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VOL. III., NO. 117.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS

## A SCARCITY OF POLICE.

HOW THE CITY IS PROTECTED AT  
TWO O'CLOCK, A. M.

The Hopes, Fears, Aspirations and Military  
Instincts of Captains of the Southern  
Division - The Literary Efforts of the  
Police, and their Results.

When the union bill was passed, there was considerable anxiety in the vicinity of the Portland police building. Men who had been in civic positions for years, and considered themselves almost a part of the city itself, and others who had spent years of convincing and planning to get a poll with the aldermen, and, eventually, a good "snap" in the employ of the city, began to look around them and became very active.

But no one displayed so much anxiety as activity as Capt. Richard Rawlings, chief of the Portland police force.

His anxiety took the form of a perpetual whine about the loss of his position, and earnest entreaties to the aldermen to "see him through." He was given every encouragement, even when he got up a petition asking that he be made chief of police, and began hustling for signatures.

Capt. Rawlings was not made chief of police, as he hoped to be. For which the police force and citizens generally have great reason to be thankful.

He was made Inspector of the northern division through the grace of Chief Marshall, and should have been grateful to have had his anxiety relieved. But he wasn't. In the guard room of the Portland annex, his language was not that of a grateful man by any means. He wanted to soar. He wanted to be Chief of Police.

The appointment of Mr. W. W. Clarke to the position, was quite a set-back to Capt. Rawlings. But he determined that if he could not be chief, he would endeavor to run things according to his ideas. When Mr. Clarke entered upon the duties of the office, he made some very radical changes in the workings of the force. One of these was the transfer of Capt. Rawlings to the Inspectorship of the Southern division and Inspector Weatherhead to the Northern division.

The change appears to have been satisfactory to both men. Inspector Weatherhead was sent to the North End because that part of the city was in such a state of extreme lawlessness, and the force in such a demoralized condition that a change had to be made. It was said that the men left their beats to play various games with their friends, or spend a quiet hour leaning over the counter of one of Portland's many bars. Under these conditions Inspector Weatherhead considered himself highly favored in having the chief repose such confidence in his abilities.

On the other hand, Capt. Rawlings was needed in the Southern division, because the men, under Chief Marshall, had greatly neglected their military training. It was said that some of them did not know even how to "quick march." Capt. Rawlings was an old soldier and the chief instantly saw how valuable he would be in making a crack military corps out of the force. He had probably been struck with the fine military appearance of the Portland division when Inspector Rawlings had charge.

But, although Chief Clarke had been to Boston and had re-organized the force on the American plan, there were some things that did not please Capt. Rawlings. No sooner was the transfer announced, than he told the chief that he was going to make some changes, and the first thing he was going to do was to make John Owens permanent office sergeant. This announcement took Chief Clarke by surprise. He asked Capt. Rawlings where he got his authority to make such a change, and the captain, at the moment, couldn't explain.

If there was to be a sergeant in the office permanently, instead of changing about every week as under the old order of things, no man was better entitled to it than John Owens. At any rate, Sergt. Owens has been in the office ever since.

And so has Capt. Rawlings. Detective Ring, Sergt. Covay or Sergt. Hastings, and the man who tends the telephone. So there is little danger of anybody breaking into the police station and purloining the telephone, office desk, cuspidors or a chief's new bed, unless the burglars take a mean advantage and do it when the officers are away on a summer excursion to Bloomfield, or up the New Brunswick railway.

It is to be inferred that Capt. Rawlings, having made one change, was the originator of the rest, and to him belongs the credit of having the police station so well protected.

Meanwhile, the southern division does not seem to have been "taken" with the military idea. One man left the force rather than practice any of Capt. Rawlings' manoeuvres; and a majority of those who remain have become possessed with pugilistic tendencies, rather than military. If report be true, some of them would sooner give the captain some pointers in fisticuffs, than receive instruction in military drill.

While Captain Rawlings has been trying to inspire some military instincts into the

Southern division, and the men have become pugilistic instead, the captain and sergeants have drifted into literature. Their productions so far have all been in prose. If officer Boyle had been made sergeant, as it was expected he would some time ago, the chief, to whom all efforts are submitted, might have had some poetry to relieve the monotony. Officer Boyle's masterpiece was in poetry, being lines written on the drowning of a vagrant goat by certain members of the old force.

Everything that occurs in the run of a day has to be submitted to the chief in writing. If an officer leaves his beat somebody has to write all about it and hand the report to the chief, telling how long he was away, how far he went and everything that occurred during that time.

Officer Weatherhead has been suspended on the strength of one of these literary efforts, for being off his beat fifteen minutes. He says he was obliged to leave the beat owing to a combination of circumstances over which he had no control. With the exception of the case of an officer who left his beat for good after trying to go to sleep on it, which he was prevented from doing by mischievous persons in that locality, this is the only one of the literary efforts that have accounted to much.

Weatherhead may have been innocent in this case though he produced no evidence to show that he was, but there have been times when his conduct deserved more than a reprimand: dismissal from the force would not have been too severe. Perhaps he can call to mind the little girl who picked up eight dollars on the street, and in her confidence and honesty ran to him, a policeman, and gave him her find, thinking that it might find its owner in that way. Her confidence was abused. Weatherhead pocketed the money and made no report at the station of the matter, which only came to the attention of his chief by the little girl's father inquiring if the owner for the lost money had been found. Weatherhead was taxed with the business and admitted it. He should have been very grateful for being permitted to remain on the force.

If the chief had not started with a clean sheet his punishment might have been heavier. It was a lucky thing for him that the charge preferred against him was a few months before by a prominent city official was not on the books, else suspension would indeed have been a farce of a sentence.

Capt. Rawlings has the placing of the men in the southern division. When he took charge he found that things were run somewhat different from what they used to be in Portland, and saw an excellent opportunity for making changes that would astonish the entire force and everybody who took any interest in it. For instance, where it was formerly thought that the city should have as good, if not better, protection during the night than in the day time, Capt. Rawlings believes that when the streets are full of people they should be full of policemen also, and that when there were no people on the streets, there should also be as few policemen as possible.

Under the old arrangement, there were 15 men, out the twenty-four on the force, on duty from 7 o'clock at night to 6 o'clock the next morning. Now there are thirteen on duty up to 2 o'clock, and nine from that to 6, and if five of these nine men should get prisoners at half-past two o'clock, the city would be under the protection of four policemen, for the reason that whenever a prisoner is taken the policeman making the arrest is allowed to go home and sleep, so as to be fresh and wide awake enough to appear against him at the police court.

What is known as the Back Shore is considered one of the worst localities in the city. It comprises all that district from Duke to Sheffield street, in the eastern part of the city, and one of the lock-ups is there. Yet Capt. Rawlings does not think that this district needs any police protection, after two o'clock in the morning, and the colored population is at liberty to hold high carnival after that hour, if it has a mind to.

Providing that no arrests are made after two o'clock, this is the way the city is protected.

Two men on Sheffield street, one at Reed's Point, one in York Point, one on Market square, one on King square and one man on Brussels street.

If any of these men should secure a prisoner, his district would be left unprotected!

Or if there should be policemen wanted to go on an excursion after burglars, or to do special duty at a circus, for instance, it might materially reduce the force.

There is a great field for burglars, or evil disposed persons of any kind, in the vicinity of Garden and Dorchester streets. No policemen ever visit that district at night. In former times men from the division doing duty in York point used to be detailed for duty "over the hill," but now there are not enough men "to go round," and make a decent showing in the day time.

## THE MYSTERIOUS RAPS.

A SETTLER ON THE COAST HEARS  
FIVE OF THEM.

And a Short Time After Learns of the Death  
of Five of his Nearest Relatives—Some-  
thing for Those Spiritually Inclined  
to Think About—Chased by a Bear.

Many of Progress readers are familiar with the coast line of Charlotte County bordering on the Bay of Fundy, where its restless and capricious tides are ever ebbing and flowing, and at times breaking on the rock bound coast with a fierceness almost incredible. Here, many years ago a family that can be called Stark, located on a portion of Frye's Island. The head of the family was of a thrifty, persevering nature. Against the wishes of relations and friends, he, however, persisted in his idea and built himself a comfortable log house and outbuilding, where in due course of time the wife and family were installed.

A clearing was made, and when not engaged in his lumbering pursuits, which was the chief object, the settler with his family and such help as he could occasionally get, tilled the ground with good success, and, save for the lonely character of the place, made the more so, from the sudden change from a bustling, active life in the midst of neighbors and society to the dullness of a forest primeval and the rock bound shores around them, with but few neighbors, and those some considerable distance away.

The monotony and dullness of the place was, however, occasionally broken by the necessity of a trip to the main land, to Lords Cove, Macarone, Le Tete, or Red Head, as the occasion demanded, in boats, when the tides suited, and the younger members of the family, girls as well as boys, became expert with the oars whenever necessary. Many were the visits and explorations to different parts of the island by her who furnished the writer with these facts.

At one time she was sent by her mother on an errand of charity to a sick neighbor some little distance away. Arriving there safely and setting out on her homeward way towards dark, she had not been long on the road before she found that she was being followed, and from the sounds and heavy tramping &c., was satisfied it was a bear which pursued her. With coolness and bravery, however, she hurried on all the more rapidly, and instead of taking the usual wood path home made a short cut across the beach and rocks by a course which was possible by foot when the tide was not coming in. Well acquainted with the coast and tides she reckoned that if she made haste she could get across before the tide which would soon be due, reached her, and with firm resolve she rapidly sped on her way, making the desired spot in time, and getting home in safety.

Her story was amply verified the next morning. Bruin in following her across the passage was caught by the fierce and relentless tide and his body found on the rocks by her relatives and neighbours.

Thus passed away some time and as there was no regular means of communication or postal facilities months would elapse before tidings could be sent to or had from absent friends. During one of these periods Mr. Stark and family had retired for the night, when towards midnight he was awakened as if by some mysterious force, and heard at the head of the bed five clear, distinct and regular raps or knocks, which made him somewhat uneasy. Asking his wife if she had heard them she replied in the affirmative but said it must be the cattle thumping against the building. Mr. Stark, however, was uneasy and restless for the rest of the night, and all the next day he worried over the circumstance telling his wife he feared bad news. She, however, tried to draw his attention away from the matter, which so worried him. A few weeks later Mr. Stark received an order for some spars from Eastport, Maine, and having made up his mind to proceed to navigate them to their destination. On the way fearing the looks of the sky and not wishing to be caught in a gale, he neared a point of safety on the shore between his starting point and Eastport, and having with his companion made fast for the night proceeded to look for accommodation until morning.

To his great surprise he met a man coming towards the shore, who proved to be none other than one of his brothers who had recently bought a place in the locality and settled there. The meeting was a welcome one, and proceeding to the house Mr. Stark found in his brother's care a letter which had been on the way for some time, awaiting a chance to forward it to its owner on Frye's Island.

On opening and reading the letter, it informed him of the death of five of his nearest relatives, and strange to say the date of the death of the last of the five corresponded identically with the date of the night on which he and his wife heard the five mysterious raps within their humble cabin on the island.

Advertisements in "Progress." It pays.

## ALL ARE SORRY TO LOSE HIM.

The Retirement of F. W. Cram as Manager  
of the N. B. Road.

There is much sincere regret in New Brunswick that the transfer of the railway has resulted in the voluntary removal of Mr. F. W. Cram from the provinces. The writer has had the pleasure of knowing him since he came to St. John, and from his newspaper connection was occasionally brought in closer contact with him than those who knew him in a business way. No man won popular favor quicker, and none deserved it so well, as Manager Cram. It mattered not where you went on the road, from Andover to St. John, or whom you asked, whether it was the youngest brakeman or the oldest conductor, there was but one opinion: "He's a good man," and that, in railroad parlance, means a great deal. They respected him as much for his unvarying justice as for anything else. If a man neglected his duty, he knew that he would be held to a strict account, and, if his fault merited his dismissal, there was no chance for him. On the other hand, there was no injustice and no favoritism. It is always difficult for one man to retain the good will and win the loyal affection of hundreds of employees. Mr. Cram did this without effort. He has passed through every stage of railway life, from the engine cleaner to the manager, and yet there was no envy for him. Those who were under him knew that he knew their business as well as his own, that when their work was slighted the eye of one who knew how it should be done would inspect and condemn it. They knew from experience that there was no shirking with their manager, that where the hardest work was to be done, no matter whether there was a snow bank in front or a wreck on the rail. The bond that united manager and employe on the New Brunswick railway was uncommon and will not easily be broken.

It would require more space than Progress can give to tell what Manager Cram has done for the New Brunswick road. No matter how rich a railway corporation is, or how much money it spends, it is very possible for it to have a poor road and a poorer service. On the other hand, brainy management can do much with little. The New Brunswick railway ten years ago, or even less, and the road today cannot be compared. Neither can its business. The improvement in one meant increase in the other, and that is exactly what has happened.

Personally and in his official capacity Mr. Cram has done very much to make this province known as a summer retreat and sporting resort. His faith in St. Andrews led to the erection of the Algonquin and the land boom in the old town. What effect the loss of his interest will have upon the future of New Brunswick's summer resort remains to be seen.

Mr. Cram appreciated newspapers and treated their representatives with unflinching courtesy. The road he managed did not suffer from this, but received the best advertising that ready pens and gratitude could give it. So long as he was manager of the railway there was no surer path to his disfavor than a paragraph of personal flattery. To such an extent indeed was he indifferent to personal remembrance that upon one occasion at the conclusion of a press excursion, which the railway tendered the newspapers, when, in return for personal attention and kindness and a handsome engraved epergne, it was unmentioned at his request. There is no doubt that could he in courtesy have refused this gift he would have done so.

When the public heard of the proposed transfer but little was thought of it, for no idea was abroad that there would be a different local manager. When the announcement was made there was unfeigned regret that the courteous gentleman and manager would be with us no longer. If his mantle of popularity should fall on his successor, he would indeed be fortunate.

A Good Place to Go.

There is no prettier spot on the river than Gagetown and none more eagerly sought by city people. Progress' advice to those who go there is to seek out Mrs. Simpson's—a private boarding house, and stay there. There is a pleasant restfulness about the place that is more than attractive.

Four Great Heads.

A city hatter says that there are some men in St. John who have big heads. He meant large heads, because he is not a man that jokes. Four of them he mentioned to Progress take a 7 1/2 hat. They are Bishop Sweeney, A. Chipman Smith, Col. McShane and M. W. Maher.

Bound To Be Satisfied.

The American Hair Store finds space in Progress this morning to make its announcement. Anything that can be said cannot add to Mr. and Mrs. Ramsdale's reputation as thorough artists in their line. Ladies can call on them and rest assured of being satisfied.

## NOT MUCH OF A SUCCESS.

THE BANDMASTER OF THE CITY  
CORNET FLITS WESTWARD.

Leaving Relatives and Creditors "To Mourn  
Their Sad Loss"—His Facile Religious  
Belief and Other Characteristics not Bar-  
gained for when He Engaged.

The City Cornet band was late in arriving at the Shamrocks grounds, Wednesday evening. There was considerable speculation among the members, before leaving the bandroom as to whether they would have a leader or not, but it was decided to give him reasonable time to turn up. He did not put in an appearance. When the band marched down King street, every man wore the regulation uniform, but the cornetist with the gold band around his hat was conspicuous by his absence.

About that time Prof. Bowen was probably in Fairville. He was there when the western train stopped at the depot, 90 minutes later, and stepped on board, bound for the land of the free.

He left a wife, one son, two daughters, and a number of creditors to "mourn their sad loss," beside a bandmasterless band playing for all it was worth to an admiring audience on the Shamrock's grounds.

Mrs. Bowen had the assistance of two policemen in mourning her loss, and she was very active for a weeping woman, just before the train left the depot. She had taken good care to inform those of the professor's creditors known to her, that he intended to disappear, and finding that they did not seem to take the interest that she naturally thought they would in his departure, her interest in the momentous event was greatly increased.

The cause of the professor's departure does not seem to be generally known. In fact, he, himself, seems to have been on the lookout for a good cause for leaving the city. The members of the band became aware of this when he informed them Wednesday, that if he was not paid \$8 for playing at the two concerts given on the Shamrocks grounds he would resign. Rather than have it said that they were the cause of his leaving the city, as it was hinted he was likely to do, the band paid him. But \$8 did not make him change his mind.

And the band is not so sorry as might be supposed.

Prof. Bowen was a good musician. He was formerly a soloist in Gilmour's famous band, with a salary five times as large as he received in St. John. He came well recommended by Prof. Clappe, of the New York 75th regiment band, and proved to be all he was recommended to be. He was a man who could apparently adapt himself to the existing conditions of things so as to further the harmony of his surroundings. When he came to St. John the band found him to be a gentlemanly appearing person, and as he was unknown in the city, the members took pains to place him in a way of attending a place of worship. To their surprise he informed them that he was a catholic. He was the first bandmaster they had ever had of that denomination, as it was always the policy of the band to look for an instructor with the necessary musical qualifications, without regard to his religious belief, except he was known to be very radical. It was afterwards learned that Bowen had inquired beforehand, what denomination the majority of the band belonged to.

Nevertheless the professor continued to attend worship with the bandsmen, and was exceedingly strict about his Friday diet.

When he had been in the city about a month he told one of his fellow boarders that his wife was to join him, and at the same time remarked that she was a Protestant. His wife arrived, and when Friday came round those at the dinner table were somewhat surprised to hear the professor order a beefsteak. Then it was remembered that he did not appear to be so well informed as to the forms of worship in the Catholic church as would be expected of one brought up in that faith. Prof. Bowen's religious belief was thereafter looked upon as doubtful, if he had any particular belief at all.

From all accounts there were other things that bothered him a great deal more than religion. One of these was hard work. When all the City Cornet band's cornet players were not on hand, and he was expected to do a little more blowing than usual, he manifested his displeasure in terms not mild by any means. This was unlooked for by the members of the band, who were paying him a larger salary than was ever given to a bandmaster before in St. John, and much larger than the City Cornet people will probably give to another.

But if Prof. Bowen had trouble, so had the people living in the vicinity of his residence. Saturday night a climax was reached when the professor rushed into the street in a manner that astonished everybody who happened to be passing at the time. His wife was not very far behind him. The only difference was that she could regulate her speed in reaching the

sidewalk and stop when she pleased, and the professor could not.

Two policemen were brought at the professor's bidding, and there was a quiet trial at the police court Monday morning, at which Mrs. Bowen produced a letter which the professor had written before leaving New York, stating that his conduct would be of a higher order than formerly if she came to St. John.

Prof. Bowen changed his boarding house Monday, and later his place of residence.

Not Pleased With Their Criticism.

Mr. W. S. Harkins is not more than pleased at the treatment shown him and his company by the daily papers of the city. From his first appearance the notices have all been of the stereotyped kind with due regard to the standing advertisement of the show. The morning following the production of *American Flats*, the rankest play given in St. John, the daily press warbled over it sweetly, called it a splendid performance and flung taffy over all the company. The reporters who wrote the notices said privately it was one of the worst plays they had ever seen. Mr. Harkins was angry when he had waded through the sweetening, and it is said expressed his very plain opinion of St. John newspapers. He spoke on the grounds that it did not matter whether he put on the best or the worst play in America, or whether his company played it badly or otherwise the same stereotyped notices would appear the next morning. He said further that when *St. Plunkard* was here it received the same lavish praise that now falls to his (Harkins') lot. Of what value is such criticism?

Merchants Will Appreciate It.

Now that the Canadian Pacific is really in St. John, or will be next week, there should be some changes that have followed their appearance in other cities. In many Ontario towns where the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific are fighting for freights the trucks of both railways call for and deliver the goods and the merchant pays no cartage either to or from the station. The intercolonial and the C. P. R. will come into contact here, and the railway which gives the conveniences will get the business, provided all other things are equal. St. John merchants who have travelled in Ontario must have noticed the great railway trucks moving about the streets loaded down with imports and exports. All these things make business easier, and Progress hopes the coming of the Canadian Pacific means at least the introduction of the free freight delivery.

A Reporter's Revenge.

An amusing story is told of a local reporter who saw the Nagle-Power fight. He was telling what he knew about it, and the chief of police, who was standing near, suggested, jokingly, that he would make a good witness. The reporter became alarmed and angry, and began to threaten that if he was called as a witness he would have his revenge. It was not clear to the official how he was going about it, but seeing that his joke was taken in earnest he did not bother his head about it—until at this late day he begins to think, though he did not call the witness, the threatened revenge is being attempted.

A Boom in Hop Beer.

While the city has had, or will have, about \$1500 added to its finances lately, the North End has worn a funeral aspect. Its principal industry has been paralyzed, and instead of being the tippler's Utopia, the tide has turned in a southerly direction. There has been a good deal of hustling for signatures this week, and considerable speculation as to who will get licenses. In the meantime hop beer has been having an extraordinary boom.

Nothing Wrong with Our Weather.

"I never saw such beautiful summer weather," said a St. John hotel man to Progress Thursday. "It is simply perfect. All my guests are delighted and are staying three times as long as they intended. Several Americans from the Western States, at present in the house, will remain for a week longer at least. They say that they never saw a place with such clear weather and so cool."

They Take Them In on the Outside.

The band concerts at the Shamrock's grounds are proving highly successful, notwithstanding the fact that large numbers prefer to hear the music from a distance, and would sooner bask in the light of the moon on the adjacent hills, than under the electric light in the grand stand. The City Cornet band intend introducing new and novel features, aside from the music, in the near future.

Slow, but Sure.

A certain grocer in town sold a gentleman thirty-five cents worth of groceries in 1879. The gentleman passed to his fathers, and the other day the first bill reached his son.

MEN DIE  
DIES TO  
NEVER  
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FOOD  
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& CO.  
Montreal.

D WITH  
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D SOAP.  
\$50.00  
95.00  
10.00  
5.00  
10.00  
Mfg. Co.  
Stephen, N. B.  
summer months  
he certificates.

FOR  
FLOUR!  
HER.  
MICHIGUO.  
Manie Savre gave a large party  
in honor of Miss Maggie  
on Sunday last.  
Admission, of Kouchibouguac, was  
Almon, of Yarmouth, N. S., occu-  
pied St. Mary's church on Sunday last,  
by Mrs. Almon, and they will  
return, after which they go to  
Halifax.  
Mrs. Summerside, P. E. I., is in  
the city, having returned last Saturday  
from a visit to her mother, who has  
been sojourning for the  
last few weeks in the city.  
of Moncton, is in town, the guest  
of a gentleman residing in the  
city, and a daughter of a legal gentle-  
man, will in a few weeks be the  
interesting event.  
ROMA.  
MUSQUASH.  
C. C. Luigate and children have  
gone after a month's visit.  
Ontario, is the guest of her sister,  
Mrs. Adams, of Kouchibouguac, who  
is in the city.  
of St. Andrews, is visiting Mrs.  
Rand and C. Stone, of Worcester,  
and a week's vacation here.  
of St. John, visited her  
parents last week.  
of North End, St. John, is  
at the Musquash hotel.  
of the N. B. railway, is home  
from a visit to his mother.  
of North End, St. John, spent  
last week at Boston, is visiting at  
the home of Mrs. Adams, of  
Kouchibouguac.  
Nettie Austin, of St. John, are  
in the city, and will in a few weeks  
be the interesting event.  
of West End, St. John, is home  
from a visit to his mother.  
of West End, St. John, is home  
from a visit to his mother.

A Family Jar.  
"What's a family jar?" said  
a man to a woman.  
"A jar of pickles," she said.  
"What's a family jar?" said  
a man to a woman.  
"A jar of pickles," she said.  
"What's a family jar?" said  
a man to a woman.  
"A jar of pickles," she said.

ad news to the friends of  
Station of the Atlanta  
learn that he has determined  
poetry to engage in man-  
—Er.  
berries and Hum.  
strawberries after drinking  
you want a sensation, try a  
them.—Chatter.  
Chair Case is Used in all  
of Duval, 342 Union street.

THE TOURIST'S PARADISE

BEAUTIFUL SUMMER RETREATS ALONG THE SHORE LINE R.R.

Splendid Views of Lepreau Falls—A Scene Near Bonny River—St. George Falls—Lake Utopia and St. George Town—Some Description of Inglewood.

The problem of how to spend a summer wisely and well becomes, year by year, more difficult for the pleasure seeker to solve. He wants a vacation with such an entire change of surroundings that it will carry himself and his thoughts out of the conventional rut, and leave him free to enjoy himself as becometh one intent upon a holiday.

The province of New Brunswick, as understood by the pleasure seeker, means the North Shore and the River St. John. Beyond these the guide books tell nothing, and if the residents of the city of St. John were questioned they, in nine cases out of ten, would have little more to say.

For, truth to tell, some of the most beautiful spots in the Maritime Provinces are those which lie outside of the well-known and well beaten paths, and of which the praises have not yet been sung.

I have moralized a little at the outset, because having had some opportunity of observing the traveller and his wants, it strikes me that I am telling a great truth. There is more to be told. I intend to tell you of a stretch of country which the conventional summer tourist has not yet discovered.

A glance at the map of Charlotte county will show a broken line of sea coast, fringed with islands of varying shapes and sizes. It will reveal what appear to be, and are, land-locked havens in which the fleets of England might out-ride a "Saxby gale," while to the westward is a county watered by many rivers, and so dotted with lakes that few would care to count them.

It is possible, though to many it may appear improbable, that some people can enjoy an outing in such a country without the slightest desire to go fishing. It may be that what others view as sport is too hard work for them, or merely that tastes differ. They want rest—recreation without exertion—and the simple enjoyment of a summer sojourn in pleasant places.

The country which lies along the Bay of Fundy, between the city of St. John and the United States boundary at the river St. Croix, is today very much as nature made it. Its possibilities for the pleasure seeker have never been understood even by the favored few who have spied out the land,

and year after year have tasted of its delights. It is not the country for the tourist who bangs his front hair, sports a monocle and wears a number thirteen cane, but to healthy and vigorous manhood and womanhood it is very near the ideal of what a summer country ought to be.

It is a great country for fish and game, though a good many people did not realize it until their American cousins began to find it out for them. No better instance can be quoted of the possibilities in this respect than is found in the experience of the Inglewood Fish and Game Corporation.

Several years ago, Mr. Ben. D. Wyatt, the present superintendent at Inglewood

In the prosecution of the great lumber industry, the splendid shooting and fishing in this area had been viewed simply as incidentals of no commercial worth. The value of a square mile was estimated by the amount of deals and boards that could be manufactured by felling the spruce and pine. Anybody was free to catch the fish.

Mr. Wyatt had spent many years of his life in trying to find a sportsman's paradise, but after he had "cruised" the Lancaster property he was in a frame of mind to sing a *Nunc Dimittis*. Thereupon he bled him self to Boston and told to almost incredulous ears the story of his experience. Then others became interested, and the result was the acquisition by a company of sportsmen of what is known as the Inglewood Manor.

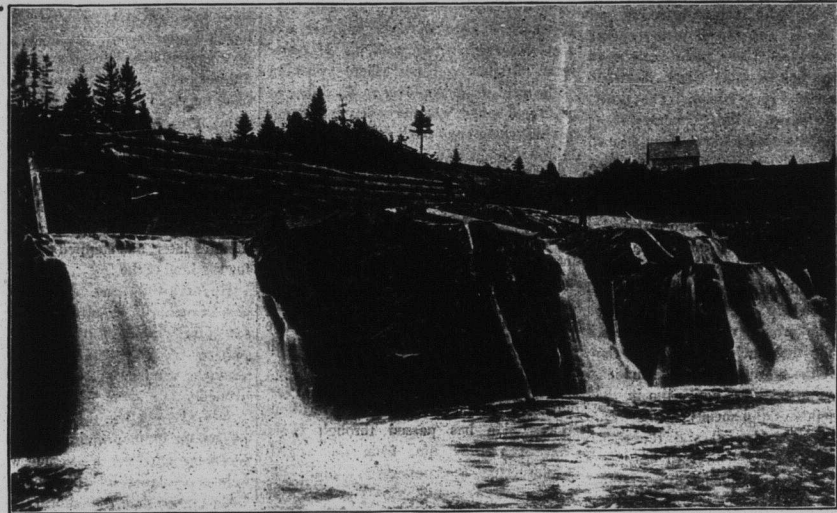
The original territory consisted of about

wood molest a creature of the forest, save in the way of legitimate and manly sport.

When I reached Loch Alva, the chief lake of the system and a beautiful stretch of water nine miles in length, I felt a little tired. An infinite amount of jolting over a rough forest road in a stiff buckboard, a tramping over rocks and through soft bottoms, and a row of four miles up the lake, seemed a good deal like working one's passage.

"Why, the road is too good as it is now," he replied with honest indignation. "We don't ask the public to come here, and we want everything as true to nature as we can get it."

And that is the idea which the Ingle-



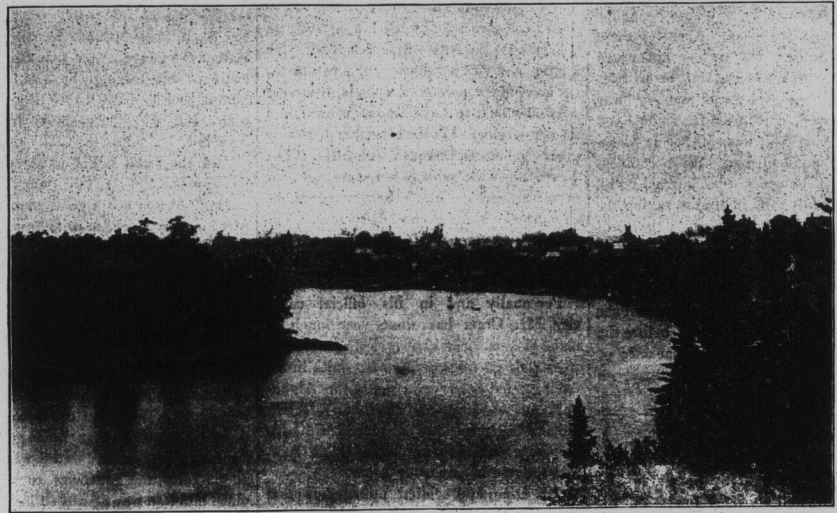
LEPREAU FALLS.

and a born sportsman, was told by an old Indian in Maine that there were land-locked salmon in a lake on the Lancaster stream, fifteen miles or less, as the crow flies, from the city of St. John.

Mr. Wyatt, knowing the popular confounding of the toag, or tuladi, with the fish in question, naturally doubted his red brother's word, but

35,000 acres, exclusive of the usual nominal deduction in crown land surveys, which in reality means not less than 40,000 acres. At a later date the west branch of the river was secured, nearly doubling the area, and giving the control of all the fishing and shooting privileges in 80,000 acres of forest, lake and stream.

wood Corporation intends to follow. It has built a plain and substantial club house, midway on the shore of the lake, and no more than enough land has been cleared to give space for it and its accessories.



ST. GEORGE.

he determined to investigate for himself. The result was a surprise. Following the track of the lumbermen employed by the Musquash mill owners, he made a discovery which, in a piscatorial sense, was as important as that made by Columbus when he sighted the western continent.

In its bounds are included at least 40 lakes, all teeming with trout, and a green forest in which the moose, deer and partridge have been so little harassed that it seems almost like taking an unfair advantage of their tameness to shoot them. The deer, indeed, protected by legislation, may be seen at times close to the club house,

was late last year when it was completed, but 100,000 brook trout and salmon eggs have been hatched out in good shape. In a few years some of the finest salmon fishing in the provinces can be enjoyed on the Inglewood streams.

The landlocked salmon, with which Loch Alva abounds, are too well known to fish-



ST. GEORGE'S FALLS.

close to a city as to be practically a suburb, and yet so isolated from the world as to be a virgin forest undescended by the hand of man, save where the axe of the lumbermen had awakened an echo in the silence of the forest.

ermen to need more than a mention. It is an easy matter to secure a basket of them and of splendid brook trout in the course of an hour or two. The rules wisely provide that not more than 35 fish shall be taken by any one man in the course of a day, but some skillful fishers have amused

(Continued on Third page.)

The Bay of Fundy S. S. Co. LIMITED.

THIS Company's fine steamer CITY OF MONTICELLO sails from the Company's pier, Reed's Point, on the mornings of Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, at 7:30 o'clock (local time), connecting at Digby with the Western Counties Railway, and at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway; due here the same day on the return trip at 7 p. m.



FARES—St. John to Halifax, \$4.50, limited; St. John to Halifax, \$5.50, unlimited. SUMMER EXCURSIONS—Tickets will be issued on steamer during July and August at One Fare to parties going over and back same day, or Saturday returning following Monday morning.

The New York, Maine, and New Brunswick S. S. Co.

S. S. "WINTHROP,"

Will sail from PIER 18, East River, New York, EVERY SATURDAY, at 5 p. m., for BAR HARBOR, EASTPORT, AND ST. JOHN. RETURNING, will sail from St. John, TUESDAYS, at 3 p. m., local. For further information apply to H. D. McLEOD, TROOP & SON, Agents.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10 QUARTS.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN.

Triple motion.

THE LIGHTNING.

THE NEW ARCTIC.



If you need one, see our Stock and the prices.

EMERSON & FISHER,

75 to 79 Prince William Street.

P. S.—Window Screens, Lamps, Vases, and Seasonable Goods of all kinds.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

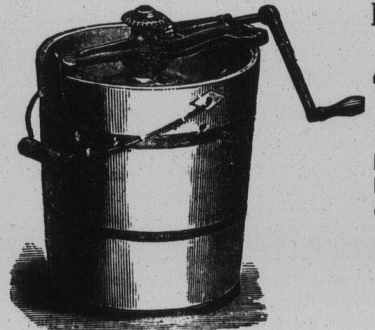
ALL TINNED SURFACES.

Positively No Danger of Poisoning.

"WHITE MOUNTAIN" FREEZER

Freezes Quicker and with less Salt and Ice than any other Freezer in the market.

NO LOST MOTION. EVERY PART INTER-CHANGEABLE.



ALL SIZES IN STOCK.

T. McAVITY & SONS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE NEW CROCKERY STORE, 94 KING STREET.

JUST RECEIVED: A NEW LOT OF

Flower Stands and Vases,

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

Prices low as usual. C. MASTERS.

DURING THE MONTH OF JULY

WE WILL SELL

READY-MADE CLOTHING! AT COST.

TO MAKE ROOM FOR GOODS ABOUT TO ARRIVE.

Clothing made to order in First-class style at Short Notice.

CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL, 51 Charlotte Street.

T. YOUNGCLAUS, Proprietor.

CASH, CLOTHS, and BOOTS AND SHOES, IN EXCHANGE FOR WOOL!

WE are Manufacturers of 20 years' experience, and flatter ourselves that we understand the requirements of the Workingsmen, and cater for his trade. We have a large stock of Tweeds, Blankets, Flannels, and Yarns, in Stock, made from pure P. E. Island wool; felted and finished after the most approved and scientific methods. These goods will be exchanged for wool, or sold extremely cheap, for cash at low prices.

After 20 years fighting against shoddy cloth from Ontario we have succeeded in driving it almost entirely out of the P. E. Island market, and believe that if the workingsmen of this locality will only give our productions a fair trial they will also find it to their advantage to purchase honest goods, particularly when our prices are just as low as the inferior articles.

We have on hand a very large stock of AMERICAN AND CANADIAN BOOTS AND SHOES to exchange for wool or cash at very modest prices. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to get our prices before buying elsewhere.

TRYON WOOLEN MFG. CO. OF P. E. I., Proprietors. J. A. REID, Manager.

themselves by hooked so the returning then year, the 60 landed 2530 stance three n and three of pounds. While Ingle bit of country of what may perhaps, in o versed by the reach, Inglew station and tal the lakes. W it is not diffi sportsman an entree through

Six miles be which in the had what w saw mill in a glory departed match in the h the possible e river, in Nov water-power t provinces, whi it as regards i land and wa prising Yankee has acquired I wonder why it nized its value Bonny River George is one railway. It h resting spots enough to th courtant with tourist can fin pleasant a bit affords. Nearer one Line, St. Geor Lake Utopia.

of this favored and wide, and recreation found them forest was bro province receiv grants of land i the soldier set Crown knew no did the settle arrived to tak found that son in the middle miles long and name Utopia up nifying "no pla word Utopia ha meaning "idea even better the country comes tourist than that The sportsman finds their heart bounds with the banks and c tiful than pen

Dyspeptic

S. S. Co.

Company's pier, Reed's Point, July and August at One Fare to bring Monday morning.



ax, \$3.50, unlimited. July and August at One Fare to bring Monday morning.

swick S. S. Co.

ROP,"

TURDAY, at 5 p. m., for ST. JOHN.

p. m., local. For further

OP & SON, Agents,

EWERS.

HITE MOUNTAIN.

Lightning.

EW ARCTIC.

and one, see our Stock and prices.

SON & FISHER,

Prince William Street.

ow Screens, Laid Vases, and goods of all kinds.

EWERS.

No Danger of Poisoning.

THE

WHITE MOUNTAIN

Quicker and with

and ice than any

zezer in the market.

EVERY PART INTER-CHANGEABLE.

SIZES IN STOCK.

AVITY & SONS,

T. JOHN, N. B.

STORE,

ET.

T OF

Vases,

WEDDING PRESENTS.

STERS.

F JULY

ING!

T.

T TO ARRIVE.

class table at

51 Charlotte Street.

US, Proprietor.

ND SHOES,

POOL!

at we understand the require-

stock of Tweeds, Blankets,

and finished after the most ap-

er, or sold extremely cheap, for

needed in driving it almost an-

of this locality will only give

these honest goods, particularly

IN BOOTS AND SHOES to

to their advantage to get our

ties) Oxford Tie Shoe, for \$1.45

themselves by taking more than a hundred, hooked so that they are not injured, and returning them at once to the water. Last year, the 60 visitors to the club house landed 2590 salmon and trout. In one instance three men killed 65 in an afternoon, and three of the trout had a weight of ten pounds.

While Inglewood is an exceptionally fine bit of country, it is simply a good instance of what may be found, on a smaller scale, perhaps, in other parts of the route traversed by the Shore Line railway. You reach Inglewood by going to Musquash station and taking the old logging road to the lakes. While it is a private preserve, it is not difficult for any man who is a sportsman and a gentleman to procure an entree through some of the members.

wonders of the place is a natural canal, three miles long, connecting the lake with the winding river Magaguadavic. This canal is about fifty yards wide and is navigable throughout its entire length. No safer or better spot for bathing can be found in all Canada, save perhaps one at New River Beach—which is acknowledged the peer of all others. The Shore Line runs alongside both of these delightful bathing spots.

The day cannot be far distant when those in search of the cooling spots of the earth will flock to these fresh and salt water beaches.

Sandy beaches half a mile long extend at regular intervals about the shores of Lake Utopia. The water shoots so gradually that in many places a person can wade

BY INDUSTRY AND PERSISTENCE What Tayte, Meeting & Co. Have Done in Five Years.

It is but fitting that in such an edition of PROGRESS as this, largely devoted to showing the beautiful scenery along the Shore line railway and with some description of the country through which it runs, some attention should be given to the one industry above all others that takes the foremost position in one of the most important centres of Charlotte County, St. George.

The granite industry has of late years assumed wonderful proportions in this place and the stone can fairly be considered as one of the most important of the products of western New Brunswick.

Among the most prominent firms in the business is that of Messrs. Tayte, Meeting



UTOPIA LAKE.

Six miles beyond Musquash lies Lepreau, which in the days when lumber was king had what was by all odds the finest saw mill in a country of saw mills. Its glory departed by as simple a thing as a match in the hand of an incendiary. With the possible exception of the Liverpool river, in Nova Scotia, there is no such water-power to be found in the maritime provinces, while there is no exception to it as regards its facilities for shipment by land and water.

Some day the enterprising Yankee will acquire it, just as he has acquired Inglewood, and people will wonder why it was that they never recognized its value.

Bonny River, about six miles above St. George is one of the prettiest spots on the railway. It has been called one of the resting spots on the earth. While near enough to the busy world to keep au courant with the events of the day, the tourist can find comfort and solitude in as pleasant a bit of country as the province affords.

Nearer one of the centres on the Shore Line, St. George, is that summer paradise, Lake Utopia. The beauty and advantages

out 100 yards before deep water is reached. The bottom is perfect. On the shores the beach is so hard that it would make an elegant drive way.

Trout brook runs into the lake at the foot of a bluff which has a perpendicular face 150 feet in height. Here the best fishing is to be had, and at the foot of the bluff several American parties have already found their way and established splendid camps.

Lake Utopia is but the largest of a continuous chain of equally beautiful sheets of water. There is a chain of smaller lakes, which includes those known as Mill Lake, Dam Lake, Clear Lake, Crazy Lake, Red Rock Lake. There is splendid fishing in each and all of them, and they well merit the name of the sportsman's paradise.

St. George itself is rapidly growing in business importance, and is located about half-way between St. John and St. Stephen, the present terminus of the road. The great natural falls below the town where the waters rush over a precipice nearly 60 feet high is one of the chief scenic attractions on the line of railway. A curious feature of the rocky sides of the catara

& Co. Their efforts to build up a good business have been eminently successful and at the present time they can point with considerable pride to the substantial results of their industry and perseverance.

The firm is composed of three gentlemen, viz: A. R. Tayte, Joseph Meeting and Nicholas Meeting. Every man is a practical worker and understands his business, as the saying goes, from A to Z. Perhaps to this fact as much as any other do they owe their unqualified success.

Five years ago the business started with only two workmen beside themselves. Today they give regular and constant employment to 40 hands. When this fact is associated with another, that all of their workmen are natives of the place, those who read this will appreciate just how great an advantage such a business is to the flourishing community of St. George.

It was only a short time ago that local papers and correspondents made such favorable mention of the erection of their new mill, a building situated in what is known as "The Gulley." It covers an area of 70x80 feet, and is considered to be one of the most convenient and best located struc-



LINTON MILLS, NEAR BONNY RIVER.

of this favored spot have been sounded far and wide, and many of those seeking quiet and recreation in the summer months have found them there. Long ago before the forest was broken, and even before this province received its present name, large grants of land in this section were given to the soldier settlers of her Majesty. The Crown knew nothing of the country, neither did the settlers, and when the latter arrived to take up their grants they found that some of them were located in the middle of a great lake some miles long and wide. They bestowed the name Utopia upon the sheet of water, signifying "no place." At this latter day the word Utopia has a far different significance, meaning "ideal perfection." The last is even better than the first, for surely no country comes nearer to the dream of the tourist than that about Lake Utopia.

The sportsman and the artist can both find their heart's desire here, for the lake abounds with splendid gamey trout, and the banks and country about are more beautiful than pen can picture. One of the

wonderful correspondences of the projections and niches which cannot fail to impress a sightseer with the idea that at some time in the earth's history some convulsion of nature rent the rocks apart and formed the present fall and channel.

St. George Basin shows the wonderful rise and fall of the tide in the Bay of Fundy. At high water small steamers find their way to the town, while at low tide the flats are bare of water.

Did space permit a hundred beautiful spots along the Shore Line might be described in this article. From the views presented herewith and the inadequate description some idea can be gained of the advantages of the untried summer retreats in Charlotte County. Easy of access, they yet present all the tourist is looking for. They are the summer paradise of the near future.

The evils resulting from habitual coarseness are many and serious; but the use of harsh, drastic purgatives is quite as dangerous. In Ayer's Pills, however, the patient has a mild but effective agent, superior to all others, especially for family use.

tures in the business. It is here that the cutting and polishing is done, and when it is known that the firm can utilize 100 horse power, its capacity to do heavy and much work can be understood.

What speaks loudest for the character of their work, and their prices is the fact that they are always seeking to extend their premises to accommodate the trade they have to handle.

Their quarry is located two miles above the town in close connection with the railway. Eight men are always employed here getting out stone for their own work.

To return to the works of Messrs. Tayte, Meeting & Co.; they have lately put in a lot of new machinery, and even with this addition which enables them to execute orders much more promptly than ever before, they know that more machinery will be required in the near future.

There can be no possible reason, therefore, to doubt their assertion that they can quote hard bottom prices to the wholesale and retail trade.

Mr. Joseph Meeting is the competent designer of the firm and has always done first class work.

A MUNC-TUN CITY RECORD

THE STRANGE RULERS THAT LED THE PEOPLE ASTRAY.

How They Marked Out Their Grounds—Sometimes Called Baseballists in This Section of the Province—A Legend of One Called Bah-Set.

Now it came to pass in the fifth year after the fall of the great roller rink, and the third month after the people in the land of Never-go-Back, had ceased from purifying themselves and their houses after the plague of red fever.

That there arose strange rulers in the city of Munc-tun, who worshipped strange gods, and led the people astray.

And they builded fenced cities, wrought about with wire, even barbed wire, and they laid waste the land and the fertile fields, and strewed them with ashes, and beat them down.

And behold they marked out their fenced cities with mysterious signs and characters, and placed unhallowed marks over them; and they took nets, even the woven nets which pertained unto the sea, where fishes are, and they stretched them; even though there was no sea anywhere at hand, neither fishes, and divers other evils wrought they in the city of the iron causeway; for behold, the people durst not withstand them, neither durst they give them in charge to be handed over to the court of the Stipendiary, which is in the midst of the city.

And it came to pass that the strange rulers, which became even as a murrain, and a sore plague in the city of Munc-Tun, gathered about them vain men, and even women and the children of Belial, and strengthened themselves against the godly and law abiding dwellers in the city.

For behold Frederic, the son of Some-Nur, which ruled the city, even the mayor, was young and tender-hearted, and could not withstand them.

And they were even as an army of men that bore deadly weapons, for they were armed with clubs and deadly missiles which were hard even like unto stones, with which they maimed and slew the peaceful dwellers in the land.

And they were provided with strong helmets of wrought steel, with bars so they might see to smite the dwellers in Munc-Tun, and yet be defended, lest peradventure the worm might turn and the oppressed and downtrodden dweller smite back again.

And they wore gauds on their hands, and strange garments of unseemly fashion and divers colors, for they were of the race of gladiators and ungodly.

Now it came to pass that the gladiators were forward and stiff-necked, likewise were their upper lips stiff, and their looks proud and haughty.

And they cast out the priests of the land and did scoff at them, and they made them priests after the manner of other nations, and called their names umpires, which being interpreted means vampires, which the ancient order of rats which did suck the blood of men and of young children.

So they laid the land under tribute of gold and silver and of copper coins, and behold they were like unto a great cloud of locusts which did devour every green thing before them, for there were many green things in the city of Munc-Tun, both of men and also of women, and even of the high dignitaries amongst the people and mighty men of the land.

And the land groaned under the burden laid upon it, as did also the people.

And it came to pass that the wise men and the scribes gathered together in the market place and wagged their heads and plucked their beards withal, and took counsel together how they might rid the land of those who would devour it. And behold the clerk of the market did bear down upon them, and scatter them as it had been sheep.

And the clerk spake unto the scribes and wise men, and said: Go to, know ye not that there is a price fixed for standing in the market? even two pieces of silver of the value of one hundred copper coins each, so we may be the better able to find wherewithal to pay tribute to the gladiators; for behold the Scott Act fines are dwindled, and become exceedingly meagre since it hath been that Thomas the Lawyer hath risen up and defended the Scott Act, and peradventure it hath did of astonishment. Get you hence to your homes and disturb not the public peace.

And the wise men went to and got them hence, but they were exceeding wroth, and did vow vengeance upon the gladiators.

Now there were certain men of the town who called themselves athletes, and they were mighty men in their own eyes, and behold they bowed down before the gladiators. And did even prostrate themselves before them. Nay, moreover they did even feast them, and give them a banquet at the inn which is called the Commercial, and they filled themselves with bread and flesh and choice food and strong drink, and they waxed merry, so that their heads were exceedingly swelled next day, neither could they wear their helmets until they had the hair of their heads shaved. Now there was among the strange rulers a prince in disguise who was a mighty man in his own land, but he wrestled with the club and the helmet of his own pleasure, and the name by which he called himself was Bah-Set.

And there lived in the city a merchant who was a mighty man, and he rose up and

made a feast, and bade unto it Bah-Set alone, because he was the most honorable, and of the rest of the gladiators he bade none.

And it came to pass that the merchant did go down himself in his chariot to fetch Bah-Set unto his house, and did bring him with great pomp, for he was a man who loved outward show. And as he drove him up in his chariot, he parleyed with the great man of the gladiators, and did instruct him and he said:

Behold I know that my lord is a mighty man and swingeth the bat like unto none other in the land, and that the plaudits of the grand stand ring in my lord's ears from the beginning of the game, even unto the ending of the same.

But my lord's lot hath been cast among the strong men, and the rough ones of the land, and because the house whereunto I am taking him is an exceeding stately house, and the people who are lodged there, of the powerful and great ones, I give my lord what men call a tip, which is being interpreted that he look well to his manners, that he disgrace not the house.

Behold I, even I, am a mighty man myself, with many henchmen under me. I say to a clerk make! and immediately he maketh and the milk maketh and formeth itself into ice cream soda.

But my father-in-law, with whom I dwell, is mightier than I, he is even a retired noble of high degree of the order of the F. F.'s, which is to say the First Families whose blood is blue in their veins and who stand high in men's eyes. And my wife is a great lady, and proud of her high lineage, and she demandeth great exactness of demeanor in guests, even those who sit above the salt.

And so it was that I was minded to ask also the squire to my feast, but when we ate together at the inn which is called the Commercial, behold he dipped his knife in the platter and did lift his food even to his lips with it.

Thus, because my wife is a haughty woman, I durst not ask him to the feast lest peradventure, she be scandalized, and arise from the table, she and her women, in wrath. So let my lord take heed unto himself and call to mind all that he hath learned in his childhood of the manner of eating victuals, so may he appear to advantage in my house. Now, it came to pass that Bah-Set arose and was exceeding wroth.

And he said, Behold it is I, even I, who do thee honor in coming to thy house; my mother is a greater woman than thy wife, and she owneth flocks and herds, even to buy seven towns like unto Munc-Tun thrice over, and I am a prince who learned to hurl stones with my right hand and with my left, of mine own pleasure, and not for shekels of gold or silver, and my manners well may cause thee wonder, seeing they are the manners of kings, tables of which thou knowest naught, thou and all thine house. Nevertheless did Bah-Set allow his wrath to be appeased, for he also was a young man and tender of heart; so he did eat with the merchant and all his household, and they bowed before him, and did him honor.

And Bah-Set went down even unto his inn, and amongst his companions and consulted with them; and said, Behold, I have been even amongst the Philistines, and even thus do I shake the dust off my feet.

And it came to pass that the scribes and the wise men were moved with jealousy, and they wagged their heads and said unto one another Tush! we have never been bidden to a feast in this merchant's house, we will fall upon the gladiators and rend them.

And forthwith they sent out into divers countries and did gather together brave men and warriors clad in raiment of scarlet and gold, wrought about with fine needlework, so that the people did turn from the strange rulers, and bow down before the soldiers and warriors, and did burn incense before them.

And it came to pass that the fenced cities and temples of the gladiators were deserted, and the jackals, and calves, and fat bulls of Basan, did wander about in their courts, and become entangled in their nets, and behold the grand stand did rot and fall into decay, and the birds of the air, even the geese and the hens, did build their nests, and rear their young in the helmets of the gladiators, for their power was diminished, and their glory departed from them.

And Bah-Set girded himself with sackcloth, and put ashes on his head, and went out from the city mourning.

And the land had rest.

Then the scribes and the wise ones rejoiced, with the cornet and with trumpets, and with cymbals, and also with tambourines, and made merry so that the people were minded to hale them to the court of the stipendiary which is in the midst of the city over against the river, lest peradventure they be mistaken for the army which calleth itself of the salvation. Selah!

This is writ of the chronicler of the city of Munc-Tun, and his record is true.

Striking at the Root of the Evil.

Smith—Say, Brown, you seem to be growing bald very rapidly. Why don't you try some remedy?

Brown—I am going to. I went and saw a divorce lawyer this morning.—Sings.

Don't be discouraged about that eczema till you have given Ayer's Sarsaparilla a persistent trial. Six bottles of this medicine cured the complaint for George S. Thomas, of Ada, Ohio, when all other remedies failed to afford any relief.—Advt.

TO THE FRONT ALWAYS.

THE IMMENSE ESTABLISHMENT OF MESSRS. MILNE, COULTS & CO.

Their Buildings in the Shape of a Quadrangle—The Shaft Driven by a Water Power Equal to 2000 Horse-power—Their Quarries and Quantity of Stone in Them.

It would not do to pass over the Red Granite industry of St. George without special reference to the extensive part taken in the quarrying and manufacture of the stone by the Bay of Fundy Red Granite company, or more properly, Messrs. Milne, Coult & Co.

To give some adequate description of their lands and buildings, their quarry and machinery, would take more space than PROGRESS can give the subject, but a fairly comprehensive sketch of their business is what will be attempted.

The works are situated on the bank of the Magaguadavic river, right above the falls, and but a step from the main street of the town. Their location gives them a grand water power—about 200 horse-power—which can be utilized every hour of the year, if necessary. It would be difficult to explain the immense advantage such a natural power is to a business of this kind, saving the entire expense of fuel and costly engines and boilers, the employment of engineers, and avoiding all the danger incident to the use of steam.

The workshops themselves are in the form of a quadrangle, the inner area of which is covered by a large "Traveler" which is used to carry the granite wherever it is wanted. About this area are the polishing shop, the granite cutting shop, the blacksmith, machine, and pattern shops, and the business offices. The polishing shaft extends through the entire length of the shops, and is ingeniously and strongly supported by transverse beams supported on posts sunk in the ground and resting on granite blocks.

To speak of the quarries and give some idea of the quality of granite in them it would be best to quote the words of a civil engineer who surveyed the grounds ceded to the Bay of Fundy Company.

It is utterly impossible to estimate the quantity of first rate merchantable red granite contained within the limits of the land ceded to the company. It is simply incalculable. There are hundreds of ledges, the outcrops of which represent from 5,000 to 100,000 tons each, while as to Gray's Mountain, which I estimate at 700 feet above the lake, being half a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad, and in Granite Mountain, estimated at 600 feet above the lake, one mile long and three-eighths of a mile wide, you will easily credit me when I say that the mind can hardly conceive the immensity of their contents, and an estimate would be merely a useless piling up of figures.

I may note, for your information, that the Granite on the land ceded to the Company is perfectly free, so far as I have been able to see, from those spots and veins which occasionally disfigure the Peterhead (Scotch) Granite, and that, generally speaking, the ledges appear to be perfectly homogeneous or to lie in large rectangular slabs and blocks, generally inclined at an angle of about 30° from the North towards the horizon.

Orders from all parts of the United States and Canada come to Milne, Coult & Co. daily. They have all they can do, and keep 75 men employed all the time. Since they started they have quadrupled their capacity and there is no saying where proper management cannot place such a business in the future. They cater to the wholesale trade and dealers, and always have their hands full.

The work is all carried on under the personal supervision of the firm, and is always of the first class. Their facilities for doing heavy work are superior, and their prices for the same as low as any.

EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, acrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing and incomparable efficacy.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

—Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

—Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, 50c.

Wherever known

DYSPEPTICURE

Is already a Household Remedy.

DYSPEPTICURE

is fast becoming known everywhere.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

PROGRESS.

Subscriptions, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail.

NET ADVERTISING RATES. One Inch, One Year, \$15.00; One Inch, Six Months, \$8.00; One Inch, Three Months, \$5.00; One Inch, Two Months, \$4.00; One Inch, One Month, \$3.00.

The edition of Progress is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day.

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

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 26.

CIRCULATION, 8,200.

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

IT RESTS WITH THEMSELVES.

It seems to be a foregone conclusion that unlawful rum will be driven from the boundaries of old Portland and the present provincial law enforced.

The citizens of the North End will be wholly responsible for the number of licensed saloons in their midst. If they prefer a quiet and orderly community to the noisy and lawless rum rule of the past, our best advice to them is to refuse to attach their names to the petition of any applicant for license.

Every influence will be brought to bear to induce the real estate owners of the North End to sign the petitions. If they would enhance the value of their property and free themselves and their city from the stigma that has been put upon it so long, they will refuse to do so.

The question is not for all the people, but for those owning and paying taxes upon real estate. The applicant must secure two-thirds of these taxpayers in the ward or district in which he wishes to locate his saloon. He must, in addition to that, be recommended by the license inspector—in this case the chief of police—as a fit and competent person to manage a liquor saloon.

If the license inspector makes a careful and conscientious examination of those applicants who are fortunate enough to secure enough signatures, and make his recommendations accordingly, it is possible that the number of licenses granted may be even less than many persons imagine.

EQUAL JUSTICE FOR ALL.

There is something mysterious about the Woodstock bank robbery. The meagreness of the details indicate one of two things: the absence of capable newspaper correspondents, or a remarkable and successful effort on the part of the bank and the friends of the accused to hush up the matter.

The fact that the employer regains the money stolen by his clerk does not lessen the crime, and any attempt to shield the guilty party is called, in plain terms, "compounding a felony."

It is a strange coincidence that two bank robberies have been attempted in the same section of the province in the last few months. The fact that one thief was successful in clearing out of the country, only to be captured, brought back, tried and sentenced to a term of years in the penitentiary, does not seem to have had any influence for good on his fellow clerk, who committed his crime but a few hours after CHOMAR had sentence passed upon him.

The duty of the crown officers appears to be very clear. The restoration of the money, while it might mitigate the gravity of the offence in the minds of a jury, is no reason why the prosecution should not proceed.

There is only one law in this country, and it should apply equally to all classes. Justice for the poor should be justice for the rich. Justice for the friendless criminal should be justice for the influential offender.

THE RESULT OF THEIR APATHY.

The ratepayers of the city will soon receive the Chamberlain's intimation of their indebtedness to the city. They will find there is a considerable increase over their contributions to the city treasury last year. Notwithstanding the fact that the value of the property and income assessed is nearly one million dollars greater, and the number of ratepayers increased by some hundreds, they will discover that they are paying thirteen cents more on the hundred dollars than they did last year.

They have themselves to blame for such a change. If, when the civic elections were on, the citizens had done their duty and elected representative business men who would have considered the interests of the city first, they would not have to face this now. They would not have to pay that stupendous blunder on Mount Pleasant which has already cost the city some \$6,000. They might not have added an expensive steam roller to the street equipment, nor a costly dredge to remain at the wharf all summer. They would not have appointed a committee from themselves to

go on a holiday trip at the expense of the city. They might have given more careful consideration to the expenditure and not rushed hot headed into many schemes which have been expensive and nothing else.

Next year, perhaps, or the year after, when there is a further increase in the rate of taxation the citizens will move as they did once before and snatch the control of the expenditure from the reckless ring that has charge of it now.

The views printed elsewhere, in today's PROGRESS and the accompanying letter-press, gives a better idea of the beauties of the country along the Shore Line railway. It is too true that our people have little knowledge of the country around them. The ardent fisherman and sportsman return to the city and go into raptures over the country and his trip. His friends smile good naturedly; regard his assertions as a part of his fun, and forget all about them. In the meantime wandering Americans discover these bits of summer paradise and claim them for their own. They spend the money to get them; improve them to suit their own fancy, and pass the pleasantest days of the year there.

SUNDRY HITS AND HINTS.

What about that fire-alarm-holiday trip? Is it a sure thing?

From the look of their tax bills the Citizens must think the new steam roller is a crusher.

The little girl who appropriated the sweets of a clover-blossom contemporaneously with a busy bee, complains that her "dis-tin-guished her finger."

Alderman Busby seems to have a perfect mania for law. His latest exploit in this direction is to bring an action against himself. The case should read thus on the docket: "Citizen Busby vs. Alderman Busby."

The dramatic critic of the dailies are doing themselves proud this summer. They speak of "the first production of American Plays in St. John" when it was put on the Institute boards years ago as "Furnished Rooms." It is a pity it ever crossed the border.

PEN AND PRESS.

Rev. Arthur John Lockhart writes: "Nothing could have come to us with a shock of greater surprise than the sudden death of Mr. Edw. H. Elwell, of the Portland Transcript. He was in our town of Cherryfield a few days before, and has given his impression of that visit in the late issue of the paper. He was a man of talent and of character, while his record as an editor has been long and honorable."

Mr. McLean, of Toronto, was in town this week representing a Toronto plate company. The recent Canadian tariff on stereotype matter should boom the Canadian plates. On these plates and some dailies find rest and cheeriness in the Toronto plates. Mr. McLean made the surprising statement that many Ontario evening papers within a radius of 250 miles of Toronto send not to nothing in telegraphic matter, but depend solely on the plates shipped every morning to them from Toronto which contain the news published in the morning papers. The office of the plate concern is in the World building, and as soon as the World goes to press, about 3 a. m., the World compositors begin work on the selected telegrams and other matter from the proofs of the World. The plates are stereotyped and expressed by the earliest trains, and accounts for the sameness of several Ontario evening dailies. The employment of female compositors enables the plate concern to distribute about twelve pages of stereotype matter weekly to different parts of Canada. The method is ingenious and business like, but that does not improve the matter.

Mr. George M. Stewart, representing Messrs. Miller & Richard, of Toronto, was hand in glove with publishers and their foremen this week. He says St. John has more prosperous printing offices for a city of its size than any town of its acquaintance.

Thos. F. Anderson, of the Boston Globe, is enjoying a vacation in Digby. He has his family and his brains with him.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

The Genial Host. You will perceive by the envelope that I stop at the Hotel Herbert, but from what I could learn from several guests who arrived last night, who he could not account for, unless several of his regular customers resigned their rooms, which they willingly did, but still they came, asking for Felix's Hotel. I may say he is a short junky frenchman, excels in mirth and hospitality to his guests, and his better half's motto is to keep the corners clean, and the tank of cleanliness is not much of a burden in a hotel.—Edmundson Correspondent, Woodstock Press.

Nothing the Matter with Jim Carr.

I challenge any agent to meet me in the field with a Mower or Reaper that can beat the Frost and Wood Buckeye Mower or Daisy Reaper. Name your sum and Jim Carr will cover it.—Woodstock Press.

How Dogs Should be Treated.

Several fine dogs belonging to Windsor gentlemen have been destroyed lately, owing to their having exhibited signs of rabies. Dogs should not be fed meat these hot days, and other food should be given sparingly. Every opportunity should be afforded them to bathe in and to drink water.—Windsor Tribune.

For Editor Steven's Breakfast.

Master David Chandler, Breakfast street, left a big egg at The Times office last evening. It was laid by a hen, and measured 8 inches by about 7. The hen is said to have been very proud of her work.—Moncton Times.

They Have Buried the Hatchet.

The Transcript has kindly printed the weekly edition ever since the accident, for which, we return thanks.—Moncton Times.

CHATS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

WHITE'S COVE, QUEENS CO.—Yes, but we don't care a button about the crops for our society columns. We have to draw the line somewhere and therefore prefer you to give us personal news.

Successful for the Start.

There is not a much happier man in town than Chas. K. Short. His "Dyspepticure" is going like hot cakes and what pleases him more than anything, the affected dyspeptics who take it are as chipper and well as possible. Commercial travelers who eat at anywhere and everywhere and at all times have "got over it" as a good thing and his Chicago people have heard about and sent for it—perhaps to keep them cool—but probably for dyspepsia.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

W. S. Harkins opened his dramatic season on the 14th, with a company fully equal to the one with which he pleased our audiences a short time ago. He chose as his opening, the strong melodrama, The Black Flag, and his production of the piece was well worthy of the favorable comments passed upon it.

Among the new people in his company is Miss Julia Arthur, a young lady of pleasing address, and one who has made herself a strong favorite. Friday and Saturday last week had much better have seen the theatre dark rather than lit up for the production of such a piece as American Flots, and had it been the last performance of Mr. Harkins' company, it would have gone a long way towards condemning them in the opinion of St. John audiences, for the play itself is silly and vulgar, and I was surprised at the management allowing such a piece to be put on.

On Monday, 21st, the well known Shadows of a Great City was played and his premier here showed that the praises showered on the play had not been misplaced for it is a very strong one, and was put on and played in a manner that was a surprise to a great many veteran theatre goers. The scenic effects were very fine and the acting of the company showed that great care had been shown in getting up the piece.

Miss Arthur strengthened the hold that she had already secured, and Miss Madden added to her friends by her bright and natural performance of the Irish woman.

Mr. Harkins is always pleasing and Mr. Melville is one of the best comedians that we have had with us for some time. Mr. Harkins has a good conception of all his parts and Mr. Sandler may be complimented by saying that the audience was heartily well pleased when he got his deserts.

Miss West was out of the cast in Shadows of a Great City; she has done nothing as yet equal to her performance of the charming little girl in The Golden Giant, but will doubtless before the season closes be seen in something worthy of her talents.

Woman against Woman was played the latter part of this week but too late for any comments from me. PROSCENIUM.

How They Can Get Here.

A large number of people who, perchance, have never seen Progress will get a copy today, and no doubt will glance with much interest at the splendid views printed in its pages, and read the description of the summer retreats described there.

If they choose to come to New Brunswick for a summer vacation, they have a choice of boats from New York. The announcement of the S. S. Winthrop in another column will tell them much that they want to know. The Winthrop touches at Bar Harbor, and allows a tourist five days before touching again on her return trip. She can accommodate 200 first-class passengers, and has 70 staterooms on her saloon deck, which have all the improvements of modern steamers. Passengers can find plenty of enjoyment and every comfort on the Winthrop.

The claims of the Monticello and Digby are also set forth. Digby is thronged with heat-worshipers at the present time, but can accommodate hundreds of others. The attractions of the place are too many and varied to dwell upon here—to appreciate them one has to go and see for himself.

Discount for Ready Money.

The handsome advertisement of Wm. J. Fraser's which appears on one of the pages of PROGRESS this morning, will give the people some idea of what he is doing, and what he proposes to do. To get clothing in these days at such a discount is a marvel, and they can appreciate it who have paid the full price again and again. It will pay all who want to buy to look over Mr. Fraser's stock.

It Might Be Done More Quickly.

There is considerable activity at present on the roadway from Market square to Main street, but at the rate at which the improvements are being made, it is likely to be a long time before teams and pedestrians can get along as comfortably as could be wished.

Progress Making New Friends.

Progress has had a great boom throughout the province, during the past month. Several new agencies were established and in nearly every instance, the dealers found it necessary to increase his order every week, since he commenced selling the paper.

Mr. Parker's Pupils.

Musical people will read Mr. Lewis' card with considerable interest, which is increased by the fact that he is an old pupil of the Boston tenor, Mr. George J. Parker, who is quite well known in this city.

He Caved.

About 10 o'clock the other night a watchman at the foot of Griswold street saw a man acting so queerly that he approached and demanded what he was doing there. "Going to jump into the river," was the reply.

"When?" "Right off."

"Not here?" "Yes, right here."

"What for?" "Nothing to live for."

"See here," said the watchman, as the man peeled off his coat, "I wish you would do me a favor. I never hit a man a good hard punch in my life. If you are bound to go, I wish you would stand with your heels on the edge of the wharf, and let me swing my right on your nose."

"Not if I know myself, I won't."

"But why? You might as well be found downed with a broken nose as a whole one."

"I allow no one to punch my nose if I can help it."

"Well, you are a mighty particular man."

"And you are a mighty mean one."

"Don't sass me!"

"And after holding himself ready for a row for a couple of minutes the stranger put on his coat and sauntered off, saying that the man who touched his nose had better tackle a six-foot buzz saw.—Detroit Free Press.

SAWIERS LETTER.

Blessed be laziness! I am taking a rest, just at present, writing a column a week, reading a book a day, thinking a mile a minute. I think of St. John as frequently as of any place in the wide universe; and I'm grateful to the do-nothing condition that gives me the chance.

It's quite an art to be happily idle. Very many of us never master it. When we're not hustling for bread and butter we wear ourselves out in criticizing the administration of the universe, and lose our sleep with wondering what would become of the world if we were taken away. I've done this myself. I don't do it any more. I keep my eyes on my own furrow, and when I get to the end of the field I just creep into the shade and take a nap.

If anything goes wrong while I'm asleep I don't like to spoil my appetite for the next meal. I couldn't tolerate the carbonaceous in China or the insurrection in Bolivia. Don't expect me to apologize for them. Don't ask me to shed more than one tear over either. Don't require me to remember such things, except as professional duty demands. My memory can find enough in St. John to keep it busy.

As to libels, for instance:

I've been prophesying a libel suit for PROGRESS ever since May 5, 1888. (That was the date of the first number.) It wasn't my fault that it didn't come earlier. I have written as many libels as any man in the business. They have been true statements, as a rule—consequently all the more offensive. I often wonder why the victims never sought satisfaction. I suppose they were afraid of the Foolkiller.

BUT PROGRESS has its libel suit at last. The Foolkiller must be dead.

The most atrocious libel I ever knew about was published in a Portland, Maine, newspaper. Ten years ago, James H. Ferris, one of the best fellows in the United States, came to Portland from the West and started a penny daily—the Morning News. Ferris was a thorough-going temperance man and he made the News a prohibition sheet. Prohibition is the law in Maine. It happens, however, that Portland, like other Maine cities, has an "agency," where persons who need liquor for medicinal purposes—for hydrophobia, etc.—can get their bottles filled. Being a conscientious, conscientious man, the agency idea made Ferris very tired and he undertook to show his fellow-prohibitionists that the place practically nullified the law. Desiring material for his projected article, he interviewed the "agent."

That gentleman handed him information poured from him in a steady stream. He told Ferris, for one thing, that Portland's most eminent divine—an ex-president of Harvard university—came in once a month and bought a gallon of rum! The newspaper man was, as I said, a stranger unacquainted with the people, he was by nature a little credulous, perhaps, and by education as fond of a "secare head" as we all are—and he promptly printed the whole story. It was a grotesque horrible lie, of course, and being a lie it injured nobody but the disseminator. It killed his paper.

On a certain afternoon in the summer of 1882, Silson Hutchins, then proprietor of the Washington Post, appeared in the doorway of the room where five of us, his "desk men," were assembled. He was in his hand and under his eye, he looked us over for a minute. "Well, you are a nice parcel of—idiot!" he remarked.

Nobody disputed it. To contradict is impolite, you know. He favored us with another glare and then he opened the paper and read an editorial paragraph as follows:

"It is understood that when the President goes to northern New York, next week, he will stop over to Canada and visit his birthplace."

"It's too—bad, Dick!" he told the managing editor. "There I was up at the White House last night, drinking Arthur's whiskey, and this morning the Post slaps his face with a nasty little campaign slander!"

He glared a little more. Then he went away, evidently feeling that words were inadequate to the situation. And I took my head out of the wastebasket and tried to forget that I had libelled the President.

But to return to St. John libels:

Putting myself in another man's place, I can understand why he rears up and kicks when his dog is being discussed. He feels that of Truro, are here visited by their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Barker, at Brookfield. Mr. Cummings and Mr. Atkins came over on Saturday and spent Sunday with them.

Miss Mary McKeen returned last week from her visit to Cape Breton.

Rev. V. E. Harris returned last week from Annapolis.

I am pleased to note that Master Robinson Douglas is able to disport himself without any important ceremony. This wall is to be twenty-four feet in thickness. There is an iron framed pier in the middle of the wall, and the same principles as these and the one at Tidnish. This great work of attracting visitors from all parts, and will when finished, be one of the great works of the age.

The congregation of Christ church and the Methodist church held a united excursion to Parrsboro on Friday last, which was a success in every way.

Miss Reed, of St. John, was in town from Thursday until Monday, the guest of Miss McCully, when she left for Parrsboro to join the school of science.

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A PEN PICTURE OF THE ROOKIE'S.

By a St. John Man who Took the Fascinating Trip.

As you are prone, Mr. Editor, to countenance in your columns the whereabouts, sayings and doings of our citizens sojourning in other lands, will you please give the public the benefit of this pen picture, from a St. John boy temporarily located in San Francisco. He says:

It was a great trip down the Santa Clara Valley—which is the finest valley in the state, and San Jose, its principal city, called "The Garden City," and a lovely place it is too. There are many pretty towns in this valley. All the land in the highest estate of cultivation, roots, grain and fruits grow in abundance. Only the wealthy can own or till this land. It costs from \$500 to \$2000 per acre to buy, and requires an elaborate system of irrigation to make it productive. What would our farmers think of that?

The gem of the trip, however, was the drive to the top of Mount Hamilton, the highest mountain in that part of the state. I would like to give you some description of it: a covered stage coach and seven passengers, four good horses, and a typical mountain driver, with huge sombrero hat, knotted silk neckerchief and low rolling collar, red skinned and fleshless, he looked as hard and tough as his own whiplash, gives some idea of our equipment. The horses canter briskly through the valley, and soon the ascent begins. As we lift out of the valley the marvels of the ridge commences; the undulating foothills, thick with fruit trees swell on every side, abundance everywhere; soon these signs decrease and poverty stalks on the naked hills. A change of horses, "a splice in the main brace" for the passengers; off again, and the thrilling part of this exciting drive is at hand. Now ascending along the mountain side; now at an acute angle turning a canon's head where the senses swim, as the eye vainly endeavors to find the bottom; now rushing out and held in space at outstretched arm on nature's finger tips, round some high and over-hanging bluffs, where the narrow road traces the very verge, and has stakes and ropes like a ship's gang-plank, then doubling quickly almost in our tracks; the startled pulse keeps even time, as we travel back to terra firma. Up, up, up. Every curve in the road gives a turn to the kaleidoscope. The scene changes like a panorama and extends like thought.

The mountain is a pinnacle, and on its summit, hoisted high on earth's ample shoulder, sits, Houdah like, the famous Licks Observatory. Its telescope is said to be the largest in the world. We received every attention and great politeness. To speak of the wonders of the observatory would be a lengthy contract. From this altitude, one looks down on a varicose scene, fertile valley and fruitful foothill, city, town and hamlet, lonely barren mountains where the coyote staves, and darksome canon, that seems bottomless perdition. The air of this place is remarkable for its clearness, and we have a lucky day and can distinctly see the snow capped Sierra Nevada one hundred and fifty miles away. If the ascent of this mountain is exciting what must be said of the descent. Perhaps some idea of it may be received when one is told that an observer can see the road below, in fourteen different and almost parallel lines, as like a great winding stairway it climbs the mountain. Down this twisting road the stage seems to fly, soaring round the bluffs, skimming along the ravines and canons, swooping around sharp curves that seem impassable, until you have done them. The passengers hold their breath, and sway their bodies in counterpoise to the stage, as it makes its desperate lunges on the narrow way. A false twist from the driver, a stumbling horse, accident to harness, wheel or brake, and—good night to all of us. From San Jose to the observatory and return is fifty six miles, dist covered and travel stained but not feeling the least weary we get out safely at the "Vendome," have a refreshing wash and a good dinner. An revoir. FATHER T.

(FOR PROGRESS.)

AMBITION.

And seeing not I see The grief and joy of today; They may touch mine, but not use; My life is far away.

True, they are meant to an end, But the end is everything; On his subjects shall I expend What I owe alone to the king?

Upward and I press Till I reach that distant goal, A part is but mock success, When I hunger for the whole.

Nor weariness, nor pain Can turn me from that I crave; If I fall, I shall rise again, And strive till I die or have.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

Exciting News from Texas.

There's a waking up of snakes; The devil's broken loose again, And all creation shakes.

San Antonio Express.

This is Sound Doctrine. The Amherst Press has abandoned boiler plate; the Sackville Post ditto. This is right. The newspaper that draws thousands of dollars each year from a town and has the bulk of its reading matter "ready made" in Boston or Toronto is doing a great wrong to the town, besides being hypocritical in its professions of regard for the working men. The money might as well be given to some travelling advertising fake.—Moncton Times.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

TRURO, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Truro to Mr. G. O. Fullerton's.]

July 25.—Mr. Wallace Spencer, of the Merchant's Bank staff, has returned from his holidays, which he spent at his home in Great Village. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Campbell have returned from Cape Breton.

Mrs. A. Allen entertained a number of Master Louis and Miss Kate's friends at a picnic at the Falls, last Saturday.

Master Bertie Hanson, of Kentville, is enjoying a visit among his uncles and his cousins and his aunts here.

Miss Joan Dickie, who has been enjoying the grand continental tour, returned home a few days ago.

Miss Etta Gull, of Great Village, is visiting her brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Gull, Revere street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith and family have gone to Prince Edward Island for the summer. Mrs. R. F. Brise and Miss Lama, are visiting in Canada.

Mrs. Byron A. Bailey, of Brocton, Mass., is visiting her sister, Mrs. F. Dyer.

A party of young people enjoyed a very pleasant drive last Thursday evening to Valley Station. On their return they were entertained at Rosebank by Mrs. A. J. Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Bentley, of Brookline, Mass., en route to Stewards for the summer, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Walker, for a few days.

Rev. Arthur Westwood, of Easton, Me., of New York, well known as one of Acadia's talented sons and poetic geniuses, has been spending a few days with his sister, Mrs. Geo. A. Layton, of the West.

Mr. Thos. Notting, B. L., of Halifax, spent last Sunday among Truro friends.

Sir Adams Archibald, M. P., returned from Halifax Saturday night last.

Mr. Owen Henderson, of Pictou, who has been spending a few days here, returned home last evening, accompanied by Mrs. Henderson and their baby son.

Mr. Keating's son, City Engineer Keating, of Halifax, was visiting here last week.

Our local luminary the "Sun" has described so graphically the marriage of Miss Marion D. Turner and W. H. Campbell, B. A., principal of the Truro Academy that I feel there is nothing left for me to say. The bride's beauty of face and figure were enhanced by her exquisite bridal toilette, worn at the residence of her father, R. G. Turner, Esq. The guests were few, consisting near relatives and intimate friends. The presents were more than usually numerous, and elegant. The choir of St. Andrew's, of which Mr. Campbell is organist, were both members, sent a handsome table lamp. The Academy boys and girls remembered their principal substantially with a handsome hair-rack and a walk-in-gate, with best wishes came from the lacrosse club. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell left shortly after their marriage ceremony, last Wednesday afternoon for Quebec express for Rimouski, where they take steamer for Europe.

Mrs. Geo. Smith, who has become so popular as an artist, and which has been so successful in showing many beautiful pieces in shadow painting, left for Lunenburg last Monday.

Mrs. Fred Coston and family have gone to Canis to enjoy the holidays.

Another picnic at the Falls last Wednesday afternoon, given by the Misses Dunlop, proved a very pleasant affair.

AMHERST, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Amherst on the streets, by George Douglas.]

July 25.—A number of our society people are rustling in camp at Tidnish, which is being considered a favorite resort on Sunday, numbers driving in to spend the day and indulge in a sea bath.

Miss Sommerville, who has been spending two or three weeks at the hospitable mansion of the Mayor and Mrs. Dunlop, left for home on Monday evening.

Mrs. F. B. Robb entertained her Sunday school class, numbering about 60, on Thursday last, by



AN ANSWER IN VERSE. To a Friend's Invitation to visit him at his Cottage in his Father's Park, Heart of the Osageps.

DEAR RALPH, It pains me, not to say At your warm bidding, instant, yes; For my heart's ease, prompt and free, To your wild nook in Osageps, And hearty hospitality; And did I of no bond complain Stronger than I can break in twain, How quickly I my "trip" would pack, Then bid me over the iron track, And by the bright sea's breeze way, To Portland, and to Melvin Bay!

NAUGHTY PARTON. CH-LD, July 19, 1890.

A Pleasant Bit. The reader of the Dominion Illustrated will some time ago have noticed in its pages the portrait of a little granddaughter of the poet George Martin, who in frolicwise was representing holding under her arms two pet dogs. We have been favored with some comments upon her by her genial and humorous, as well as poetical, grandisire, together with a bit of verse do not feel like withholding from the reader:

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

[Progress is for sale at Hampton station by T. G. Barnes, and Geo. E. Frost, and at Hampton village by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.] JULY 22.—Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin and Miss Mary McLaughlin, who have spent the past five weeks here, returned to their home in St. John on Monday. Miss Joseph F. Merritt and Mr. Fred G. Knowlton, spent Sunday in town. Mr. E. H. Flood is spending a week or two near Model Farm station. Mr. and Mrs. George B. Hegan and family, who have been stopping at the Vendome for several weeks, left for home a few days ago. Miss Perkins, of St. John, is visiting Mrs. E. L. Whitaker here. Mrs. W. H. Barnaby and children arrived at the Keator mansion, Nauwigewauk, on Friday and will spend a few weeks at that delightful locality. Mr. Barnaby spent Sunday with them. Miss Palmer, who was visiting her brother, at Linden Heights, for two weeks, returned home on Saturday. Mrs. E. Hopper spent Sunday in Albert County. Miss Beat spent a few days last week with friends in St. Stephen. Mrs. Hallett, the Misses Hallett and Miss Ida Fairweather, of Sussex, spent a day or two in town last week. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Peters have returned home after spending a week at Glenmarie cottage, Lakeside. Mr. John M. White and Miss Emma Godard, of St. John, spent Thursday evening at the village, and were entertained by Mrs. Hayward. Mr. Geo. F. Baird, M. P., and Mr. Clarence H. Ferguson, were in town on Monday. The young Misses Whitehead, of Fredericton, have been visiting their aunt, Mrs. F. E. Whelpley, for the past week. Mrs. Crosby went down to the city on Wednesday. Mr. Thomas G. Holton passed through here on Monday, and Mr. J. J. Bostwick on Friday, en route to St. Martin's. Rev. S. W. Sprague and Rev. E. Evans went to St. John on Monday. Mrs. R. B. Humphrey spent Saturday in Hampton, the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. M. Humphrey. Miss Lettie Belyea, of North End, left for home on Monday, after a pleasant visit to her aunt and cousins here. Mrs. Gess paid a visit to the city on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Allison Wislart, children and nurse, arrived today, and will spend a few weeks during the remainder of the summer at the Vendome. Miss Bertha White spent Sunday in town visiting friends. Mrs. Noah M. Barnes went down to St. John yesterday. Miss Janet Sinclair is visiting her sister at Westfield. Major J. McE. Grant, the Misses Nicholson, Mrs. E. D. Ontram, and Mrs. T. A. Temple, of St. John, were among the visitors in town last week. Mrs. Gordon, of Hantsport, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Prickett are spending a few weeks here, the guests of Mrs. T. G. Barnes. Miss McAlone, of St. John, was in town on Sunday. Mr. Robert Marshall, Dr. and Mrs. C. H. L. Johnson, and Miss Sarah Bessard spent yesterday in Hampton. Mrs. William Black and children, was in town a day or two last week, visiting her sister Mrs. Biederma. Mrs. George Frost and Miss Currie have gone to Uplam to spend to-day with Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Uplam. Parties are the order of the day; one from the city and another from St. Martin's spent yesterday here, and the St. Paul's church Sunday School of Hampton, will hold their annual picnic on Friday, going down the river in the steamer "Gifford." Mr. C. A. Robertson, Mr. W. J. Parks, of St. John, and Dr. and Mrs. Hopper, Miss Vaughan and Miss McCamberg, of St. Martin's, were among the visitors in town on Tuesday. Mr. J. Mortimer Robertson and Mr. Robert P. Foster spent Sunday at the Vendome. Mrs. Murray Fleming, of Moncton, paid a brief visit to Hampton this week.

WESTFIELD.

JULY 23.—Miss Jessie Pender, daughter of James Pender, who is living here for the summer, has returned home, after spending a few days with friends in the city. Messrs. Baron McBeath and Bert Fleming came up Saturday night to spend Sunday with Mrs. Beverly at his residence, Sunny Brae. Mr. Will Dunbrack, of St. John, drove up and spent Sunday here. Miss Dora Ferguson, of St. John, is spending the rest of the summer holidays with her friend, Miss Mimi Beverly. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beverly, of New York, and George Beverly, have returned here from Fredericton, where they have been for the last week. Miss Mimi Beverly gave a small tea party last Tuesday evening. The following guests were: Misses May Fleming, Gertrude Holly, Ethel Robertson, and Beatrice Seely; Messrs. George Robertson, Fred Holly, Will Dunbrack, Will Rennie, and Fred Magee. A very enjoyable evening was spent. Notwithstanding the stormy weather on Sunday, several parties drove up, among whom were Mr. A. H. Law, wife and child, who stopped at Mr. Geo. Waters'. Mr. Arthur M. Magee, wife and child, drove up and spent Sunday at Mr. J. B. Wilson's, Woodman's Point. Mr. James Fleming and family spent Sunday with Mr. J. S. Robertson. Miss May Fleming, who has been visiting Miss Ethel Robertson, returned home on Thursday morning. Miss Ethel Robertson and Miss Gertrude Holly went to St. John on Thursday, remaining until Saturday. Messrs. Fred and Walter Magee, Ned Armstrong and Frank DeForest, spent Sunday with Mr. Walter Holly at Mr. Fred Sawyer's, Woodman's Point. Mr. and Mrs. Streek came up on Saturday, and remained until Monday with their daughter, Mrs. Mont McDonald. Mr. Alfred Seely, Treasurer of the N. B. R., came up on Saturday night to spend Sunday with Mr. J. J. Seely. Mr. McGregor, of Bradford, Ont., who has been spending his vacation here, left for home Sunday night. Mrs. McGregor will remain for sometime. A strawberry festival will be held in the hall on Thursday night for the benefit of the church. Quite a fair sum was realized. Miss Bertie Langley, who has been living with friends in St. John since last February, spent Sunday at her home. Mrs. J. J. Seely and her daughter, Birdie, went to the city on Monday. Mr. Ernest Lyons, of the N. B. R., spent Sunday at his home here. A very much larger number of families than usual are spending the summer at Westfield this year. Among them are the following: Mr. O. H. Warwick, Mr. W. S. Fisher, Mr. C. H. Leonard, Mr. C. D. Jones, Mr. R. D. Wilson, Mr. Samuel Crothers, Dr. P. R. Inches, Mr. G. Warren Fairweather, Mr. F. A. Jones, Mr. W. F. Best, Mr. E. Sears, Jr., Mr. Thomas A. Rankine, Mr. Louis Green, Mr. J. J. Seely, Mr. E. Beverly, and Mr. James Pender, who are all located on the western side of the river. Across the bridge at Woodman's Point, Mr. T. N. White, Mr. Mont McDonald, Mr. Fred E. Sawyer, Mr. Arthur McDonald, and J. B. Wilnot. WILD ROSE.

WEYMOUTH, N. S.

JULY 22.—Judging from the many visitors here at present, Weymouth is becoming quite a favorite summer resort. D. W. Jones gave an evening party to her many friends on Wednesday week. Dancing was kept up until the wee sma hours, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Mrs. Frank Jones and her children, of New York, are the guests of Mr. Forbes Jones. Miss Black is visiting Mrs. St. Clair Jones. Miss Frances Oakes is spending the summer with her relatives, after an absence of four years in Montreal. Mrs. D. Seely has terminated her visit to Mrs. D. Campbell, and has returned to St. John. Mrs. W. W. Jones has a house full of visitors. Mrs. and Miss Donkin are staying with the Rev. E. and Mrs. Donkin. Mr. Gardner, of the Merchants bank has been here for the past week filling the place of Mr. A. Wood, who is off on his vacation. Miss Beards, of St. John, is visiting Mrs. Norman Ruggles. Miss Robertson, of Digby, is the guest of Miss Nellie do es. Mrs. Blagdon and her infant daughter are staying with Mrs. W. Campbell on the 10th inst. At the invitation of Mr. C. Burrill, on the 10th inst., a large number of the inhabitants of Weymouth availed themselves of the opportunity by taking a cruise across St. Mary's bay in the new steamer, which made her trial trip on this date. WONDER.

SHEDDIA.

[Progress is for sale in Sheddia at A. Stone's store.] JULY 23.—Sheddia has almost doubled its population by receiving a large share of tourists and campers, who are all located on the 10th inst. A large number of the inhabitants of Weymouth availed themselves of the opportunity by taking a cruise across St. Mary's bay in the new steamer, which made her trial trip on this date. UMBRELLAS REPAIRED; DUCAL, 242 UNION STREET.

DEY GOODS NEWS.

Bargains of the Week and Where Dry Goods Purchasers Can Get Them. During the next few weeks white dresses and materials will form the bulk of the ordinary bargain shopping, and a handsome Embroidered Lawn Dress at \$4.00 or \$5.00—former price \$7.00—is surely tempting. A Lawn dress embroidered in Swiss Work is a "thing of beauty," but they increase the size of the laundry bill in a wonderful and fearful manner. Moral: Do your own laundry and then you may afford cool, sheer lawns for the warm weather. Sky, Pink, Brown and other colors in fine Gingham Robes embroidered in white are selling at \$3.00. White Lace flouncing 4 1/2 and 5 yard lengths at \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 nearly half their former price. A variety of fancy and self color dress trimmings at 10c. per yard is certainly cheap. Summer Ribbons reduced to 20c., 25c. and 30c., original prices 30c. to 60c. Berlin work cushions marked 50c. and 75c. Price last season for similar articles was \$1.00 to \$1.50. These cushions are partly worked and offer an attraction to persons who are thinking of the long winter evenings to come as they then may be completed at leisure and purchased now at one-third the price they will cost in October or November. Ladies colored sets, Collar and Cuffs, a great variety of designs all reduced to 15c. One bustling department offers great inducements this week. French Babington Ribbed Vests at 25c. each, corset's covers at 20c., trimmed do. at 35c.; Night-gowns at 50c., Drawers 25c., Chemise at 25c. Infant's Millinery in Lace, Cashmere, and Silk; Hoods, Caps, and Bonnets at 50c., 75c., and \$1.25. Reduced from \$3.00 to \$1.50. All the "little darlings" can surely have a New Summer Hat, as these articles are extremely cheap and New in Style, including clear lawn and silk embroidered Cashmere trimmed with lace. Ladies' fine Straw Hats all at \$1.10 to clear. Annual Mid-Summer Sale at MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON'S.

summer boarders; and the hotels are all filled to overflowing. The garden party of last week was a very attractive affair, and the fireworks, illuminations, music &c., deserve the most favorable mention. Great credit is due to Mrs. H. H. Shaffer and others (not forgetting the ladies) who made the affair a complete success. Mr. J. W. Y. Smith, of Dorchester, was in town last week. Mrs. J. P. Hanington and family, formerly of this place, but now of Montreal, P. Q., arrived here on the 19th. Mrs. Hanington has been living in Montreal and is now returning here and intends spending a few weeks at this seaside town. Mrs. J. H. Dunlap, of Moncton, is here spending a few weeks here. Mr. T. L. Theal, of Sussex, was in town last week. Mrs. A. Hallett and Mrs. H. S. White, of the same place, are here spending a few weeks here. Mr. R. W. Hewson and Mrs. Hewson, of Moncton, are here. Hon. P. G. Ryan and wife, of Bathurst, were in town last week, and registered at the Vendome. Mr. and Mrs. James Mowatt and children, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Beddome, of Moncton. Mr. Lynch, of Ottawa, was in town Sunday, the guest of Mr. C. F. Hanington. Mr. and Mrs. Dickie spent Sunday in Dorchester. The following guests arrived at the Vendome House on Monday last: Miss Edith Thompson, Miss A. A. Thompson, of Moncton, and Mr. C. A. Avar and Mrs. Avar. Mr. F. W. Hartley and Mr. W. W. Smith, of Moncton, were in town Sunday. Mr. C. H. McKeown, of Vanover, B. C., who has been visiting here a few weeks, left for home on Monday last. There was also another departure on Monday, namely, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson for Port Arthur, Ont., who have been spending considerable time here visiting their home. Mr. G. H. McKeown, M. P. P., of this place and Hon. P. G. Ryan, Commissioner of Public Works, left here on Sunday last, for the political field in the Dominion. St. George's Picnic, of Moncton, was held here last week, and was largely attended. A strawberry festival will be held in St. John from here on the 28th inst. Dr. Chandler, of Moncton, was in town on Tuesday. Mr. Robert J. Gilbert, of Dorchester, is in town this week. An interesting event took place yesterday, in which several loose ones of his fairest daughters, Mrs. J. H. Dunlap, of Moncton, and her daughter, Mrs. Warren McDermott returned last week after an extended visit of some seven weeks to the principal cities in the Southern States. Miss Eva R. Sutton, of Waltham, Mass., is visiting her relatives at the Eureka hotel. Senator Fortier and Dr. Lagon were in the principal cities in the Southern States. Squire Clarke and Constable Andrew Ferguson leave for the shore town today to witness nomination proceedings tomorrow. Mr. T. Williams Bell, of St. John, died at the Eureka hotel yesterday. Mr. William Brown and family, of Kent Junction, have taken up their abode at the Eureka hotel. Mr. John Stevenson, of Richibucto, and Mr. Fred Sawyer, station agent at Coal Basin, were in town today. Rev. Mr. Hodgson, of Digby, preached in St. George's church on Sunday last. QUEER WORD! Queer people! Here are men and women who are suffering from all sorts of diseases, bearing all manner of pain, spending their all on physicians and "getting no better, but rather worse," when right at hand there's a remedy which says it can help them because it's helped thousands before. It's a different kind of medicine advertisement, you say. Yes—but not of the ordinary sort. The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and it's different from the ordinary nostrums in this— what it claims to do, or it costs you nothing! The way is this: You pay your druggist \$1.00 for a bottle. You read the directions, and you follow them. You get better or you don't. If you do, you buy another bottle, and perhaps another. If you don't get better, you get your money back. And the queer thing is that so many people are willing to be sick when the remedy's so near at hand.

THE ROYAL CLOTHING STORE. GRAND MIDSUMMER SALE! GENTLEMEN'S SUITS: BLACK and BLUE CHEVIOTS, CORKSCREWS, DIAGONALS, WORSTEDS, HOMESPUNS, and CASHMERE. SERGES, FLANNELS, and DIAGONALS. MEN'S SUITS In SACKS, FROCKS, and CUTAWAYS, from \$3.50 to \$15.00. In order to close out my Entire Stock of SPRING & SUMMER CLOTHING! I have reduced the already low prices about 30 per cent. 1 Lot Children's Suits reduced to Half-price. 1 Lot Men's Pants, Half-price, to close. WILLIAM J. FRASER. GRAND MIDSUMMER SALE! ONE DOOR ABOVE ROYAL HOTEL.

HOW YOU CAN SAVE MONEY.

The Secret Told by Two Youths of the Metropolis. "Ah there, Harry! Who did you block this summer?" "No credit this year, my boy, I'm living on the cash system." "Cash! you don't mean to say you paid hard shekels for that nobby suit. Thirty dollars without a murmur. Where did you do it?" "On the corner, at Scovil & Fraser's Oak Hall, and no \$30, sonny. Shave that 25 per cent and own up that none of your \$34 long-time suits come up to this." I listened and smoked and wondered how it was done. I did more than that, I went into Oak Hall and asked them how they managed to turn out a \$30 suit for so much less. They told me that their system of doing business was the correct one for them and the people. They bought for cash, secured the discounts, sold for cash, and gave the discounts to the people. The result is that their custom business is increasing very rapidly. It has more than kept pace with the ready made business which has been truly phenomenal. To do the work more than twenty hands have constant employment. This work speaks for itself and can be compared to any done in this or other Canadian cities. One of the strangest features of the business is the variety and newness of the goods coming from the English markets as soon as it is possible to secure them. Only a few days ago ten cases of English cloths arrived to replenish their depleted stock, and every week or so some pattern has to be repeated. To describe their show-room would take much space, and it would be far more satisfactory to visit and look at it than read about it. A man can find all he wants in worsted cloths, black and colored, or if his taste runs to fancy trouserings, all the patterns in Scotch and English tweeds are before him. They told me that they would not carry any stock of summer goods over, and any one wanting a good suit could get an "eye opener" in bargains there. Forgive the slang and believe me they speak truth.—A. No Back Numbers Need Apply.

THE THYCKE FOGGE PAPERS.

What the World Would be Like if the Rev. Dan Greatorex Had His Way. NO. XVII. When Several of Us appeared on time at the Sanctum on last Wednesday evening, as ever, we were informed by the gentleman in charge of the door that the Hon. Thyckke Fogge had hied him to the sea shore, and had left word that We should follow him. Those of Us to whom a visit to the beach, and a stroll by the sounding sea was a treat, obeyed the orders of the Senator and went. We found our genial host in one of the prettiest of the many pretty spots that are so abundant on our beaches, and after having duly admired the prospect and aired all the quotations We could think of that had any reference to the sea, and also endeavored to sing several natural and practical songs We subsided and lighting our pipes and cigars decided that We would give the Senator a chance. "Boys," said he, "I wonder why it is that I so frequently have to take up some absurd, narrow minded, one-sided remark made by some clergyman. I expect because it is that we look towards the cloth for advice that may be followed, and for suggestions that are practical, but we frequently get left. Not long ago my esteemed friend, the editor of PROGRESS, enlarged upon some remarks that were made at a convention held in this city with reference to Sunday school libraries and the reading of fiction. The remarks made at that meeting were mild in comparison with those of a clergyman who has a cure of souls in the great city of London, and he is against fiction in every shape and form. The gentleman's name is Greatorex—Rev. Daniel Greatorex—and this specimen of humanity would simply shut up all free libraries because of the preponderance of works of fiction in them. He would have the working man read nothing but books of instruction, technical works, statistics and sermons, with probably a preference for those of the Rev. Greatorex. No novels, no works of a light, bright and amusing character must adorn the shelves of the libraries. Everything must be of the most solid and heavy kind. Imagine the result in this work-a-day world of ours. Let the works of fiction be swept out of existence, leave the scientific and technical works, take away the poets and the novelists and the playwrights and what would be the result? I venture to assert that in ten years the percentage of suicides would very materially increase and the lunatic asylums would be more numerous than summer hotels. Would life be worth living without the amusement that the perusal of a good novel affords us? What man, woman or child, is not the better of a hearty laugh, yes, and a hearty cry, too, over the adventures and misadventures of some favorite hero or heroine? Think of the thousands who have been made better men and women through the works of Scott, Dickens and Thackeray; think of the weary hours of pain that have been lightened and gladdened by the works of some favorite author; think of the days that have been made less gloomy when following with admiration the career of a character in fiction, in which we have been interested, and then tell me that the world would be better without our novelists, without our poets, without those to whom God has given the power to amuse and the genius to put before us those creatures of their brain that wile away so much time that otherwise would hang so heavy on our hands. "Perish the thought, and perish such people as the Rev. Dan Greatorex, who would sweep all the pleasure out of so many lives, and make the world a dreary waste of statistics and books of instruction, and the reverend gentleman's sermons." At this point the rising tide bore us down, and We departed.

THE SPARROWS ARE HAPPY AGAIN.

George Francis Train, since his record-breaking trip around the world, has quietly settled down on the shores of Puget Sound, near Tacoma. He lives alone, and spends his time in communing with the birds and cultivating psychic force.—Ez. THE OBJECT of this ADVERTISEMENT is to IMPRESS on YOUR mind the FACT that Estley's Cod Liver Oil Cream! is the best Medicine you can take, if you are troubled with a Cough or Cold. For Whooping Cough it is almost an infallible remedy. It is pleasant as milk, and for Consumption, Throat Affections, Wasting Diseases it is far more efficacious than the plain Cod Liver Oil. Be sure and get ESTLEY'S. IT IS PREPARED ONLY BY E. M. ESTLEY, Pharmacist. And is sold by all Druggists for 50c. a bottle, or six bottles for \$2.50.

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HAVING Bedded 600 Bbls. of selected P. E. I. Oysters, will furnish daily fresh Raked Oysters, wholesale or retail, at No. 19, N. S. King Square. J. D. TURNER.

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Essence of White Rose; Jockey Club Bouquet; Rondeletia; Essence Bouquet; Heliotrope, Patchouly.

THESE PERFUMES are equal in strength and fragrance to many of the imported ones, and HALF THE PRICE.

ICE CREAM SODA! DELICIOUS AND COOL.

THE DRINK OF THE SEASON.

—ALWAYS THE BEST AT— GROCKETT'S Drug Store, Corner Princess and Sydney streets.

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

The biggest fiasco of the season occurred at the Shamrock grounds last Saturday, when 1600 persons assembled to see a game of ball. They lost their afternoon, some of them their admission, and saw no game, because two league committees either knew too much or too little about their business. I have no doubt they thought they knew all about it, the people who lost their time and sport were sure they knew nothing.

Both were right.

It almost seems like raking old ashes to touch the dispute and disappointment of last week, the first of the season—and I hope the last between the Shamrocks and the St. Johns. Yet for the sake of those who are kind enough to read this column and perhaps look for it, I will stir up the embers and let them smoke a trifle.

It was all a question of umpires. Some of the St. Johns' pitchers and catchers asserted in the most positive fashion that Umpire Connolly was robbing them of games by being off color on balls and strikes. The St. Johns had a new man in the box, and in order to give him a fair show it was suggested that the umpires alternate. Secretary Ferguson carried the request to Manager Keefe, of the Shamrocks, a little before noon, and says that he told him then that unless the Shamrocks agreed there would be no game. Mr. Keefe could not decide and said he would see the committee and decide on the grounds. They decided against the request on the grounds and there was no game.

The right or the wisdom of the St. Johns raising such a question, and standing by it to the extent they did, has been questioned. They have been criticized and had a good many hard words said about them on that account. They have been accused of "funking," and borne many other insinuations that were unpleasant and unjust.

The right to demand alternate umpiring was certainly theirs—not, mind you, that their umpire should umpire Howe and Connolly umpire Sullivan—could anything more ridiculous be conceived?—but that Christie should umpire one whole inning behind the bat and Connolly the next whole inning. I hold that they had a perfect right to demand that, and I cannot imagine why the Shamrocks or any other club should refuse it. The Shamrocks say that the St. Johns wanted Christie to umpire Howe and Connolly Sullivan, which they could not agree to. The St. Johns' refusal to play the game cannot be defended, when you consider that there were 1,500 people waiting for their sport. It was not their fault that the dispute arose; it is to them that the ball clubs look for direct and indirect support, and their pleasure should have been the first consideration. On these grounds alone, the game should have gone on.

I was amused at the indignant declaration of one of the Shamrock committee, that the St. Johns' request was an insult to Umpire Connolly, and that on that ground alone they were justified in refusing. Oh no, you won't go so far as that. When an umpire fails to give satisfaction you can't call a request for a change an insult.

The committees of the clubs met Monday and left the decision to the league board, and of course the decision was against the St. Johns. Unless there is greater justice in the board than I give it credit for, I imagine that all and any disputes between the St. Johns and Shamrocks will be settled in just that way. To show how much Moneton wants the Shamrocks to win after their own club I give you the story for what it is worth that Charlie Nevins, ex-manager of the smoky city team and an old St. John man, stood on his head the evening of Dominion day when the green stockings had won the two games. Then, you have heard me speak of this before, the Frederictons have a natural dislike for the "Nationals" as they call them.

I saw President Skinner, and found him in better humor than I expected. In fact, he was in the best of spirits, and before I left him I found out the reason: he thinks the committee is right in last Saturday's contention. He said that their proposition was for alternate umpiring, which meant for Connolly to take one whole inning and Christie the next whole inning, and not, as the majority of the people think, that Connolly should umpire Sullivan and Christie Howe. He says further, that the St. Johns were prepared and offered to the Shamrocks Monday what they asked Saturday on their grounds. I asked him why an exhibition game was not played Saturday, and he replied that had the proposition been made when the clubs found they could not agree, they would have accepted it without hesitation, but the Shamrocks did not do that; they waited until umpire Connolly had called the game, and then proposed an exhibition to the St. Johns. They were refused.

All this shows that there are two sides to a story, and that, after all, there is not

so much, if anything, in the blazoned assertion that the St. Johns refused an exhibition game.

Manager Keefe has been interviewed by the daily press and his ideas published. In my talk with him he laid especial stress upon the idea that the request was made late in the day and upon the absurdity of Christie umpiring Howe alone and Connolly doing the same for Sullivan. He declared to Secretary Ferguson Monday night that it would have made no difference if the request had been made a week before, the Shamrocks would not have agreed to it.

With all deference to the Sun, I cannot see so much difference between the Shamrocks' request at Fredericton and the St. Johns' request here. The Shamrocks asked for the change to protect themselves from a new man who might roast them, and the St. Johns asked for the change to protect themselves from an old umpire who, they said, would roast them. Not so much difference after all, is there?

There is another game Wednesday. The people know what Howe can do, and the umpire will give him a square show. Just what Scorer Berry had done to get the Shamrocks down on him, I cannot tell you. I am always ready to give my evidence in his favor as an unprejudiced scorer. Rather an amusing outcome of the feeling, however, is the appointment of the Boden "private scorer for the Shamrocks," perhaps with the lurking hope that he might get his scores with the Telegraph which he represents in the North End. He has not been generally successful in this as he would like to be and feels like throwing up the job in consequence, especially as he finds it hard to go away to every game with his club. All of which is very laughable and shows that baseballists are but human, after all and will look for records.

It will take considerable to kill the base ball interest in St. John. Indeed, what most people looked upon as a severe blow at the game proved to increase the interest. I had to smile when I saw dozens of my friends come into the grand stand Tuesday, who, Saturday and Monday, did almost nothing but proclaim that they were disgusted with base ball, and wouldn't go to see another game. But they turned up, just the same.

It was hard to tell whether the champions had got into their old form again, for they had but few chances in the field, and took the most of them. Parsons doesn't strike me as a great success on third. He has had more errors in the games played lately than the third baseman of the St. Johns should have, and Tuesday, when he threw the ball to Kennedy, when the runner was almost on first, and threw it wild, he seemed to have lost his head altogether.

Howe is one of the best, if not the best, pitcher that has ever visited St. John. To keep a team like the Shamrocks down to 1 safe hit, and strike out seventeen men, is a quality of pitching that we have not been seeing every day. It was his drops that deluded the Shamrocks, and they all fell victims to them, with the exception of Donovan who was the only man not to experience a strike out, and the only one to get a safe hit, and make a score.

I have heard a good deal of speculation upon what the decision of the league board will be upon the two games to be referred, viz: the tie at Fredericton and the game declared forfeited by the St. Johns to the Shamrocks last Saturday. There is no doubt that the decision should be prompt. I have heard the opinion generally expressed that the Fredericton game should be played over again, and that the Shamrock-St. John game should be played. The Shamrocks don't want any games of that kind played to their credit. If they win the pennant they don't want to do it by a forfeited game, nor by a tie score game. They are as good, if not better, than any league team, and they can't afford to win their spurs by such dummy games.

The league board made a fatal omission when it neglected to define and regulate the duties of the umpires. The games are being played under the national league rules which does not provide for two umpires, and, in consequence, there are no rules for the N. B. league umpires to go by.

I am sorry Jimmie Christie has resigned. A more conscientious umpire never judged a game. He is tired of doing his level best, and getting abuse from all quarters. The recent fiasco on the Shamrock grounds disgusted him.

The Shamrocks and Frederictons are playing while this is being printed. Both the Celestials and Monetonians have performed the give and take act again since last Saturday. The St. Johns have downed the Monetonians in an exhibition game, and today play two league games in the smoky city.

It is a mistake for the league umpires to be under the control of the clubs. The league board should engage the umpires and direct their movements, and should have the power at any time to reprimand

or discharge any one of them. If that were the case it would not be possible for an old St. John man to be calling balls and strikes for his own club, or for an old Shamrock to do the same. The league could order either one of them or both to Moneton to umpire for the Frederictons and Monetonians, and send the Moneton and Fredericton umpires here. I think you will all agree that this would solve the problem, and that no man could then think that any umpire was favoring his own club.

An umpire never hesitates," said Umpire Gaffney the other day. "He must give his first impression of the play and not wait for the grand stand or the bleaching boards to decide for him. Of course the umpire makes mistakes, but he should be as well up in his business as the players are in theirs." It makes a game lively when the crowd comes to yell murder and doesn't rattle the umpire if he is up to his business.

The fines and penalties against John McCoy at present amount to \$375, which he will have to pay before he or any horse in which he has an interest can trot on a National association track. I understand that McCoy still denies that he knew anything about Earle when he trotted him, and further claims that he has had to stand the brunt of another's fault. He has tried in one way and another to get on the track at Moosepath lately, and his failure to do so may result in the nominal transfer of his stable to another party. McCoy drove to the track himself behind one of his flyers and met Messrs. Johnson and Magee on the spot. They had a friendly chat by which McCoy understood that he would have to settle scores with the National association before he could be admitted to any of the track privileges. The board of review does not meet until December, and the prospects are that McCoy will not enter any horses in his own name this season. JACK AND JILL.

Absent Minded. The professor, drawing a letter out of his pocket: "It is very strange. I'm sure I put this letter in the letter box," but, searching further, "goodness gracious, where's my handkerchief!"—Philadelphia Times.

The Ever Green. Butcher—Good morning, madame. Young Housekeeper—Good morning, Mr. Gristle, I would like to get about five pounds of young and tender sausage meat, please, without any bone.—Siftings.

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When out of order, involves every organ of the body. Remedies for every other derangement are frequently taken without the least effect, because it is the liver which is the real source of the trouble, and until that is set right there can be no health, strength, or comfort in any part of the system. Mercury, in some forms, is a common specific for a sluggish liver; but a far safer and more effective medicine is

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For loss of appetite, bilious troubles, constipation, indigestion, and sick headache, these Pills are unsurpassed. "For a long time I was a sufferer from stomach, liver, and kidney troubles, experiencing much difficulty in digestion, with severe pains in the lumbar region and other parts of the body. Having tried a variety of remedies, including warm baths, with only temporary relief, about three months ago I began the use of Ayer's Pills, and my health is so much improved that I gladly testify to the superior merits of this medicine."—Manuel Jorge Pereira, Porto, Portugal. "For the cure of headache, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the most effective medicine ever used."—R. K. James, Dorchester, Mass. "When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more effective than any other pill I ever took."—Mrs. E. C. Grubb, Burwellville, Va. "I have found in Ayer's Pills, an invaluable remedy for constipation, biliousness, and kindred disorders, peculiar to miasmatic localities. Taken in small and frequent doses, these Pills

Act Well

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Tenders for Supplies.

TENDERS will be received until WEDNESDAY, the 29th day of July, inst, at noon, at the office of the Secretary and Treasurer, for supplying the Provincial Lunatic Asylum with the following articles for one year from the first day of August next, viz:

- BEEF AND MUTTON—100 lbs. of the best quality, in alternate hind and fore quarters (quarter not to weigh less than 120 lbs.) as may be required. BREAD—2 1/2 bushels of superfine flour. BREAD—2 bushels of 1/2 superfine flour and 1/2 corn meal, or how many loaves of bread will be furnished 1/2 barrel of flour, and how much 1/2 barrel for baking. FLOUR—No. 1 Superfine, 1/2 barrel of 100 lbs., also No. 1 Bakers. RICE—East India, 1/2 100 lbs. BARLEY—1/2 100 lbs. OATMEAL—1/2 100 lbs. BROWN MUSCOVADO SUGAR—1/2 100 lbs. YELLOW REFINED SUGAR—1/2 100 lbs. GRANULATED SUGAR—1/2 100 lbs. COFFEE—Green, 1/2 100 lbs. COFFEE—Ground, 1/2 100 lbs. TEA—Good strong Congou, 1/2 100 lbs. CANDLES—Mould, 1/2 100 lbs. SOAP—Yellow, 1/2 100 lbs. SOAP—Common, 1/2 100 lbs. BUTTER—1/2 100 lbs. BEANS—1/2 bushel. OATS, 1/2 bushel. CODFISH—1/2 quintal. MOLASSES—1/2 gallon, in casks. CORNMEAL—1/2 barrel. SALT—Coarse, in bag. COTTONS, WOOLENS, etc., of British manufacture, at what advance on the net sterling cost, such advances to include duty, freight, and all other charges, original invoice to be furnished. COTTONS, WOOLENS, etc., of Dominion and American manufacture, at what advance on net current cost. DRUGS AND MEDICINES—According to specified list to be seen on application at Secretary's office. Separate tenders for Flour and Meal. The supplies to be delivered at the Institution in such quantities and at such fixed periods as they are required. All supplies to be of the very best description and subject to the approval or rejection of the Commissioners or their agent. Lowest approved tender accepted. Security will be required from two responsible persons for the due performance of the contract. St. John, July 21, 1890. S. H. and Treas.

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A 53 INCH LIGHT ROADSTER "BRIDGE" BICYCLE, full ball bearings and nickel trimmings throughout; Kirkpatrick suspension saddle, and Tool Bag with Tools, etc.; latest adjustable spade handles, step, fork, and pedals. Has been used but little, and is as good as new. Price \$60.00 cash.—Address F. O. Box 11, St. John, N. B.

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MRS. MCINNIS begs to announce that she has the very centrally located house, No. 75 Sidney Street, and that she may let, she will be able to provide a few permanent boarders with large and pleasant rooms. Persons visiting the city for a few days, and desiring quiet and central quarters, can be accommodated at moderate rates.

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TO LET. THE RECTORY, STABLE, and GROUND, can be rented to a reliable, respectable family, on very reasonable terms, for at least 12 months. Charming situation.—Apply Rev. W. B. APOLOGUE, Petrolia, N. B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs. Oliver Jones is raticating with her family at St. Martin's beach. Mrs. G. J. O'Donnell and her children are spending the summer months at Buctouche. Mrs. H. A. Whitney left town on Monday for Point du Chene, where she will probably spend the remainder of the summer. Miss Greta Peters returned on Monday from Sackville, where she has been spending a few days, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. A. E. Botsford. Miss Lindsay, who has been sojourning for the past few weeks amongst her old friends in Moncton, returned to River du Loup on Thursday, to the great regret of the aforementioned friends. She was accompanied by her friend, Miss Alice Rippey. Mrs. T. Ross returned last week from Quebec, where he has been spending his summer vacation. Miss Evans, of Sussex, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, at the rectory, returned home on Friday. Miss Florence Peters departed for Chatham on Monday to spend a few weeks with her friend, Miss Murray. Rev. D. Lariviere, of Montreal, held service in St. George's church on Sunday morning, and evening, the rector being indisposed. Mr. Lariviere is a French-Canadian, but his sermons, and his eloquent sermons were listened to with deepest attention. Miss Whitney and Miss Lucy Whitney are in Halifax, visiting friends. Mrs. J. L. Harris and her sister, Mrs. E. A. Record, left town on Monday for Digby, N. S., to spend a fortnight with friends. Mr. S. W. Irons, of the public schools, is spending his summer vacation at St. Stephen. Miss Harris is spending some delightful weeks with a party of friends, salmon fishing on the Metapedia or the Nepisiquit river. I am not quite sure which the Miss Harris is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. DeWolf Spurr, of St. John. Rev. C. F. Wiggins, of Sackville, paid a short visit to Moncton, last week, and was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Talbot. Major Grant, of St. John, was in town last Wednesday. Mr. A. A. Stockton, M. P. P., of St. John, paid a short visit to Moncton last Friday. CECIL GWYNNE.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's store.] JULY 25.—Mr. J. F. Teed returned last week to Cape Breton, where he spends much of his time. Miss Forsythe, of Toronto, is again in Dorchester, spending the summer with her aunt, Mrs. Josina Chandler. Last Tuesday she went to Shediac for a few days, returning on Saturday. Mr. Hiram W. Palmer spent three days in St. John last week, on business connected with his shipping, returning home on Friday. Messrs. F. C. Chandler and J. W. Y. Smith drove over to Shediac last Tuesday, attending a party given by Mr. E. J. Smith. They returned on Friday. Mrs. Carrington and Mrs. Jones, who have been spending three weeks in Dorchester with Mr. Geo. W. Chandler, returned to St. John last Saturday. They pronounce Dorchester a lovely spot, to visit, and they heartily recommend it to their friends. August for a further visit. Chesley's New York Comedy Company played their three nights last week to small houses, but probably as large as their entertainment merited. The Supreme Court has been in session during the past two weeks, Judge Wetmore presiding, and Dorchester has quite overflowed with barristers from other places in consequence, among the best being Messrs. James Kaye, F. A. McCully, H. C. Hanington, B. A. Bonshaw, R. W. Hewson, and D. L. Welch of Moncton; Mr. F. W. Emmeron, of Petrolia; and A. W. Bennett, of Sackville. With the closing of court yesterday, they have departed, and Dorchester has resumed its wonted appearance of desolation and quiet. Messrs. J. H. Hickman and S. E. Wilson drove to Amherst on Saturday, intending to spend Sunday with friends there. Miss Hanington, of Shediac, is in Dorchester, visiting at the house of Mrs. D. L. Hanington. Mr. W. J. Chandler is in St. John, visiting her mother, Mrs. Chandler, up the St. John river. Mr. Chandler returned Dorchester last week. Miss Hanington and Miss Blanche Hanington left on Monday for a visit to Rev. Mr. Peters, at Bathurst, whether they will remain some time ago by Master Lionel Hanington. Mrs. Kerr, together with Miss Kerr, left last week to spend the summer in Nova Scotia. Mr. Frank H. Risteen, of Fredericton, who has been in Dorchester for some time, returned home Monday evening. He was followed on the following day by Mrs. Risteen, who has been visiting Mrs. W. A. Barnes here for some weeks. Mr. Will Cooke, of Moncton, who recently graduated from the Kingston Military College, was in town yesterday, the guest of his uncle, Mr. Geo. B. Forster. Captain George Swaine, who has been now absent at sea for three years or more, returned to Dorchester on Monday, where he was warmly greeted by many old friends. Mr. W. A. Russell, of Shediac, was in Dorchester yesterday on business. The congregation of the Roman Catholic church here have arranged for a monster excursion to St. John next Monday to raise funds for the church. A number of Dorchester people are also talking of attending a grand excursion on Friday from Amherst to Halifax. His many former friends were glad to see once more in Dorchester Mr. David Knight, who has formerly been a member of the Merchant's Bank staff here, but who has resided in Amherst for the last four years. Mr. Knight spent several days here on business, returning to Amherst on Tuesday. Another familiar face, but not one seen here for three years, was that of Mr. W. Woodbury Welch, of Point du Bute, who formerly studied law here in Mr. Emmeron's office. He is present in Dorchester for a few days, and seems as glad to meet his old acquaintances as they are to see him. Miss Blatch, who was in charge of the intermediate department of the Superior school here, is once more in Dorchester, the guest of Miss Gilbert, at Willow Farm. Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Gouffrey paid a short visit to Amherst last week. Miss Edith Hutchison, who has been residing in Boston for three years, is once more at her Dorchester home, enjoying a summer vacation. Rev. Canon DeVeber and Mrs. DeVeber, of St. John, are in Dorchester, the guests of Rev. Mr. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, at the rectory. ST. STEPHEN.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-stores of C. H. Smith & Co. and G. S. Wall and H. M. Webber.] JULY 25.—Mrs. John D. Chipman's picnic supper at Oak Haven, on Thursday afternoon, was a most enjoyable affair. The guests were as at a o'clock in the afternoon and did not return until ten in the evening. Mrs. Joanna Upton died at her daughter's (Mrs. Bolton) residence, on Friday morning. She was the widow of the late Mr. David Upton, and the cashier of the St. Stephen Bank and was one of the oldest ladies here, having reached the advanced age of 82 years, and was greatly loved and esteemed by her many friends. The funeral was on Saturday afternoon. The Rev. W. W. Campbell, assisted by the Rev. O. S. Newlands, conducted the funeral ceremonies. Mrs. Edwin B. Todd, accompanied by her friend Miss Annie Porter are spending a fortnight at the Algonquin Hotel, St. Andrews. Dr. DeLottstadt is again at home after a few days' vacation which he spent in P. E. I. Mrs. John Grant, and her little daughter Helen are spending a few weeks in St. Martin's, with her sister Mrs. W. E. Vaughan. I hear that a Tennis Club has been formed, and will meet every Tuesday and Friday, at the beautiful grounds of Mrs. T. J. Smith. Horseback riding still continues to be a great source of pleasure and amusement among the young people of St. Stephen and Calais. On Friday evening I saw no less than a dozen ladies and gentlemen on horse back. The brightly lighted streets and cool evening's give them a grand opportunity to indulge in their favorite sport. Mrs. Phillip Breen and daughter, Miss Mamie Breen, arrived home from Kentville, N. S., where they have been visiting Mrs. W. Beag. Mr. G. N. Vroom, returned from New York on Saturday. Dr. Seth Whitney has been visiting Augusta, Me. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Todd have returned to their home at home. Mr. Todd is looking much improved in health and feels greatly benefited from the ocean trip. Mr. A. W. Laffin, of New York, who has been visiting his brother, Mr. J. K. Laffin, returned to his home on Thursday last. Rev. Ralph M. Hunt, of Jamaica Plains, Mass., arrived here on Saturday. He intends to remain for several weeks for the benefit of his health. His many friends here gladly welcome him amongst them. Mrs. A. E. Neil and Miss Emma Kelley, entertained some two dozen of their lady friends yesterday, with a clam bake and picnic, at Oak Haven. Mrs. William De Wolfe, of New Orleans, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Jessie De Wolfe, is visiting her sister, Mrs. John D. Chipman. Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore, of Woodstock, Virginia, are spending a few days with their sister, Mrs. John K. McKenzie. Miss Grace Smith, of Minneapolis, Minn., is spending the summer with her cousin, Miss Cora Maxwell. Miss Mammie Gouche, of Parkesburg, Va., is visiting friends here. Mr. Alfred Murchie has arrived from the West, and is visiting friends here and in the vicinity of St. Stephen. Mr. D. Gallagher, of Johnsville, N. S., has been visiting relatives here.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock at Everett's Bookstore.] JULY 25.—Miss Jarvis is the guest of Mrs. Allan Dillibee. The Misses Markee, St. Stephen, and Miss McElroy, Calais, are the guests of Mrs. W. B. Belys. Mr. Guy Manger has returned from a short visit to St. Stephen. Miss Roach, of St. John, is visiting Mrs. G. F. Atherton, Grafton. Mr. Frank Sherman spent Sunday in town. Mr. F. A. Beveridge has returned from a lengthy visit to Yarmouth. Miss E. Hutton, of St. John, is visiting friends here. Mr. Barnhill is here. We believe he is to take part in a very interesting event, which will take place Wednesday evening. Miss M. Smith, of Fredericton, and Miss Smith, of Boston, are the guests of Mrs. G. F. Atherton. The party given by Mrs. G. F. Atherton last Thursday evening, was as anticipated, a grand success. The music was delightful, and dancing was kept up with perfect enjoyment until the "three o'clock" hour. Mrs. Vanwart received in a dress of black silk and lace. Miss Annie Vanwart looked very pretty in a beautiful dress of white muslin and lace. Mrs. J. A. Stinson wore black satin and jet. Mrs. J. Norman Wislour, a beautiful dress of black satin and net with heliotrope flowers. Mrs. D. F. Merritt, black china silk and lace. Mrs. Stephen Smith, a handsome costume of black tulle and spotted net, with diamond ornaments. Mrs. C. H. Moore, black velvet and jet, yellow roses. Mrs. A. A. Fleming, a very pretty dress of black silk and lace. Mrs. Miles Moore wore an elegant dress of white silk and lace. Mrs. G. L. Holyoke, black silk dress with velvet trimmings. Mrs. G. White, black lace dress with silver ornaments.

BATHURST.

[Progress is for sale in Bathurst at A. C. Smith & Co's store.] BATHURST, July 25.—Mr. R. H. Emerson, barrister, Dorchester, was in town on Monday. Mrs. John F. Carter's father, Mr. A. Ward, who had been here since Mr. Carter's death, returned on Tuesday to his home in Shediac, taking with him his daughter and her children. Mrs. H. McCullough and her son Master Frank are leaving pleasant holidays in Carleton. Mr. G. F. Stacy has returned from a trip through Nova Scotia. Little Miss Draper, of Dalhousie, is visiting Mrs. C. H. Cooperwatte. The Misses Mullins entertained a few friends at a very pleasant party one evening last week. Master Arthur Cooperwatte is visiting Mr. Geo. H. McCreary at Newcastle. Messrs. Bennett Mullins and Warren Meahan spent some days last week trout-fishing on Tracadie river. Mrs. J. C. Meahan made a short visit to Newcastle last week. Mrs. Gillespie and Master Gillespie, of Chatham, are Mrs. J. Girvan's visitors. I heard of a very pleasant picnic at Tattagouche Falls last week. Misses Emma Burns and Dot Meahan and Master James Kearny were among those present. The ladies belonging to the Roman Catholic Church are making preparations for a strawberry festival to be held in the Skating Rink this week. THOMAS BROWN.

NEWCASTLE.

JULY 25.—Rev. J. H. S. Sweet and family have just returned to Dalhousie on a well earned vacation. Miss M. Watt leaves today for Youghall to join Miss Annie Aitken, who is visiting Mrs. Armstrong. St. James' church is greatly improved since the new organ and windows have been put in. The ladies of the church, with their president, Mrs. Aitken, deserve a great deal of praise for the way they have so earnestly worked. The ladies of St. Andrew's held a very successful bazaar on the 10th. They deserve great credit for the manner they have so successfully worked in the last few years. They have put up two iron fences, and last summer their church was beautifully painted inside. Miss Pentland has been in town the last week visiting Mrs. C. Fish. I was glad to see Miss Katherine Benson on Saturday. I understand she is to come and spend a week with Mrs. C. Fish. Mrs. Nevins is recovering from her long and dangerous illness. Mr. Nevins is more successful at killing salmon than gardening. Mr. David Brown and family, accompanied by his brother Burton and wife, from Anson, Cal., are here visiting their father, Mr. Geo. Brown. His daughter, Mrs. Moss, from Lunenburg, is also here, making the reunion a happy one. Mrs. Butcher, from Moncton, and Miss McCurdy, arrived home last Saturday. Miss Thomson is spending her vacation at home. Mrs. John McCurdy and daughter, from Truro, are visiting Mr. Geo. Brown. Mrs. Butcher's daughter, Mrs. Lee Street and Aubrey returned on Friday from St. Andrew. Miss Maggie Marshall arrived from Boston yesterday. Mr. McKay, from Halifax, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Yeman. Mrs. Bolt. Ritchie is expected home next week from Montreal. JAMES TAYLOR.

GAGETOWN.

JULY 22.—This lovely little village is becoming better known every day. It is fast filling up with tourists. Rev. McFarlane, of St. John, spent a few days here this week. Mr. Chas. Babbitt, of Boston, is spending his holidays with his mother. Mr. John Woodford, of St. John, is also here. Mr. Allan DeVeber, of New York, paid us a flying visit this week. Mr. and Mrs. McGuire, of Washington, spent a few days here, and were loud in their praise of Gagetown. Miss Millidge, of St. John, is spending a few days with Miss Peters, and Mrs. McGuire, of Halifax, is also stopping with Miss Peters. Mr. Jas. Palmer, of Fredericton, is spending a few days with his mother here. Messrs. Waterman, Allingham and Palmer, with lady friends, are picnicking today at Dingus Bros' beautiful grounds. Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Babbitt are visiting friends in Boston. Mr. Lement, of Fredericton, has been spending a few days in our village. Mrs. Hill is staying at Mrs. P. S. Peters'. Mr. B. Blizard is spending his holidays here, accompanied by Mr. R. P. Starr. Mr. F. S. Peters returned today from his trip to P. E. I. The Misses Peters have gone to P. E. I. to spend the holidays with Judge Peters. Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Campbell have gone to Foxhall for a few days. Miss Minnie Williams is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. J. W. Parker, City Road. Miss May Simpson is spending a few weeks with friends in St. John. BREWER.

WHITE'S COVE, QUEENS CO.

JULY 22.—Mrs. J. C. Mott, of Lower Price Williams is visiting at the Home. Miss George E. Mott has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. S. V. White expect to celebrate their 50 years of married life, Aug. 2nd, with a Golden Wedding when all their children are expected to be present at the wedding. Mrs. C. W. White has been visiting Studholm at her old home. Mrs. Cook, of Boston, and Mrs. McDermott, of New York, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. W. B. Taylor has the contract to finish the Roman Catholic Chapel at the Den and is now pushing the work forward. Rev. E. P. Hurley is here in place of Rev. Mr. Halloway, who has moved to the States. Mr. Hurley is popular as a preacher and has large congregations.

MOORE.

Mrs. Wesley Price, of Detroit, spent Sunday in town. Mrs. Kelle, of New York City, who has been the guest of Mrs. Thomas Boies, of Calais, has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Brown, with their children, and sister, Miss Nettie Abbot, left on Friday morning for Phillips, Maine, where they will remain until September. Mrs. C. F. Todd, of Milltown, is spending a few weeks at Hotel DeMonts, which seems to be the most popular resort for angler people who wish for sea air and rest. Mr. William Brown, of Richibucto, is spending a few days in town. Mr. C. H. Clarke, has returned from Boston. Mrs. Charles F. Eaton is spending a few weeks in Lexington, Mass. Mrs. A. D. Beard, of Brooklyn, T. Y., and the Misses Beard, are the guests of Mr. John Barker, Calais. Miss Wetmore, of Fredericton, is visiting her friend, Miss Alice Graham. Mr. J. W. Kerr, of Boston, has been visiting her friends in Calais. Miss Maude McGregor, of Barby, is spending a week with Miss Sara Porter. Mrs. Alice Howland, of Milltown, are spending this month at Hotel De Monts. Mrs. McKel left Wednesday for her home in St. John. Mr. John Thompson, of St. John, has been the guest of Mr. Thomas Boyd during this week. Miss Mand Smith, of St. John, is spending a short time with friends here. Mr. George J. Clarke is visiting St. John. An exceedingly pleasant picnic was given on Thursday exclusively for the entertainment of friends from abroad, and as everything possible was done for their enjoyment the picnic proved a charming success. Among the guests were: Mrs. Emmeron, Mrs. Gouche, Mrs. A. Grimmer, Mrs. C. Maxwell, Miss Jessie Stephenson, Mrs. C. Maxwell, Mrs. Millie Maxwell, Rev. W. McLaughlin, Messrs. N. Maxwell, J. M. Murchie, and James Murchie. Mrs. W. Y. Patch, of Bangor, Me., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Howes. Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Stanciloff, who are the guests of Mrs. John Black, spent several days last week fishing at Meddytemp lake. Mr. Edward Murchie, Calais, entertained a number of his friends at his Milltown residence on Friday evening. Mrs. H. Barnard, of Mott Haven, New York, with her family, are spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Gates. Mrs. W. Y. Patch, of Bangor, Me., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Howes. Mrs. Foggy, of Boston, is the guest of Mrs. F. T. White, of St. John. Mrs. James Eastman, of Minneapolis, is visiting relatives here. Mrs. Dorell Grimmer, of St. Andrews, was in town this morning.

WHEATEN GRITZ!

Relieves Dyspepsia. Recommended by Physicians. Misses Nellie and Annie Carman are paying a visit to their friends, Hon. R. Young and family at Carleton. Our Postmaster, Mr. Henry Bishop, and J. M. Burns are camping out at Epineau, and by all accounts are having a "jolly, good time." They report splendid success in salmon fishing. There was a delightful little party at Mrs. Frank Gatin's on Monday evening. During the early part of the evening there was some excellent music, vocal and instrumental. Mr. W. P. Pepper sang "Spring Nellie Home," and "Killaloe" in his usual good style. Miss Janie Wilbur's songs, "Robin Adair" and "Lullaby," with piano accompaniment, were beautifully rendered. Mr. Draper sang one or two songs, playing his own accompaniment, and the applause which rewarded him showed how much his singing is appreciated. Mr. Reginald Hoag gave some exquisite selections on the violin. Refreshments were served at half past ten, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to dancing. Mr. and Mrs. Gatain was a host and hostess as simply perfect. Messrs. Bennett Mullins and Warren Meahan spent some days last week trout-fishing on Tracadie river. Mrs. J. C. Meahan made a short visit to Newcastle last week. Mrs. Gillespie and Master Gillespie, of Chatham, are Mrs. J. Girvan's visitors. I heard of a very pleasant picnic at Tattagouche Falls last week. Misses Emma Burns and Dot Meahan and Master James Kearny were among those present. The ladies belonging to the Roman Catholic Church are making preparations for a strawberry festival to be held in the Skating Rink this week. THOMAS BROWN.

SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOUSES.

1890. SPRING 1890. NEW LACE CURTAINS, In White, Ecru and Colored, from \$1.50 per pair upward. SPLENDID CHENILLE CURTAIN only \$7 pr. pair. A. O. SKINNER. ASK YOUR GROCER FOR A 5lb. BAG OF WHEATEN GRITZ! Relieves Dyspepsia. Recommended by Physicians.

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.—PEARS' obtained the only GOLD MEDAL awarded solely for Toilet Soap in competition with all the world. Highest possible distinction.



PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.—PEARS' obtained the only GOLD MEDAL awarded solely for Toilet Soap in competition with all the world. Highest possible distinction.

MOORE Almond and C... SOFTENING AND BE... It will cure Chapped H... It soothes the skin when... exposure to sun or wind... It removes Tan, Flies... Blackheads, and keeps... brilliant. An excellent application... PRICE 25 CENTS... Sample bottles, 10 cents... Prepared by G. D... 100 Brun... Wax Flower... Sheet Wax, Flower Cutters... White and Green... Leaf Moulds, A New Supply... PARKE MARKE HEADQU... Ottawa Beer, Ginger... With Choice Syrup... Favorite Brands, R. D. Mc... 59 Charlotte Street THE WOND... A NEW IN... Only Water... 10 C... J. S. I... THE GREAT... Unqualified for... They are... WILL NOT... WILL... There is nothing li... CHE Package EQUALS... If you doubt it... four colors are made... come fashionable... more goods and do... Same Price as Inf... Canada Branch... Send postal for Sample... Sold in St. John by MAHONEY, Indian... A GREAT BARGAIN... ur, thirteen feet... hall either in city... FIRE... 36 Years of THE PRIGEN OF ESTAB... I solicit a share of Company. FRED





STEAMERS. EXCURSIONS! Hampton and St. John. STEAMER "CLIFTON,"

WILL, in addition to regular trips on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, make an Excursion Trip every THURSDAY, leaving Indiantown at 9 o'clock, a. m., and Hampton at 3.30 p. m. same day—calling at Chatham both ways. Fare for round trip, FIFTY CENTS. No Excursion on rainy days. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

STMR. "BELLISLE" FOR HATFIELD'S POINT, and Intermediate Stops, for about 20 miles on St. John River and 12 miles on BELLEFLEUR BAY.

Leaving INDIANTOWN TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 12.30. Returning alternate days, starting at 7 a. m. Tickets SATURDAY, good to return MONDAY, at ONE FARE.

THE NEW YORK, MAINE & NEW BRUNSWICK S. S. COMPANY.

Steamer "Winthrop,"

H. H. HOMER, COMMANDER. WILL sail from Pier 15, East River, New York, every SATURDAY at 5 p. m., for Bar Harbor, Eastport, and St. John. Returning every SATURDAY from St. John, THURSDAYS at 3 p. m., local. For further information, apply to TROOP & SON, Agents, General Freight and Passenger Agent, Or at the Office in the Company's Warehouse, on the New York Pier, North End.

International Steamship Co. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Three Trips a Week for Boston.

ON and after MAY 5, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at 1.15, standard time. Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., standard, and Portland at 8.00 p. m. for Eastport and Saint John. Connections at Eastport with steamer "Rose Standish" for Saint Andrews, Calais and Saint Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—On and after SATURDAY, AUGUST 10th, and up to and including SEPTEMBER 15th, steamer will leave St. John for Boston direct every SATURDAY EVENING, at 6.35 standard time.

1890 SEASON. GRAND LAKE St. John, SALMON RIVER.

THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W. HARRIS, Master, having been put in thorough repair during the past winter, will, until further notice, run between the above named places, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning, at 8.30 o'clock, local time. Returning will leave Salmon River on Monday and Friday mornings, touching at Gagetown wharf each way. Will run on West Side of Long Island.

FARE—St. John and Salmon River or Range, \$1.25. Or Return Tickets good for 30 days, continuous passage, \$2.00. This "Old Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of each week. All Freight must be prepaid, unless when accompanied by owner, in which case it can be settled for on board. All Freight at owner's risk after being discharged from steamer. Freight received Tuesdays and Fridays.

WM. McMILLIN, Agent at Indiantown. C. BABBIT, Manager.

WEYMOUTH S. S. CO. Limited.

S. S. "WEYMOUTH,"

Capt. J. D. Payson. COMMENCING JULY 15th, Steamer "Weymouth" leaves WEYMOUTH every Tuesday for St. John. Returning leaves Turnbull's Wharf, St. John, every Wednesday, at 1 p. m., for Weymouth. Leaves Weymouth every Friday for Yarmouth. Returning leaves Yarmouth every Saturday, at 2 p. m., for Weymouth. Will call at Westport, and Meteghan; also at Port Maitland and Cape Cove when passengers or freight over. For further particulars as to hours of sailing from Weymouth, see time tables.

CHAS. BURRILL & CO. Managers.

Agents—St. JOHN: BAIRD & PETERS. YARMOUTH: W. A. CHASE.

NEW YORK Steamship Co. THE REGULAR LINE.

THE IRON STEAMSHIP VALENCIA!

(1600 tons, CAPT. F. C. MILLER), leaves ST. JOHN FOR NEW YORK, via Eastport, Me., Rockland, Me., and Cottage City, Mass., every FRIDAY, AT 4 P. M., (Eastern Standard Time). Returning, steamer will leave Pier 49, East River, Clinton Street, New York, every Tuesday, at 5 p. m., for ROCKLAND, Me., EASTPORT, Me., and ST. JOHN, N. B.

Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces. Cheapest Fares and Lowest Rates. Shippers and Importers save TIME AND MONEY by ordering goods to be forwarded by the New York Steamship Company. Through Tickets for sale at all Stations on the International Railway. For further information, call on or address: ST. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager, 65 Broadway, New York, or FRANK BOWAN, Agent, 228 Prince William Street, Saint John.

RAILWAYS. NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c. Commencing June 29, 1890.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, at 16.40 a. m.—Flying Yankee for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points North. BUFFET PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON.

18.45 a. m.—Accommodation for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock. 14.45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate points. 8.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; Houlton, Woodstock, for St. Stephen, Presque Isle, etc.

FULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 10.45 p. m.—Fast Express, via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West. CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, 17.45 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 15.45 a. m.; 13.20 p. m., Parlor Car attached; 7.35 p. m., Sleeping Car attached. Fanchon at 7.00, 11.00 a. m.; 17.00 p. m. Woodstock at 17.45, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00, 8.10 p. m. Houlton at 17.25, 11.00, 11.50 a. m.; 8.15 p. m. St. Stephen at 17.40, 11.25 a. m.; 10.00 p. m. St. Andrews at 17.50 a. m.; 10.30 p. m. Fredericton at 18.00 a. m.; 10.00 p. m.

ARRIVING IN ST. JOHN at 5.40, 18.30 a. m.; 11.15, 17.00, 11.10 p. m. LEAVE CALLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 17.55 a. m. for Fairville and West. 14.30 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John.

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

Shore Line Railway.

COMMENCING WEDNESDAY, June 18th. Trains will leave St. John daily (Sundays excepted) East Side (Ferry) at 1.40 p. m., West Side, 2 p. m., arriving at St. George, 4.30, St. Stephen, 6.00 p. m., leaving St. Stephen, 7 a. m., arriving St. John, 11.30 a. m. Baggage and Freight received at Moncton's, Water street. FRANK J. McEAKIE, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway. 1890—Summer Arrangement—1890

ON and after MONDAY, 9th JUNE, 1890, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:— TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.00 Accommodation for Point du Chene..... 11.00 Fast Express for Halifax..... 11.30 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 16.35 Express for Halifax..... 22.30 A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 6.30 o'clock and St. John at 1.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 10.35 and take Express trains between St. John and Halifax.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax (Monday excepted).... 6.10 Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 8.30 Accommodation from Point du Chene..... 12.30 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 15.00 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Miramichi..... 22.30 The 6.30 train from Halifax will arrive at St. John at 8.30 Sunday, along with the express from Montreal and Quebec, but neither of these trains run on Monday. A train will leave Sackville on Monday at 6.47, arriving at St. John at 8.30. The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT, F. POTTINGER, Montreal, N. B., 6th June, 1890.

Buctouche and Moncton Railway.

On and after 8th APRIL, Trains will run as follows: Leave BUCTOUCHE, 7.30; Leave MONCTON, 15.30 Arr. BUCTOUCHE, 10.00 Arr. MONCTON, 17.30 C. F. HAININGTON, Manager. Moncton, 7th April, 1890.

HOTELS.

HOTEL STANLEY, ST. JOHN, N. B. J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor. Terms, \$1.50.

BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway Station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$1.50 per day. J. SIME, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. McCORMICK, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 to 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. TERMS, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts. W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

HOTEL DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N. B. FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

Myrtle House DIGBY, N. S.

THIS favorite resort, with its fine situation, and view of water and surrounding country is open for guests. Extensive grounds, Tennis Courts, etc. Special terms to parties and families, and for the season, on application. Address: J. R. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

MONCTON'S "PLUTO" LOST.

HE GOES FISHING ON THE LORDLY METAPEDIA.

And Returns Having Lost the Use of One Foreleg and His Self-respect.—The Hue and Cry.—The Reward and the Small Boys after the Reward.

All Moncton was thrown into a turmoil of wildest excitement last week, when the news went from mouth to mouth that "Pluto" was lost! Business was suspended, and people went about with blanched faces and tear-dimmed eyes.

Of course I don't for a moment mean to convey the impression, that the fabled king of— Well! places, and corners, where demons dwell; That well heated place with a sulphury smell, known in modern language as "Sheol," had been and got himself misled—by no means, his satanic majesty is to all appearance remaining at home this summer and by strict attention to business, meriting a large share of public patronage, and getting it, too. The "Pluto" referred to, was a well-known and highly esteemed taxpayer of Moncton, whose moral character fully equalled, if it did not excel, that of the much vaunted Frog child.

Indeed, nothing but Pluto's clerical surroundings which to some extent isolated him from and placed him above, the ordinary run of canines has prevented him from occupying a position, in public favor fully equal to that of "Peter." But unfortunately conscientious scruples deterred him from joining the City Club, he felt that a certain respect was due to his cloth, and that as the chosen companion and trusted retainer of a prominent Methodist minister he must eschew even the outward appearance of levity.

Pleasures which were quite allowable for dogs of the banking and railway persuasion would be quite out of place in a minister's dog; so Pluto remained in voluntary obscurity until one day last week, when, paradoxical as it may seem, he made his first appearance in public by disappearing altogether. And from that moment, till the hour when he was restored to the bosom of his sorrowing family, "Pluto's" name was on every lip. It appeared in print under the ominous title of "Lost," accompanied by an accurate description of his personal appearance, even to the coat he wore when last seen, which was of the lion cut, and in conjunction with a promise of liberal reward for his return, which last, was in itself a patent of nobility and incontestable proof that "Pluto" was valued as he deserved to be. He served as a pointed illustration of the proverb, that "blessings brighten as they take their flight," for many people who had grown so accustomed to the daily sight of the minister's splendid Newfoundland, trotting leisurely along at his master's side, that they hardly noticed him, realized suddenly what an aching void the good tempered giant would leave in Moncton society if he never came back, so that the question of the hour varied immediately from, "Have you got your strawberry preserves made?" to "Have you heard whether Mr. Campbell has got his dog back or not?" Stranger still. I have it on the best authority, that "Peter" Cooke walked the entire length of Main street at five o'clock in the afternoon, when that thoroughfare is most crowded, wearing his proudest and most dandage air, and also "his best Sunday clothes," without attracting the slightest attention. Not one soul took sufficient interest in the popular favorite to call out, as usual, when he passed.

"There he goes! That's the Progress dog. That's 'Peter,' who has had so much written about him. He goes to Murray's every Saturday, and buys a copy of Progress, to see if there is anything about him in it before he takes it home."

I also heard that "Peter" felt the slight so deeply that he went home and had hysterics in the back yard; so easily does one become accustomed to adulation.

But to return to "Pluto." He was last seen in the vicinity of the railway station, and his sorrowing friends haunted the spot, in the faint hope that he had been carried off on some train and might return in the same way.

Two nights and a day passed, and still "Pluto's" popularity was undiminished. He was the topic of conversation, and every time Mr. Campbell passed down Main street there was a fresh outburst of "Poor Mr. Campbell! it does not look natural to see him without 'Pluto' trotting by his side."

In fact nothing was lacking to make "Pluto" the most popular person in Moncton but the one essential of his presence in town, and that slight obstacle was removed on the third morning after his disappearance, when "Pluto," in very deed alive, and in full possession of all his faculties, arrived at the Methodist parsonage under a strong escort of two small boys, and also under a cloud of deep humiliation and the necessity of walking upon three legs, the fourth being very lame.

His guardians explained that they had found him far out on the Northern track. True! he was even then on his way home, but mindful of the promised reward, they had accompanied him, and thereby established their claim to salvage.

It is needless to say that no prodigal was ever received with more open arms or

Dyspepsia cure! Dyspepsia cure! Dyspepsia cure!

better "sitless" and not until "Pluto" and his master were alone in the minister's study did the whole truth come out.

Pluto it seems was after all but human—canine I should say—he had long cherished secret longings for fame; beneath his black coat and staid demeanor beat a heart brimful of Bohemian instincts, and as he could not join a club, or get into Progress like his more untrammelled brethren, he had determined to follow the example of the nobility and aristocracy of Canada, and go salmon fishing on the Metapedia.

Over his experiences from the moment he boarded the northern train till he reached his home in Moncton, I draw a veil. Suffice it to say, that like many another, who starts out in life in a palace car, he had walked back, a sadder and a wiser dog, having lost on the way his Bohemian yearnings, his self respect, and the temporary use of his right fore leg.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

OF INTEREST TO CHURCHGOERS.

A new Schism in the English Church—Spurgeon on Faith Cure.

The St. James's Gazette makes the statement that there is a schism in the English Church as to what one's ghost is, one side holding that it has an existence of its own, and can walk abroad as it likes, the other party thinking that it is begotten by the relation between the minds of two living persons—that it is, in fact, a "co-operative hallucination."

One cannot speak or work against the Church in Russia. A Lutheran pastor of Riga called the Greek Church a "heathenish Church," and confirmed a girl belonging to the Orthodox faith, and he was condemned by the District Court, to the loss of all private rights and privileges, with banishment to the province of Perm, without leave of absence from the place where he lives for a period of two years. He was prohibited from entering other provinces for a further period of ten years, and excluded from the Government in which they lie.

The Reverend Spurgeon advances a somewhat radical view in *Seed and Trove*: "In the matter of faith healing health is set before us as if it were the great thing to be desired about all things. Is it so? I venture to say that the greatest earthly blessing that God can give to any of us is health, with the exception of sickness. Sickness has frequently been of more use to the saints of God than health. If some men that I know of could only be favored with a month of rheumatism, it would mellow them marvellously, by God's grace."

As usual, they are getting very glib in getting to preach than what they now give their people, and possibly they would learn it in the chamber of suffering. I would not wish any man a long time of sickness and pain, but a twist now and then one might almost ask for him. A sick wife, a new-made grave, poverty, slander, sinking of spirit, might teach lessons nowhere else to be learned so well. Trials drive us to the realities of religion.

Cure of Summer Complaints.

The direct cause of pain and looseness of the bowels, is an irritation in the mucous membrane, sufficient to produce excessive peristaltic or worm-like motion in the interior of the bowels, by which means the matter in the bowels is naturally carried through them. This excessive irritation causes more than a natural peristaltic motion, and the partially digested food matter is kept constantly passing along and evacuated freely. This is called a diarrhea; when the irritation is caused by the cause of bile, we have dysentery. Indirect cause of diarrhea, by which an irritation is started are: indigestion, overeating, and eating of greasy, fruit, tanned meat, or oysters, etc.; torpor of liver, which does not secrete its natural bile; and the use of bile, etc. TREATMENT. Thoroughly evacuate the bowels with say Parson's Pills, they are the best to get rid of all irritating matter. Then take Johnson's Anodyne Linctum in teaspoonful doses diluted with water every four hours, and often if the case is severe. In cases of Asiatic cholera, one tea-spoonful should be given every fifteen minutes. Thousands of people remember the year 1849, when that worst known epidemic disease spread over this country. Johnson's Anodyne Linctum at that time was but little known outside of the state of Maine. In Bangor, Maine, the home of old Dr. Johnson, the Cholera got a firm hold—people dying in that small town at the rate of "thirty-six in one day."

Many old citizens of that place look back upon that wholesale death scene even at this late day, and shudder at the pang it cost. Johnson's Anodyne Linctum is now in its full vigor, and they feel that with it in hand cholera cannot again devastate their fair city as in 1849. But for its use at that time by its friends, many would not now live to praise the joyful news that any case of diarrhea, dysentery, cholera morbus, cholera, or kindred diseases, if taken in season can be cured by Johnson's Anodyne Linctum. It never yet failed. No matter how well you know this medicine, it will pay you to send to I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., for a pamphlet free just to learn how to use the medicine economically. A tea-spoonful properly used will often do more good than a half bottle, as some people use it.

Confusion as to the Guidance.

In the early days of Maine Methodism it was the custom for the young ministers to consult their presiding elders before taking a wife. Once, during a camp meeting in eastern Maine, a young minister approached the presiding elder and said he wished to be married.

"Whom do you propose to marry?" asked the elder.

"Well," said the young man, "the Lord has made known to me very clearly that I should marry Sister Mary Turner."

"I know her well," said the elder; "she is a fine girl. I will see you again before the meeting closes."

During the week four other young ministers consulted the presiding elder on the subject of marriage. Each of them gave the name of the young woman to whom he proposed to offer himself. They had all prayed over the matter a great deal, and each was certain that it was the Lord's desire that he should marry the person named. Neither of the five young men knew that any one else had consulted the elder on that subject. On the last day of the camp meeting, at noon, the elder called the five young ministers to his tent to receive his opinion. He said:

"Now, brethren, it may be the will of God for you to marry, but it is not His will that five Methodist ministers should marry little Mary Turner."—S. F. Argonaut.

He Was an Authority.

Algernon (kissing his fiancée)—When shall it be, Arabella?

Arabella—We must let papa decide that. He's a retired sea captain, you know.

Algernon—Why, what has that to do with the date of our marriage?

Arabella—Why, Algernon, isn't it a maritime question?—Judge.

Dyspepsia cure! Dyspepsia cure! Dyspepsia cure!

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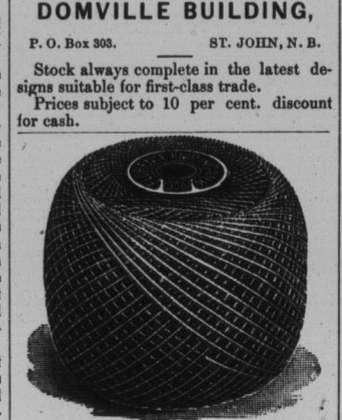
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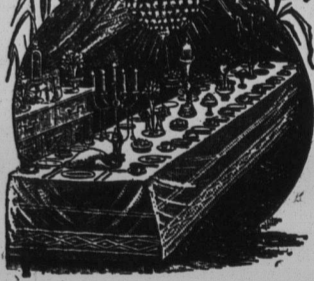
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VOL III.

AFTER US THE ROLLER ROLL UP

A Bigger Burden on the Rates How the Finance for the People.

The big, ten-ton and made its debut of every horse which and with the problem who is trying to get into the "jim-jams" of the morning.

It is not a means. It is said to and most of us could buy something that more pleasing to the wicked, vicious, folks call it the car lady who said it comes on wheels" appear great and convincing, it is known as the "Elephant."

No one contented but the assertion is How useful remain man at the helm and it has been put such thoroughfare it proves itself is no.

They base their the ten tons distributed as is contained in equivalent to the heavy laden truck which will cut the roller may finish. Give the roller a chance.

It was heavy enough Duke street into the Do the people want. There are others expensive luxury.

Softly, friends, it after all. Perhaps 'the Mount Pleasant cost three times as The pay roll for now amounts to \$1 the roller will make time; perhaps it roller has come to would have cost more the citizens as well.

It is all part of the finest city in Canada lay down a bedding of earth, and then a roller will pack it like an asphalt will be little or no watering the streets—a great scheme—if

Let the roller roll the additional tax on the taxpayers this \$45,000, the tax from \$1.32 to \$1.42 the agile common folk.

Men who have finances, and it is they are not on to allege that there is public have been kicked with a skip and a \$45,000 in one year. It gives an idea that (taxes) o'er a snail will do it every time it is sure to beget another. It was not in the Union Act to increase amount of extra ex. It should not do so right.

Admitting that there of additional expenditures against this increased valuation which is equal to To this should be \$100,000 worth of s been redeemed, which a total of \$21,000, required. It would matter to borrow the on from year to year and adding nothing people.

An excellent authority expenditure could be to be the tax rate in from \$1.32 to \$1.42, has jumped in one year. But there is a great Portland, says some from Portland that creased valuation of One of the city p of the heavy rate-p These are the men w most, and they are the least interest in a

As one of the ad marked, "They mu creased taxation."

It is only for \$45, be more next year, a year.

And after us, the