

A FOUR MONTHS' RECORD.

THE PHENOMENAL SUCCESS OF HUNTER, HAMILTON & MCKAY.

A Crowded Store Ever Since It Opened—Prosperity Surpassing All Their Expectations—A Talk With the Senior Partner of the Firm.

"Business is rushing, PROGRESS," said Mr. Hunter, the senior partner of Messrs. Hunter, Hamilton & McKay. "I never saw it so good for the season. In fact—now don't think me egotistical—our success since we opened here, four months ago, has surpassed our most sanguine expectations. We did build castles in the air—there are few who do not indulge in this pleasant pastime—but we did not expect that our sales for the first four months would more than double the value of the stock with which we opened. Yet such has been the case, and you have only to look for yourself at the ladies and gentlemen at those counters to see that our trade is a first-class one."

"It is only 9 o'clock and our store has been thronged for an hour and, depend upon it, the rush will continue until 6 o'clock this evening. We have not had one poor day since we opened. There has been something doing all the time and the greater portion of it has been pushed. Our friends say our success is phenomenal, but I think it is due to first-class goods, attention to business and the application of our long experience. I was engaged for about 20 years in the London House, and Mr. Hamilton and Mr. McKay were each for a number of years in the employ of Daniel & Boyd."

"Our first rush of trade was no spurt," continued Mr. Hunter; "it kept up every day, increased each week and at the end of the first month we felt our success was sure. More stock was ordered at once and the people returned again and again to buy, which is one of the best signs. We had to engage more clerks and finding that our room was becoming cramped, with the increased rush succeeding in getting a reserve room which runs back as far as Market street and down street as far as the Victoria hotel. About Sept. 1 our staff will be further increased by two able assistants at present engaged in other dry goods establishments in this city."

"Finding that our sales kept up and increased, we determined to adopt the plan of the larger houses, clear out old stock at a advertised and make room for the new. We advertised our intention at once, and I must say our success has been phenomenal. People say that business is dull, but we cannot say so. Everyone who visits us seems to have plenty of cash, and buys our goods freely. The chief reason for all this is because we do as we advertise. If we say that we are selling goods at a certain reduction, people will get the goods at the advertised price at this store. We do not say one thing and mean another. And therein is one reason for our success—for it must be called success to have your store crowded every hour of the day right through the dulllest months of the season."

"In about two weeks we will have a very fine line of fall goods and people will find the best of everything with us, for we won't be behind the rest. Our lines of dress goods and mantle cloths have been selected carefully and are sure to please the public. We have also ordered special lines in gentlemen's underwear, cloths, scarfs, gloves, etc., and in these departments we intend to carry what I call a magnificent stock. Our patrons can depend upon it they will get the newest and the best goods."

"Present indications point to a much larger establishment for us next spring, when we intend to extend the rear to Market street, which will give us more light and enough room for a few months. I have told you briefly something about our business and the progress we have made. Just let me say we are bound to hold what we have gained, if enterprise, attention and goods will do it. We went into this business to make a success of it. So far we have every reason to be pleased, and we believe that the people who have given us that pleasure—our customers—are equally happy in their purchases."

A Compliment for Halifax.

PROGRESS has a compliment for the Halifax public gardens, and it gives it for its worth, coming as it did from a wealthy American who knew how to talk, and was not afraid to do so, even at the risk of a cut throat—for while he talked he was being shaved.

"Halifax," said he, "may be all that is disagreeable, but her one beauty-spot redeems her. The public gardens are the finest, I think, in the world, and I have been in about every corner of this earth. In no place have I seen such well-kept and beautiful grounds as in Halifax."

A check for \$100 will be promptly acknowledged.

Carpets and Moths.

"I can see a moth at 20 yards," said a carpet dealer, yesterday, as he plucked one of those clinging creatures from a roll of Brussels. "Many people suppose that we have great trouble with this pest, but it is not the case. We use dalmatian powder, and then our stock is moved around a good deal, and moths and motion soon part company. It is rare for us to find anything damaged by moths."

Sewing machines of all kinds repaired by experienced mechanics, at Bell's, 25 King street.

MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

John Stetson will send out an opera company under Henry E. Sanford's management, opening Sept. 10. They will sing *The Mikado* and *Ruddy Gore*, and, possibly, the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera through New England and Canada.—*New York Clipper*.

I hope that somebody in this city will have enterprise enough to fix dates with the above company, if the management intend taking the maritime provinces in their route. It would be a treat to see *Ruddy Gore* put on by a good company.

The Mission church organist and choir had to put up with a chamber organ, last Sunday, owing to the organ builder being engaged finishing his work, he having commenced last Monday week. I hope in the near future to be able to write an account of a recital by Mr. Morley on this much-talked-about instrument; though I know from the organist's own lips that this will not be until it is really finished, and he has given his certificate.

The *Pirates of Penzance*, performed by the Halifax amateurs, was the event of last week in Halifax. The *Recorder* speaks very highly of the whole affair. "S. R. O." was posted at the doors at 20 minutes to eight on the night of the first performance. The gross receipts of the two performances amounted to between \$1,000 and \$1,100—and the expenses were about \$800, so that a very nice balance was left. As I predicted, Prof. Currie made a huge success, acting his part as well as he sang it. If his voice is in as good trim as it was four years ago, when I heard him, his singing of *The Pirates* music must have been grand. The other principals were also spoken highly of. Of course one must naturally make allowance for "gush" over an amateur performance, but the following about the orchestra is rather good:

The orchestra and Conductor Riley deserve special mention. Where the actors and acting are so good, if one were seeking for defects he would look to the orchestra; but the orchestra at the Academy last evening held their own with the galaxy of talent on the stage. There was none of the belching out peculiar to travelling orchestras and no timidity, but artistic taste and cultured execution. It was rather a gentle echo of voices, a soft sweet melody to the singing than a full orchestral accompaniment. Conductor Riley deserves great praise for the efficiency of the musical portion of the opera.

The Philharmonics had better lay the above to heart and ponder over "a gentle echo of voices, a soft sweet melody," etc., etc.

At Christmas the Canadian Society of Musicians meets, and will hold examinations for membership. A rich thing in this connection is that in the official calendar, where the requirements of candidates are enumerated, the following appears: "Each candidate, in addition to the subject on which they wish to be examined, will be required to satisfy the Literary Board of examiners as to their general literary knowledge." How is this for high? I fancy that if the "Literary" Board confesses authorship of the above, it will not be a very difficult job to satisfy it of "their" literary knowledge.—*Metronome, in Toronto Saturday Night*.

It is to be hoped that the Musical board is more proficient than the Literary one, or membership of the Canadian society will not be an acquisition much sought after.

Have you heard the new organist? Was the question asked me this week. In the innocence of my heart, of course I answered, "No, has he come? Who is he?" etc., etc., thinking of course that reference was made to the Trinity church vacancy. The answer was decisive, and alluded to the perambulating piano-organs that have visited our city this week, and embraced unkind suggestions about an organ of that description being the one for the Mission church, as not likely to cipher, etc., etc.

These piano-organs are a decided improvement on the old reed barrel-organ, as being less torturing to the nerves; and yet, what terribly mechanical music it is after all! Every run is perfect in actual execution, but what a lack of anything like expression or feeling!

FELIX.

Used to Make Syrup. "Anything will sell in the States," say the men in the market as they dump raspberries into barrels and ship them across the border. Everybody who has had any experience with raspberries knows that they are not fit to eat if kept a day after they are brought to market, yet they can be readily sold in the United States. The syrup manufacturers consume all they can get.

Two of a Kind. "Say, Dick," said one young fellow to another, on King street, yesterday, "lend me two cents to buy a paper."

"Couldn't do it. I was there too, you know."

"Where?" "At the picnic, of course."

It Was a Cold Day. Tuesday was a cold day. Every cold-blooded merchant had a fire in his office and it felt good, too. Passengers from Boston say that they never felt the cold so at this season, the temperature being so low that the steam was turned into the saloon pipes.

Smoke "Pettis's B.W. Pact" Cigars.

CANOE AND CONFLAGRATION.

A River Voyage Lighted by the Glare of the Great St. John Fire.

It was the night after Enecania at the University of New Brunswick, and the students were having it all their own way. On such a night tradition made it proper that the eyes and ears of authority should be sealed on College Hill; and on such a night the citizens of Fredericton fell asleep in an expectant mood, ready to be surprised at nothing which might take place before the dawn. The ancient French cannon—a relic of D'Therville's raid on St. Anne's Point, and the rich reward of a series of excavations which we had conducted upon the site of the battle-field—had been dragged stealthily from his hiding-place, and now, with its rusty muzzle aimed at the hillside, stood ready to be discharged. It was so loaded that it might out roar all previous broadsides, or burst. As the latter contingency seemed the more probable one, we had laid a very long train, in order that the discharge might be effected from a safe distance.

It was a clear but moonless night, and under the thick-leaved maples of College Grove the gloom was deep. The scanty beam of a tiny bull's-eye lantern had flashed along the train to see that all was in readiness; and we gathered breathlessly about our captain as he prepared to strike the momentous match. Ere he did so he glanced out from under the branches to see that no one was approaching. A cry of wonder broke from his lips, and brought us crowding on the instant to his side. What we saw was the whole eastern heavens flushed to an angry red, though it wanted some hours yet of dawn. There was an awestruck silence. Then some one whispered, "St. John's on fire!" and straightway the excitement boiled over. Some half dozen of our party belonged to St. John, and these broke wildly for town and the telegraph. All thought of our revels was at an end, but the captain of the gun declared we must have our broadside, if only for a fire-alarm. He made a terse speech to the Freshmen, reminding them that the gun must be buried as usual, without regard to conflagrations, or the President would capture it, and the memory of this Enecania-night become contemptible. The Freshmen responded dutifully, and the train was touched off. There was a swift, nerve-thrilling hiss, and then the roar. Townsfolk thought it an earthquake; and the lurid light that met their gaze as they sprang to the windows was clearly reassuring. As for the staunch old gun, he had stood the strain, but it was almost buried by the force of its own recoil. As the Freshmen set themselves hastily to complete its sepulture, the rest of us dispersed in search of news.

It had been arranged by three of us—S., D., and myself—that early the coming morning we should set out on a canoe-cruise. Hence on the previous day our canoe had been overhauled, and our blankets and supplies put in readiness. We resolved to start at once for the scene of the disaster. Rushing home, we snatched a midnight breakfast, seized our traps, warned our households, and half an hour later saw us embarking under the chilling shadow of Sherman's wharf.

The river was like glass, and as we shot noiselessly out into the tide, and down the red path spread out for us by the reflection of that fiery glow, the scene impressed us with a weird unreality. We paddled on with great energy for a while, in a sort of suppressed but delicious excitement, determined to make what distance we could in the next six hours, then to breakfast, and sleep out the heat of the day in some well-shaded island. At first we could see clearly enough; but, as the hour of dawn approached, light clouds gathered in the sky, and mist stole in thin streamers over the water; and the red glare, diffused by many reflections, became most deceptive to the sight. We just escaped colliding with an old broken pier which we had, nevertheless, been watching intently for some minutes, and which we had judged to be nearly a quarter of a mile away. For a time we were compelled to paddle more circumspectly. Then seeing a fine stretch of clear water ahead, we let ourselves out. In the bow was D., watching for snags and shoals, the river being low at the season. At last he cried,

"Log ahead! Look out for it!" "All right!" we answered, confidently; and at that very moment, so illusive was the light, we were upon it. The canoe struck on her quarter, sheered, rose, and rolled gracefully over; while, with an involuntary gasp and shudder, we plunged to our unexpected bath. But, lo! we sank to our elbows in soft mud, drenching ourselves to the shoulders, while our legs remained in the canoe. With much spluttering and grumbling, and rather rueful laughter, we fought ourselves, none the worse save for some wet blankets. After washing, and the wringing out of coats and shirts, we showed off from that miserable shoal, and pushed forward.

As the grey of dawn crept up, silencing the mists and turning the river to ink by contrast, the fiery glow in the east was gradually dimmed, and the pink and saffron of sunrise took its place. For the last hour of sunrise looked heavy with sleep, but we had been growing cool, tender colors brightened as wonderfully, and the shores slipped by with steadily increasing speed. By seven o'clock we had made Grimross Island, having covered about 35 miles; and here we disembarked for breakfast. First, a delicious plunge in a little cove of yellow sand overhung by a grove of dogberries, then the boiling of the porridge, the boiling of the smoked salmon, the brewing of the coffee; and, by the time these were disposed of, the dew was pretty well dried from off the grass, and we went to sleep in the shadow of the dogberries. All the morning long, it is to be presumed, the big bees circled booming about us, the green and purple dragon-flies hurtled over us, the bobolink tinkled on the topmost branches of our shelter, and the smell of the clover-blossoms, wild peas and bull's-eye daisies kept streaming across our couch, but we were blissfully heedless of it all. Noon passed—one o'clock—two! Then S. awoke and began to clamor for beans. Of course, on this trip there was no time for elaborate cookery; but S. had come armed with a can of "Boston Baked" for just such an emergency as this, so his clamor was soon appeased, and by three we were again under way. The banks of smoke which were piling up along the eastern horizon kept our excitement at high pitch, and, as there was a stiff breeze following us, we hoisted our sprit-sail, and made about nine miles

an hour, till the wind fell at sundown. In the mixture of sunset and firelight that followed, we again found it hard to steer our way, and being reluctant to slacken speed, we kept D., who was still on the look-out, rather painfully on the alert. He had his revenge, for he would ever and anon send us frantically dodging to avoid imaginary snags and logs which his fancy manufactured out of the multiplied shadows. Once, in the middle of what seemed a clear expanse of flushed waters, we dashed into a bed of reeds, and were somewhat startled by a flock of wild ducks which rose flapping and squawking about our ears. By half-past nine we were on the shores of Grand Bay, not five miles from the burning city, and here we halted for a cold bite.

A range of bleak heights cut off the city from our view. Their crests were outlined sharply against the fiery sky, across which swept continuously a rolling stream of red smoke drifts. A deep notch in the hills, glowing like a furnace-mouth, indicated the entrance to "The Narrows;" and the roughened waters of the bay, over which lay our course, made an awful and desolate picture as they seethed up, crimson on their crests but black in their shadowed hollows. Our plan was to pitch tent and hide our canoe, about two miles from the city, in a secret nook which I knew of, far up in the rocky walls of "The Narrows," and thence to conduct our explorations in light array. It was a spot hard to get at, where we confidently believed we might leave our things without fear of visitation by tramps.

Ere reaching our prospective landing-place we passed a little plateau, on the summit of which, half-hidden by bushes, a white tent showed itself.

"Some of the burnt-out folks," remarked D.; and scarcely had he spoken when we were startled by a woman's scream, and a boy's voice crying for help.

"I guess we're wanted there," said S.; and we dashed for the shore. Leaving S. to make fast the canoe and follow us, D. and I sprang up the bank and rushed into the tent, which was a large "lean-to," half open in front, and with a camp-fire smouldering before it. In the light of the burning city the scene was as clear as day. In a corner lay a woman struggling under the hands of a ruffian, who was holding her down, while with brutal laughter he stifled her cries by stuffing a cloth into her mouth. Close by crouched a boy of perhaps twelve years, sobbing with terror and pain, and bleeding from a blow in the face. Three tramps, while their comrade held the woman, were hastily getting together the provisions and household stuff that were heaped in confusion on the floor. A glance showed us all this, and, without a word, we hurled ourselves upon the robbers. In D.'s hands was no weapon but his paddle, and using it as a two-handed lance, he struck the nearest scoundrel on the back of the shoulder, shattering the shoulder-blade and putting the fellow quite out of the fight. Instantly the paddle was gripped by a strapping ruffian and snatched from D.'s hands, who thereupon seized his adversary by the throat, and the two went down together. I feared that D., who was short and slight, would find himself overmatched, but, knowing his pluck and his wily strength, I depended on him to hold out till S.'s coming. Manwhile I was kept too painfully busy to pay further attention to his fate. I had snatched our little axe from the canoe, and was brandishing that dangerous weapon in my left hand as I ran in on my nearest opponent. I attacked him, however, with my paddle, dreading to inflict a fatal wound. Warned just in time by the noise of our rush, the fellow threw up his arm and parried my thrust, but the next moment he got a tap on the head from the back of the little axe, and lost for a time his interest in the proceedings. My prompt presence of mind the fourth scoundrel threw a heavy quilt, which entangled my weapons, and before I could free myself he was on me. In the rough-and-tumble which followed, however, I secured a good hold. Fairly matched, we swayed out of the tent, straining every nerve for the advantage. I saw the woman sit up and renew her screams. I saw D. on the ground, his deadly grip still fixed on his big antagonist's throat, while his left hand grasped the hilt of a knife with which his adversary sought to stab him. I saw the sobbing boy wake from his terror and run to D.'s aid. Then came S., on the run, and plunged into the fray with a fearful yell. He seized the ruffian by the neck and proceeded to shake him out of his shirt. Just at this moment, while my heart leaped joyously within me, my opponent set his foot on some kitchen-ware, and down he went with a huge clatter of pots and pans. As I planted my knee on his chest, with a little significant pressure, he gave up struggling, and composed himself peacefully to rest.

Meanwhile, the fellow whose head I had knocked with the axe came to himself. Half opening his eyes, he looked about him, and quickly took in the situation. In another moment he was on his feet, and away. D., just relieved by S. from the too heavy responsibilities of his position, sprang at once in pursuit; but S. called him back, declaring we had enough of such rabble on our hands, and that their company was none too good for us.

We now proceeded to bind our captives, into which task we impressed the services of the woman and the boy. The latter, according to his mother's account, had acted before our arrival with a good deal of pluck. The family, it appeared, was one which had been burnt out at the very beginning of the fire, and the father had selected this out-of-the-way spot as the safest one for the temporary establishment of his household. Leaving his wife and son to take care of their rescued household gods, he had returned to the scene of disaster to render the assistance of which so many stood in need. The miserable scoundrels whom we had just discomfited were of a party who were reaping splendid profits out of the general calamity. When they broke upon the defenceless camp they had at first not offered any violence to the inmates, merely replying with oaths and coarse mockery to the woman's expostulations. But at length the fellow who was now my captive had kicked the woman for interfering to save her property, whence the screams that had attracted our attention. Upon this the boy had flown furiously upon his mother's assailant, and struck him with a stick, receiving in return from the ruffian's fist the brutal blow which now disfigured his face. The other thieves had ordered their comrade not to hurt the woman; whereupon the boy's heroism had melted into sobs.

While we were examining the somewhat serious wound of the fellow who had fallen beneath D.'s paddle, we were interrupted by the return of the husband with a couple of companions. Rejoiced at the opportunity, we handed over our captives, and made haste away to get our own camp established. The place I had in mind proved so difficult of access, and the tent, when at last we got it pitched, was so perfectly hidden, that, in spite of our late experience, we were in no anxiety about leaving it unguarded. But when all was ready, provisions and baggage stowed away, and the canoe standing empty for a swift run into the vortex of terror and confusion roaring so near us, D. murmured tentatively,

"Don't you suppose, boys, it'll all be there in the morning?" S. joined in with "I guess it isn't much of a fire, anyway. Some brush burning."

For my own part, I suddenly began to feel that, even though the whole world were ablaze, nevertheless was it necessary to sleep. The excitement of the last hour, coming after the day's toil and the uproarious fun of the previous night, had utterly exhausted us. Without another word on the subject we rolled into our blankets and fell asleep; while the burning city clamored near by, and the fiery clouds were vomited across the heavens.

Our sleep, however, was burdened with a consciousness of vast events. About dawn we awoke suddenly, snatched a breakfast of canned stuff, and started for the city. The flames were subsiding, and the destruction had nearly reached its limits, but there was still a wild excitement, with much to be done. All the morning, we worked about the smoking streets, amid the toppling of walls, the lamentations of the homeless, the rushings to and fro of engines and hose-carts; and, early in the afternoon, hungry and exhausted, we started back for camp. As S. climbed the steep path ahead of us, his lips on a sudden gave forth a sound more forcible than polite. Nimbly we clambered to his side. There was our pretty tent in tatters; our tinware was beaten into fragments; our blankets and provisions all had vanished. In lugubrious silence we stood about the ruins. Then S. sighed.

"The beans are gone, and with the beans go I. We may as well take tonight's boat for home, boys!" And D. consoled himself with the reflection: "Oh, my prophetic soul! Didn't we pummel them for this last night, though?" To get another tent, and to replenish our larder, were equally out of the question at this time of mortal trial for St. John. That very night we put our craft aboard the up-river boat, and were back in Fredericton by daylight.

serious wound of the fellow who had fallen beneath D.'s paddle, we were interrupted by the return of the husband with a couple of companions. Rejoiced at the opportunity, we handed over our captives, and made haste away to get our own camp established. The place I had in mind proved so difficult of access, and the tent, when at last we got it pitched, was so perfectly hidden, that, in spite of our late experience, we were in no anxiety about leaving it unguarded. But when all was ready, provisions and baggage stowed away, and the canoe standing empty for a swift run into the vortex of terror and confusion roaring so near us, D. murmured tentatively,

"Don't you suppose, boys, it'll all be there in the morning?" S. joined in with "I guess it isn't much of a fire, anyway. Some brush burning."

For my own part, I suddenly began to feel that, even though the whole world were ablaze, nevertheless was it necessary to sleep. The excitement of the last hour, coming after the day's toil and the uproarious fun of the previous night, had utterly exhausted us. Without another word on the subject we rolled into our blankets and fell asleep; while the burning city clamored near by, and the fiery clouds were vomited across the heavens.

Our sleep, however, was burdened with a consciousness of vast events. About dawn we awoke suddenly, snatched a breakfast of canned stuff, and started for the city. The flames were subsiding, and the destruction had nearly reached its limits, but there was still a wild excitement, with much to be done. All the morning, we worked about the smoking streets, amid the toppling of walls, the lamentations of the homeless, the rushings to and fro of engines and hose-carts; and, early in the afternoon, hungry and exhausted, we started back for camp. As S. climbed the steep path ahead of us, his lips on a sudden gave forth a sound more forcible than polite. Nimbly we clambered to his side. There was our pretty tent in tatters; our tinware was beaten into fragments; our blankets and provisions all had vanished. In lugubrious silence we stood about the ruins. Then S. sighed.

"The beans are gone, and with the beans go I. We may as well take tonight's boat for home, boys!"

And D. consoled himself with the reflection: "Oh, my prophetic soul! Didn't we pummel them for this last night, though?"

To get another tent, and to replenish our larder, were equally out of the question at this time of mortal trial for St. John. That very night we put our craft aboard the up-river boat, and were back in Fredericton by daylight.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Notes and Announcements.

Prof. Proctor, from a study of Dickens' method in other novels and a careful examination of the unfinished work, the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, comes to the conclusion that Datchery is Drood. The question has been raised who is the greatest living novelist and the *Critic* gives the list: "Blackmore, Black, Stevenson, Wilkie Collins, George Meredith, in England. Howells, James, Bret Harte and Cable, here. In Russia there is Tolstoi. In France, Daudet, Dumas, Zola, Feuillet, De Maupassant. In Spain, Galdos, Valdes, Valera. Farnia in Italy, and Bjornson in Norway."

Books Received.

Dutch Pictures and Pictures Done With a Quill. By George Augustus Sala. Illustrated. London: Vizetelly & Co. Cloth, 2s. 6d. Sappho: Paris Morals and Manners. By Alphonse Daudet. Illustrated. London: Vizetelly & Co. Paper, 1s. A Mummer's Wife. By George Moore. London: Vizetelly & Co. Cloth, 2s. Germalin; or, Master and Man. By Emile Zola. London: Vizetelly & Co. Cloth boards, 2s. 6d. The Ironmaster; or, Love and Pride. By Georges Ohnet. London: Vizetelly & Co. Cloth boards, 2s. Dr. Phillips: A Maid's Vale Idyl. By Frank Dauby. London: Vizetelly & Co. Cloth, 3s. 6d. Eden. By Edgar Saltus. New York, Chicago and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co. Paper, 50c. A Mexican Girl. By Frederick Thielsch. (Ticknor's Paper series, No. 4.) Boston: Ticknor & Co. St. John: Alfred Morrissey. Paper, 50c. Looking Backward: 2000-1887. By Edward Bellamy. Boston: Ticknor & Co. St. John: Alfred Morrissey. Cloth, \$1.50.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

The visit of Grand Canton Shawmut received not a word of mention in the *Dominion Odd Fellow*. Surely the doings of the order in the maritime provinces should be of some little interest to the brethren up north! The past year has added eight to the roll of Ontario lodges. New Jersey boasts of 54 encampments, with a membership of 5,885, and claims that before the end of the term she will have 6,000 member.

An error in the transmission of a despatch caused several errors in the names of officers elected by the Grand lodge, last week. The despatch named four representatives to the Sovereign Grand lodge, while there are but two, Messrs. Andre Cushing and Robert Hockin. The Grand lodge trustees, who were altogether omitted from the list of officers, are Messrs. Cushing and Hockin and Joseph Wilson.

An Opprobrious Epithet.

Uncle Rastus (to lawyer)—Kin I get er man 'rested fo' callin' me a bald-headed ole thief, Mistah Blank? Lawyer—Certainly, Uncle Rastus, no man has any right to call you such a name. Uncle Rastus—Dat's what I thought, sah. When er man gits to be as ole as I am, tain't his fault dat he's bald-headed.—*Harper's Bazar*.

What the Old Man Was Going For.

Daughter—Why, pa, you are not thinking of going out at this late hour? Father (resolutely)—Yes, I am. Daughter—You ain't going after a doctor? Father—No, I'm going after a gun. Young man (rising hurriedly)—Well, I think I will have to say good-night. Father (glaring at him)—Good morning!

A Change for the Worse.

"If I might venture to make a suggestion, madame," said the tombstone agent, in a sombre yet respectful manner. "I should say the motto, 'He has gone to a better land,' would be an appropriate one." "You forget, sir," said the lady in black, with cold dignity, "that he lived in Boston."



Regimental Theatricals

Under the auspices of the Lieut.-Colonel and Officers of the

62ND ST. JOHN FUSILIERS.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY EVENINGS, August 22 and 23.

The Officers of the Corps, assisted by Lady and Gentlemen Amateurs, will present the Military Drama, in three acts,

Jessie Brown, or the Relief of Lucknow,

With full and realistic effects. A Detachment of the Fusiliers will take part in the representation as Highlanders, Sepoys, etc. Tickets—Reserved seats, 50 cts.; Balcony, 35 cts.; Gallery, 25 cts. For sale at A. C. Smith & Co.'s on 20th inst.

GRAND EXCURSION To Shediac.

CITY CORNET BAND

Will hold their Annual Excursion in connection with the Rev. A. Ouellet's Picnic at Shediac, TUESDAY, August 21st, 1888.

THIS PICNIC is one of the very best held in the Province, all the arrangements being very complete. A First-class Hot Dinner will be served on the grounds by the ladies of the congregation, for the small sum of 30 cts.

TICKETS \$1.25 (including admission to the grounds), may be procured at the usual places, and at the Station on the morning of the Excursion. Train will leave the I. C. R. Station at 7.45 a. m., local time, arriving at Shediac at 12 o'clock, stopping at Rothsay, Hampton, Sussex and Moncton, both ways. Returning will leave Shediac at 6 o'clock, local time, arriving at St. John at 10.30 o'clock. Should the weather be unfavorable on Tuesday, it will take place on Wednesday.

JAMES CONNOLLY, SECRETARY.

HARVEST MOON.

Grand MOONLIGHT Excursion.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION has chartered the magnificent steamer DAVID WESTON for a sail up the

ST. JOHN RIVER, Monday Evening, August 20.

THE ARTILLERY BAND has been engaged for the occasion.

Refreshments by the Committee at moderate prices.

TICKETS 50 CENTS.

GO TO Page, Smalley & Ferguson's,

—FOR— Gold and Silver Watches,

Fine Gold Jewelry,

Silver and Plated Goods,

CLOCKS and BRONZES,

Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc.

43 King Street.

TO THE Medical Profession.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

Choice Table Butter and

Finest Quality Cream

Received EVERY MORNING at the

Oak Farm Dairy Butter Store,

12 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Oysters and Fish.

IN STORE:

10 Bbls. P. E. I. Oysters;

2 " Providence River do.;

HALIBUT, HADDOCK, CODFISH, SALMON, SHAD, MACKEREL, etc., etc.

J. ALLAN TURNER,

25 North side Queen Square

FOR SALE LOW:

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs,

AXLE GREASE,

Riding Saddles, Side Saddles,

CHAMMOIS, SPONGES,

Shawls, Trunk Straps,

FURNITURE POLISH, LAP ROBES,