PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MAY 25.

BERCEASE.

All pain, all sorrow seem to fall Behind us infinitely far, What time the sleepy robins call At twilight's dusky bar.

Lay down your head upon my breast O rosy nephew golden-curled; Boys, birds and flowers hush to rest, So weary grows the world.

As slowly as the branches wave, Singing, I rock you to and fro; So tune be glad, if worlds are grave The baby will not know.

Far off and faint the chirpings sound, Pale lights gleam out through darkening blue, Soft arms of silence fold us round As mine are folding you.

Small voice that twitters like the birds, Gray eyes that hold the light of stars, Too sleepy we for tune or words : Let down the Dreamland bars!

-J. Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts.

TALE OF THE BULL RING.

I was early in my seat, for I like, above the proceedings. all things, to see the motly crowd of sunburned Spaniards come trooping to their national game. I was not in the sombra or shady seats, for I prefer to take my place among the crowd, one of whom I almost am now, and, moreover, what right The bull charges; I drew a quick breath; Sebastian is all right; gracefully, with the ease of a practiced bull-fighter, he escaped dollar on seeing a bull fight?

How noisy and hot and dusty they all looked as they trooped in and took their ing a flush to his cheek. seats around me! I was surprised at the crowd; there was no great matador going were filling.

black hat, trousers and highly decorated his coat slung from his shoulders. "Senor," I said, "can you tell me why

so many people are here today ?" He looked at me a moment with an ex-

pression of surprise.

will kill the bull."

think me ignorant, but I know no bull fighter of that name." He laughed.

in each hand a banderillos. They step into the centre of the ring, and poising themselves on tiptoe, holding the bander-illos far above their heads at arm's length, face the bull. A moment the now furious beast pauses, then with a charge makes for one of his adversaries; for a second all is a cloud of dust, in which the advancing forms of bull and man are scarcely discernible; the next, the bull is bellowing round the ring with the points of the banderillos fast in his shoulders, and the banderillero is smiling and bowing unscathed. There is no need for five banderillos on this bull. Four times does he receive the sharpforked points, and four times does he miss his man.

The bugle sounds.

Sebastian, who up till now has gazed in a careless way at the scene, steps forward, takes the sword and the flag, and with a gallant stride marches to the administrator's box, where he swears to kill the bull.

There is a deafened cheer as he throws his hat among the people, to be held till he returns victorious—or dead.

I turn instinctively towards Juanita; she was leaning back in her seat, slowly fanning herself, her half-closed eyes scarcely conveying even an expression of interest in

Sebastian faces the bull, the flag in his left hand, his eyes watching the beast's. His hand is as steady as a reck.

has a penniless young artist to spend a the horns, which merely touched the scarlet

A cheer rings out from the crowd, bring-

Again the bull charges, again and again ; each time Sebastian is nnscathed, but as to kill bulls today, yet all the cheaper seats as yet he has had no chance of killing the bull. He is facing it now; slowly raises I asked my neighbor, a peasant in a flat his sword—the point never trembles. For lack hat, trousers and highly decorated one second all is dust, the next I saw his gaiters and a bright waistcoat, and wearing manly form laid out full length in the sand. Accustomed as I am to bull fights, I shuddered.

"He is killed !" cry the people; "he is killed !" The bull never looks at him again, passing on to attack the cloak of one of "You do not know!" He spoke with a the matadors. I gazed at Juanita once strong Andalusian accent. "Sebastian more. Her expression has not altered to ill kill the bull." "Sebastian ?" I said. "Senor, do not a little quicker. I hated the woman. A shout from the people recalls my at-tention. Sebastian has risen, picked up the sword and flag, and is facing the bull "He has never killed a bull before; to- once more. There was silence in the ring day is his first. He comes from this part; like death. Again the sword is raised, that is why every one is here." Then he again all is dust, again a form lies prosadded : "I will tell you his story. Sebas- trate in the sand-but this time it is the

Liver Disorders

Soon cause the blood to become contaminated and require prompt treatment. The most marked symptoms are loss of appetite, headache, pains in the back or side, nausea, and relaxation of the bowels. Ayer's Pills assist nature to expel the superabundant bile and thus restore the purity of the blood. Being purely vegetable and sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take, mild in operation, and without ill effects.

"After many years' experience with Ayer's Pills as a remedy for the large number of ailments caused by derangements of the liver, peculiar to malarial localities, simple justice prompts me to express to you my high appreciation of the merits of this medicine for the class of disorders I have named."-S. L. Loughridge, Bryan, Texas.

"I had tried almost everything for chronic liver complaint, but received no relief until I used Ayer's Pills. I find them invaluable." — W. E. Watson, 77 East Illinois st., Chicago, Ill.

Ayer's Pills, PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

AN AGNOSTIC'S DAUGHTER.

A Young Lady Without a Religious Education

"Yes, Miss Ingersoll is in," and the Empire-coated butler led the way to the drawing-room at 400 Fifth avenue. The room, with its book-lined walls, bits of colored porcelain, carved silver, artists' dreams in marble and on canvas, was beautiful enough, but the slim, sweet, timid creature, in her silver-gray dress, was radiant. She might have been taken for a Quaker maiden, for a member of some new order of nuns, but for the daughter of Col. Inger-greater devotion it would be impossible to soll-never!

But there sat Miss Eva Ingersoll in a little slipper chair, beaming in the loveliness of her youth and beauty, and this is what she had to say regarding the Rev. Dr. Peck's address before the general con-ference of the Southern New England and Brooklyn.—Philadelphia Press. Dr. Peck's address before the general con-Methodist societies, wherein he stated that Mr. Ingersoll's daughters had become church members :

"That is about the fifth time I have joined the church in print, and it is so ridiculous, because neither my sister nor myself have ever attended service. Once Mr. Carnegie invited us to hear Henry Ward Beecher. It was in the evening, and the address he delivered was the only one we have ever heard. Another time we went to Dr. Collyer's church to attend a friend's wedding, and that is the extent of our knowledge of churches.'

Do You Practice Economy?

TF SO, think of the hard-earned dollars you have wasted in high priced Gloves, and may now save by purchasing your Gloves at FAIRALL & SMITH'S KID GLOVE AGENCY. We offer you the benefit of our REMARKABLE CUT IN PRICE, which, under our agency system, is almost one-third the original cost. The reputation of our 64c. Glove is now too well grounded upon the foundation of its own merits to need but little of our praise. For actual durability and elasticity of finish, we simply [say, "Come and see them for yourself." FAIRALL & SMITH.

Postage Paid to any Address.

Miss Ingersoll always has two dressesa silver-gray cashmere, made with a round waist laid with cross plaits, between which is set a vest or "V" of soft white silk. About the neck and sleeves is a finish of gray ribbon, and the straight skirts are simply stitched. A long gray cloak and a gray hat, with a gray silk veil and gray gloves, complete the toilet in which she walks, visits, drives, goes to afternoon entertainments, studies, and receives morning callers. Her evening dress is made of white silk or nuns' veiling, and in but one fashion, gathered skirts, round waists, with

brunette, wears black lace. Neither daughter has ever been seen on the street | TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, not a chaperon, but a companion. They know nothing about shopping, larks, slang, chums, or beaus, and there never has been a time so merry or a party so gay that these beautiful creatures were induced to leave the terrible infidel and his wife.

sortment. McArthur's, 80 King street.

Testing a Clucker's Age.

"I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young chicken from an old one?"



FOR WASHADEMOAK LAKE,

THE above first-class, staunch, swift and commodious Steamer having been rebuilt and re-furnished, will leave her wharf, at INDIANTOWN, for the Lake, every

at 10 o'clock, a. m.

CALLING AT ALL INTERMEDIATE LANDINGS. RETURNING, is due at INDIANTOWN at 1 p. m., on alternate days.

J. E. PORTER, Manager.

1889. SEASON. 1889. ST. JOHN, Grand Lake and Salmon River. And all Intermediate Stopping Places.

STEAMER "MAY QUEEN," C. W. BRANNEN, Master, will, during the present season, run between the above-named places, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNESDAY and SATUR-DAY MORNING, at EIGHT o'clock, local time. RETURNING, will leave Salmon River on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, touching at Gagetown wharf each way. Will run on the West side of Long Island. The owners of this reliable steamer having put her The owners of this reliable steamer having put her

in the best repair during the past winter, and are now running her strictly under Dominion Government inspection, which, combined with qualities for speed and comfort, make her one of the best boats now plying on the St. John River or its tributaries. This "Old Favorite" EXCURSION STEAMER can be chartered on reasonable terms for Picnics v and Friday of each week

WILL LEAVE

HAMPTON for INDIANTOWN

Every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATUR-

DAY mornings, at 5.30. Returning, same day, leaves wharf at Indiantown, at 4 p. m.

WILL LEAVE "HEAD OF BELLISLE," every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRI-DAY morning, at 7 o'clock, for Indiantown.

(LIMITED.)

R. G. EARLE, Manager.

"BELLISLE

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

Commencing April 29, 1889.

3

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at

16.10 a. m.-Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 18.55 a. m .- For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock.

t4.45 p. m.-Express for Fredericton and inter-

18.30 p. m.-Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Heul ton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM

Bangor at 16.20 a.m., Parlor Car attached; 17.25 p.

 m. Sleeping Car attached.
Vanceboro at \$11.15, 11.15 a. m.; 12.10 noon.
Woodstock at \$6.00, \$11.40 a. m.; \$8.20 p. m.
Houlton at \$6.00, \$11.40 a. m.; \$8.30 p. m. St. Stephen at †9:20, †11.40 a. m.; †10.20 p. m.

St. Andrews at †6.30 a. m. Fredericton at †6.00, †11.30 a. m.; †3.25 p. m. Arriving in St. John at ¶5.45; †8.40 a. m.; †2.30, †7.60 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE.

t8.10 a. m.-Connecting with 8.55 a. m. train from St. John.

t.430 p. m.-Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from

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



V neck and half sleeves. Miss Maud Ingersoll, who is a decided alone, the mother or aunt always acting as,

Similar examples of family devotion there

The entire family has a passion for music, and it is not an unusual thing for the mother and daughters to call at the lawyer's office and drag him off to some

Rubber Balls, colored and plain, large as-

drives a caravan of mules from his moun | a feat seldom accomplished by even the tain village to this town. Once a week he masters of the art. comes with his burden of fruit. But he is poor; the mules are not his; he only works through and through the building as for another." He paused for a moment Sebastian approached the gobernador and and he added. "You are a stranger here?" bowed. He is paler than ever, but a smile "Yes," I said. "I only arrived yester-ay." "Then you do not know Juanita—La day."

Bella Juanita, we call her?" He did not Her expression is the same as ever: as he wait for me to answer his question, but bows to her she never alters a feature. continued : "Every one falls in love with | There is no smile of encouragement, scarce-Juanita, and Sebastian, like the rest, did | ly a sign of recognition : she plucks a rose, too. He prayed and besought her to marry him, but she is proud and would not look him. at the humble muleteer. But after a time his handsome face and oft-repeated tale impressed her; so she told him she would marry him if he would kill a bull in the tramples it under foot. ring at today's fair. But hush! Here she

I turned in the direction in which he was pointing, and gazed with astonishment at ring. one of the most lovely creatures it has ever been my lot to see. All eyes were fixed on her, yet she was as impassive as if she were alone and unnoticed. Her light, golden hair-not uncommon among the Spaniards-was bound up high upon her head, and surmounted by a dark crimson Magazine. rose, which held in its place her mantilla of black lace.

It was time the bull fight commenced, shouting and calling, but yet the gobernador had not taken his seat in the box reserved. I am all impatient to see Sebasit presented. Near me, but in the better named Jake Klein. He was a good-natured, seats, were a lady and her two little girls, obedient fellow, and not easily put out, nuts. Below is the arena, with its burning, yellow sand, a miniature desert. Suddenly the band commenced to play. I turned, and saw that the administrator's box was no longer empty. A small man in a black coat and a silk hat had taken his seat, surrounded by half a dozen officers in full uniform and a lady or two. One by by one the spears of the picadors were handed to them, and he measured the points to see that none were beyond the prescribed length-sufficiently to slightly wound and enrage the bull without endangering its life or injuring it seriously. Four of the matadors were professionals :

was Sebastian. All eyes were turned on him.

A gate is opened in the arena. With a roar, and a shout from the people, the bull rushes from his darkened cell into the ring. He looks around him; for a moment he paws the ground; then, led on by the moving cloak of one of the matadors, he charges. A graceful bend of the body and a slight movement to one side, and the bull heard him." has passed his quarry, who stands un-touched and smiling behind him. Again

tian is only a muleteer, who once a week | bull! Sebastian has killed it at one stroke, Never have I heard such a shout as rang

however, from her breast and throws it to

He stoops and picks it vp, and, with his eyes fixed on hers, lifts it toward his lipshesitates-throws it to the ground and

A deafening cheer arises from the crowd -cheer upon cheer.

I looked for Juanita. She had left the

Five minutes later, as Sebastian passed through the archway into the open air, still in his deep scarlet and gold, a dagger was buried deep in his breast.

I saw Juanita do it, and it was the only time I ever saw her smile .- Blackwood's

STOPPED THE SHOOTING.

and already the inpatient Spaniards were How One Dutch Private Got to be a Corporal.

Just before the fight at Williamsburg my Christians. This distinction often amuses company was on picked at the front. The the people we meet for the first time, and tian, and the first bull he killed. I gazed man on the left of me, as I went on guard they in turn amuse us by almost demanding hastily round the ring; what an anomaly at 10 o'clock one night, was a Dutchman whom she was feeding on chocolates, and whose tiny hands were all ready to clap the victorious matador. Behind and around our direction Jake finally got his dander dander him five years. His temper is absolutely me were the jaunty, dusty crowd, among up. It was against orders to leave his whom passed and repassed the sellers of post, but after awhile he came lumbering and perhaps that is a fact, but father is too water, with their shrill cry of "Agua, agua through the bushes like an ox team, and kind-hearted to be a hunter. He wouldn't water, with their shrill cry of "Agua, agua through the bushes like an ox team, and fresca," and the vendors of biscuits and growled out:

"Vhell, shall we do sometings ?"

"What can we do?" I asked in return.

"Well, hurry up," I replied, with a laugh; and to my surprise and consternation he started off in the direction of a rebel picket old enough to reason, mother selected the post. I called to him, but he answered back through the darkness :

federate infantryman, having a firm clutch beyond human influence. on his collar.

"Here vhas dose fellar," he announced as they came to a halt. "He doan' promise to keep shtill, und so I pring him along." "Drat the onery Dutchman," growled Johnny. "He stole up behind me and jumped on me like a mountain before I

"Who vhas some Dutchmans," said Jake. "You was."

"But why haven't you gone out of curiosity?'

"Well, I don't know. I never had any desire, somehow. I have been told that the music might be entertaining, but I'm sure that it can't compare with operatic music, and we go to some opera or concert three or four nights a week. I have read great many sermons, but never was sufficiently pleased or interested to care to hear Our parents are not responsible for one. our attitude. Indeed, sister and I are more radical than they. Father has always told us that he wanted us to realize the greatest happiness in life, and advised us to examine for ourselves, and to act in accordance with our convictions. We have had books of all kinds and all sorts, and friends to exchange ideas with. Father has read with us, and together we have looked up references, localities and proofs, but the more we know about Christianity the less admiration we have for it.

"Just now we are studying the History of the Inquisition, and can't bear to think of church or creeds. My grandfather, you know, was a Congregational minister, but most of our relatives have been extremely liberal. They all believe in religion, and so do we, but neither they nor we are an explanation."

As she talked her beautiful hands were playfully tying the long, silky ears of a perfect. They tell us we have spoiled him, kill a bird or see one killed for pleasure, and that's why Rust has been allowed to live in the family and get spoiled."

"Take 'em some prisoner, en?" "You'd better go back and keep quiet." "But dose rebels vhas shooting all der vhile. Dot vhasn't fair play. I pelief I go for and shtop him." in her lap, and the perfect golden block of his coat contrasting with the delicate silver gray of her dress, the two were a picture for a Landseer. UDI L ever pray? Never. We were

prayers that are considered most beautiful and touching, and told us, as she always "It vhas all right. I make dot feller be-ave herself or pring him in some prisoner !" did in making selections of poetry and prose, to read them carefully and learn the have herself or pring him in some prisoner !" prose, to read them carefully and learn the He was gone half an hour before I heard ones that please us. None pleased me the fifth-to whom was given the place of anything. Then there was a crashing in honor in the centre and slightly ahead- the bushes, some swearing and growling, to memory. I could not see the wisdom of and Jake appeared with a full-rigged Con- praying for or against things I knew were

"And I never prized a Bible as most girls do, not even in silver or ivory covers. I don't like the book because there are too many improbable and impossible things in it. and, worse than that, it abounds in cruelties.

"We doubtless seem horrible people to you believers, but we are very happy to-gether, and if my parents are as odious as some people fancy them, they must still



STEAMER "CLIFTON"

Steamer

Blast the letter! Confound it all! Can she do a thing right at all? Typewriting, indeed! There's nothing in it, I'll tell her to "git" this very minute! I say, there, Miss-Um! ah !- that is,

I made a fearful mess of this! I'm such a blunderer, you know, Would you mind writing it over, so?

That golden hair! Those soul-lit eyes! Poor thing! How very hard she tries! Bad grammar, worse spelling, words awry, May make some brutish. By Jove, not I!

But what on earth's a fellow to do? The business might stand some errors, a few, But a conglomeration—Let's see! I'll have to ask her to marry me!

-Typewriter.



BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly op

ST. JOHN, N. B.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 Cents.

Hawarden Hotel,

Cor, Prince Wm, and Duke Sts.,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Also, a First Class Livery Stable.

Coaches at trains and boats.

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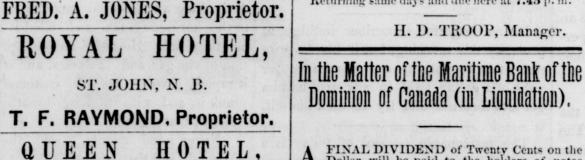
harge. Terms-\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIME, Proprietor SUMMER SAILINGS.

O^N and after 1st June, the CITY OF MONTI-CELLO will sail from the Company's wharf, Dufferin,

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. St. John, N. B.

7.45 a. m., local, for DIGBY AND ANNAPOLIS.

Returning same days and due here at 7.45 p.m.



A FINAL DIVIDEND of Twenty Cents on the Dollar will be paid to the holders of notes issued for circulation by the above named Bank, at the office of the Liquidators, BAYARD BUILDING, Prince Wm. street, Saint John, N. B., J. A. EDWARDS - Proprietor. FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION.

On and after Tuesday, 28th inst. Persons still holding notes are requested to deposit

them with the Liquidators on or before the 23rd inst. E.McLEOD, D. McLELLAN, J. G. TAYLOR, St. John, N. B., 10th May, 1889.

28 to 32 Germain Street, St. John, N. B. Havana and Domestic CIGARS. Terms - - \$1.00 Per Day. I have a complete assortment now in stock, in boxes and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and DOMESTICS. W. E. ELLIOTT . . . Proprietor THOS. L. BOURKE, Best \$1 House in the Maritime Provinces. 11 and 12 Water street

S. R. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF STEEL and IRON-CUT NAILS, O^N and after MONDAY, DEC. 31, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

LEAVE St. John at 7.24 a. m., and Carleton at 7.45 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and inter-mediate points, arriving in St. George at 10.21 a.m.; St. Stephen, 12.25 p. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.15 a. m., St. George, 10.22 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.57 p.m., St. John at 1.12 p. m.

FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 ths.--not large in bulk-will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER STREET, up to 5 p.m.; all larger weights and bulky reight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carle ton, before 6 p. m.

BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance. W. A. LAMB, Manager.

Intercolonial Railway.

1888---Winter Arrangement---1889

O^N and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows :--

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7 30

A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.

Halifax. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Ex-press, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax and Quebec 7 00

Time Table—Buctonche and Moncton Ry.

No. 1. No. 2. Ly. BUCTOUCHE. 8 00 Ly. MONCTON....16 00

MONCTON ... 10 08 AR. BUCTOUCHE. 18 08

Return Tickets, good for THREE DAYS, are issued between Moncton and Buctouche at \$1.50. April 15, 1889. C.F. HANINGTON, Manager.

A NICE LOT OF

PERFUMES,

In Bulk,

JUST RECEIVED AT

T. A. CROCKETT'S,

162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.

Lewisville16 04

Humphreys 16 08 Irishtown 16 30

Cape Breton....16 40

Scotch Sett.....16 48 McDougall's ...17 00

Notre Dame 17 16

Cocaigne.....17 18

St. Anthony....17 34 Little River....17 50

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20, 1888.

Little River.... 8 18

St. Anthony.... 8 34 Cocaigne 8 50 Notre Dame.... 8 52 McDougall's ... 9 08 Scotch Sett.... 9 20 Cape Broton 9 28

Cape Breton.... 9 28

lrishtown..... 9 38

Humphreys 10 00 Lewisville..... 10 04

ommodation......11 20

F. W. HOLT, Supt. St. John, N. B., Dec. 27, 1888.

