THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Notes and Announcements.

At a recent gathering where the company was discussing Eugene Field, Maud Howe was quite enthusiastic in her appreciation of his humor, summing up with the remark, "Mr. Field is the most charming literary man I have met in the West-but he looks like a convict." The story was, of course, carried to Mr. Field, and is now repeated by him as a unique tribute to his personal pulchritude.

Mr. Swinburne's new volume of poems will be called Poems and Ballads, Third Series. Although certain poems, such as "The Armada," "The Jubilee," etc., have appeared in magazines, a large and important section will be quite new to the public. A feature of the volume will be a group of original Border ballads, written in the Northumbrian dialect-a noticeable and specially interesting series, inasmuch as Mr. Swinburne is a Northumbrian, and has during all his life given special attention to Border poetry.

The New York Shakspeare society publishes the third yolume of the Bankside Shakspeare, the text furnished the players in parallel columns with the first revised folio text, the subject of the present issue being "The Merchant of Venice." The introduction is furnished by William Reynolds, and is principally occupied with an examination of the law of the play, with a view of the Baconian-authorship theory. Of course, he throws another shovel of facts and arguments on the corpse of the Baconian theory.

James Anthony Froude's new historical novel will be published this month, says the April Book Buyer, the title being The Two Chiefs of Dunboy. The period is the middle of the last century, and the characters include Irish exiles who have taken refuge and acquired influence in France, which they use as a base of supplies in their intermittent warfare against England. The smugglers and privateersmen give a great deal of animated action and romantic interest to the narrative. The book is expected to take rank with the best of Mr. Froude's work. It will be issued in cloth and in paper bindings simultaneously with issued for some time among their Yellow-Covered Paper novels.

Prof. James Bryce, says the Pall Mall Budget, is one of the hardest workers of day. As a M. P. he was one of the busiest and most successful private members, and when he became under-secretary for foreign affairs, he exchanged the quality rather than the quantity of his parliamentary work. But on the top of all this he was also a lecturer at the Inns of Court and a professor at Oxford. When it is added that he moreover takes a very active part in a multitude of social and philanthropic works in London, it will be seen that Mr. Bryce has come nearer than most people to solving the problem of being in two places at one time. Personally, Mr. Bryce is a charming companion, full both of information and of sympathy. He lives in a pretty house [in Bryanston square, which his sister helps him to make a centre of many interesting gatherings. He is of course a Scotchman, is 50 years of age, and has made the ascent of Ararat. Indeed, his tondness for walking is no doubt the secret of his power of work. For once, however, he has been "knocked out," and as soon as he had passed his book for the press he went off to India to recuperate.

An interesting portrait of John Burroughs at 20 opens the April Wide Awake, as frontispiece; this engraving accompanies Mr. Burroughs's own story of his boyhood, "The Boy John Burroughs; a Glance Backward," telling how he had to struggle for his "schooling." Another excellent piece of biographical and historical work is by an English writer-Mrs. Blathwayt, entitled "Ralegh and the Potato"; this gives by courtesy of the National gallery, Dublin, Ireland, a portrait of Lady Ralegh, Sir Walter's wife, also engravings from photo-Walter's wife, also engravings from photographs made especially for Wide Awake, of Hayes-Barton farmhouse (Sir Walter's mit the difficulty, and seek light on so sysbirthplace), of the Ralegh place of worship, the church at Budleigh Salterton, also Sir Walter's residence at Youghal, Ireland, a most picturesque spot, and the garden where the first potatoes were planted in Ireland, and many other interesting illustrations. "A Dash for a Flag," by R. M. Bockus, is a spirited story of the Civil War. "Men and Things," the new department, is full to overflowing with bright, original anecdotes, accounts and "short talks." The poems of the number are particularly good. The serials, "Five Little Peppers Midway," by Margaret Sidby Trowbridge, are jolly reading.—Boston:
D. Lothrop Co. Price, \$2.40 a year; 20

D. Lothrop Co. Price, \$2.40 a year; 20 ney, and "David Vane and David Crane," cents a number.

The tens of thousands of readers of Octave Thanet's short stories in the magazines will be greatly interested in the portrait of this talented Western girl which appears as a frontispiece in the April number of the Book Buyer. The accompanying sketch gives much interesting information about her literary career, her methods of work, her ambition, with a good dash of detail which makes one more familiar with the and wheels. If M. le President and his personality of Miss French, her real name. Those who like to read character, or try to read character, in bandwriting will be able to exercise their ingenuity upon a tac-sim- Manitoba plains, then all our families feel ile reproduction in the same number of the a tightening of the cords of life. If Stanley

page from a forthcoming instalment in Scribner's Magazine of Robert Louis Stevenson's story, "The Master of Ballantrae." The other leading features of this number are illustrated reviews of Appleton's Cyclopædia of National Biography and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new story The Pretty Sister of Jose; and besides these there are the usual budget of London and Boston gossip about books and authors by J. Ashby-Sterry and Arlo Bates, reviews, with illustrations, of the principal current books, readings from new books, literary notes, and the department of queries, edited by Rossiter Johnson.-New York: Charles Scribner's sons. Price, \$1 a year, 10 cents a number.

THE MODEL COUNTRY PAPER.

A Lay Sermon which "Progress" Commends to Some of Its Exchanges.

An essay read before the eighth bi-monthly meeting of the Connecticut Weekly Press Association at Norwalk, March 18, by H. M White, editor of the Torrington Register.

By "local" I mean rural, or concerning journals whose field is the community where they are published, in distinction from those of state or inter-state circulation. If this paper deals more with the ideal than the practical in your mind I accept the criticism in advance. But the ideal must precede and lead the way for the practical. If ideal, I trust it is in the right direction for others to carry out in its true working plans, the benefit of whose operations the writer feels the need of as well as anyone. Our brethren of the urban daily press keep fully abreast of the age in its marvelous progress. They have pressed the mechanician into service, and with the best sinews of thought at their command, with special wires, and trains and cable rights, fill in superabundance the most voracious demands of a nation of readers at a speed of production that almost equals thought itself. These great journals have their faults to be sure, but they are not in the

line of my argument. The keynote of my thought this afternoon is found in the old sentiment so well used by our worthy president, "I magnify my calling." Brother Maples used it in the business conduct of our work; Brother Ela in the filling of the local columns. I would add to these the same thought in the more purely editorial part of our endeavor. The advent of the C. W. P. A. has wrought improvement typographically and in the style and matter of the local columns among the journals of its members who attend the its appearance in England, being the first | meetings and its future will be one of exvolume which the Scribners will have panding influence in all ways, we must believe, if we bring to it our best offerings.

It is too much the fashion of the metropolitan press, arrogant often in the heights to which it has attained, to sneer at the country weekly. Their conception of its editor is a man supposed to know the best time to cut rowen, to write learned treatises on famous cows; his paper devoted to quilting bees, Cousin Sarah's visits, Farmer Pograin's crops, somebody's farm shingled, the sewing society, deacon's meetings, and last but not least-spring poetry! His supposed impecuniosity is a standard butt for the joker's column—kept on the shelf with the mother-in-law joke, the Chicago girl's foot, and all that ilk, to be brought down and furbished up for their readers with clock-like regularity. His subscribers are supposed to pay in cordwood, turnips, ancient chickens. For his advertisements he gets, in their idea, liver pads, patent pills, abdominal trusses, Beatty organs, and a 25-cent ticket to the show. That there has been reason for this, and that the condition and the opinion are going out of existence are both true. It is for our association to see to it that, as far as the local papers of Connecticut are concerned, they stand high enough so the flow of such criticism shall not reach the skirts of their garments.

But seriously, brethren, is there not room for advance with most of us? Do not we feel our unimportance too much, and add to it? The fact that we do not aspire to mold public opinion except in town matters leads our constituency not to look to us in all as a guide, expecting nothing of moral and intellectual influence, or as a public instructor. So that power which is put in our hands is unused and lost. It is because so easily an attained ideal is seen which leads many to think and thus gives birth to thousands of upstart sheets which weaken profits and lower

farther the journalistic rank. That this public influence can be and is wielded by local weeklies in matters of broader scope than the environment of their townships, is shown by journals (some of which I might name) whose opinions are eagerly looked for, and carry unmistakable tematizing work as to leave room for higher endeavor. The local editor has to be hundred-armed to take hold of all his duties. His work is both legislative and executive, literary and mechanical, producing and financiering. So in matters requiring long and patient re-search, tables of figures, knowledge of jurisprudence, polity of foreign nations (although one of our members excels in this) and the like, we cannot expect to place our efforts. But why should not all our brethren use brains and pen towards the settlement of state questions-the secret ballot, grade crossings, temperance law adjustments, and so on, thus having no small part in advancing public reform? We should not let the dailies do all the loud thinking for our people, many of whom, beside, have no daily. There are topics on which we are handicapped by lack of access to great libraries and public documents, and these we must let alone. But every editor should have a good library of his own. I have have a good library of his own. I have been thinking how closely national or international matters come home to us all, and effect the immediate relations of our lives. If there are mutterings of war, the men to fight will have to come from our villages, the greater part. If diplomatic correspondence with the Argentine Republic opens up new trade-if trade is widened by a proposed merchant marine, then our Connectiassociates in Paris dicker with the Calumet and Hecla, then 100 to 150 houses in the Naugatuck valley do not go up in 1888. If a frost singes the wheat in Dakota or

Book Buyer of a portion of a manuscript is thought lost in the wilds of Africa, it a Mississippi steamer goes down in fire and wave, or a railroad wreck sickens with its loss of life, are not our readers as much touched with sympathy as any? And our voicing gives tone to their better feelings, as we are responsive to the claims of human

Not that I believe in long editorials, but terse, crisp comment on such topics as in one way or another come home to our readers. A clearer conception of many an important piece of news is gained from the editor striking the pith, and associating with sentiment and analagous events, than from reading through columns of insig-nificant detail. Our local writers are aiding the advantages of their towns in material things and making them "liver," more progressive. But is this enough? I wish to reaffirm my position. In our reflective moments, when we can shut off all the pressure of our routine work, does it not look, in a chance light, too much like drudgery, like selling hardware or any other business conducted only to get a living? The editor has his paper under absolute control and in his speaking to the community should make it a reflex of his letter self should put into it his best doing better self-should put into it his best doing. He must make sacrifice and tireless effort to make his journal more valuable in every way, that the people may feel it to be a necessary part of their lives and are helped thereby. He must often forget himself, never working for personal ends, or taking personal advantage of his superior opportunity, but always recognizing the varying interests of his constituency.

The city gets its best men and blood from the country. I can make no more trite statement than this. In song, a Whittier; in sermon, a Beecher; in speech, a Choate; all gained their inspiration from the scenes of country life amid which they were bred. The stuff of which heros are made is not born in piles of brick and mortar, but finds its genius among God's handi-work. The dweller then goes to the fountain source of inspiration and gets it first hand. The strength of the hill is in his heart, the poetry of the earth in his soul. The waving forests whisper the music of nature's secrets; the brook clicking over the stones telegraphs (if one can get the code) the teaching of the waters, and many mountain crests, semi-crowned in crystal splendors, catch the beams of day and toss them in his face and at his feet. Yet better still is the voice of humanity, that heart-to-heart touch that quickens the pulses of feeling and gives vigor to thought. Our city brother catches on the point of his pen one who looks up for a moment from the dense, almost indistinguishable masses, only to sink the sooner into instant oblivion. But when accident has come to him with whose hand we have grasped, whose inquiry touches our heart strings, and if such a one dies-the next day or the next year will his loss have ceased to be felt. Thus all the better influences of land and sky, of manhood and womanhood, throw themselves in our pathway and only need to be picked up and forged into living thought and passed through the channels we own.

In closing-my subject includes all that has gone before, and the sentiments of this paper are only in place through the exalted positions taken by my brother journalists of our association in the different departments they have occupied. This is the sum: To seek advance all along the line. Assume editorial control and selection of all our columns. Typographically, keep impression clear with clean type and rollers and fresh blankets; give to the melting pot antiquated letters, rimmed and black faced. Conduct our business on business principles; cut off dealings with unscrupulous advertisers; make selections with care. Above all, expand the local columns, making them minister to the widening of the social life of our respective localities, and finally, as our highest office, helping them upward to intellectual and moral

Dress Goods.

Our DRESS GOODS COUNTERS are beaming with Novelties in Self and Fancy Colors. Among our assortment are to be found SELF STRIPES, FANCY STRPES, think they "can run a paper" themselves, and CHECKS—Singles and Doubles and a full assortment of SELF COLORS.

Black Goods.

In the Black Goods Department, the assortment of Novelties in the Newest Wea es in advance of previous displays. The Stripes and Checks are in all sizes—pleasing effects. White and Black Stripes are classed with the leaders. London House Retail,

OPERA HOUSE TENDERS FOR BUILDING.

TENDERS will be received at the office of A. O. SKINNER, King street, up to

SATURDAY, APRIL 6th,

Established 1838.

PAINTING!

THE SUBSCRIBERS are prepared to received orders at their OLD STAND,

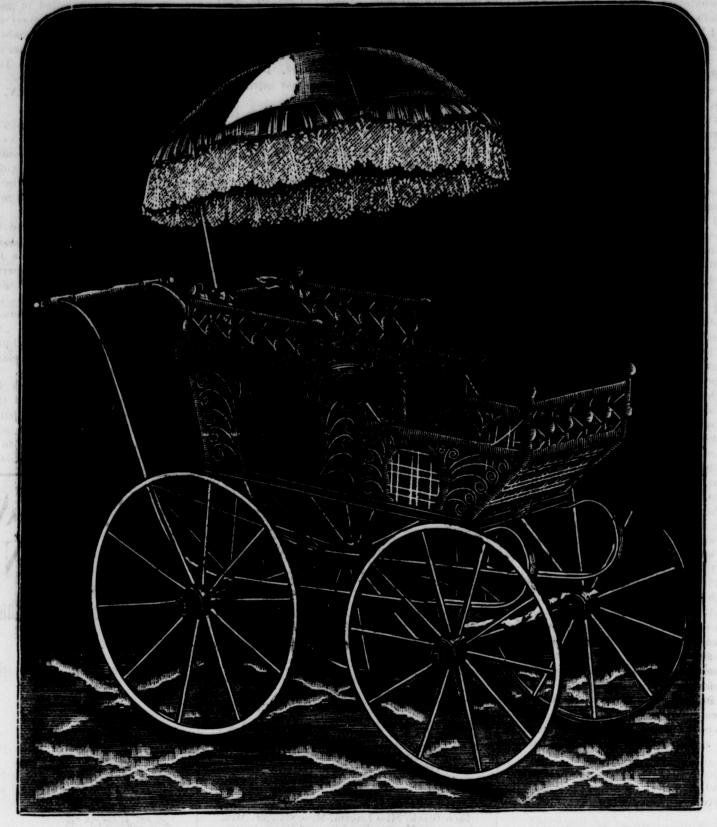
No. 18 WATERLOO STREET,

Honse and Sign Painting, Gilding, GRAINING, PAPER HANGING, KALSOMIN-ING, WHITEWASHING, Etc.

A. D. BLAKSLEE & SON.

HAROLD GILBERT,

The American Rattan Company's BABY CARRIAGES.



whom we have "taken sweet counsel," As the above are the only Manufacturers in Canada of "SUPERIOR REED AND RATTAN GOODS," their BABY CARRIAGES being a specialty, for which I have been appointed Sole Agent for Saint John

I take much pleasure in calling your attention to their New Designs in Carriages for 1889, now on exhibition at my Warerooms; and should you require anything in this line, I have every confidence in recommending the AMERICAN RATTAN Co's goods to you, as they stand today without a rival in the Canadian market. For Beauty of Design, Neatness and Durability of Construction, and Excellence of Workmanship, they are unsurpassed.

HAROLD GILBERT, - - 54 King Street.

The "Bell" Cigar Factory

We made more Cigars than all Cigar Factories East of Quebec City during 1888.

ADVERTISES FACTS.

We paid more DUTY than all Cigar factories east Quebec city during 1888.

We have imported more HAVANA TOBACCO than all Cigar factories east Quebec city during 1888.

And still we do not ADVERTISE to give a CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR for 5c.

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.

> BELL & HIGGINS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

The most delicious Confectionery in the market,

CENTS PER LB.,

HUGH P. KERR, - - King and Dock Sts.

---- ALSO ----

Try KERR'S COUGH TABLETS and BUTTER SCOTCH, in 5c. Packages.

Encourage Home Manufacture.

MARITIME VARNISH AND WHITE

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. WILLIAM GREIG, Manager. St. John, N. B.

Pictures Framed,

TRY THE

GORBELL ART STORE, - - 207 UNION STREET

EASELS and FIRE SCREENS a specialty.

PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY. JENNINGS', 171 Union Street.

FOIL PAINTINGS, AWAY DOWN.

WANT

FOR MAY,

MUST

ORDER NOW.

LEB. ROBERTSON, Mannfacturers' Agent.

BANJO INSTRUCTION

MR. FRANK DINSMORE will give instruction on the Banjo, at

No. 40 SIMONDS STREET, PORTLAND,

OR AT PUPILS' RESIDENCES.

Terms......\$8 per Quarter.

C. FLOOD & SONS.

The very best references given. MOORE'S

SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.

It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips.
It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise.
It removes Tan, Pimples' Scaly Eruptions and Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and brilliant. An excellent application after shaving.

PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Sample bottles, 10 cents.

Prepared by G. A. MOORE, DRUGGIST, 169 Brussels St. cor. Richmond.

The Brunswick Patent Flush Valve

has now been over 18 months in use in a number of the best dwellings throughout the city, and in every instance gives the very best of satisfaction. It is the only water closet valve that thoroughly washes out the closet and leaves the trap full of clean water, thereby preventing bad smell in the house. Parties about making sanitary alterations would do well to see this

valve before having their work done. Apply to THOS. CAMPBELL, Plumber and Gasfitter, 79 GERMAIN STREET.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS