

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

What are the "sports of the season" any way? Base ball and cricket have frozen up and foot ball, after a feeble attempt to keep itself active, has succumbed to torpidity. It is too cold to row. No one but a lunatic would think of sending a trotter over one of our deserted tracks. On the other hand we haven't ice enough for skating, curling and tobogganing. As the farmers say, we are sort of between hay and grass.

It isn't of much use to try to write paragraphs about sport when there is no sport. After the winter season begins, I shall be found on deck as usual to chastise the wicked and reward the righteous; but while matters stand as at present I have decided to write only when the spirit moves.

It is reported that John L. Sullivan proposes to turn from pugilism to base ball. He thinks that with practice he would make a good pitcher.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Beer pitcher?

For twelve years, John Morrill has a general batting average of .272—and yet he is no \$10,000 beauty, only an all-wool, yard-wide base ball player.

The winnings of August Belmont's Nursery stable the past season foot up \$80,162, Prince Royal heading the list with \$38,415. Raceland and George Oyster, for which Mr. Belmont paid \$27,500 last fall, won between them \$23,395, to which amount Raceland contributed \$20385.

Young Bride (at market)—My husband has invited some friends to dinner—some horsemen, I believe—and I wanted something choice. Butcher—What shall it be? Venison or wild duck? Young Bride—I was thinking you might send some of those Derby steaks I've heard them talking so much about.—*Chicago Horseman*.

John M. Drury, of Livermore, Me., has a prodigy of a colt. He is seventeen months old, stands 16 hands high, and will swing the beam at 1,000 pounds. He is a chestnut, stripe in face, white fore feet and white stockings behind. His sire was a Richmond Horse, dam by Whalebone Knox. Mr. Drury has another colt, a four-years-old, a bay, 16.1 hands high, which weighs 1,200 pounds. He was sired by Lord Carver, same dam as the other.

The "champion of the world" changes every month now. Hanlan, Beach, Kemp, Searle, is the way the list reads. John Teemer may be the next addition to it.

Boston has signed some good men for next year, and now it remains to be seen whether their efforts will be paralyzed, as usual, by the conflicting orders of three managers and fourteen captains.

The following sweeping definition of an amateur has been adopted by the new Western Association:

An amateur athlete is one who has never competed with or against a professional for a prize, or who has never competed for a stake bet or other monetary consideration under a fictitious name, or who has never directly or indirectly, either in competition or as an instructor, as an assistant, or through any connection whatever with any form of athletic games obtained any financial consideration, either directly or indirectly; who has never sold or pledged any prize or token won or obtained through connection with athletics, or whose membership in any athletic organization is of no pecuniary benefit to himself, direct or indirect.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: I have wondered why the Socials did not send the \$100 which they owe the Nationals for expenses to Halifax, but I ceased to wonder when I saw by the *Globe* that they have bought a watch for Davison. This is nice for Davison but bad for the credit of the Socials.

BASE BALL CRANK.

St. John, Nov. 8.

Surely, brother Crank, you will admit that Davison needs watching?

JACK AND JILL.

THE FASCINATION OF BLOOD.

A Fancy Picture of a Man Who Will Become Forever Famous.

Somewhere in London is living, at the time of the present writing, a gentleman who will be forever famous as soon as he has been identified. We do not know him; we heard his name we probably should not recognize it; but all the world will know it ere long, and it will be remembered by our children's children.

Imagination is free, so let us draw a fancy picture of him, deduced from what we have learned of his public achievements. He is a man in the neighborhood of thirty years of age, a trifle above the medium height, of slender and active build, with a pale face and rather sparse hair. The ordinary expression of his features is affable and retiring, but weak; the chin small, and the mouth denoting a secret sensuality. He is alive in his person, and neat and precise in his movements and speech; his manners are conciliating, and yet he is not of a so-called disposition. His eyes are peculiar, of a faded color, avoiding a direct gaze, and apt to become fixed in a stare of abstraction; the eyebrows are faint, and the eyelashes are scarcely perceptible. He betrays a nervousness, partly congenital and partly, perhaps, the result of some sort of secret excesses, it may be in the nature of drugs. It is difficult to interest him in any subject, and yet he dreads to appear conspicuous, and therefore tries to keep his part in whatever social transaction is going forward. But he always gives the impression of holding himself aloof; you never feel that you get hold of the real man; his nearest friends cannot say they are intimate with him; casual acquaintances pronounce him conceited, and wonder what

he can be conceited about. Their curiosity on that score will perhaps have been satisfied before this writing gets into print.

His profession is that of a physician and surgeon; at any rate, his studies have lain in that direction. As a boy, his home life was rather strict; his parents were church people, and religious speculations have at various times occupied his thoughts and perplexed his conscience. He has felt within himself impulses which did not fall in with the orthodox lines of religious and moral conduct; but the agnostic essays and radical theories of the day have opened up to him avenues of casuistry, whereby he has sought to justify himself to himself, but seldom with complete success. His intellect is subtle and timid, tricky rather than penetrating; and he forces it, as best he may, to become the apologist of his instincts. Such a man may commit inconceivable crimes, but will always seek to escape admitting to himself their wickedness. He will wallow in inhuman indulgences, but he will assure himself that he has acted from a holy inspiration.

Like most professional men in England, he belongs to the middle class of society; but his practice, for reasons better known to himself, is so small as to be practically non-existent; he is too uncertain and irregular in his moods and habits; his patients do not feel that he is interested in their ailments; they call him untrustworthy, and betake themselves elsewhere. He is rather glad of this than otherwise, though he knows that his livelihood depends upon them, for he is poor; but, on the other hand, his solitude leaves him time to brood, and he is much given to solitary brooding. What is the subject of his meditations? He could scarcely tell you himself; but he will sit for hours, motionless, his eyes fixed, and feeling something within him growing—growing—until it becomes irresistible. At last the brooding ends; he draws a long, tremulous breath; a secret smile plays about his mouth; the blood rushes to his head; his face and movements betray a terrible, half-repressed felicity. His time has come, and he proceeds to action.

All his faculties, mental and physical, are now at their highest tension and efficiency. His pulse beats full, his eyes glow, his hands are quick and deft, his brain alert and keen. He changes his dress, putting on a shabby suit of an indistinct hue, a dingy flannel shirt, a rusty billy-cock hat. On his feet he puts a pair of shoes with felt soles. He slips a little small change into the pocket of his waistcoat. Is he all ready now? Not quite. He opens a secret drawer of his desk, and takes out of it a knife of fine steel, with a straight blade about an inch and a half in breadth, ending in a point. The edge is of razor sharpness. The blade is kept in fine condition, though the stout wooden handle is somewhat stained. The knife is fitted with a leather sheath; he attaches it to his waist-band, so that it is concealed within the right leg of his trousers. Then he throws an overcoat over his arm, and goes forth—to business!

It is toward midnight when he leaves home, and takes the underground railway eastward. In a quarter of an hour he is at his destination. The neighborhood is one with which his secret habits, for some years past, have made him familiar. It is squalid, disorderly, and its narrow, devious streets and courts are labyrinthine. Dissolute men and women throng in all directions. They scarcely notice the slim, sliding figure that winds his way among them. The policeman, though they are more than usually alert, pass him by unheeding. We, too, lose sight of him for a while.

Two hours pass—four—six. The sun is already up, though it is barely dusk in foggy London. Here comes our friend. He has put on his overcoat, and steps out briskly, his hands in his overcoat pockets. He has indulged his craving; he has satiated his thirst; he has repeated the ecstasy of his triumph. He despises all other men—all other delights. He is more than ever assured that he is a Messiah, a demigod, a prophet. He reaches his house; he is safe; while all the rest of the world is shuddering over the details of the last Whitechapel murder.—*Julian Hawthorne in Once a Week*.

Bess and Frank.

Old stories of the proverbial assurance of the female domestic are quite eclipsed by the following tale, for the truth of which the *Albany Journal* vouches. A young married couple started housekeeping, and hired a young woman of Hibernian extraction to attend to the "general housework."

She was a gem—the acme of neatness, despatch and culinary proficiency. But she broke her young mistress heart on the second day by climbing the stairs to the parlor during the call of a social acquaintance, and in a voice about as melodious as a fish horn, inquiring, "Say, Bess, what time does Frank come home to dinner?"

Wouldn't Omit That.

Magistrate (to prisoner arrested for assault)—You admit, then, that you pulled your landlord's nose?

Prisoner—Yes.

"Don't you know that you had no right to do that?"

"No, sir, if I had no right to pull his nose he would have had it put down in the lease."

Friendly Compliments.

Scribble—Did you read my last poem in the *Oceanic*?

Skrawl—No, thank God! I was sick in bed.

Scribble—It was dedicated to you.

Skrawl—The devil it was!

Goes to buy a copy and reads Ode to a Mule.

Oh, Certainly!

Old Timer—Saw you with your young lady last evening.

Young Sprout—Yes, my cousin, you know.

Old Timer—Oh, certainly I know; she was mine once.

Best makes of pianos and organs for sale or to hire, at BELL'S, 25 King street.

HOW TAXES ARE LEVIED.

The Man Who Enriches the Community with a New Building Punished for It.

[Before the Police Magistrate.]

John Jenkins, 45, salesman, was placed in the dock.

The P. M.—"Jenkins, you are charged with building a new brick house on Rose avenue. What have you to say?"

Prisoner—"I am guilty, your worship, but as this is my first offence—"

The P. M.—"I cannot accept any excuses. This sort of thing is so prevalent in Toronto now-a-days that it won't do to deal leniently with it. What did the house cost you?"

Prisoner—"£2,500, your worship."

The P. M. (after figuring a moment)—"I will fine you \$36.25 without costs. Call the next case."

Court Crier—"Thomas Strugglard!"

The P. M.—"Bring in Thomas Strugglard!"

The prisoner, a respectable looking man, was brought in and given a seat in the dock.

The P. M.—"Stand up, prisoner. What is your name?"

Prisoner—Thomas Strugglard, your worship."

The P. M.—"Strugglard, you are charged with building a new verandah, a fence and a summerhouse on your property on Manning avenue, and with making sundry improvements upon your dwelling house. What have you to say to the charge?"

Prisoner—Your worship, the place really needed fixing up, and I thought I was doing no more than a good citizen ought to do in improving the city."

The P. M.—"Oh, you thought so, did you? Well, I'll have to teach you to do less thinking of that kind hereafter. I am informed the improvements cost you \$500. Is that so?"

Prisoner—Yes, your worship, something thereabouts."

The P. M. (figuring)—"You are fined \$10 or two months in jail. Next case!"

James Sharkey was next brought in.

The P. M.—"Sharkey, you are charged with building a row of residences on Oak street in this city. Guilty or not guilty?"

Prisoner—"Not guilty, your worship. I have a vacant lot on that street but I am not fool enough to build on it. I am holding it for a rise; land is getting in great demand just now, you know."

The P. M.—"How much did you pay for the lot?"

Sharkey—"Didn't pay anything. I inherited it from my father, who got it in a deed from the Crown."

The P. M.—"And who did the Crown get it from?"

Prisoner—"I don't know, but I suppose the Crown first took it from the original owners."

The P. M.—"And who were they?"

Prisoner—"Why, the people in general, of course."

The P. M.—"Well, prisoner, I will have to discharge you, as you are not guilty of the charge in the information. I am here to execute the law, not to make it, which is lucky for you, as otherwise I could send you down for being found in possession of stolen property. That is what your lot is, according to your own account. The law, however, does not regard that as an offence; it is only the improving of vacant lots that is punishable by fine in this enlightened community. You are discharged."

Court then adjourned.—*Grip*.

STYLES IN STATIONERY.

The Newest Whims in Paper, Envelopes, Seals and Visiting Cards.

There is little change in the style of stationery, this fall, and few novelties have been introduced, owing perhaps to the almost unlimited variety already in the market, as well as to the exhaustion of designers' inventiveness. The law of choice governing selection in the bewildering and heterogeneous assortment is simply personal preference. Perhaps the latest and only really new note paper is a square sheet of satin-finished linen in a hint of a tint of blue, green or violet, with a long envelope which receives the sheet by once folding, a complete reversal of the popular square envelope and rectangular sheet. The peculiarity of this paper is in its shape, tint and finish, which gives an appearance of being striped in fine lines barred at regular intervals with a more decided line. The square sheet is called the Gladstone, and may be found in other varieties of paper. Very small sheets of note paper that go into the envelope without being folded at all are considered quite the correct and proper thing in note paper, and an equally whimsical and popular fashion is the use of an extremely large sheet of thin paper, folded and refolded to fit the tiniest envelopes used.

Another fancy is for a long, legal-looking envelope, which receives the paper when folded lengthwise.

Ellen Terry has set the seal of approval on an extremely English style of note paper called the "Bond stationery." It is very thin, tinted a decided cream, and resembles the parchment upon which etchings are traced. It is plain and small, embellished with no monogram or crest, and is as peculiar and striking as the chirography with which the noted lady adorns it.

Mrs. Langtry affects a large, square envelope of the heaviest linen, smooth in finish, with a sheet of equally heavy paper, tinted in pale blue, with her address plainly set in scarlet letters at the head.

Colored paper in dull and delicate tints is striving for precedence with the cream tints so long used, but as yet can boast of no decided favoritism. Monograms, initials, and crests are in varied metallic letters, silver gold, and bronzes, and are quite as popular as formerly and shown in infinitesimal variety of device and figuring, designed according to the caprice of the purchaser, while the printed address in small colored letters of red or blue is now, as ever, universally favored both for its quiet elegance and usefulness. The new envelopes are long rather than square, though square ones are still used, and the flap covers half the envelope before being cut away to a point for sealing.

Visiting cards are still large and severe, and engraved with exquisite simplicity and beauty.—*New York Sun*.

At Osgoode Hall.

First Lawyer—Who is that beggar that bowed to you?

Second Lawyer—One of my old clients.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY, Incorporated 1851

Security to Policy Holders - - - \$1,775,317.81.

E. L. PHILIPS, Sub-Agent, St. John. R. W. W. FRINK, St. John, Representative for New Brunswick. OTHER SUB-AGENTS IN ALL CITIES AND TOWNS THROUGHOUT THE PROVINCE.

Better than a Government Bond.

SUPPOSE a special agent of the Treasury department should call upon you to-day, and say: "The Government would like to sell you bonds for any amount between \$1,000 and \$100,000, and if it is not convenient for you to make the investment at once, we will allow you to pay for the bonds in fifteen or twenty equal annual instalments."

And suppose, in addition to this, the Government, wishing to make this the most desirable investment in the world, should stipulate, in the bonds, not only to pay them at the end of the term; but, in case of your previous death, to pay them to your family, and at the same time release them from paying any further instalments!

Would you not at once close with such an offer? And yet this is, practically, what THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES has done.

This may be a strange way of putting it, but strange as it may seem it is nevertheless true.

EXAMPLE.

Policy, No. 72,973. Endowment, 15 years.

Issued July 29th, 1872, on the Life of S. C. L. Amount of Policy, \$10,000. Tontine Period, 15 years. Age, 40. Annual Premium, \$694.90.

If after making the first payment the policyholder had died, his representatives would have received \$10,000 in return for an outlay of only \$694.90.

If he had died after making his second payment, they would have received \$10,000 in return for an outlay of \$1,389.80; and so on during the fifteen years. As he has not died, he has paid in all \$10,423.50, and may on the 29th of July of the present year draw in cash \$15,253.70. This sum is equal to the full amount paid, and \$4,830.20 besides, and is equivalent to 4½ per cent. compound interest per annum.

This is one of many policies showing what The Equitable Society has actually accomplished.

THE EQUITABLE exceeds every other life assurance company in the following important respects. It has—

The Largest New Business.

The Largest Amount of Outstanding Assurance.

The Largest Surplus.

The Largest Total Income.

The fact that the Equitable has a larger surplus than any other Assurance Company is significant for it means

The Greatest Safety and the Largest Profit.

CHAS. A. MACDONALD, Agent, St. John, N.B. E. W. GALE, Sub-Agent, St. John, N.B.

A. W. MASTERS, Jr., Special Agent.

A. C. EDWARDS & B. A. FIELDING, Joint General Agents for the Maritime Provinces, Halifax, N.S.

We have purchased a new PRINTING PRESS, and are prepared to do all kinds of

JOB PRINTING.

We have also in our employ an expert Wood Engraver.

Good work done at Low Rates.

ROBERTSON'S Stamp Works, 154 King Street.

AN ADDITION.

MR. JOSEPH A. MURDOCH, Confectioner, 87 Charlotte Street,

BEGS TO INFORM THE PUBLIC THAT he will serve the

Best Oysters in all Styles in the PARLORS connected with his present Store.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

87 CHARLOTTE STREET. COME TO BELL'S, 25 KING STREET.

BELL wants to see you at 25 King Street, and show you the great bargains he is offering in

Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines.

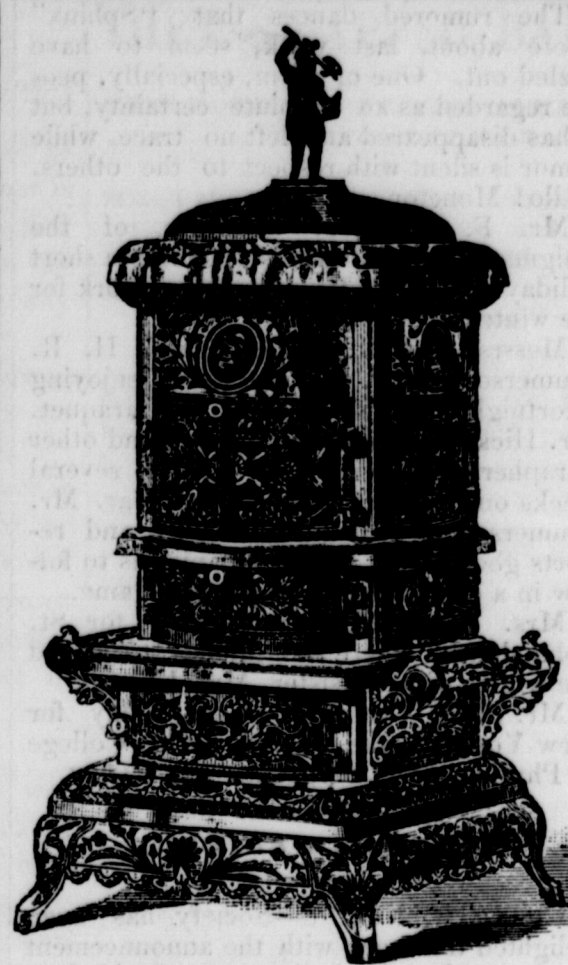
Sole Agent for HEINTZMAN & CO.'s Pianos; STERLING and WM. DOHERTY & CO.'s Organs; NEW WILLIAMS and WHEELER & WILSON Sewing Machines.

It will pay you to see BELL, at 25 King street, St. John, N.B.

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE Province of New Brunswick OF The Commercial Union Assurance Co. (Limited), OF LONDON, and Phoenix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn.

A. C. FAIRWEATHER, CHAS. J. TOMEY, Barrister-at-Law, General Agent. Sub-Agent. BARNHILL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N.B.

HINDS' HONEY and ALMOND CREAM, FOR Sunburn, Tan, Freckles, and all Inflamed or Irritated conditions of the Skin. FOR SALE BY C. P. CLARKE, King Street.



STOVES.

COLES & PARSONS.

We have just received another shipment of our famous Self-Feeding Stoves,

"Art Countess,"

which for beauty and heating qualities cannot be excelled.

Persons wanting a first-class Stove would do well to call and examine our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

COLES & PARSONS, - - 90 Charlotte Street.

Encourage Home Manufacture.

MARITIME VARNISH AND WHITE LEAD WORKS.

JAMES ROBERTSON,

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

FACTORY—CORNER OF CHARLOTTE AND SHEFFIELD STREETS.

Office and Warehouse: ROBERTSON'S New Building, Corner Union and Mill Streets.

St. John, N.B.

WILLIAM GREIG, Manager.

THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY

ADVERTISES FACTS.

When we import 16 Bales of Tobacco we do not advertise "68 Bales."

When we make a 5 CENT CIGAR we don't advertise it as "clear Havana"—but neither do we fill it with sweepings.

A few weeks ago, we issued an invitation to the public to visit our factory and obtain proof of every statement we have ever made in print. Do our competitors dare to do the same?

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

THE FINE HAVANA GOODS sent out by this factory are sold—and appreciated—in every part of the Dominion, from Cape Breton to British Columbia.

BELL & HIGGINS,

ST. JOHN, N.B.

"Cleanliness Is Next To Godliness."

The American Steam Laundry,

LOCATED AT

Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street,

HAS THE

Latest Improved Machinery, the Most Competent Help, the Most

Efficient Supervision, and, therefore, Everybody says,

DOES THE BEST WORK.

Fredericton Agency: C. L. RICHARDS, Queen Street.

GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

GODSOE BROS. - - Proprietors.

Saint John Institute

PENMANSHIP

—AND—

BOOK-KEEPING,

CORNER KING AND GERMAIN STREETS.

EVENING CLASSES in Penmanship and Book keeping.

Send for Circular. Address:

J. R. CURRIE,

Accountant and Penman, St. John, N.B.

GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS.

July 28th—Opening Today:

4 Cases Single and Double Guns,

Flobert Rifles, Revolvers,

Breech Loading Double Guns, Etc.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,

60 and 62 Prince William Street.

ALFRED ISAACS.

69 and 71 King Street.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Choice HAVANA and DOMESTIC CIGARS.

A full assortment of CASE BRIAR and MEERSCHAUM PIPES constantly in stock at very low prices. Smoke MUNGO CIGARS.