THE GIFT OF THE GAB.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE SECULAR-IST, CHARLES WATTS,

And the Answer of the Clergy Draw Anecdotes Apropos to the Occasion from G. E. F., of Fredericton-There is Nothing Like the Gift of the Gab.

I was quite interested in the conclusion arrived at by the St. John clergy in convention, known as "The Evangelical Alliance," when the subject before them was whether or not it was desirable to appoint one of their number to debate with a gentleman known as Mr. Watts, "the Secularist," so called, upon the fundamental principles of Christianity. I copy from the Telegraph of June 4:

The secretary read a petition from a very large number of persons professing to be Christians, expressing a fear of growing skepticism, saying that all ministers should defend their creed, and asking on these grounds that the evangelical ministers should meet Charles Watts, the Secularist, in public

After remarks had been made by several arrived at was, in my judgment, very wise and very judicious-viz., in brief, to let Mr. Watts severely alone. No doubt the adoption of this course was based upon "the Rock of Ages"-a system of 1900 years-against which no assault, and there have been many, has made the slightest impression-so that for one of our clergy to step forth into the public arena at this time of day as the defender of such a faith, and do battle with any one gifted with the gab, who thinks proper to throw down the gauntlet, would gain nothing, but perhaps Lose something in the encounter, from the fact that the audience would not, on the whole, be the most intellectual, and therefore not the most discriminating-while the free-thinkers, the agnostics, the skeptics, the scoffers, present at almost every gathering, especially on such an occasion as this, would find food enough in the discussion to appease their morbid appetites, and thus render them perhaps worse citizens than ever. But my chief reason for troubling PROGRESS at all at this time is for the purpose of relating a story I read some deals and spikes. He said (and now comes years ago, which seems to me to be quite pertinent to the present occasion.

When George Stephenson, the celebrated English engineer, was at the height of his bers) had been misled and laboring under popularity, he was taken much notice of by the nobility and gentry. One evening, being present at a festive gathering of some of the great magnates of the day-such as Mr. Brougham (not yet on the woolsack), Mr. Tierney, Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Canning, Mr. Lamb (atterwards Lord Glenelg). Tierney was one of the ablest lawyers of as every one might ascertain for himself, the day, as well as debaters in the House of if he would only take the trouble, as he Commons. In the course of the evening he got into a discussion with Stephenson had been gulled during so many centuries. upon an engineering topic with which one Ay, and by the time he had delivered his was quite familiar, while the other was a mere novice; but the spirit of badgering a witness was so strong in the former that he plied question after question, in a syllo- | Copernicus, and others on the side of the gistic way, laying down premises, and making deductions from them to suit himself, so that poor Stephenson became bewildered, and appeared to great disadvan- which quite a snug sum of money was obtage in the presence of such an intellectual coterie-for he virtually surrendered the field of argument to his antagonist.

Next day Stephenson sought out his friend George Canning (afterwards prime minister), and expressed his mortification ment, with the intention of making the at the result of his wrestle with Tierney the evening before. "I knew," said Stephenson, "I was right all the time and he wrong on every proposition raised and discussed; but his tongue was so sharp and his volubility so great that I was overwhelmed, my mind lost its balance, and he had everything his own way, and I became he did, perhaps only laughed at the gulli as a dumb man."

Canning now felt that he might step into his friend's (Stephenson's) place, and in order to do so he set to work to make himself master of the subject in all its details. It was next arranged by Canning, that another evening meeting should take place at his own residence at an early date, and that the same parties be present-at which, in the course of the evening, the same engimeering topic was to be introduced, without | for his creditors had begun to come down any apparent premeditation, and Canning upon him so soon as they had discovered was to work bimself into the conversation after Tierney and Stephenson had got well underway. The same parties met at the appointed time. The subject was introduced in due order. We next find Canning this; and it was currently believed at the and Tierney (Stephenson standing by to assist in facts when asked) in fierce discussion. Having the engineer beside him to confirm Canning upon doubtful points, Tierney now in turn appeared to disadvantage, for it was a race of tongues, diamond cutting diamond, between the two, while the facts were clinched by Canning as they proceeded and held fast-so that ultimately the latter became the victor, and Stephenson was vindicated.

When spoken to by a friend shortly afterwards, Stephenson remarked, "well, well, science is a good thing and so is truth; but after all there is nothing like the gift of the

Here is another story still more apropos: found his way to St. John from across the lines, and proposed to build a bridge at the falls about where the cantilever bridge now stands-just before Mr. W. K. Reynolds of excellent memory essayed to give us a suspension bridge, which will for ever stand as a monument to his genius and enterprise —from deals altogether. These were to be

lapped one over another, each tier projecting about two feet beyond its predecessor; the work of extension was of course carried on over the top. The breadth of the bridge was probably 20 feet. The design was that as soon as the centre of the chasm should be reached from both sides the key planks, as it were, would be inserted, and the whole structure be compactly and tightly knit together. The work was begun on the eastern side, and day after day the carpenters might have been seen extending the plank tiers one over another and spiking them down as each new lap was made. The number of deals lying about for the work was prodigious-all got on credit. It was rather startling to observe the men at work, probably a distance of 50 feet from the shore, and if there had been the least sag, or miscarriage of calculation, down they must have all gone together into the angry billows belows; but they seemed not the least afraid, but hammered away upon this in the barren. Eb's father is a funny old frail humbug day after day with as little concern as though they were upon terraof the gentlemen present, the conclusion firma. Crowds of people went over to the falls every day to see this new device for crossing a river. Some doubted but many believed that it would be a great success; and having "the gift of the gab" to perfection, and a very plausible way of putting things, the engineer managed to knock a style loose, with white sash drawd in tite at the great many deals and endorsed notes of hand out of honest folk who thought they I slept in when I'se visitin' you, only there isn't no saw something in the speculation for their trees in it like there was stickin in me when I'se

> But in order to raise immediate funds to pay his board bill and keep things moving parrysols trimmed with artyfishal roses and dandygenerally, our genius undertook to give a course of lectures at the Meehanics Institute, upon astronomy. What an illiterate bridge builder (illiterate not necessarily because a bridge builder, but any one could see that he and Lindley Murray were entire strangers to each other), could know about astronomy became a puzzle to the whole town, and so the whole town out of curiosity turned out to learn what our great "secularist" had to say for himself upon a subject so much more far-reaching than that of building a 600 feet bridge out of pure the next point we desire to make), that the world for the last four or five or six hundred years (he was not particular as to numgreat delusion - that the Copernican system was a fraud-that Ptolemy (whom he called Pollimy), who insisted that the earth was fixed in the centre of the universe, and that the sun and stars revolved around the earth, which was a flat surface, like a pancake—was the true astronomer, had done, and thus learn how easily people third lecture he found many believers among his auditors. Every one became an astronomer, some in favor of poor exploded Ptolemy theory. At the suggestion of our "secularist" a society was formed—subscription \$1 a year, from tained and pocketed by the president, the founder of it. (My recollection is not quite clear upon this head.) If it had even the merits of our "federation" organization, or, later still, our "Loyalist" moveworld move, instead of one to make it stand still, the press might have been awakened pro and con; but then in those days there were no reporters to wake up the editors-while the man in the moon felt no interest as to the opinions of St. John in reference to the solar system-if bility of so many respectable people.

While our genius talked loudly, and glibly at the Institute by night, by day he continued to hammer at his bridge. One fine morning, however, he was among the missing-nor did he turn up all that day. He was off before anybody else was upthus proving by practical demonstration that if the world did not move, he knew how to move himself, and at the right time, that his deal bridge gave visible signs of tumbling into the tide. It is needless to add that the astronomical society (if it really did exist) did not last long after time that, after all, Copernicus was right, and that the world does more. Whatever became of our "secularist" hero, it is unknown up to this day, Even his old creditors have long since given him up.

Fredericton, June 4. G. E. F.

The Domestic Has Not Recovered.

A lady with the best heart in the world and a very large share of this world's goods, but whose education had been rather neglected in her youth, took great pride in her elegantly furnished house, especially in a very handsome grand piano, which she viewed merely as a beautiful piece of furniture, and not all as a musical instrument. One morning a guest who had happened downstairs a little earlier than usual, heard Some 35 years ago a half-fledged genius her hostess instructing the new parlor maid how to dust the drawing room.

"And be very careful about the piano, Mary; lift up the lid, and dust the insides. and above all things, mind you clean the teeth !"

Smokers will not fail to try the "National" Havana Cigars, and Virginia Tobaccos. The best in town.

THE INFLUX WILL BE GREAT.

Johnny Mulcahey's Efforts to Make the Summer Carnival a Success.

I guess there's goin' ter be a grate influcks of visitors comin' to this town this summer. Pa says it'll be somethin' 'normis sure. Summer carnivils is grate things fur influckes and I guess we're goin' to have somethin' of a influcks ourselves, 'cause pa's mail is orful big from the country, sayin' what don't he remember that invitation what he give when he's rustercatin' 3 or 4 years ago; well, yours trooly is a comin' down. They all says their pa's trooly, but I guess ma don't care as long as it ain't wummin what's writin'.

Ebenezer Greenbow, what's jist my size, and lives upter Belle ile rit to me askin' if I'd invite him. I like Ebeneezer, 'cause he tickled a firy horse one day when Ise up there, and the horse hit Ebeneezer's father in the stummick, and made a hole feller when he's hit that way, 'cause he looked as though he'd been eatin' green ST. JOHN, Grand Lake and Salmon River. peaches since he's born. I rit Ebeneezer back as follows:

ST. JOHN, June 13. DEAR EBENEEZER: I rite these few lines in grate naste, but come down without fale, fur it's gointer be the gratest tea meetin' you ever seen. Tell yer mother and sisters and all what pink cotton's the waste. Hoops is poplar and bustles is worn small. Hats is made of straw, same as was in the bed what visitin' you. Hats is also trimmed with brod green ribbons, let flyin' loose. Sky-blue gloves made of cotton is the stile, and all the wimmins wearin' pink lions. So if they cum down they kin be in fashin if they want to. Has your father got his whiskers shaved orf yet. If not, tell him what they're the stile; stickin' out from his chin like a meat hook, I mean. All the doods is wearin' homespun this summer, so yer father won't have ter git a new pair of panse. It's goin' to be warm here, so he'd better bring somethin' to save his complection.

It's goin to be grate; electric menagerie biggerin' Barnum's. Everything goin' by electric lite, You orter see the pictures. Ask Mr. Cornwall ter tell you all about it, 'cause that's what he does.

There's goin to be a monsters trades percession, too. I don't know what the monster trade is 'cept its bein' a alderman, but I guess it'll be gorgeous. And the bands is goin to play on the square also. There's lots a gurls on the square Ebenezer, and if know whether your growed mutch er not, but I guess I kin get you one, 'cause the gurls is all sizes. They're goin' to have a mareen pagent or somethin' in the harbor, but pa says if they'd only had it this spring they could a had it up Main street, Portland, so I guess they must be goin' to have some man-a-wars in the show. We're goin' ter have a torch lite percession with electric lites and a perade and other things too noomeris to here state. Bee sure to come, Ebenezer, and tell all the folks 'cause pa's invitin' everybody.

yours forever and ever, JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

Pa found this letter and was madder'n a bull, so he tore it up and I had ter rite it over again. He said what them blamed wimmin would look worse nor anything in the perade, and what old Mister Greenbow was a old bore and greener than his name. But I guess they'll all come though, and me an' Bill is goin' ter be the recepshun JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

OPPOSITION IS THE WORD.

The Lansdowne "Theatre" versus The Mechanics' Institute.

"Lansdowne Theatre" is the name on the flag that now floats over the building on Charlotte street where the curlers spent so many pleasant evenings last winter. The rink has been leased by the Micawber club, who have transformed it into a theatre, and a company under the management of Mr. E. A. McDowell will open there Monday. There is nothing very attractive about the interior. The large beams and rafters of the building do not show to advantage. A large raised platform has been built, sloping towards the stage, the part near the door being as high as the gallery of the rink. This is provided with chairs to seat 500 or 600 people, and the grade is such that all can get a good view of the stage, which is built about two feet from the floor and measures 26x54 feet. Four electric lights have been placed in the flies and these can be regulated to give any quantity of light. All the Micawber club scenery, so familiar to patrons of the Institute, will be used at the Lansdowne, and it is said Mr. Gill has been engaged to make it look brighter, something it needs badly.

Mr. Oliver Jones' Narrow Escape.

Here is another bon mot from the luminous little lady whom I introduced to the readers of Progress last week. One of our most prominent capitalists, whose name will appear at the end of this little story, and who is equally noted for his portly form, his large benevolence and his heavy bank account, had a very narrow escape from being killed, last week. He was crossing the street, when a frantically driven hack dashed up, and as he was looking the other way, he was almost under the horses' feet before he observed his danger, and had not bystanders dragged him aside he would have been trampled down and almost certainly killed. Her husband was relating the episode in little madame's hearing, and concluded with the remark: "It was touch and go. If he had slipped and fallen it would have been all over with him." "Yes, and with the crossing, too!" his better half said, dreamily. "It would Corner of Union and Waterloo Streets. have been all over-Jones."

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FOR WASHADEMOAK LAKE.

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

TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

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

SEASON. 1889. And all Intermediate Stopping Places.

J. E. PORTER, Manager.

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 SATURDAY MORNING, at EIGHT o'clock, local time. RETURNING, will leave Salmon River on MONDAY

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 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,

can be chartered on reasonable terms for Picnics, etc., on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

All UP FREIGHT must be prepaid, unless when accompanied by owner, in which case it can be settled for on board. settled for on board.

A careful person in attendance to receive freight.

Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays.

C. BABBIT, Manager.

WM. McMULKIN, Agent at Indiantown.

CLIFTON" - - EXCURSIONS

COMMENCING THURSDAY, June 13, the above steamer will leave INDIANTOWN for HAMPTON every THURSDAY morning, at 9 o'clock, stopping at Clifton and Waddell's. Returning same day will arrive at Indiantown at 7 p. m. ROUND TRIP 50 CENTS. N. B .- No Excursion on rainy days.

R. G. EARLE, Manager.

WILL LEAVE "HEAD OF BELLISLE," every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 7 o'clock, for Indiantown. Returning, will leave wharf at Indiantown every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at

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ON and after 1st June, the CITY OF MONTI-

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

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

EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued on Satur days at St. John, Digby and Annapolis, good to return either way on Monday, at one fare.

Tourists and invalids paying full one way, and desiring to return same day, will be entitled to return tickets free, on application at the Purser's office on hoard. Returning same days and due here at 6.45 p. m.

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Get it done well while you are about it. Not a speck of dust is left in a carpet cleaned by A. L. LAW, of Gilbert's Lane. The new process used. Carpets look as

good as new afterward. No color re-

moved. Leave your orders early.

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WILL REMOVE

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We have just received a cable repeat of BLACK SECTION GIMPS, 108 pieces in all.

Range in price from 16c. to \$2 per yard, from 1 inch to 10 inches

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TINSEL GIMPS. The assortment of Tinsel Gimps and Galons is very extensive also.
WAIST SETS, SKIRT and WAIST SETS. JETTED FRINGES, SILK BULLION FRINGES, BALL FRINGE.

BLACK LACE FLOUNCINGS, 10 in., 18 in., 36 in., 40 in., 42 in., 65 in. CHANTILLY LACE, 2 to 7 in. wide. BLACK JETTED LACES.

BLACK LACE ALLOVERS, BLACK JETTED ALLOVERS, CREAM ANTIQUE FLOUNCINGS. EMBROIDERED COSTUMES,

In Pink, Blue, Navy Cream, Grey and White; also, Colored Flouncings and Allovers, to sell by the yard. BLACK WOOL VEILING (Bordered), 22 and 45 ins. This desirable Veiling is used very much instead of Crape.

Net Veilings, Dress Laces, Dress Shields, Waist Steels, Dressmakers' Linings.

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Our stock of seasonable Goods is unsurpassed, including,

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Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's Clothing; Gents' Furnishings, Mackintosh and Rubber Coats, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, etc.

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