121—D. L Hinchinson, 146—W. C Pitfield, 122—Robt Hensney, 147—R Power, 123—F. J Hall, 148—T. G Ralston, 124—L. Jeffrey, 149—Allen Rankin, 125—John W Jaso, 150—Robert L. Smith.

PEN AND PRESS.

Stay, foreman, stay that rubber speed, At task of type arranging, For at this moment there is need Of multifarious changing; Turn all the brazen column rollers, Take out the head and straps, With signs of woe—that prince of fools, Old Sneakley's stopped his paper!

Stay, pressman, in thy busy flight, And heed this admonition; Thy labors are abridged tonight— We'll run a small edition; And join, O comrades, in our tears At this untimely paper, By which we lose the fruit of years, Since Sneakley's stopped his paper.

—Chicago News.

Conspicuous merit has just been recognized in the case of Mr. Henry R. Chamberlain, of the Boston Journal, who has accepted the position of managing editor of the New York Press. There is no better newspaper man in Gotham, and none who has more friends.

The Canadian Manufacturer and the Canadian Bank Note company ought both to be proud of the illustrations that regularly adorn that sterling periodical. They are highly creditable to Canadian taste and enterprise.

Just the End We Looked For. Press despatches announce the break-up of Howe's circus, under most discreditable circumstances. It had been defrauding the public, it appropriately ended by cheating its own employes. Conducted, as it was, by a crowd of liars and thieves, the nature of the finish is not to be wondered at; but it will probably be remembered now that this paper was the only one in the provinces that told the truth about the gang.

Well Worth a Visit.

One of the most successful bazaars that has been held in this city of late years is that now in progress in St. Malachi's hall. The arrangements are perfect in their way, novel and interesting features abound, and the man who has any aid to give a good cause, can't find a better place to bestow it.

TO WILFRID CHATEAULAIR.

(Author of the Young Seigneur.)

I had thee, patriot poet. Far above The miles where groping men take friends for foes, And hands that should give help are raised for blows.

And thence vile usurps the place of love, I see thee stand in thy full stature. Tame thy rove From scene to scene of the wild thro'f, amused As monstrous folly, or at times suffused With pity for some hero soul that strove Vainly 'gainst evil. Turning then thy face Of generous hope to where beyond the strife

In peace, thou seest the glory of thy life, Fall grown and strong, of that Canadian race, Daughter of God like races, whose proud past Yields the ripe fruit of salvation at last. Montreal. JOHN BROWN.

SOCIETY NEWS.

It is far from Deserving the Censure That Some Persons Visit Upon It.

[Kate Brewster Sherwood is the Writer.]

Free thought speaks in a free press quite as much as in the texture of your garments or the color of your hat.

In China, the decree of a potentate dead and buried ten thousand years fixes the cut of every man's trousers, and the length and breadth of his tunic. In Russia, an imperial satrap hangs out ready-made opinions in a common junk shop, and proceeds to invest every subject at the point of the bayonet.

In America, we reverse the order of things, and with the government in one vest-pocket and the fashions in the other, popular opinion enthrones itself as Chief Sovereign of the Universe, with the newspaper as its prophet.

This brings us naturally enough to the subject of social personals in journalism. Whether we like them or not, the time is past when protest can be made. On the evolution of the individual hang the destinies of the community and the state.

Take up a British newspaper and the only social personals recorded are the doings of the Queen and court. In America there is a queen and court in every village. The space they shall legitimately occupy in the public prints can be measured only by the length of the newspaper's columns, and the variety of interests it is called upon to represent. Arts, trades, morals, religions, governments, as well as society, are in its keeping; no less and no more. He is a successful editor who takes cognizance of all, and assigns to each a proper amount of space.

Man is a social animal, and sociality is greatest where freedom is most absolute. In a complex civilization, sociality does not allow man to roam in bands like the Indian. It groups him into societies, clubs, guilds, leagues, boards, associations, enterprises of every character, public and private.

In this change from a primitive to a complex society, the natural curiosity of man to know all about the affairs of his neighbors is not set aside, but quickened. So the Indian pow-wow changes to the assemblage of loafers spinning neighborhood yarns at the country store, or the farmhouse sewing bee with its ceaseless tittle-tattle; and these, in turn, to the select circles, business and social, of an advanced community, whose mouth-piece is the daily newspaper.

A noted scientist argues that the coming man will be without teeth, as since man has ceased to be a cannibal and lives on soft food, his teeth grow worse with each generation. With the same propriety, we may predict the time when man will lose the power of speech, since the complex appliances of civilized life are such as to enable him to get along very comfortably without spoken words.

We write by machinery, walk by machinery, plant and reap by machinery, annihilate time and space by machinery. We talk by machinery, still using the voice; perhaps we shall yet talk without the voice, making the triumph complete. With all this condensed activity, in which one man may do the work of ten, it is no wonder that he turns to the newspaper for his chat, and is disappointed if he fails to find it there.

Social personals are to the average newspaper reader what personals in art are to the student of art; what personals in music are to musical devotees; what political personals are to politicians and men of affairs. They are the biography of current events; the intelligence bureaus of individual development.

Anything that interests the individual in the concrete is a legitimate topic for the newspaper. How communities are formed; what industries they pursue; what amusements they indulge in; how the arts and trades flourish among them; what they wear and what they eat; how they are building and furnishing their homes. These subjects, and everything bearing upon them, afford as prolific themes for the journalist as for the artist, or the biographer. There may be a good deal of stuff and nonsense in the news thus served up, but this is no more true of the newspaper than of the biography or history.

The successful newspaper is that which considers all classes and conditions of society. The editor who provides for men of affairs only, and forgets the families of the community, absorbed in their simple pleasures, is like a caterer who lays his table with roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, taking no thought for the salads and the syllabubs.

To be sure, Dexter Duff, banker, may not be interested in learning that Mrs. Simpson Smith has returned from Boston to organize a Society for the Decoration of Table China; but neither, on the other hand, may Mrs. Simpson Smith care to read that Dexter Duff, banker, has negotiated a city loan, or foreclosed another mortgage.

The average human mind is taken up with trifles, and if the trifles are harmless it is just as well to have it so. The editor is to blame who allows the harmful to come uppermost.

Of the harmless trifles may be named the descriptions of fashionable toilets worn at public and private parties. It will never do for the reader to say he never looks at them, or that if he does the newspaper would be better without them. If so, ask

THE NEW STORE.

17 Charlotte Street.

BARNES & MURRAY.

We are daily in receipt of New Goods, which have been Selected with due care. Our prices will be found right—in some lines lower than elsewhere.

We shall endeavor to make our Store an attractive one to purchase at, and we shall always guarantee courteous attention.

Remember Our Stock IS ALL NEW. The firm is BARNES & MURRAY. Our Store is nearly opposite Y. M. C. A. Hall.

BARNES & MURRAY.

NEW BRUNSWICK HORSE AND CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR.

Aided by the Government of New Brunswick Will Hold a HORSE and CATTLE SHOW and FAIR on their Grounds in FREDERICTON,

On WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 3rd and 4th, October, 1888,

At which over \$1,500 will be offered in Prizes, distributed as follows:

PRIZE LIST.

HORSES.

DIVISION 1.—Produce of Harry Wilson (1886).

1 Foals of 1888, colts or fillies..... \$25 \$15 \$10

DIVISION 2.—Produce of Standard and Draft Horses.

1 Stallions, 4 years and upwards..... \$20 \$12 \$8

2 Stallions, foals of 1888..... 15 10 6

3 Stallions, foals of 1889..... 15 10 6

4 Stallions, foals of 1887..... 15 10 6

5 Mares, 4 years and upwards..... 20 12 8

6 Mares, foals of 1888..... 15 10 6

7 Mares, foals of 1889..... 15 10 6

8 Mares, foals of 1887..... 15 10 6

9 Colts or fillies, foals of 1888..... 15 10 6

10 Colts or fillies, foals of 1889..... 15 10 6

DIVISION 3.—Produce of Thoroughbred Horses.

11 Foals of 1887, colts or fillies..... \$16 \$10 \$6

DIVISION 4.—Produce of Cleveland Bays or Coach Horses.

12 Foals of 1888, colts or fillies..... \$20 \$12 \$8

DIVISION 5.—Produce of Shire Stallions.

13 Foals of 1888, colts or fillies..... \$20 \$12 \$8

DIVISION 6.—Produce of Clydesdale Stallions.

14 Foals of 1887, colts or fillies..... \$20 \$12 \$8

15 Foals of 1888..... 20 12 8

DIVISION 7.—Produce of Percheron Stallions.

16 Foals of 1887, colts or fillies..... \$20 \$12 \$8

17 Foals of 1888..... 20 12 8

DIVISION 8.—Carriage Mares.

18 Carriage mare, with foal at foot..... \$10 \$6 \$4

19 Carriage mare, foal of 1888..... 10 6 4

20 Carriage mare, foal of 1889..... 10 6 4

21 Carriage mare, foal of 1887..... 10 6 4

22 Colt or filly, foal of 1888..... 5 3 2

DIVISION 9.—Draft Horses.

23 Stallions, 4 years and upwards..... \$10 \$6 \$4

24 Stallions, foals of 1888..... 8 5 3

25 Stallions, foals of 1889..... 8 5 3

26 Stallions, foals of 1887..... 8 5 3

27 Mare, 4 years and upwards..... 10 6 4

28 Mare, foals of 1888..... 10 6 4

29 Mare, foals of 1889..... 10 6 4

30 Mare, foals of 1887..... 10 6 4

31 Colt or filly, foal of 1888..... 5 3 2

DIVISION 10.—Horses shown to Harness (not Stallions).

32 Matched pair of draft horses..... \$15 \$10 \$5

33 Matched pair of carriage horses 15 10 5

34 Carriage mare or gelding..... 15 10 5

(In Classes 32 and 33, both horses must be owned by the same person.)

DIVISION 11.—Saddle Horses.

35 Horse, mare or gelding..... \$10 \$5

CATTLE.

DIVISION 12.—Shorthorn.

1 Bulls, 3 years and upwards..... \$10 \$6 \$4

2 Bulls, 2 years and under..... 8 5 3

3 Bulls, 1 year and under..... 6 4 2

4 Bull calf..... 10 6 4

5 Cows, 3 years and upwards..... 8 5 3

6 Cows, 2 years and under..... 6 4 2

7 Heifer, 1 year and under..... 6 4 2

8 Heifer calf..... 5 3 1

DIVISION 13.—Ayrshires.

9 Bulls, 3 years and upwards..... \$10 \$6 \$4

10 Bulls, 2 years and under..... 8 5 3

11 Bulls, 1 year and under..... 6 4 2

12 Bull calf..... 10 6 4

13 Cows, 3 years and upwards..... 8 5 3

14 Cows, 2 years and under..... 6 4 2

15 Cows, 1 year and under..... 6 4 2

16 Heifer calf..... 5 3 1

DIVISION 14.—Jerseys.

17 Bulls, 3 years and upwards..... \$10 \$6 \$4

18 Bulls, 2 years and under..... 8 5 3

19 Bulls, 1 year and under..... 6 4 2

20 Bull calf..... 10 6 4

21 Cows, 3 years and upwards..... 8 5 3

22 Cows, 2 years and under..... 6 4 2

23 Cows, 1 year and under..... 6 4 2

24 Heifer calf..... 5 3 1

DIVISION 15.—Polled Norfolk.

25 Bulls, 3 years and upwards..... \$10 \$6 \$4

26 Bulls, 2 years and under..... 8 5 3

27 Bulls, 1 year and under..... 6 4 2

28 Bull calf..... 10 6 4

29 Cows, 3 years and upwards..... 8 5 3

30 Cows, 2 years and under..... 6 4 2

31 Cows, 1 year and under..... 6 4 2

32 Heifer calf..... 5 3 1

DIVISION 16.—Polled Angus.

33 Bulls, 3 years and upwards..... \$10 \$6 \$4

34 Bulls, 2 years and under..... 8 5 3

35 Bulls, 1 year and under..... 6 4 2

36 Bull calf..... 10 6 4

37 Cows, 3 years and upwards..... 8 5 3

38 Cows, 2 years and under..... 6 4 2

39 Cows, 1 year and under..... 6 4 2

40 Heifer calf..... 5 3 1

DIVISION 17.—Miscellaneous.

41 Best grade milk cow..... \$10 \$6 \$4

42 Fat cow..... 10 6 4

43 Fat steer..... 10 6 4

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17 Charlotte Street.

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We are daily in receipt of New Goods, which have been Selected with due care. Our prices will be found right—in some lines lower than elsewhere.

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Remember Our Stock IS ALL NEW. The firm is BARNES & MURRAY. Our Store is nearly opposite Y. M. C. A. Hall.

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STORE, Street. MURRAY.

Goods, which have been prices will be found er than elsewhere.

IS ALL NEW.

MURRAY.

CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR.

ASSOCIATION,

of New Brunswick and FAIR on their Grounds in

ICTON,

3rd and 4th, October, 1888,

Prizes, distributed as follows:

IST.

CATTLE

DIVISION 12—Short-horn.

Table with columns for prize amounts and descriptions of cattle.

DIVISION 13—Ayrshire.

Table with columns for prize amounts and descriptions of cattle.

DIVISION 14—Jersey.

Table with columns for prize amounts and descriptions of cattle.

DIVISION 15—Polled Norfolk.

Table with columns for prize amounts and descriptions of cattle.

DIVISION 16—Polled Angus.

Table with columns for prize amounts and descriptions of cattle.

DIVISION 17—Miscellaneous.

Table with columns for prize amounts and descriptions of cattle.

ditions:

and must be made to W. P. FLEWELLING,

an application. A fee of 50 cents must accom-

as, 41, 42, 43, must be duly registered in the

Secretary for Agriculture, will be accepted

nds by nine o'clock, a.m., on the first day of

imals exhibited, and hay, straw and water will

not considered meritorious.

at the discretion of the judges, he ruled

animals intended for Exhibition have been

W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary.

ocation.

Veiling,

RESSES

ut Being Taken Apart

32 Waterloo Street.

cludes that whatever Mrs. Jekyll Jones

her friends can do, Mrs. Browning

ru and her friends can carry out

lly well. Thus M. Jekyll Jones'

ing circle becomes the nucleus of many

es, not only in the city where she lives,

in other cities and states.

onardo Americanus paints a picture

Cary. Carys sings a song, and the

action of it, a little thing in itself,

to other pictures and other songs;

and music take a new impetus in

ommunities in which the newspapers

late. New ambitions are aroused,

aspirations excited; the wheel of ev-

is has taken another turn.

him who looks down from a great

ht, the efforts of some lowly plodder to

an upward spur may seem trivial and

c. So may he whose mind is absorbed

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN CITY SO-

CIETY CIRCLES.

And a Summary of the Happenings Else-

where in New Brunswick—Celestial Talk—

Moncton Society—Woodstock Whispers—

and Border Settings.

Last week seemed exceptionally gay—

I suppose partly owing to the brilliant

weddings; and, now that the excitement

caused by these weddings is beginning to

wane, society appears anxious to ascer-

tain who are to cause the next

sensation. I also am quite curious, and

should be delighted to be able to give the

desired information, but as there are seven-

teen new engagements talked of, I'm afraid

I shall have to try and control our curi-

osity until such a time as the parties most

interested decide on taking us into their

confidence.

The line of entertainments and pleasures

this week has been varied. First,

we had the talented Januscheck to see,

hear and appreciate, and I wonder was it

an uncultivated mind that caused a young

lady to remark she'd rather witness some

of our battalion theatricals than either *My*

Merrilies or *Mary Stuart*.

Mr. H. D. McLeod and family, who

have been spending the summer at Hamp-

ton, have returned to the city.

Miss Maxwell, superintendent of the Bos-

ton General Hospital, spent the greater part

of this week in the city.

Mr. Morris Scott, of Cambridge, and

Miss H. L. DuVernet, of Gagetown, were

married in St. Paul's church, Wednesday

morning. The wedding was very quiet,

yet a large number of people assembled to

witness the ceremony. The bride wore a

very becoming green cloth travelling

costume and carried a lovely bouquet of roses.

The bridesmaid was similarly attired in a

costume of darker green.

Mrs. Dr. Christie and Mrs. Stephenson,

who have been spending the season at Digby,

have returned home.

Mr. E. W. Davis, accompanied by Mrs.

Davis and party of friends, left Thursday

evening for their camping grounds in Nova

Scotia, where they will remain some days

for the shooting.

The St. John Tennis ball, I believe, is

to take place on the 28th and will doubtless

be a grand affair. The ladies are all on

the qui vive about their dresses and wraps

for you know, evening wraps of the present

day require almost as much thought and

careful study as the grandest ball dress.

The other day I was shown a very beautiful

one fresh from the modiste. The outside

material, which was long enough to cover

the entire dress, was of soft grey fannel,

while the inside was a delicate pink, the

waist-lining of pink satin was finely quilted

—the wadding had been perfumed with

some delicate sachet powder. A large grey

hood at the back was also lined with the

same satin and finished off with a pink cord

which could also be used for drawing the

hood snugly around the head. I was won-

derfully pretty and I hope its equally be-

witching owner won't neglect to cover her

ball dress with it on the 28th.

A number of the Carleton young people

are agitating a calico ball. I don't know

when it's to be, but we shall probably hear

of it in good time.

Wednesday afternoon a quiet wedding

took place at "Clairmont," Halifax, the

residence of H. F. Wall, Esq., the

bride's father. Owing to the death of the

bride's brother the ceremony, which was to

have been at St. Paul's Church, was aban-

where she has been spending some weeks.

She has much improved in health. Her

mother, Mrs. Scarrall, is now visiting her.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Randolph have re-

turned from Digby, N. S.

Dr. and Mrs. Atherton, of Toronto,

formerly of this city, are visiting their

friends here, and are the guests of Mr. T.

W. Smith. Their many friends warmly

welcome them to their native city. It is

very pleasant to see the doctor's genial

face amongst us once more.

Prof. Fletcher, of Queen's university,

Kingston, Ont., and Mrs. Fletcher are the

guests of Mr. Andrew Inches, father of

Mrs. Fletcher.

Dr. Dyle, one of the popular young

professors of our university, has followed

the example of all wise men by marrying.

Dr. and Mrs. Dyle will spend the winter

at Mrs. Allen's very pleasant residence, on

Sunbury street and Waterloo row.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jaffery have re-

turned from their wedding trip. Mrs.

Jaffery is receiving calls this week, at the

residence of her father-in-law, Rev. Mr.

Jaffery, St. Mary's.

The principal attraction in the Celestial

city this week is the lawn tennis tourna-

ment, which was to begin today, but as the

rain has been coming down in torrents all

day, of course it has had to be postponed.

It was to close Friday evening with an "At

Home," given by Mrs. Col. Maunsell.

The many friends of Mr. Arthur Glasier,

in this city, deeply regret to hear of his

serious accident and trust he may speedily

recover.

Mrs. T. Carleton Allen has been spend-

ing a few days in St. John.

Mrs. Dr. Coburn left Fredericton this

morning for Philadelphia, where she will

spend some weeks with her mother.

Aid. and Mrs. Estey are taking a trip

through parts of the United States.

Miss Annie Babbitt is visiting friends in

St. John.

We are pleased to see the bright genial

face of Mr. Jack Ellis, of St. John, in our

midst again.

The Messrs. Skinner are here. I under-

stand that they are to take part in the tourna-

ment, when it comes off.

Major Gordon, R. S. I., is acting Brig-

ade Major at the Aldershot, N. S. camp.

Mr. Arthur Akersley is going to McGill

Medical college, Montreal, this month.

Mr. Bayard Fisher, oldest son of Mr. C.

H. B. Fisher, sails from New York today

for Edinburgh, where he purposes entering

upon the study of medicine at Edinburgh

university.

Mr. G. Clowes Vanwart left for Philadel-

phia this morning to resume his medical

studies at the University of Pennsylvania.

Mr. F. H. Hale, M. P., and Mr. G. W.

Vanwart, of Woodstock, were registered at

the Barker House, Monday evening.

Mr. C. J. Thompson, a bright young

lawyer from Newcastle, was in this city

the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Golding, of St.

John, are visiting at the residence of Mr.

Albert Edgecombe, King street. Mrs.

Golding and Mrs. Edgecombe are sisters.

Mrs. Bullock, of St. John, is visiting her

mother, Mrs. Clouston, in this city.

Mr. Martin Lemont has just returned

from a delightful trip to Bar Harbor.

Mr. F. E. Winslow, manager of the

Bank of Montreal, Chatham, visited his

friends in this city last week and went to

Woodstock.

Mr. W. A. Quinton, M.P.P., of St. John

was in Fredericton on Monday.

Mr. Temple M. P. has just returned

announced to the little world of Moncton

that there had been a death among the

members of the I. C. R. staff, and the

morning paper contained the notice of the

death of Mrs. Alex. McNaughton, wife of

the travelling auditor. Mrs. McNaughton

had not been among us very long, but she

was greatly esteemed and the news of her

death was received with universal re-

gret. The remains were, I believe, taken

to St. John for interment.

Mr. Sanderson, former manager of the

Bank of Nova Scotia here, was in town on

Thursday.

Mr. E. C. Boxall, of Sackville, paid a

brief visit to Moncton last Friday. Mr.

Boxall is one of the oldest, as well as the

most skillful engineers in Canada, having

pursued his profession not only in our

country and in England, but also in Turkey

and in Russia.

Mr. G. A. Thompson, agent of the Mer-

chants' Bank, of Halifax, at Sackville, spent

a few days in our city last week, the guest

of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Beddome.

Mr. Hawkins, formerly of the Bank of

Nova Scotia here, but now of Dorchester,

spent Sunday among his friends in Mon-

cton. Mr. Hawkins made so many friends

during his stay in our town, that he is al-

ways coming down in torrents all day,

of course it has had to be postponed.

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morning for Philadelphia, where she will

spend some weeks with her mother.

Aid. and Mrs. Estey are taking a trip

through parts of the United States.

Miss Annie Babbitt is visiting friends in

St. John.

We are pleased to see the bright genial

face of Mr. Jack Ellis, of St. John, in our

midst again.

The Messrs. Skinner are here. I under-

stand that they are to take part in the tourna-

ment, when it comes off.

Major Gordon, R. S. I., is acting Brig-

ade Major at the Aldershot, N. S. camp.

Mr. Arthur Akersley is going to McGill

Medical college, Montreal, this month.

Mr. Bayard Fisher, oldest son of Mr. C.

H. B. Fisher, sails from New York today

for Edinburgh, where he purposes entering

upon the study of medicine at Edinburgh</

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Dick Golden writes me that he has changed the title of his new comedy, *Joe Prouty*, to *The Man from Maine*.

Mrs. Langtry sailed for England Sept. 1, having suddenly changed her plans. She said her trip would not interfere with her season, which will now open Oct. 15 at Omaha. She may buy a new play in London.

Louis Aldrich is one of the actors of whom St. John playgoers of sixteen or seventeen years ago have pleasant memories. Louis always had a smile on his face, and on off the stage, though he did try hard at times to overcome it. For that reason he was not a thrilling success as a villain, though he did not like to be told so. He is now at the Broadway theatre, New York, in what is announced as "a purely straight drama," known as *The Kaffir Diamond*. It is founded on *The King of Diamonds*, which Mr. Aldrich bought from the English authors, and would seem to have some rather effective scenes. There are soldiers, Zulus, cattle kraals and ostrich farms, with 1800 separate pieces of growth in one of the scenes. A cork floor gives the jungle its natural wave motion, and freights dirt through the air. Mr. Aldrich will play "Shoulders," the man of the swamp.

Another old St. John favorite who will appear in this play is Dora Goldthwaite, who will appear as *Millicent Douglas*. Dora looks well on the stage, and off of it.

Harry Dixey still travels on his shape and finds money in *Adonis*. He intends to take it through the Southern States late in the autumn. If he succeeds in getting as much free advertising there as he has had in the north, he is likely to do well.

Monday night was the 39th anniversary of the debut of Edwin Booth at the Boston museum. His path has been a successful, but not always an unclouded one. The tragedy of Wilkes Booth's creation in Washington was a terrible blow to the great actor.

Not every well known actor is appreciated in his life. Now that Lester Wallack is dead all of the fraternity unite in praising him. As they tell the story they always thought of him as they now think. Some of them have had memories, evidently.

Louis Aldrich used to tell with fine effect that good story of John Brougham's dream. Brougham's vision was that he died and applied for admission at the celestial gate. "You can't come in," said St. Peter. "Why not?" inquired the dejected Brougham. "Because you are an actor." The actor retired, and being weary sat down near the celestial portal. A moment later a splendid equipage, with richly caparisoned horses, drove up to the gate. Lester Wallack sat bolt upright in the carriage. Without a word of parley, the golden gates flew back and Wallack entered the heavenly realm. At this sight, Brougham rushed up to St. Peter and indignantly demanded: "How is this? I thought you said no actors were admitted." "True," replied the guardian, "but Lester Wallack is no actor."

The ideal Lady Macbeth is only to be found by a hard and conscientious study of the character. When found, it is only the ideal of the finder, with more or less about it to conflict with the conceptions of others who have studied it equally well. The Lady Macbeth of Janauschek is one of which there will be conflicting opinions, but it must be recognized by all as a strong piece of acting. It was seen, as such, to better advantage from the lack of support and accessories which marked the play at the Institute on Wednesday night. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth had the stage virtually to themselves. Most of those who saw the play had seen it put on the boards in infinitely better shape in St. John theatres, and this fact left them free to think only of the leading characters. Nearly all of this thinking was devoted to Janauschek.

The Lady Macbeth of Janauschek is all earnestness—all action. It is almost diabolical at times in its intensity, and it never departs from the ideal of a determinedly wicked woman. There is murder in her heart before "the fatal entrance of Duncan" is heralded by her lord's letter. There is no slow-formed purpose. It is instant and intense. Then, when she strengthens her husband's infernal purpose, appealing to his courage, to his love—to all that can weigh with him, it is her eyes, her actions that tell the story. It is a picture of earnest, deadly passion which stily culminates in that blood curdling soliloquy: "I . . . know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me. I would, while it was smiling in my face, have plucked my nipples from its boneless gums, and dashed its brains out, had I sworn, as you have done."

The murder scene, while Lady Macbeth waits and listens for some sound to tell that the deed is done, is a very strong piece of acting. It would seem, however, that Janauschek falls to grasp the force of that bit of human nature—"Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it." It is the woman, not the murderer, who says this, and the woman should for the moment be shown. Later, when Macbeth describes the killing, she seems to share his remorse for the moment, where it is questionable if such weakness should be shown by her. Whether it be correct or not, it makes a very pretty piece of acting.

The sleep-walking scene is one of which Janauschek has made a careful study, and she shows its full force by making it the climax of act IV. It is most realistic in its effect, and gives the actress the fullest opportunity to show the strength of her action.

Altogether, the Lady Macbeth of Janauschek is one which appeals strongly to the emotions. She has her ideal, and she makes it effective. The Macbeth of Mr. Chaplin, while by no means perfect, showed a great deal of strength at times, and was far above the Macduff of Mr. Stuart. As usual, Duncan was a mild-mannered old idiot, whose death nobody regretted, and Malcolm was an amiable and girlish youth, for whom it is impossible to believe the Scotch could feel any enthusiasm. Graham Crawford's Banquo was a fair one. The witches were above the average, but this counted for little when everything was lacking which was necessary to give the witch scenes a suitable effect.

QUEER WAYS.

How People Sometimes Get Rid of Embarrassing Surroundings.

During a lull in the conversation one of the party casually remarked that she was pretty well "strapped"; that is to say, was short of money and wished to know where he could raise some. The conversation instantly turned to people who had been in similar positions and how they made out.

The ball was opened by a story of a spinster who kept house and on one occasion had no money and not enough tea to make a mouthful. She couldn't eat without her tea, so she went down town and visiting every grocery she asked for samples of the different kinds of tea. When she reached home she had enough to last her a week.

Another man saw a smart trick done one Saturday night this summer. A harp and fiddle company were giving their regular performance on the street to a very large crowd. The narrator was standing on the other side of the street. A seedy-looking party and friend stood near him. Both had no money and one of them said he would get some. He went over to the crowd and taking off his hat passed it around. He looked seedy enough and the crowd thought him one of the company. He raked in about a dollar before the Italians saw him. Then he fled.

Prof. Howe was another man who was short of money, and one of the party informed his hearers that on a certain occasion the professor was extremely thirsty. He went into a saloon and gave his order, but before being served he asked the bartender if he would take his pay in stamps. The bartender, who wrote letters to his girl occasionally, said "certainly," and the professor drank his health. Then the phenologist stood up with arms akimbo, bent himself as only the professor can, leaned on his left foot and put the right forward, bent the knee, and keeping his heel on the ground, stamped on the floor with the sole of his boot five times, and asked the astonished saloon man if that was enough. Contrary to expectations, the professor did not reach the gutter in a hurry. He had evidently selected his man.

WHY COPIING PRESS BREAK.

"There is a strong copying press which a very slight twist breaks, just as a slight twist will break any press after a time," said a scientific accountant to *Prognostics*, the other day.

"It is all done by electricity," he continued. "The rapid revolution of the screw develops a current which, in time, crystallizes the iron so that a very slight shock will snap it. The entire structure of the iron where that break is has been changed. It is on the same principle that rail break and railway bridges give way. Curious fact, isn't it?"

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CHURCH CHOIRS.

The Congregation Only Sings the Easy Parts of Hymns.

Next in importance to the minister of a church is the choir. Indeed, some members of the latter body would place it first if they dared. I was once referred to a church that grew in numbers at a remarkable rate, and the increase was attributed to the excellent singing of the choir. This, I imagine, was something on the same principal as the "fake" theatrical company with a good brass band, which always drew crowded houses. My informant, however, was a paid member of a choir; so little weight can be put on his statement of the case.

The church choir is, indeed, a great factor. It is in most cases composed of a large amount of wind, bluster and conceit, with a split among the members every now and then, and a reorganization just when it is least expected by the congregation at large.

I had a friend once who sang in a choir for a year, and has never chirped a note since. He found out that he could not sing. Oh! how often have I wished that there were more intelligent as him. But the majority just go right ahead and never think whether they can sing or not, and if somebody tells them, they won't believe it.

The congregation frequently helps the choir sing. Some years ago this used to be the custom everywhere. Now the congregation sings the easy parts, which generally consist of one line in ten, and leaves the choir to sing the rest themselves. The reason of this is that congregations, as a rule, do not take singing lessons on the European plan.

I think the idea of placing the choir and organ behind the minister a good one, much better indeed than having the music coming down from the second story of the church and striking the congregation on the back. I always like to see the congregation face the music and stand it like men and women, and to a cultured musician I am afraid this would sometimes be quite a task.

Having the choir behind the minister has many advantages, and again disadvantages. The paid singer never thinks that he or she is expected to listen to the sermon. They always look as if they were afraid that should they derive any benefit from the discourse, it would be taken out of their salary. When a paid singer is so situated I imagine he would sooner be at the rear of the church, where he could go to sleep or hear odd parts of the sermon without being seen.

In my opinion the churches that have the choir facing the congregation have excellent opportunities for increasing the church membership or at least the attendance. Five or six pretty girls seated behind the minister always draw a large congregation. It is not necessary that they be singers. Some churches have girls in the choir who are not singers and are not pretty. But a few singers would suffice, for the pretty girls would make a great many of the congregation feel like singing.

BROOKS.

ENRICHED BY A DOG.

A Fund of \$1,500 Left for the Care of a Canine Reverts to a Church.

By the death of a dog at West Chester, the St. Peter's P. E. Church, of Trappahanna township, Chester county, is \$1,500 richer. The animal was a pet, Mrs. Elizabeth Shee, an aged and somewhat eccentric lady, who died two years ago, at West Chester, where she had lived. The lady left behind her an estate of about \$40,000, which by her will was disposed of in a peculiar manner. The strange clause was the one which provided for the dog Ryno, as he was called. A fund of \$1,500 was set aside for investment, the interest to be spent in the maintenance of the animal, and for his proper burial after his death. Upon his demise the principal was to revert to the church which the lady had attended in her life. Mrs. Shee died early in March, 1886, and Squire Peter Carey, of Phoenixville, who was named as her executor, provided a home for the four-footed heir at the house of a relative of the lady at West Chester, where the dog lived a pampered existence until a week ago, when he died of a complication of diseases, the result of age and an overindulgence in the sweets of life. The existence of a moneyed aristocrat is too much for the average dog, and Ryno is said to have been a cur very much below the average, and succumbed to high living.

According to the letter of the will Ryno was buried not far from the grave of his dead benefactor. He was wrapped in a sheet and placed in a box according to the last wishes of Mrs. Shee.

The canine had barely been placed under the sod when the church people wrote to Mr. Carey, the executor, stating that they were ready to receive the money. He replied that the principal is so invested that it is not likely that it will be paid over before next spring.

The secret of Mrs. Shee's attachment to the dog is a mystery, for the animal was a mongrel of the lowest order. He was surly and suspicious, and devoid of any beauty or attractions. He had been brought into Mrs. Shee's house in early stage of puppyhood, and had always been with her. The dog died in a spasm, and it is said to have suffered greatly for hours before death relieved him. It was whispered among the neighbors that his dogship hung on to life too long to suit some people. The parties concerned are all satisfied, however, and there will be no investigation into his death.

Thoughtfulness.

Officer (2 a. m.)—"Hi, there! Phwat do yez mane by taking off yez shoes in the street?"

Epigrammatist—"Sh, oh! My wife's taken in the door mat an' I don't want to spoil the stair carpet."—*Toronto Siftings*.

PA DIDN'T KNOW IT.

The Funny Story Told by a Liverpool Child on Shipboard.

An immigrant train arrived at Union station from Montreal, about 2 o'clock yesterday morning. From one of the cars alighted a woman about 30 years of age, a young fellow about five years her junior, and a little boy of between 5 and 6 years of age. Of this party, interpreter Berg, of the Allan Steamship line, told the following story: One day during the voyage across the ocean the chief officer of the vessel, interested in the boy, who was a bright little fellow, entered into conversation with him.

"Where do you come from, my little man?" he asked.

"From Liverpool, sir," was the answer.

"And where are you going?"

"To America, sir."

"I suppose your papa and mamma are with you?"

"That's mamma over there," said the child, pointing out the young woman referred to.

"And I suppose that your papa talking with her," pursued the officer, indicating the young man, who was leaning over the water in a very attentive attitude.

"Oh, no," responded the bright boy, "that's my lodger. Pa didn't know we were going away!"—*Toronto News*.

THE SNAKE MILKED THE COWS.

A story comes from Bridgeport about a milk-snake which has a free-lunch route among farmers cows, and besides drinks its fill from milk cans. Andrew J. Porter, a director of the Derby road, saw the snake yesterday and drove it out of his head with a whiplash. He thought he saw the head fall, but found, upon investigation, that he saw was a huge toad which the snake had in its mouth. A description of the snake says it is not as large as the fabled sea-serpent nor as small as the watch chain. The snake is still at large, and farmers in the northeastern Valley are putting patent clostrophins on their cows' teats.—*New Haven News*.

THE COMING BOARDING-HOUSE.

Persons—Landlord and steward.

"Have you tied up the butter?"

"It is done, sir."

"And chained down the cheese?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are the imitation tomatoes on?"

"They are, sir."

"Where is the wax fruit?"

"On the sidewalk, sir."

"Then you can lead the chicken through the soup, wave the ham bone over the china eggs, and serve up the porcelain steak."—*Detroit Free Press*.

HE WOODED HER FORTY-ONE LONG YEARS.

"Forty-one years ago," says the New York Sun, "a young man of Rhode Island asked a young woman of the same State to marry him. She said 'No.' The young man went about his business, but he kept his eyes on the woman, and from time to time renewed his suit, she refusing offer after offer. He persevered, and his constancy was rewarded a short time ago, when she accepted and married him. He was then 72 years old and she 61."

FLY AWAY.

New Jersey Old Lady (to grocer)—I guess you may gimme another sheet of fly paper, same as I got yistiddy.

Grocer—Yes'm; I s'pose you found it very effective?

New Jersey Old Lady—Not very. I hadn't got it set more'n five minutes 'fore a skeeter came in, got his feet stuck, an' flew away with it.—*Life*.

IT'S ABOUT AND ABOUT.

Johnnie—I wish I lived in South America.

Mother—Why, Johnnie?

"The mammas down there don't wear any slippers."

"Yes, my son, but you must also remember that the little boys in South America do not wear any trousers."

"That's so. It's queer that I never thought about that."—*Texas Siftings*.

HIS COMPLIMENT.

A Frenchman of this city having received the photograph of a lady, asked a friend what was customary under the circumstances.

"Compliment it," said the friend. "Tell her its beauty is very rare."

"I beg to make you acknowledge, madam," he said to her at their next meeting. "Zee beauty of madame is vair scarce."—*Binghampton Republican*.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the St. Lawrence Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 16th day of September next, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galopas Canal. And for the deepening and enlargement of the summit level of the Cornwall Canal between the Town of Cornwall and Maple Grove; the deepening and widening of the channel way of the canal; construction of bridges, etc.

A map of each of the localities, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after TUESDAY, the 11th day of September next, at this office, for all the works, and for the respective works at the following mentioned places:

For the works at Galopas, at the Lock-keeper's House, Galopas; for deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickenson's Landing; and for the new locks, etc., at Lock-stations Nos. 18, 19 and 20, at the Town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places mentioned.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$2,000 must accompany the tender for the Galopas Canal Works, and a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$2,000 for each section of the works on the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, and for each of the lock sections on the Cornwall Canal a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$4,000.

The respective *deposit receipts*—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The *deposit receipt* sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary,
Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October next, for the construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island, the construction of locks, etc. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal, construction of piers, etc.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the firm; and further, a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$50,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$10,000 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, etc.

The respective *deposit receipts*—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

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OPENING TODAY,

A CHOICE LOT OF
Photo Easles;
POETS, in elegant bindings;
Gift Books in great variety.
Work Baskets, Dressing Cases, etc.

J. & A. McMILLAN,
Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.

Ice Cream Soda
—AT—
Crockett's Drug Store,
162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.

COME TO BELL'S,
22-25 KING STREET—E.
BELL wants to see you at 25 King Street, and show you the great bargains he is offering in
Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines.
Sole Agent for HEBERTZ & CO.'S Pianos;
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To THE
Medical Profession.
HEALTH FOR ALL.
Choice Table Butter and
Finest Quality Cream
Received EVERY MORNING at the
Oak Farm DALRY Butter Store,
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DAVID CONNELL,
Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St.
Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.
Bugs, Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Frit-outs at short notice.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the St. Lawrence Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 16th day of September next, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galopas Canal. And for the deepening and enlargement of the summit level of the Cornwall Canal between the Town of Cornwall and Maple Grove; the deepening and widening of the channel way of the canal; construction of bridges, etc.

A map of each of the localities, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after TUESDAY, the 11th day of September next, at this office, for all the works, and for the respective works at the following mentioned places:

For the works at Galopas, at the Lock-keeper's House, Galopas; for deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickenson's Landing; and for the new locks, etc., at Lock-stations Nos. 18, 19 and 20, at the Town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places mentioned.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$2,000 must accompany the tender for the Galopas Canal Works, and a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$2,000 for each section of the works on the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, and for each of the lock sections on the Cornwall Canal a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$4,000.

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A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the firm; and further, a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$50,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$10,000 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, etc.

The respective *deposit receipts*—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The *deposit receipt* sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary,
Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

OPENING TODAY,
A CHOICE LOT OF
Photo Easles;
POETS, in elegant bindings;
Gift Books in great variety.
Work Baskets, Dressing Cases, etc.

J. & A. McMILLAN,
Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.

Ice Cream Soda
—AT—
Crockett's Drug Store,
162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.

COME TO BELL'S,
22-25 KING STREET—E.
BELL wants to see you at 25 King Street, and show you the great bargains he is offering in
Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines.
Sole Agent for HEBERTZ & CO.'S Pianos;
STEWART & WAT. DOBSON'S & CO.'S Organs;
NEW WILLIAMS' and WHEELER & WILSON Sewing Machines.

To THE
Medical Profession.
HEALTH FOR ALL.
Choice Table Butter and
Finest Quality Cream
Received EVERY MORNING at the
Oak Farm DALRY Butter Store,
13 CHARLOTTE STREET.

DAVID CONNELL,
Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St.
Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.
Bugs, Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Frit-outs at short notice.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the New Brunswick Railway," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 16th day of September next, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galopas Canal. And for the deepening and enlargement of the summit level of the Cornwall Canal between the Town of Cornwall and Maple Grove; the deepening and widening of the channel way of the canal; construction of bridges, etc.

A map of each of the localities, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after TUESDAY, the 11th day of September next, at this office, for all the works, and for the respective works at the following mentioned places:

For the works at Galopas, at the Lock-keeper's House, Galopas; for deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickenson's Landing; and for the new locks, etc., at Lock-stations Nos. 18, 19 and 20, at the Town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places mentioned.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$2,000 must accompany the tender for the Galopas Canal Works, and a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$2,000 for each section of the works on the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, and for each of the lock sections on the Cornwall Canal a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of \$4,000.

The respective *deposit receipts*—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The *deposit receipt* sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary,
Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 2

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. Stevens Sept. 14.—Mrs. Dr. Todd Mrs. D. Main and Mrs. J. D. Chipman have been attending the Maritime convention of the W. C. T. U. at Halifax. Mrs. Main will visit in Halifax before returning home.

Mr. Heber Cleverly and his wife, after a brief stay in the White Mountains spent a few days in St. Stephen and vicinity. They were the guests of Mrs. Henry Todd. Mr. George Anderson is spending a short vacation in our town.

Miss Kate Stevens is visiting her home. Capt. H. B. McAllister, formerly of Milltown has been spending a few weeks among his friends. He has purchased the handsome residence of Mr. W. F. Todd and will return to make his home in St. Stephen.

During his stay Capt. McAllister in company with Mr. J. T. Whitlock enjoyed a trip to Inglewood, where the latter gentleman with that enviable success which always attends his undertakings captured the big fish of the season.

Miss Ella Brown is making a visit at her home in St. Stephen. Miss Annie Kennedy of St. Andrews is in town visiting friends.

Mrs. Richardson also of the shiretown is making a brief visit to friends in the vicinity. Though not so gay as some of our larger neighbors, St. Stephen has its own round of gayeries, dear to the hearts of its young people.

Last week, Mrs. T. Smith and Mrs. Waterbury each entertained their friends with pleasant evenings. On Tuesday evening last Mrs. E. Broad threw open her hospitable parlors to her numerous friends and a most enjoyable time was spent in tripping the light fantastic and other more quiet amusements.

Mrs. Broad is a perfect hostess and knows how to make all her guests enjoy themselves. His many friends and patrons were pained to hear of the death of Mr. Wm. Murray, of the Glasgow house. Mr. Murray died and was buried at sea, on his return trip from Scotland. He had undertaken the trip hoping to receive the benefits of a sea voyage, and the sad news reached his home as they were daily expecting to hear of his safe arrival.

That pleasant custom of church weddings, rather "more honored in the breach than in the observance," was prettily carried out in the Baptist church, on Wednesday evening last, when Miss Maggie Sharp, one of our St. Stephen young ladies, and Mr. S. Colby, of Lowell, Mass., were united in the bonds of matrimony.

The church was prettily decorated with flowers, and the bride attired in white made a pretty picture. The wedding party adjourned to the residence of the bride's father, where supper was served, and the happy pair left by the night train for their new home. Mr. and Mrs. Colby will reside in Lowell.

WOODSTOCK WHISPERINGS. Woodstock, Sept. 12.—Orange blossoms still continue to bloom. Wednesday morning at 8.30 o'clock, Mr. Wilmot Hay's residence at Lower Woodstock was the scene of a very pleasant wedding, in which Miss Albert, eldest daughter of the late Robt. Hay, and Mr. Charles E. Alexander, of Hartland, were the principals.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Wilmot Hay, was attired in a handsome brown travelling suit, and, as usual, looked very happy. Mr. Alexander is an employee of the N. B. R., and is justly popular along the line. Rev. Mr. Howie performed the ceremony, a proceeding which was witnessed by a number of guests.

After luncheon, the bridal party took the south bound express. The presents were many and elegant, testifying to the high esteem in which the young couple are held. On Thursday evening last, Rev. Kenneth McKay had the pleasure of uniting in matrimonial bonds Mr. William Skillen and Miss Annie Wood, both of whom are favorably known here.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Hay and family have returned from Wolfville, where they have been visiting friends for some time. The change has greatly benefited their health. Mrs. Dr. Morse has gone to New York to spend a few weeks with friends.

Rev. J. McG. McKay, of Port Elgin, who has spent ten days here will leave tomorrow morning. While here he was the guest of Mr. Hugh Hay. Judge Stevens was in town the first of this week.

Miss Wilbur has gone to St. John to attend a term at the College of the Sacred Heart. Mr. Haliburton Morse left on Monday last for Philadelphia at which place he will pursue his studies at the Dental college. Mr. W. B. Snowball, of Chatham, was in town last week.

Mr. F. E. Winslow, manager of the Bank of Montreal at Chatham, has been visiting friends here. Miss Hallie Burpee left last week for Malden, Mass., where she intends to remain during the winter, for the purpose of entering more fully into her musical studies.

Our much esteemed friend Inspector I. B. Oakes has, I am sorry to say, resigned his present position and accepted the principality of Horton academy. Mrs. Oakes was in town this week, making frequent visits preparatory to leaving in about two weeks.

On Monday Dr. Charles McK. Hay left for Philadelphia to enter upon his duties as physician in the college hospital there. Rev. G. N. Ballentine and his son Harry, of Groton, Mass., have been visiting friends here for the last week.

Hostler—What's Livvryman so cut up about? Coachman—That telephone message about "Perry Bell" falling and breaking her neck. Hostler—Great Caesar! It wasn't the horse's neck. It was the man's.

Coachman—Go and tell him, quick. What a relief it will be to him!—The Car-369.

JOHN MEDLEY,

BISHOP OF FREDERICTON AND METROPOLITAN OF CANADA.

"The Living and aged Sermon of a Lifetime, That Embodiment of the Christian and Gentleman, Stood so That Each Aspect is the Necessary Supplement of the Other."

Modern biography, like the highest literary criticism of a Sainte-Beuve, a Taine, or a Scherer, tends more and more to seek the explanation of the individual, as of the creation, in the facts of heredity and environment. "Science armed and crowned," as Professor Huxley once declared to Cambridge students, "will hold her own"; and she conquers regions once abandoned to the sole authority of eloquence and taste, the so-called 'belles-lettres.' The essential truth of the claim is best evidenced in the study of the lives of those who have lived in the epochs of great movements, and have felt even the distant influence of great men.

After the literary generation which brought forth the Lake poets, came that

which took its birth with the present century. Oxford and Cambridge shared almost equally the education of the new race, Buckle, John Stuart Mill, Robert Browning, Carlyle and George Henry Lewes, representing the men of mark who owed their growth to other sources. Very marked was the difference between the tones of culture, the ethical notes of each university. At Cambridge, Trench, Ten-nyson, Macaulay, Praed and Thirlwall represented the humanistic element in the new age, touched with no small measure of the romantic movement which had passed from Germany through France, converting Victor Hugo and Lamartine on its way.

When Moncton Milnes and his companions paid the famous visit to the Oxford Debating club, to preach the genius of Shelley, and met debating ears, it was typical of the mental attitudes of both universities. The young Gladstones and Palmers and Puseys were intent on topics far more burning than the merits of a poet; almost alone in that famous generation stood Mark Pattison, more humanist than Erasmus or Scaliger, and destined to live in mental solitude at Lincoln College, except when he at rare and solemn intervals, watched for expectantly, though fearfully, entered the university pulpit to deliver one of those sermons which illuminated with the clear frigid light of the auras.

The magical influence of a great epoch was abundantly evidenced in the men of lesser, though respectable intellectual stature. The writer of this notice well recollects meeting some fifteen years ago, Dean Williams of Llandaff, a man whom some lucky chance had made a scholar of, Oriol in its palmist days, and who had lived in that never-forgotten common-room with Newman and Keble and Blanco White and the rest. It seemed as if something of an intellectual halo still rested on him; a large and broad simplicity, a gentleness, a playful courtesy relieving that sober exactness of judgment which was born out of the study of the 'ethics' and had been nourished by those golden companionships. And so we can well imagine that even in the more distant Wadham College, many an influence came on the life of young John Medley, who entered the university in 1822.

Coming before the Tractarian reaction had commenced, he found the sober school of Coplestone and Hawkins in the ascendant, essentially Protestant in the highest and truest sense of scholarly research, and broad liberality of tone. From the university the transition was wide to the retired fishing village of Beer, just on the border of the Devonshire coast. But the young curate brought that sturdy individuality and genial face which New Brunswick knows so well, to bear upon the descendants of smugglers and wreckers; and "Parson Medley" is still talked about by some of the village grandseas, as they watch the matchless prospect across Seaton Bay.

In Devonshire he found the very characteristics which suited him, the simplicity, humor, force, and a certain almost Caledonian clannishness of county folk, helped by a local accent, which, once heard, is ever loved and never forgotten. So, after

a sojourn in Cornwall, it is no wonder that he returned to take the rectory of St. Thomas in Exeter, the ever-faithful city, where he labored until his call across the Atlantic, there to spend the strength and maturity of his life. To those who only know the new world, it is hard to describe the beauties of an old-world city like Exeter: the cathedral, solid and almost lowly in its unassuming strength and beauty; the old wood-carved houses in the High street; the Guildhall, where Charles I. was welcomed by the burgesses in the course of his daring western march in 1644 to intercept Essex; the market day, when the quiet streets are filled with the country farmers, and re-echo with the cheerful Devonshire tones until the evening, when by each devious and hilly road return the belated visitors, after a jovial dinner at the "ordinary," the day not having been entirely passed in total abstinence, but whose safety is well ensured by the steady progress of the "old mare," ambling along the well-known road, the reins hanging loose on her neck, and the driver usually fast asleep.



HIS LORDSHIP THE METROPOLITAN OF CANADA.

What a change to New Brunswick, as it was in 1845! This only those can measure who know our province as it then was. For one coming from the old-fashioned life of Devonshire, and the cultivated society of Coleridges and Bullers, there was a wide chasm to pass in order to understand the settler of those days, divided between the row-drinking bon-vivants and those whose religion was chiefly comprised in a hearty hatred for other people's opinions. Anything availing of sacerdotal claims, even of the mild pre-Tractarian type, was gall and wormwood, Rome and the Scarlet Lady personified. And yet they could respect the man who possessed his own mind and his own will, who determined on his line of action, and fought for it with British pluck and resolution. There was

"The stern joy which warries fell, At women worthy of their steel," in the minds of those sturdy Protestants of St. John and Fredericton, who certainly fulfilled the apostolic example, in "not giving place by subjection, no not for an hour."

For not yet had dawned upon them the truer and more scientific conception of Protestantism, as the practical embodiment of the principle of "proving all things, holding fast what was good." Erskine and Vinet and Maurice had yet to spend and be spent, to teach the world again what Luther and Zwingle had spoken to deaf ears. Nor had the idea of the Church of England, as a comprehensive body, rather than as an established and endowed sect, even entered into the minds of any but a scanty minority.

But let the dead controversies and squabbles bury themselves; and let us rather think of the cathedral placed by the river side, forever afterwards his monument and his work. Of that moment, when it seemed that it would be never finished, and how prayer was raised, and confidence survived, and then the generous and unknown contribution made all things possible came more. And all through the wide diocese, from Bathurst to St. Andrews, by Disen-ter as by Chprchman, the characteristic figure became beloved, as it had ever been respected. As Napoleon said of Goethe, so they said of him: 'C'est un homme.'

What daring scribe will venture to dwell with needless emphasis on what all who read this journal know as the living and acted sermon of a life-time; the embodiment of the christian and gentleman, blended so that each aspect is the necessary supplement of the other? Who will dare to repeat the genial stories which the good Bishop (not seldom at his own expense) loves to relate, and relates so well, of amusing experiences in his travels, and the records of intercourse with many minds, of which none left him unimproved, or uncheered by courtesy or friendly word? Who will speak of that perfect example of simplicity and domestic life, so magnificent above all in a land where wealth confers the chief distinction, and where ostentation too often passes for the hall-mark of social pre-eminence.

But these things we need not write, be-

cause they are known. His countrymen of this province know now, if they knew it not at first, and learned it but tardily, that they have among them one who in any century, and in any environment, could have stood in the foremost rank; not as a scholar, although his knowledge far outstrips many possessors of showy academical diplomas; not as an orator, though to listen to his preaching is the supreme luxury, to a trained literary taste, and not one of his clergy even distantly approaches him: not even as an organizer, for the business faculty does not thrive perhaps in Devonshire, but in that mysterious result which men call character, which transcends all that men can do in what they are;

"So mixed in him that Nature might stand up And say to all the world, this was a man!" No figure at the recent Pan-Anglican Congress has excited such attention as that of good Bishop Medley, who (had he wished it) might have preached in every cathedral pulpit, and been spokesman at each banquet. Around him, scholars of European reputation like Lightfoot and Stubbs, preachers like Magee and Boyd Carpenter, yielded willing deference. And we believe that none can have read without emotion the notice of that service in the little village church of Lullington, where the Bishop and all his sons met together, for a last meeting perhaps. None of those among ourselves who still are privileged to know and learn of him, but pray that the calm sunset of his life may be prolonged for years yet for the good of the church, and that his spirit may descend with his episcopal mantle upon those who shall come after him.

Smoke "Crescent" Cigars. CURLERS JUBILANT.

St. Andrew's Club Men Look Forward to a Season of Pleasure in Their New Hink. Vice-President Skinner, of the St. Andrew's Curling club, looked very much pleased on Wednesday, when Progress asked him about the club's prospects.

"We had our annual meeting last night," he said, "and are looking forward to a most successful season. 'Our new quarters, at the former Lansdowne rink, are the finest in the province. The location is central, and we have all the room we want. In the past, when we had had visiting curlers, it has been necessary to play two rinks at the St. Andrew's and two at the Thistle rinks. Now we can always have four rinks, and visitors can play a match all at once and in one place. Curlers can reach here from Fredericton by Newcastle by morning train, play their match and return the same night. This is a very great advantage indeed."

"Another advantage of having so much room is that we can suit the convenience of our own members in the afternoon plays. We can have two rinks to begin at 2.30, and have the other two reserved for members who cannot get there till 4 o'clock. Then there is an abundance of room for spectators. We can accommodate 2,000 people. We have a comfortable smoking-room for gentlemen and very pleasant quarters for ladies. We will now hold weekly meetings in our own rooms."

"What work have you mapped out for the season?" "We have the Jones cup to play for, and four medal competition by rinks. We will play Truro, St. Stephen, Fredericton, Newcastle and Chatham. And it is hoped that Halifax can be 'induced' to send four rinks."

"What is your membership?" "It is 70 at present. Four new members were elected last night, and there is no doubt that there will be a total of 100 before the first stone is thrown. The financial outlook is good, and the prospects are first-class in every way."

The officers elected at the annual meeting are: Simon Jones, president; A. O. Skinner, vice-president; H. A. McKenna, secretary; representative to Maritime Association, A. O. Skinner. Managing committee: John White, W. S. Barker, B. Fisher, H. V. Cooper, A. O. Skinner. Skips: John White, A. O. Skinner, F. P. Gregory, F. O. Allison, G. F. Fisher, S. D. Deforest, Geo. A. Kimball, Jas. U. Thomas, Simon Jones, W. Q. Whitaker, Geo. L. Slipp and W. A. Stewart.

BOVININE CONTAINS 34 Per Cent of Soluble Albuminoids. IT IS THE ONLY NUTRIENT that will Permanently Cure NERVOUS PROSTRATION and DEBILITY. BOVININE Tones up the Stomach and enables it to digest other food readily. Has Saved Many Lives.

Dr. H. A. RUDOLPH, the well known medical authority, writes: "I desire to thank the J. E. Bush Manufacturing Co. for the great benefit derived from the use of Bovinine in my practice in children's diseases. It has to my knowledge saved many lives that would have been lost without its timely aid. It is easily borne by the weakest stomach and builds up the little ones with wonderful rapidity. I could not do without it."

FOR SALE AT GEORGE ROBERTSON & CO.'S Up-Town Store, 50 King Street.

Beef, Mutton, Spring Lamb, Veal, Lettuce, Radishes, Celery and Squash. SUGAR CURED HAMS. Bacon, Lard. THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

W. WATSON ALLEN, CLARENCE H. FERGUSON, BARRISTERS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES PUBLIC, ETC. Pugley's Building, Rooms 14, 15 and 16 Cor. Prince William and Princess streets.

HATS. HATS. MANKS & CO.

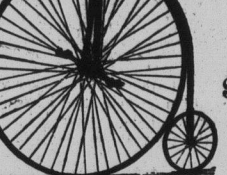
Would ask the attention of buyers to their Stock of Men's Fine Felt Hats, Of Latest Styles. BOYS' SCHOOL AND DRESS HATS, in Straw, Cloth and Felt—all grades; CHILDREN'S Fine and Low Grades of STRAW SAILOR HATS, MIDDY CAPS, Etc., Etc. And a Full Assortment of ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE. 57 - - - KING STREET.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

McCAFFERTY & DALY, King Street.

MIDSUMMER SALE. Clearing Out all our Spring and Summer Goods.

DRESS GOODS from 10 cents per yard; MEN'S SHIRTS AND DRAWERS from 25 cents; MEN'S AND BOYS' TWEEDS, from 12 cents; PARASOLS AND SUNSHADES at half price; TRIMMING SILKS, SATINS, BROCADES, WATERED SILKS, FLUSHES, VELVETEENS, reduced 25 per cent.; DRESS GIMPS, New Styles, 60c., for 45c.; do. do., \$1.00 for 75c.; LISLE GLOVES, TAFFATA GLOVES, PURE SILK GLOVES, at greatly reduced prices; ALL-WOOL GREY FLANNELS, 21 cents; 100 PAIRS BLANKETS at special low prices to clear.

All Our Stock Proportionately Low. McCafferty & Daly. Rudge Bicycles, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, \$55, \$75 and \$115.



We have just received another supply of these World-Renowned Machines. The St. John track record for one mile in 3:17, was made on an ordinary Rudge, No. 1, roadster.

T. H. HALL - - - 46 and 48 King Street, Sole Agent for New Brunswick.

SCHOOL BOOKS. A Large Stock at JENNINGS' BOOK STORE, 171 Union Street.

Purchasers of ONE DOLLAR'S worth of School Books have a chance of Winning a handsome PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM. Drawing to take place about Sept. 1st.

Grand Bazaar ST. MALACHI'S HALL, Monday Evening, Sept. 10th, AT SEVEN O'CLOCK, In Aid of the New Mater Misericordiam Hospital and Home.

The Catholic Ladies and Societies of St. John have been preparing for some time past to make this Bazaar worthy of public patronage. There will be a refreshment table well supplied. The City Cornet Band will be in attendance. Admission, at the door, 10 cents. The Bazaar will be continued each evening at the same hour.

TWEED WATERPROOF COATS With Sewed and Taped Seams.

We are now showing the Latest London Styles in Gents' Tweed Rubber Coats, Made with above great improvements.

ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO., 68 Prince William Street.

ENGLISH CHEESE. Case STILTON Cheese; WILTSHIRE Cheese; Round DUTCH Cheese; CHEDDAR Cheese.

N. B.—Rhubarb, Jersey Sweet Potatoes, Pineapples, Bananas, Oranges, Lemons, Etc., Etc. P. S.—COCA JELLY—the Queen o Table Jellies.

GEORGE ROBERTSON & CO.'S Up-Town Store, 50 King Street.

Beef, Mutton, Spring Lamb, Veal, Lettuce, Radishes, Celery and Squash. SUGAR CURED HAMS. Bacon, Lard. THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

W. WATSON ALLEN, CLARENCE H. FERGUSON, BARRISTERS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES PUBLIC, ETC. Pugley's Building, Rooms 14, 15 and 16 Cor. Prince William and Princess streets.

Government Notice. AUCTION SALE OF IMPORTED STOCK, FILLIES and SHEEP.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION AT FREDERICTON, On FRIDAY, 5th day of October next,

on the Grounds of the FREDERICTON PARK ASSOCIATION, the following Pure Bred Stock, imported by the Government of New Brunswick:—

- 1 Clydesdale Filly, three years old; 13 Clydesdale Fillies, two years old; 4 Shire Fillies, two years old; 2 Percheron Fillies, two years old; 62 Rams, including Southdowns, Shropshire Downs and Leicester; 15 Shropshire Down Ewes.

Conditions of Sale and additional particulars will be announced hereafter. The Stock will be shown on the grounds of the Fredericton Park Association during the Fair on the 3rd and 4th days of October, and can be seen at any time at Fredericton.

Reduced rates of transportation to the sale over all railway and steamboat lines. CHAS. H. LUGRIN, Secretary for Agriculture, Fredericton, Sept. 4, 1888.

NASAL CREAM. A CURATIVE BALM FOR Cold in the Head, Catarrh, Catarrh Deafness and Headache.

Price, Only 25 Cents a Bottle. Prepared from original receipt by R. D. McARTHUR, MEDICAL HALL, No. 59 Charlotte street, opp. King Square.

"MANITOBA." Our New Brand of "MANITOBA" Flour is Unexcelled in Quality.

It is made from selected Manitoba Spring Wheat. It makes a big loaf and a good many of them to the barrel. GILBERT BENT & SONS, South Market Wharf.

UNION BAPTIST SEMINARY, St. Martins, N. B. Will be Opened on September 20.

Arrangements will be made for an excursion to St. Martins at that occasion. Enquiries respecting accommodations, terms and classes can be made to J. A. GORDON, General Supt. Or to B. F. SIMPSON, Principal.

VOL. ECHOE

No Man Owns the Sea. There is "Charles L. etc." has go That clim formis. The Los Angeles Which, angela," b same. Other men loved him. hold in a su neath his ow The public ter, and he h an oyster for Meanwhile forward. If assets will around. This depen tation of Geo claims that if ore think that furniture, an cases of othe Mr. Cassin people's suppo of fish and founded on a When Mr. last spring, and then bog apparently can of his fertile a used something This was asse expense, but his future mov wind. And h lateral.

An ordinary no capital but to get money ards was not calmly proceed collateral requ the most simpli house on credit the furniture.

Mr. Richard least one well- scruples when t on this occasion gether. Mr. B to the land of descended upon Mr. Crawford able man, who his neighbors, ter-killed, or th the up-river gra at the rate of lends in busi system his amir It is much easie sum of \$500 tha each.

This profound with so much fo impressing it on become convinc small loans in or sized pile for his told him that he a speculation, by he doubled. Ho he gave Mr. Cra household furnit ford was so well and the securi ards only 12 per It is understood the claim of Mr. in the house. O Mr. Crawford an to cumulate the mient history. T dule annexed.

It was the boar York, that nobod a handkerchief fr his knowledge, one actually stole way Mr. Brough building, believe go on in that stru cape his eye or en priced, however, Richards' office fu had taken wings u He does not belie while he slept, an ished white he was when lawyers are should take his m door wide open, on lower hall.

There is every v Richards will do This country wa all his industry made at one time 000. This was the