PROGRESS SATURDAY LINE IS.

[The following poem, originally published in 1870, probably suggested the title of the new and successful organization known as "The King's Daughters," which has a membership of over 14,000.

She wears no jewels upon hand or brow; No badge by which she may be known of men; But, though she walk in plain attire now, She is a daughter of the King, and when Her Father calls her at His throne to wait She will be clothed as doth befit her state.

Her Father sent her in His land to dwell, Giving to her a work that must be done; And since the King loves all His people well, Therefore she, too, cares for them, every one. Thus when she stoops to lift from want and sin The brighter shines her royalty therein.

She walks erect through dangers manifold, While many sink and fall on either hand. She heeds not summer's heat nor winter's cold, For both are subject to the King's command; She need not be afraid of anything Because she is a daughter of the King!

Even when the angel comes that men call Death-And name with terror-it appals not her; She turns to look at him with quickened breath, Thinking, "It is the royal messenger!" Her heart rejoices that her Father calls Her back to live within the palace walls.

For though the land she dwells in is most fair, Set round with streams, like picture in its fram Yet often in her heart deep longings are For that "imperial palace" whence she came; Not perfect quite seems any earthly thing, Because-she is a daughter of the King! -Rebecca S. Utter.

AN ECHO FROM HORACE.

('Persicos odi, puer,' etc.) My boy, these pomps of Persian state, And garlands linden-wove, I hate, Forbear to search for spots where late Lingers the tardy rose.

The myrtle is no whit more fair For all thy pains; it shameth ne'er Thee serving, nor me feasting, where The vine-tree clust'ring grows.

BY TELEPHONE.

It was a suggestion of Hawthorne's-was ladies of a beauty so destructive that in their presence the little god would find a Gatling gun his most useful weapon. It is safe to say that the son of Venus does not disdain the latest inventions of Vulcan for the record of Mark and that he shows a first safe to say that the son of Vulcan for the record of Mark and that he shows a first safe to say that the same are same the use of Mars, and that he slips off his the use of Mars, and that he slips off his bandage whenever he goes forth to replenish his armory. Lovers are quick to follow his example and the house of love has all the modern improvements. Nowadays the sighing swain may tryst by telegraph and the blushing bride must elope by the lightning-express; and if ever there were an Orlando in the streets of New York, he would have to carry his Rosalind's name on the have to carve his Rosalind's name on the

a pair of famous lovers would be other than it is. Leander surely would not have set out to swim to his mistress had international storm-warnings been sent across the Atlantic, which Hero could have conveyed to him by the Hellespont Direct Cable company. Paris might never have escaped scotfree with the fair Helen if the deserted husband and monarch had been able to pursue the fugitives at once in his swift steam yacht, the Menelaus. And had Friar Laurence been a subscriber to the Verona Telephone association, that worthy priest would have been able to ring up Romeo and to warn him that the elixir of death which Juliet had taken was but a temporary narcotic, and then might Romeo find that

Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

As the centuries succeed one another, society becomes more complicated and science develops in all directions; thus is an equilibrium maintained, and the modern lover is aided by the appliances of science as he is hampered by the intricacies of society. Even the charity fair, that final triumph of the amateur swindler, and the telephone, that unpoetic adjunct of the shop and the office, can be forced to do love's bidding and to serve as instruments in the cunning

hands of Cupid. When the young ladies who were spending the summer at the seaside hotel at Sandy Beach resolved to get up a fair for the benefit of the Society for the Supply of Missionaries to Cannibal countries, they had no more hearty helper than Mr. Samuel Brassey, a young gentleman recently graduated from Columbia college. He was alert, energetic, ingenious, and untiring; and when at last the fair was opened the young ladies declared that they did not know what they would have done without him. He it was who helped to decorate the hall-room, and to arrange it as a mart for ball-room, and to arrange it as a mart for the vending of unconsidered trifles. He it was who devised the Japanese tea-stall for Mrs. Martin, and suggested that this portly and imposing dame should appear in a Jap-anese dressing-gown. He it was who aided the three Miss Petittoes, then under Mrs. Martin's motherly wing, to set up their stands—the Well, where Miss Rebecca

To Miss Cassandra, who was the eldest and most austere of the three Miss Pettitoes, he suggested certain predictions for certain young men and maidens who were sure to apply to the soothsayer— predictions which seemed to her sufficiently vague and oracular, but which chanced to be pertinent enough to excite the liveliest emotions when they were imparted to the applicants. For Miss Nelly he wrote out many autographs of many famous persons, from Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra to Queen Elizabeth and George Washington; the signatures of of Shakspere, of which there were a dozen, he declared to be eminently characteristic, as no two were spelled alike; and the signmanual of Confucius he authorized her to proclaim absolutely unique, as he had copied it from the only tea-chest in the hotel. To him also the sirens of the bazar said, as she took her station before the box hotel. To him also the sirens of the bazar owed their absolute conviction of the necessity of giving no change. Furthermore, he elaborated a novel reversal of the more, he elaborated a novel reversal of the necessity of giving no change. Furthermore, he elaborated a novel reversal of the necessity of giving no change. Furthermore, he elaborated a novel reversal of the necessity of giving no change. Furthermore, he elaborated a novel reversal of the necessity of giving no change. Furthermore, he elaborated a novel reversal of the necessity of giving no change. Furthermore, he elaborated a novel reversal of the necessity of giving no change. Furthermore, he elaborated a novel reversal of the necessity of giving no change. Furthermore, he elaborated a novel reversal of the necessity of giving no change. Furthermore, he elaborated a novel reversal of the necessity of giving no change. Furthermore, he elaborated a novel reversal of the necessity of giving no change. Furthermore, he elaborated a novel reversal of the necessity of giving no change. Furthermore, he elaborated a novel reversal of the necessity of giving no change. Furthermore, he elaborated a novel reversal of the necessity of giving no change. Furthermore, he elaborated a novel reversal of the necessity of giving no change.

garb of Pocahontas, told fortunes.

principle of a reduction on taking a discussion in which a lady takes part, and most promising head for business; and so the autographs were genuine and being promptly offered a "written guarantee from

From these details it will be seen that Mr. Samuel Brassey was on most friendly terms, not to say familiar, with Mrs. Martin and with her charges, the three Miss Pettitoes. He was equally frank and open with all the other young ladies in the hotel, except, it may be, with Miss Bessy Martin. In his relation with Mrs. Martin's handsome niece a persistent observer might have detected a constraint, often cast aside and often recurring. The rest of the girls met him with the sincerity and the unthinking cordiality which are marked characteristics of the young women of America, especially when they chance to be at a summer hotel. So indeed did Miss Martin,-but to her his bearing was different. Towards the others he was kindly. To her he was devoted and yet reserved at times, as though under duress. The least bashful of young men ordinarily, in her presence he found himself shy and not always able to compel his tongue to do his bidding. If she looked at him—and he was a pleasant-faced young fellow—he found himself wondering whether he was blushing or not. Out of her sight he was often miserable; and under her eyes he suffered an exquisite agony. He hovered about her as though he had words of the deepest import trembling on his tongue, but when he sat by her side on the piazza, or danced a Virginia reel opposite to her of a Saturday night, or walked with her to church of a Sunday morning, he had nothing to say for himself.

Whether or not Miss Martin had noted these symptoms, or what her opinion of Mr. Brassey might be or her feelings towards him, no man might know; these things were locked in her breast. The face of a virgin before the asking of the question is as inscrutable as the visage of the Sphinx propounding its riddle. Miss Martin treated Sam as she treated the other young men. She allowed him to help her in the it not?-that in these more modern days organization of the post-office department Cupid has no doubt discarded his bow and of the fair. She was to be the post-misarrow in favor of a revolver. There are tress; and with Sam aiding and abetting,

office had been arranged as a public pay station of the Seaside Hotel Telephone company—so a blue and white sign declared which hung over the corner of the ballroom where the letters were distributed.
He had set up a toy telephone in the postoffice with a line extending to a summer house in the grounds, about 200 feet from the hotel. Any person who cents at the post-office was entitled to go to the summer-house and hold a conversatelegraph poles.

If the appliances of modern science had been at the command of Cupid in the past as they are in the present, the story of many as they are in the present, the story of many and pointedly, for Bessy and Martin was a quick-witted and a keencasual converser might choose to put were answered promptly and pointedly, for Bessy Martin was a quick-witted and a keensighted girl.

So it happened that these telephone talks were a captivating novelty, and during the final evening of the fair the bell in the postoffice ran frequently, and Miss Martin's conversation charmed many a quarter into the little box which Sam Brassey had contrived for her to store her takings.

Sam himself was constant in his attendance at the post-office. Although Mrs. Martin or the three Miss Pettitoes might claim his services, he returned to Bessy as soon as he could. Yet he did not seem altogether pleased at the continual use of the telephone. As the evening wore on, a shadow of resolution deepened on his face. It was as though he had made a promise to himself and thereafter was only biding his time before he should keep it.

About 10 o'clock the ball-room began to

empty as the crowd gathered in the dining-room, where the drawing for the grand prize was to take place. The committee of management had decided, early in the organization of the fair, not to allow any lotteries. Nevertheless a "subscription" had been opened for a handsome pair of cloisonne vases, which Mr. Martin had presented, and every subscriber had a numbered ticket; and now on the last evening of the fair there was to be a "casting of lots" to discover to whom the vases might belong. This much the committee of management had permitted. The interest in the result of the "casting of lots" was so intense that most of the ladies who had charge of stalls abandoned them for a while and deserted into the dining-room.

Then Sam Brassey stepped up to the window of the post-office.

"Are you going to see the drawing of the prize, Miss Bessy?" he asked. "No," she answered; "I shall stick to my

"That 's all right!" he returned, and a smile lightened his face. "That 's all right. Then here 's my quarter."
So saying, he placed the coin before her and hurried away.

"But what's it for?" she cried. There was no reply, as he had already left the

The ball-room was almost empty by this time. Mr. Harry Brackett, who had been writing most amusing letters from Sandy Beach to the Gotham Gazette, was standing drew lemonade for every one that thirsted; the Old Curiosity Shop, where Miss Nelly displayed a helter-skelter lot of orts and ends; and the Indian Wigwam, in the dark Rebecca a two-dollar bill, receiving no

recesses of which Miss Cassandra, in the change. he asked her. "Two big buckets full," she answered.

'Why?" Mr. Brackett made no reply, but began to peer earnestly among the vines which formed the bower and draped the well. "What are you doing?" asked Miss Re-

"I was looking for the other half of that lemon," he replied. Then he offered her his arm, and they

went off together into the dining-room to see who should win the prize. Miss Bessy Martin was left quite alone in her corner of the ball-room. She was counting up her gains when the telephone-bell rang sharply. Before she could put the money down and go to the instrument, there came a second important time aline.

quantity; the autographs at the Old which are quite as annoying to the listener. Curiosity Shop, the glasses of attenuated The torture of Tantalus was but a trifle lemonade at the well, and the little fans at compared with the suffering of an inquisitive the Japanese tea-stall were all twenty-five person who is permitted to hear the putting cents each, three for a dollar. This device of a question and debarred from listening alone stamped him as a young man with a to the answer. Fortunately, there was no one left in the ball-room near enough to the Mr. Martin declared him, after asking if post-office corner to hear even the half of the conversation now to be set down.

"Hello, hello!" was the obligatory re-mark with which Bessy Martin began the colloquy across the wire.

Of course the response of her partner in the confabulation was as inaudible as he was "Oh, it's you, Mr. Brassey, is it?"

"Yes. I wondered why you had run off o suddenly."

"You have paid your quarter, and you can talk to me just two minutes."

"I like to listen to you too."

"Of course, I didn't mean that! You ught to know me better."

"What did you say ?"

"Not lately."

"Yes, she had on a blue dress, and I thought she looked like a fright-didn't

"Who were you looking at then?"

"At me? O Mr. Brassey!"

"No; they are not here now."

"There's nobody here at all." "Yes; I'm all alone-there is n't a creat-

ure in sight." "I love secrets! Tell me!"

"Tell me now!"

"Why can't you tell me now? I'm just dying to know."

"I don't believe you 'll die."

"No, there isn't anybody here at all-nobody, nobody!"

"Besides, nobody can hear you but me." "Of course, I 'm glad to talk; what girl

"Well, it is lonely here, just now."

"I can't chat half as well through a tele phone as I can face to face."

"Oh, thank you, sir. That was really very pretty indeed! If you could see me I'd blush!"

"Can you really see me in your heart?" "How poetic you are tonight!"

"I just doat on poetry!"

"Well, I do love other things, too."

"O Mr. Brassey!"

"You take me so by surprise!"

"You really have startled me so !"

"I never thought of such a thing at all

"You do ?"

"Really ?"

"Very much?"

"With your whole heart?"

I don't know what to say."

"But I can't say 'yes' all at once!"

"Well-I won't say 'no."

"But I really must have time to think!"

"An hour? No, a month at least-or week, certainly!"

"It's cruel of you to want me to make up my mind all at once."

"No-no-no! I can't give you an answer right now."

"Don't be so unreasonable."

"Well-of course-I don't hate you!"

"Perhaps I do like you."

"Well-just a little, little, weeny, teeny

"You are very impatient."

"Well, if you must, you can speak to

"She's somewhere about."

"Of course, she isn't going away all of a

"Yes, I'll keep her if she comes here."

"Yes-yes-I'm all alone still."

"How much of this tipple have you had?" and turned away from the instrument. There was a flush on her cheeks and a light in her eyes. She recognized the novelty of her situation. She had just accepted an offer of marriage, and she was engaged to a young man whom she had not seen since he asked her to wed him. Her heart was full of joy-and yet it seemed as though the betrothal were incomplete. She was vaguely conscious that something was lacking, although she knew not what.

Before she could determine exactly what might be this missing element of her perfect happiness, Mr. Samuel Brassey rushed in

was no longer conscious of any lacking ingredient of an engagement.

With a heightened color, and with an illcontained excitement, Mr. Samuel Brassey came out of the post-office in answer to this

He found himself face to face with Mr. Martin, who held out his hand and cried: "I congratulate you, Sam!" The scarlet dyed the countenances of

both Bessy and Sam, as he stammered, "How-how did you know anything about it?" Before Mr. Martin could answer, the

three Miss Pettitoes and Mr. Harry Brackett came forward. Mr. Brackett bore in his arms the pair of cloisonne vases for which there had just been a "casting of lots." Then Sam Brassey knew why Mr. Martin

had congratulated him.

"You have won the prize!" cried Harry "I have-for a fact!" Sam Brassey answered as he looked at Bessy Martin.

Their eyes met, and they both laughed. "Some Cupid kills with arrows, some

with traps." Some he compels to sign the

bond with pen and ink in black and white,

and some he binds with a wire.—Brander

Matthews, in The Century. LODGE-ROOM ECHOES.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

If you want to test a man's love for the order propose to raise the annual dues.— Odd Fellows' Register. The following extracts from General

order, No. 31, will interest all Oddfellows: The board of thirteen officers raised by authority of law, and conditionally named in order XIV. of general order No. 30, will assemble in the parlors of Hotel Emery, Arcade, Cincinnati, Ohio, at noon on Monday, July 23, if possible; and not later than 10 o'clock a. m. Tuesday, July 24th, when

an adjourned session of the board will be

The commander conceiving that Boston, Mass.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Albany, N. Y.; Toronto, Ont.; Chicago, Ill.; and St. Louis, Mo. (the centres of territory containing large Patriarchs Militant organizations), to be places of convenient rendez-vous, does, for the purpose of assisting the corps commanders named in the order next preceding, designate Major-General Francis

E. Merriman, Inspector-General, Boston, Mass.; Brigadier J. O. Woodward, Al-bany, N. Y.; Brigadier E. Wilkerson, St. Louis, Mo.; Colonel William A. Witherup, Philadelphia, Pa.; Colonel P. J. Slatter, Toronto, Ont., and Colonel C. C. Crabb, Chicago, Ill., to aid them to the extent of their power in effecting cheap transportation from their several localities, and in organizing excursions of Patriarchs Militant, Oddfellows generally and friends of the order to Cincinnati, O., during the Grand

CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS

Are the Best Cantonment.

Loyal Orange Association.

On Thursday evening last, there was organized in Toronto the first female lodge of any Protestant organization in Canada, banded together to maintain, support and advance the Protestant religion. Over 100 True Blues dressed in full regalia witnessed | Strawberries, the initiation, and a still larger number wished admission, but Bro. Geo. E. Hill, the highly esteemed Deputy District Master, to avoid over crowding of the lodge room, allowed only officers in. After calling the meeting to order Bro. Hill vacated his seat, to honor Bro. R. Newman with being the first to administer the rights of True Blueism to ladies. The thirteen presented in a body and were duly initiated. The elect Worshipful Mistress, Sister Catherine Robertson was then duly installed into office. The rituals and warrant being handed over to her she ascended the platform amid rounds of applause, and when order was restored replied in fitting and encouraging terms, thanking the iadies for placing her in such an imporiant position, and the brethren for courteous manner they had given them the mysteries of True Blueism. the initiation, and a still larger number given them the mysteries of True Blueism. A letter from Bro. Rev. S. Daw, Chaplain of Belleville lodge was read, congratulating the members of the new lodge and wishing them every succes; also one from Bro. T. M. Asselstine, Kingston, Grand Secretary. Election of officers had to be laid over owing to the large number of be laid over owing to the large number of grand officers present wishing to extend their greetings to their newly initiated sisters. Bro. J. T. Diamond, Deputy Grand Master, made the opening address. He referred to the ability of the sisters present in carrying out the work in a successful manner, he felt convinced that they needed no training to hold the several offices, as they had filled similar offices in the as they had filled similar offices in he Ladies' Advance society. Bro. G. Worrell, Grand Lecturer, did not appear unprepared for the occasion. He had looked forward for the occasion. He had looked forward for the event since he organized the Ladies' Advance society, and his work had met with success as the Grand Lodge had secured the material from which to build their first lady lodge from the Ladies' Advance society. -Sentinel.

Why He Prized It.

Brown-"That is a handsome umbrella you've got, Robinson. Was it a birthday present? Robinson-"Yes, one I gave to my wife." -Life.

Slow of Movement. Guest (in restaurant)-"Waiter, where's that cheese I ordered?'

"Good-bye, Sam!"

Miss Bessy Martin hung up the receiver hurry up."—Texas Siftings.

FROM THE BACK WINDOW.

At evening when the sun hath set, And blue skies deepen into jet, I sometimes light a mild cigar And wonder who my neighbors are.

I watch them from my third floor back-In truth they are an outre pack; And you would quite agree with me Could you know all the things I see. One wild-eyed Yahoo blows the flute Till all the wrangling cats are mute, Some lapless love hath crazed him quite, And made of him an Ishmaelite.

A moment ere her light goes out One buxom damsel, short and stout, Winds auburn hair on strips of tin, And bends them till it stays therein.

One graceful shadow stands between A gas light and a gauzy screen; I have not seen her face, but yet

Sweet neighbor, whoso'er thou art, I pray thee draw thy screens apart, Or sable curtains spread before; I would see less of thee, or more.

She hath a charming silhoue

WM. M. WALLACE

Begs to announce that he is showing

BASE BALL,

CRICKET, LAWN TENNIS

Running Boots.

ALSO-Men's, Boys and Youth's CANVAS BAL-MORALS, for summer wear.

The public are invited to call and examine. Corner Union and Coburg Streets.

St. John Building Society. Christmas Presents.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO THE SAINT JOHN BUILDING SOCIETY, whether for arrears on mortgages, rents, or otherwise, are required to make immediate payment to the undersigned trus-

As we desire to realize upon the assets for the purpose of paying the depositors and debenture holders within the shortest possible period, we shall be obliged to enforce payment at once of all amounts

due.
Payment to be made at the office of the Society,
Odd Fellows' Building, Union street.
Dated at St. John, May 19, 1888.
F. S. SHARPE,
ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN,
THOMAS WILLIAMS,
of Depositors and Debenture holders of and in the Saint John Building Society.

I am instructed by the Board of Directors to give notice that payment of all amounts due the Saint John Building Society is to be made to the above named Trustees. R. RODGERS, Secretary.

---BUY---

The "New Williams" SEWING MACHINE. AND YOU WILL HAVE THE BEST.

For Improvements, Simplicity, Durability and Finish it is ahead of all others.

For sale only in this city by W. H. BELL,

BUSINESS MEN,

25 King street, St. John, N. B.

AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY. The best the market affords always on hand.

P. A. CRUIKSHANK,

49 Germain Street, Opposite Market Building. To Arrive Today:

Tomatoes,

Squash,

Bananas, Pine Apples.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,

84 King Street. Strawberries, Bananas,

Oranges,

And other seasonable FRUIT, by every boat from THREE OTHER PRIZES OF Boston. For sale by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO.,

32 Charlotte St., next door Y. M. C. A.

MOSQUITOBANE. A Certain Preventive from the Bite of Black Flies, Mosquitoes, Etc. Not Injurious to the Skin. No Unpleasant Odor.

Prepared by A. C. SMITH & CO., St. John, N. B. TESTIMONIAL.

Yours truly,

CAMP BURNT HILL,
S. W. Miramichi River, July 9th, 1884.

A. CHIPMAN SMITH & Co.,
Dear Sirs,—We have much pleasure in certitying to the efficacy of your preparation of Mosquitobane.
We have used others of acknowledged merit and have found none so effective in warding off the attacks of mosquitoes, black flies and other pests.
We consider it invaluable to sportsmen and others who visit our forests and streams.
Yours truly,
ALEX. H. WOOD,

ALEX. H. WOOD, WM. MAGEE, WM. F. BUNTING, C. A. ROBERTSON.

WILLIAM PUGSLEY, D. C. L., Barrister and Attorney-at-Law.

Cor. Prince William and Church Streets. (Entrance from Church street.)

Victoria Steam Confectionery Works.

ESTABLISHED 1873. J. R. WOODBURN & CO., Manufacturers by Steam of Pure Confec-

tionery.

PULVERIZED SUGAR always on hand. SUGAR and CREAM OF TARTAR Ground for the Trade.

All orders promptly and carefully attended to.
Goods shipped free on board at St. John.

\$10, \$15 and \$20 Sample Cases, comprising a choice variety, sent to any address on receipt of P.

CLEAR DROPS and TABLETS, in tins and pottles, a specialty. 44 and 46 Dock Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

S. R. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF

Cut Nails and Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads Finishing Nails, Shoe and Hungarian Nails, etc. Office, Warehouse and Manufactory:

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY, 115 Sydney Street, opp. Victoria School. MRS. H. M. DIXON, Stamping, Pinking and Fancy Work done to order

GEORGES STREET, St. John, N. B.

\$100 \(\frac{1}{2}\) Prizes!

PROGRESS'

Next Christmas Day Progress will dis-

\$100.00

among its most successful agents.

You have as good a chance as anybody to get a share of it.

Every town and village in New Brunswick,' except St. John and Portland, is open to canvassers.

To the man or woman who, between this ime and Dec. 20, 1888, sends the largest number of yearly subscriptions to Pro-GRESS, I will give

A Cash Prize

\$50.00.

- \$25, \$151 and \$10

respectively, will be given for the three next largest subscription lists.

In addition to this, I allow agents a

commission of

10 Per Cent.

For the purposes of this competition, two subscriptions for six months, or four for three months, will count as cone subscription. Cash must accompany [all

The price of Progress is \$1 a year, and it is the best and brightest paper in Canada. Everyby will subscribe. Try a can-

For specimen copies, etc., address

EDWARD S. CARTER,

Publisher,

St. John, N. B.